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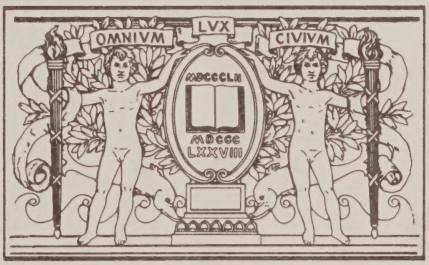

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1918

ONE OF THEM

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

I

'Say, kid, wake up! Are you going to sleep all day?'

Sunk in despondency, I had forgotten everything: my surroundings, the hall where the Dramatic Club was meeting, the members of the club, all had vanished in my misery.

'Are you asleep?'

I jumped up. Near me stood Clara, one of the members of the club, who had always taken a friendly interest in me. She recalled me with a start to the present. I was sitting in a dark humble hall, a low ceiling over our heads —the shelter of the Dramatic Club. Slowly and monotonously, the rehearsal had dragged along. The director, his body reeking with sweat, had repeated for the tenth time the act which failed to please him.

The object of the club was to acquaint the Yiddish public of the East Side of New York with literary dramas, to encourage a better understanding of literature than they could gain from the Yiddish theatres, which usually fed their patrons with the trash common in the theatrical world. The best dramas of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and other modern writers were translated into Yiddish and produced in that small hall by a few idealists who devoted all their spare time and sacrificed a great deal of their earnings for the creation of a literary folk-theatre. That evening the last rehearsal for the next day's performance had taken place.

Confused and puzzled, I had sat through the rehearsal. The poor light in the hall had brought the ceiling still lower, making me sink deeper into despair. Was the play interesting or not, the acting good or bad? Where had my enthusiasm gone? What was nagging me so dreadfully?

My mind wandered in dark confusion. Unconsciously, my hand, digging in my pocket, crumpled a small piece of paper. What was it?

Oh, the two-dollar bill! And the enlightenment came: my only two dollars — all my precious wealth! And over me swept the past nine weeks of weary, never-ending search for work. Rising each day with new hope, looking over every advertisement, running from place to place, all fruitless, until, broken with fatigue, I would return home, throw myself on my bed, and spend the rest of the day in the stupor of despair, apathetically gazing at the ceiling.

Most of the advertisements wanted skilled 'hands,' others were four-dollar jobs with little chance for advancement. My self-consciousness would not

allow me to work for four dollars a week. Nine long, long weeks I looked in vain for a place where I could learn some trade that would, in the end, pay me more. After a long year of struggle, here I stood, more helpless than on the day I arrived in America. 'Why had I come to America? What had I accomplished by the historic change in my life?'

From the dark brooding that made me unconscious of my surroundings, I was recalled by Clara's kindly voice. The lights were all out, the people all gone.

'I hope you don't mind if I walk home with you?'

I looked up at her as if I saw her for the first time — a face full of wrinkles, a cut on the lower lip, big inflamed eyes, looked at me smilingly; a face which I had never liked before looked much pleasanter to me now.

'Why, yes, I shall be glad,' I said.

We climbed down the dark creaking staircase, tracing our way along Orchard Street, the small dirty thoroughfare crowded with push-carts and people. The noise of the elevated trains on Allen Street was deafening, but above the din was a greater noise than usual. Bells were ringing, whistles blowing, the air was full of merriment and joy. Young people, holding feather-dusters dipped in some ill-smelling white powder or in charcoal, smeared the faces of the people as they passed by.

'New Year's Eve! New Year's Eve!' Clara joyfully exclaimed, infected by the merriment around her. To me it was annoying. Could not the people enjoy themselves more intelligently? On New Year's Eve, in Russia, the peasants usually get drunk and often break the windows of the Yiddish dwellings. Here the young folks were running round screaming like wild animals, tormenting the passer-by.

'You're moody to-night. Cheer up, kid; your boats are not all sunk, are they?'

Clara was amazed to see me in such a mood, for by nature, I was a very joyous person, and among friends I made myself very merry, often being the ringleader in all the fun and merriment, so that my sufferings for the last nine weeks were not known to any one.

'I think they are, Clara,' I answered, clutching my only two-dollar bill, which so painfully reminded me of my situation.

Her efforts to start a conversation were not successful. I was too tired and discouraged to speak, and silently we reached my door. After wishing each other good-night and a Happy New Year, I climbed the dark, dirty stairway to the fourth floor and opened the door into a cold, unfriendly room. An old couch, two chairs, a broken white table, and an old, once-white dresser furnished the small room. The only window faced a narrow court that never allowed the sunlight to break in.

My room-mate was absent. I lighted the gas. Lonely and homesick, I paced back and forth from one corner to another, my mind painfully wandering far away to my home, now clad in silver white.

H—r—ough; h—r—ough; h—r—ough; h—r—ough!

Oh, those sickening sounds from my snoring neighbors, coming from the windows crowded around the narrow airshaft! They played on my weakened nerves and drove me almost to distraction. For two months that snoring discord so near my room disturbed my peace, irritated my nerves, and kept me awake through the nights.

II

The city clock slowly struck twelve. The New Year had come. More bells ringing, cheerful voices greeting: 'Hap-

py New Year! Happy New Year!' came faintly above the other sounds to my room. What had the past year brought to me, and what will the New Year bring? Like a curse, the wishes rang in my ears.

Everything began to mingle before me. All the experiences of the past year chased through my brain: my home, Russia with its persecutions, my departure, my journey, my arrival, first experiences in a factory in Canada, my arrival in New York, five weeks of work in a factory in New York, and then the nine weeks of searching for work. The memories crowded my brain and benumbed me with their hopelessness.

Home, home! How I wanted to be there, in that spacious living-room with four windows all opening on the street; at that long table with the elder children seated round it, each busy doing his or her own work; mother seated near the brick oven, bending over a boxful of goose feathers, separating the down, preparing pillows for her daughters' future homes; all awaiting my father's return, who after the hard day's work in his school gave private lessons in the evening, in order to keep up his 'small' family. The younger children, playing joyfully on the floor, delighting to play tricks on us, called from time to time, 'There's father!' and laughed gleefully when they succeeded in making us raise our heads, in vain, to greet our self-sacrificing bread-winner.

Home! To be back in the warm home under mother's devoted caresses; to be at home, sitting with father like a true comrade, discussing with him new plans and methods for the success of our school, where I was his assistant for more than two years!

My father was a Hebrew teacher. As only a small proportion of Jews gained admission into the Russian educational institutions, Russian was taught secretly in the Hebrew schools. The Hebrew teachers were not allowed to teach Russian in their schools without a special license, which they could seldom obtain. I taught Russian in my father's school. My own small school of sixteen girls was also without a license.

My education I received from private teachers because I had never been able to get a chance to enter a Russian school. Jews are permitted to form only five per cent of the total enrollment of pupils in public and high schools, and a decreasing percentage in the higher institutions. Once, when I was ready to pass my examination, my application was rejected: the list of possible applicants was full. Another time, the examination was made so difficult that out of sixty girls only fourteen passed — nine Russian and five Yiddish; the rest, all Yiddish, failed. Questions absolutely out of the course were put to us. The majority of us knew the prescribed course thoroughly because we were aware of the difficulties the government created for Jewish scholars and were prepared for them. Still, we failed.

Those long years of struggle for an education! At fourteen, I already gave lessons to beginners, so as to earn the money to pay for my books and teachers, that I might be less a burden to my father. His highest ambition was to see me get my teacher's certificate, so that we could open up a licensed school and stop paying graft to the chief of police, who threatened us continually. Many a time he and his guards would disturb us in the middle of the day, interrupting our work and frightening the children, who feared the uniforms as if they concealed devils. Each visit of that kind meant a precious twenty-five-dollar bill. My father had paid fines several times for my school because I was under age; and even with a license,

I could not teach until I was twenty-one, so that my father bore all the responsibility.

With my second failure to obtain a certificate, all our hopes, cherished for so many years, began to vanish slowly. The chief of police assailed us more frequently; we were less and less able to fill up his bottomless pocket. After each visit, days of misery followed. Many and many a time my father and I sat through the night, thinking and thinking how to better our present condition, what future to provide for the children. But nothing could be done. Members of the universe, people with brains and ambition, we were not citizens, we were children of the cursed Pale, with our rights limited, the districts in which we could live and the trades and professions we could follow, all prescribed for us. What would become of us? What could we expect? Fight for liberty? For equal rights? The persecution was so terrible — for one free word one found a home in prison.

'O father, it is suicidal!' I would often say.

He sat downcast, as if guilty in having given life to children whose fate like his was to exist within the Pale, be in the hands of the government dogs, fear the least drunken *moujik* who, influenced by the priests, would so often make a sudden attack on the property and sometimes the lives of the Yiddish people. They say that they considered it a virtue to rob and kill the enemies of Christ.

Freedom, freedom!

Freedom I wanted. 'Father,' I once said, when our family was seated around the table ready for the Sabbath meal, 'father, I have been thinking of myself and of you all, thinking hard for the last three weeks. What will become of me and of all of us if we remain in this hole? The future appears so dark, so dark to me, I have been thinking and I have decided that — that — I — shall go — to America.'

'Thunderstruck by my last words, they all looked at me. The first to break the silence was my mother.

'Are you mad? A young girl — alone — a far country!'

She trembled, tears flowed from her eyes; she felt insulted that I should think of leaving home.

Father sat silent, his head hidden in his hands. The youngsters were crying with mother.

'Never let me hear that nonsense again.'

'But, mother, I shall go finally. I do not want to sacrifice my life. I don't want to be condemned to eternal limitations! I want to be free. I shall go to America, to a free country, where everybody gets free education. Imagine, free education! I shall work to earn my living and study in the free evening schools; and when I have firm ground under my feet, I shall help you all. Think of the children going to free schools, growing up free citizens!'

My mother would not listen, nor would my father. Except for my younger brother, I had no one's approval. But my determination was strong and my fight began.

For many days, my mother's tears would not dry. She would tearfully picture to me all the hardships in a far country.

'No matter how bitter life is here, still there is no place like home. There will be no one to look after you there. I shall live in constant anxiety. I shall not sleep nights thinking that you may not have a warm place to sleep, that you may not have a meal in time, nor your laundry washed, nor your clothes mended.'

Poor mother! Her sensitive heart perceived beforehand all the misery that life prepared for me when I found

myself on the other side of the globe.

'But, mother, I am no more a baby; I have passed eighteen and am big enough to take care of myself, wherever I am.'

'Think of mother and me! What will become of us? Do you know what it means to part with a child? In sorrow or in gladness we must all be together,' father would say.

Not succeeding in persuading me to remain, he declared that he would not give me a passport, and without one I could not leave Russia.

Weeks passed. I failed to get their consent. As a last resource I tried declaring a hunger-strike.

When, after three days of hunger, tired and weakened, I still refused to eat, father brought me a passport.

Then preparations began. Sewing and packing all dipped in mother's tears. Then the day of my departure, that forever memorable day! Mother fainting, the children crying, father madly walking back and forth across the living-room, the house full of neighbors who had come to say good-bye. My pupils, all in line, with flowers, were there to say farewell.

When I was already on the stage-coach, my father jumped up, clutched me in his arms and bit rather than kissed my cheeks. That last scream from my mother's wounded heart still rings in my ears; a scream from a heart torn, it may be forever, from its dearest and best beloved!

I left all behind me with regret, and yet with no regret. Oh, the weary days in the train! Each third-class coach was divided into sections, with eight hard benches, four upper and four lower; each bench planned for two passengers to sit, but no place to sleep. During those three days, until we reached the seaport, we slept sitting or leaning on our baggage. The great unwashed mass who had occupied those benches before us, sleeping in their clothes and often in their *kojucks*,[1] had left insects behind them which made our lives miserable. My clothes were full of them when I arrived at Libau. I immediately sought out a bath-house and cleansed myself from the parasites; but the emigration houses where we stopped were equally infested. Emigrants are treated worse than prisoners, not only in Russia, but in England. We were driven from one bad place to another still worse. In London our baggage was opened, our clothes thrown carelessly together with those of the other passengers, to be disinfected by steam, then replaced in our trunks, all rolled up and wet. Everything was so mussed that I had not even a shirt-waist fit to wear on the voyage. The food in the emigration houses was not fit for animals; but we were only emigrants.

III

On the steamer, we traveled steerage to Canada, together with unwashed Russian peasants, and Germans only a little cleaner. We — only two of us, a girl friend and myself — were lost among them like little wrens among a flock of crows.

It was impossible to sit with them at the table; not used to forks and knives, they would dip their hands into the platter and grab all the food. We begged the interpreter to bring us some food to our rooms, but he said it was against the rules. For two days, I took nothing but a glass of tea.

We dreaded to eat with them, and spent most of our time on deck. On the third day, I became seasick and did not leave my berth for four days. Our appeals to the interpreter for food in our room were always met with the laconic

[1] A loose gathered overcoat lined with lamb-skin; a splendid hiding-place for all sorts of vermin. — THE AUTHOR.

reply, 'Them orders is orders. You cannot get anything in your rooms.' I would have starved had not a gentle Englishman from the third class brought me an orange occasionally. With his help we tipped the interpreter and waiter, and then 'Them orders is orders,' was forgotten; we had our food in our room.

On the seventh day, I recovered, and spent the remaining seven days on deck or in the third class with the English people — they were all British in the third class — who arranged concerts there each evening.

Some hours before our arrival at Quebec, we were held up by quarantine officers. A man in the steerage had contracted typhoid fever, and all passengers in the steerage and third class were kept in quarantine for another two weeks. We were held prisoners and fed with meat filled with worms.

That also I left behind me, and took my first step on the other side of the globe full of hope and ready to stand against anything and everything.

From Canada, where I had been fairly prosperous, I ran because of its provincial mental atmosphere. My restless mind sought something to inspire me, to interest me, to absorb me. My second stop, Chicago, was also unsatisfactory, and I decided to try the much-feared New York.

'New York, the devil's nest!' How people warned me against it, trying to keep me back! 'A girl with no trade, no relations, will soon get lost. Youth fades there so quickly,' they would say.

If my people could not keep me from coming to America, strangers surely could not keep me from going to New York. So in the last week of September, 1912, I arrived in New York, with eight dollars in my pocket and just one address, given me by the Socialist-Territorialist party — that of their New York headquarters.

In truth, I was full of fear all the way to New York — a girl all alone in the great city, not knowing the language.

'Nonsense, I am old enough to take care of myself.' I tried to quiet my own fears as I had tried to quiet mother's.

When I stepped out of the train at the Grand Central Station, not then completed, a few middle-aged ladies, travelers' guides from the Y.W.C.A., stopped me, asking if I wanted assistance; but I looked at them, not knowing them, with distrust. I went out on the street carrying my heavy suitcase, and made my way through the various porters who offered their assistance. Seeing my suspicious look, they showed me their badges so as to reassure me; but I went to a policeman, who put me on a street car, and I found the office on Delancy Street, where a few members of the staff received me kindly.

Luckily, I soon found a job in Brooklyn in a knitting-mill. I was to sew pockets on sweaters, the same work I had done in Canada. It was the height of the season. Ten dollars a week was considered good money. I found a room on Eighth Street, also a room-mate. I managed to live on five dollars a week — one dollar for my share of the room-rent, three dollars for food, and one for general expenses. The other five I began to save. I wanted to save enough money for a ticket for my brother, so that he might come, and together we might bring the rest of the family.

All went smoothly. I joined the previously mentioned Dramatic Club, satisfying one of my first ambitions — to act. Lectures, readings, all were open to me. The only thing that bothered me was my shop. It was so different from those in which I had worked before. The atmosphere seemed so common and vulgar. In Canada, I had worked with girls whose language I had not understood, while here I worked with Yiddish girls. Their frankness in

manner and speech would often make me blush, and I became the object of their teasing. The forewoman, an old shrivelled scold, would open her mouth ornamented with a set of golden teeth.

'Looks as if you was only yesterday out of short skirts. Hm! hm! Still waters run deep'; and she would follow me with such a hateful look. She saw the foreman paying respectful attention to me and envied me.

I had no time to take any notice of her spiteful remarks. Nothing existed but the pursuits to which I gave my evenings. From my entrance into the shop in the morning, I waited for the clock to strike six, when I left the shop and all in it behind me. Eating my dinner in haste, I would hurry to the Dramatic Club, or some place where I could have companionship with people who had similar interests.

Five weeks passed, five happy weeks. I had already twenty-five dollars saved. 'I shall soon be able to buy a ticket and send for my brother,' was my constant thought.

But Fate decided differently. On the Monday of my sixth week, when I came into the shop, my forewoman came over to me and announced, 'It has got slow; there will be no work for you. But what do you care for work!' she added laughingly. She left me with no further explanation.

I went over to the foreman to ask for a reason. He explained to me that work had turned slow; the boss kept only the quickest and cheapest hands, and the forewoman was the one to select them. So I unexpectedly lost my job.

What was I to do now? With my lunch, two rolls and some butter, in my hands, I returned home. New York with its slack season, New York and starvation, stared me in the face.

I refused to be discouraged. I came to New York with eight dollars in my pocket. Now I had twenty-five. Was I not better off now? Had I not prepared myself to face the worst, to fight patiently? With a wealth of twenty-five dollars I should not have to starve. I quickly sat down to plan my expenditure, including my food menu for the following weeks.

Car fare	60 cents
Newspapers	6
Bread	25
Butter	20
Beans	14
Milk	20
Sugar	7
Total	$1.52

Plus $1.00 for room rent, $2.52 per week, subject to change as soon as I find work.

The next thing was, what should I look for? I knew no trade, the season for sweaters would not begin for some time. I bought a paper and looked through the advertisements. It was too late to go to look for a job that day, so I spent the day at home, reading. My room-mate, a young Russian of twenty-five, worked on dresses at that time. She earnestly advised me to learn that trade, because the workers were beginning seriously to organize themselves into a union, and expected to better their condition the next season.

The next day, I began to look for work. Day in, day out, I would go out and measure the city from north to south, from east to west, in search of work. I did not fail to apply at one of the advertised places, but in vain. I could find no job at dresses, because in the slack time no learners were taken on. In general, learners were seldom taken in that trade. I tried straw hats. The papers were full of advertisements for workers in that industry, but I would have to pay twenty-five dollars and work a month without pay. Flowers, corsets, box-making, everything was tried. As time passed, my courage lessened with each vanishing dollar.

Now, on New Year's Eve, more than a year had passed. Without language and without relations, I had fought my battles bitterly, and here I stood with only two dollars. Two dollars between me and starvation!

IV

After a restless night, I did not open my eyes until late in the morning, when my room-mate woke me up.

'A friend is asking for you, Lisa,' she said; and in walked Clara with her familiar 'Hello, kiddo! get up quick; we must be at the club at eleven.'

In a few minutes, I was dressed and we went off. I could not understand what made her come for me. She had never visited me before.

'Are you out of work for a long time?'

I told her all about my trouble in finding a job for the last few weeks, omitting to mention about my only two dollars, all that was left to me for the indefinite future.

At the club, the members were all there. Those who were not acting were watching the others rehearse. Clara played the part of mother in the play being rehearsed. She usually played the mother's part in all the performances of the club, and was very good in her portrayals. Impatiently I waited until it was over, when again Clara clung to me, insisting that I should go home and have dinner with her. I suspected that she might have guessed my present situation, and refused; but she insisted, so that in the end I went with her.

On the street, she bought a newspaper, quickly opened it and glanced through it, then exclaimed delightedly,

'Listen here — over fifty thousand girls in the ladies' garment trade, ready to walk out of the shops at the first call of their unions, and strike for better conditions.' Then, closing the paper, she went on, 'I am ten years in the trade, and believe me, I had the time of my life working in those sweat-shops! For years we had tried to organize ourselves, but we were only a few in the field. It was hard to get the workers to understand the conditions in which they worked. Our last general strike, that was called in 1909, was lost; and mind you, the girls who worked in the worst sweat-shops did not go out; they were scabbing on us.'

'What means a sweat-shop, Clara?' I interrupted her.

'Why, don't you know?' She looked at me in surprise. 'The shops in which they work, sometimes, from fifty-six to sixty hours a week, in dark dirty places for terribly small wages, and treated awful! Those are the sweat-shops. Very often I used to be thrown out from shops just because I tried to agitate the girls against such conditions. And now at last we are getting them all down, even the underwear and the kimono-makers, those who were the worst paid and worst treated — who were often compelled to pay for the use of their machines, for needles, electric power, and also for machine-oil.'

On she went, telling of the fights they had gone through: of the strikes; how the bosses hired gangsters to protect scabs; how she once caught a scab, and not being able to persuade her to stop scabbing, she beat her up so that she was afraid to go to work the next day.

'I assure you I had n't the heart to do it, but I could n't stand it any longer. We were striking for several weeks and many of our girls were nearly starved. Some were severely beaten up by the gangsters, and when that girl after hearing our pleas laughed in our faces, I lost control. But after I was so sorry, that for days I walked round like one who committed a crime,' she concluded in her simple language.

I studied her as she spoke. Her face, bearing all the imprints of long hard work, was in strong contrast to her heart, so childishly young, so enthusiastic, so full of life; ready to forgive the world for all the wrongs done to her, just for a bit of joy.

The club was her only solace. A child of poor Galicia, having hardly any education, working since ten years of age, she zealously strove for education in the evenings after work. The soul-hunger for beauty, for art, for good literature brought her to the club, to which she willingly sacrificed her time and her money to keep it up, to build a temple of art which might help educate those who were as brutally deprived of education as she had been. It was in that work that she found expression for her beautiful desires and a rest from the monotonous prosaic life she lived amid the sordid surroundings of the crowded East Side. My admiration for her grew more and more as we continued to walk.

Into a dark hall on Avenue B Clara led me. On the third floor we stopped. The door was opened to us by Clara's mother, a tired-out, elderly woman of fifty. She seemed to have expected me, for the table was set for the two of us; the rest of the family, having had their dinners, were all gone.

From the attention paid to me by Clara's mother I understood that Clara must have spoken to her about me. The thought that Clara possibly invited me suspecting that I was in need, insulted me. I sat awkwardly at the table and choked myself with each mouthful.

After dinner, we went into a parlor furnished with some second-hand chairs. A few art postals hung on the walls, and two cheap statuettes of Beethoven and Mozart adorned the imitation marble mantelpiece. Our conversation again turned on the coming strike.

'I think the best plan for you is to learn the dressmaking. It will take you some time to learn and you could n't make much money while learning, but at least you'll have a trade in the end. Without a trade you will very often not find work even in the season.'

I agreed with her, but how was I to find a place to learn?

'Now let's see. Mr. N.' — she mentioned the name of a member of our club — 'keeps a small dress shop. I'm sure that he'll take you in when I speak to him.'

'Is he really a manufacturer?' I exclaimed, a ray of hope creeping into my heart. 'Why, I'm sure he'll take me in.'

I was a little surprised to have a real 'boss' a member of our club.

The very same evening we spoke to Mr. N., and oh, wonder of wonders! he told me to come the next morning. At six o'clock I was up already, impatiently waiting for the clock to strike eight.

At the door of the shop I met a gentleman somewhat resembling my Mr. N., but older. He asked me whom I wished to see.

'I am to see Mr. N. He told me to come this morning; he — he wants to give me a job — on dresses.'

I trembled, much discouraged by his surprised, displeased look.

'You mean my brother? Well, I don't think we need any help. The season has not yet begun.'

Like one who has suddenly had cold water poured over her, I was chilled by his last words.

'You see, Mr. N., I am only to learn the trade, so that it does not matter whether it is busy or not. I may learn something till the season starts and be able to earn some money then.'

My appealing voice seemed to have impressed him. He opened the door and told me to come in and wait for his brother. It was a very light, clean little

shop, with two rows of tables, — ten machines on each one, — one long cutting-table, and one table with a pressing-board.

A little after eight two girls with dark complexions walked in, and looked at me with curiosity.

A little later Mr. N. appeared. Greeting me familiarly, he introduced me to his brother and two sisters, who already sat by their machines, increasing their speed by singing a merry Russian song.

'We are here our own family; there are two more of our intimate friends working with us, two Italian finishers and one presser — that is our staff. I am doing the cutting, my brother the designing, and so we are all working hard for our living,' he concluded smilingly. And bringing a bundle over to me, he asked his younger sister to instruct me.

'Do you speak Russian?' she asked, as she bent across me to show me what to do.

'Why, yes, I do,' I answered.

She began in fluent but ungrammatical Russian to cross-question me: where I came from, who I was, what I did, how I liked this and that — not giving me a chance to answer any of her questions; telling me all she could about herself; chattering all day without stopping. About the work, she would speak with high authority, assuring me that it would take me months to become a skilled worker.

'Do you know, Louis, this little girl speaks Russian!' my instructor said to the older brother.

'Does she?' he answered, looking approvingly at me; and coming over to our table, he spoke to me as if paying more respect to me for knowing Russian.

'I am going to the opera to-night,' my instructor announced, as she ripped apart the yoke of a waist that I had used for a collar. 'You don't even ask with whom I am going,' she continued, not receiving any reply from me. 'My gentleman friend is a musician, you know, and we often go to the opera. How do you like opera?'

'Very much,' I replied, trying to cut our conversation down, for she gave me very little chance to work.

'What about your gentleman friend? Does he like opera?'

'Heavens! will she never stop?' I wondered. 'You do like to know a lot of things all in one day,' I replied softly, so as not to displease her.

She went over to her machine and spoke to me no more that day.

On the thirteenth day of my apprenticeship, the long-expected strike broke out. The very small staff in our shop, so closely related to the 'boss,' did not stop work. My employer tried to convince me that it would be very foolish of me to join the strikers when I was only a stranger in the trade.

I did not know what to do. Indeed, I knew very little about the American labor movement in general, and less about this particular industry. Should the employees in my shop walk out, there would be no doubts for me; but they did not. Being in the first stage of apprenticeship, not knowing the people or the real conditions existing in the trade, I thought that I could be of no help to them, so I stayed in the shop and learned to work. Still, each bundle that went through my hands caused me terrible sufferings. It seemed as if the goods looked up at me reproachingly. They seemed to say, 'So many girls fighting for a better chance, for more freedom, for a better life! Leave us untouched in the baskets.'

'But I am not injuring them, I am only learning,' I tried to quiet my conscience. 'I am learning in order to help them when I have a right to stand in their ranks and demand the same, to

fight for a better life, for freedom. Oh, that better life — who has struggled for it more than I, all these past years? Who has sacrificed more than I, for freedom that I have not yet realized?'

In the evenings, when I walked home, I tried to slip through the pickets so that they should not notice me; for they would not believe that I was only a learner and that my heart and soul were with them. With delight and envy I watched those brave young children in the picket-line, not fearing the policemen who would chase them from one place to another, nor the gangsters hired by the bosses, who would stain with blood many a young girl's face when she dared to speak to a scab who was under their protection. How I wished to be among them!

The first two weeks of my apprenticeship did not go at all smoothly. My employer friend seemed to grow discouraged with me because I still did not seem able to distinguish a sleeve from a front, or a back from a yoke, and would make blunders by setting in a front for a sleeve.

My talkative instructor would often cry out in disgust, 'My, how you botch up all the work!'

She had crowned me with a nickname the first day, and she would often tease me to tears. As she was known as the 'gypsy,' she called me 'the little white angel,' for my small growth and my white complexion. Seeing how little I liked that name, even the beautiful signorinas teased me, goodheartedly.

One evening, the elder boss called me over, and in a friendly manner advised me to give up the job. He said I was an intelligent girl, but that I could never concentrate my mind on the machine — that I could never become a real worker and earn my living by it.

I opened my mouth to say something, but the words sank in my throat, my eyes filled with tears, I could not speak. He seemed to notice my depression, for he immediately changed his mind, began to comfort me, and accompanied me home and spoke to me for a long time. He took a very warm interest in our conversation.

After he left me, I went up to my room.

'What shall I do? How much more must I concentrate my mind on the machine? I am trying hard to learn, but it seems to go so slowly! The other girls are so quick; everything from their hands comes out so smoothly. When I try to do the same thing, I start so fine but it comes out so crooked! How shall I learn? How shall I learn?' The question kept digging, digging in my mind, filling me with despair.

I thought of my elder boss. He was so kind to me, he spoke so nicely, with so much sympathy, as no one else had done since I left home. No one till then had inquired how I was living, not even my room-mate knew how I made both ends meet. To my parents I had to lie. Each letter I wrote to them made them think that I was quite contented with the changed life. The thought that they might learn the truth made me so miserable, so miserable! Had they not objected to my leaving home?

I must be strong, I must overcome everything. But how? I feared that I was too weak, too helpless against life. I saw no hope of earning enough money to help my family as I had promised. I saw no possibilities of studying in the evenings when my mind was so worried about the daily bread. If I cannot accomplish anything, what is life for, then? Lying in bed that night I began to think of suicide.

Oh! how I wished to die that evening, to be relieved from that eternal anxiety, from painful disappointments!

'But suicide is a selfish thing,' I thought. 'If I find relief in that, what

about those who survive? Will not the deed kill my parents, who have so much faith in my strength? No, no; I will not disappoint them. I will fight until I succeed. Others struggle as much as I do. I had heard of so many people who had suffered much and were successful in the end. Why should not I? I shall prove my ambitions. I must.'

With a terrible headache, I fell into a restless sleep. I spent the night in a terrible nightmare.

Early in the morning, I sat on a bench in Union Square, waiting for the clock to strike eight, for our shop never opened before that hour. Thousands of people passed the square, most of them garment-workers.

'So many people could learn the trade, why not I? I shall learn it under any circumstances, and that quickly, too,' I decided.

I reached the shop just as my boss, who had accompanied me home the night before, unlocked the door.

'Good morning. Who threw you out of bed so early?' he asked smilingly. 'Now we shall see what we can do for you, little angel.'

'Oh, please, Mr. N.! You, too! You must excuse me if I beg you not to call me a nickname. I am already twenty years of age, and really I think that I am too old to be teased,' I said, insulted by his last words.

He apologized. 'Why, I did not think that you would feel badly about it. Goodness! you do not look twenty at all. I thought you were not more than sixteen or seventeen.'

His sisters came in, the power was turned on, and we sat down to work. During the next few days, I exerted myself to the utmost. My boss helped me out, and I began to feel more at my ease, as my work went on improving. Another two weeks and no more botching. I was able to put a garment together, but I was still very slow and the prices were poor. I could make only from five to six dollars a week. That money was only enough to enable me to live from hand to mouth, and I needed so many things. My shoes were worn out, my clothes too were shabby; I had nothing but the dress I had on.

V

Meanwhile, the strike of the garment-workers was settled. Their union recognized, the workers returned to their shops with great triumph, their prices almost doubled, their long hours reduced to fifty hours a week. We still worked under the old conditions. Our boss claimed that he could not raise the prices because his concern was small and could not turn out much work. I was so much obliged to him for the favor he had done to me that I felt I had no right to contradict or be displeased.

As I was less able to make ends meet from my scanty earnings, I began to grow discouraged again. My idea of studying in the evening had to be given up for the present, because I worked too hard all day. Besides, in the evenings I had to do my washing and mending and prepare my breakfast and lunch for the next day, as I could not afford to get my meals outside.

'Heavens! Where is my freedom? I work in a shop, I work in the evenings; no time for anything else but work and eat. What a life this is! What will the outcome be?'

I feared that, if things continued as they were, I might be plunged into a dirty slough as many others were, and I decided to prefer death if it came, rather than allow anything to happen to me.

One evening, coming home from work, so tired and exhausted, I found a letter from home with very sad news.

My family was in hardship, and although they did not ask me for anything, I knew that any financial help from me would be a great aid to them.

What was I to do? I hardly had enough for my board, but they knew nothing of my circumstances, and never would I want them to know. And when would I be able to help them? My father, deprived of my help, had to pay now in order to have some one in my place, to bribe the chief of police, and to keep up such a large family. Oh! when would it end, when would it end? If I only had the money! Money, money, how hateful you are, — but oh, how I need to have you!'

Enfolded in the dark clouds that again spread over my horizon, I began to lose ground. My head burning and my thoughts confused, I ran down the stairs to the street and carelessly wandered among the crowded pushcarts.

'A penny, a penny a sweet potato, a penny a pickle,' rang the loud voices of the peddlers.

Sweet potatoes, pickles, bananas on the pushcarts; a skirt, a waist, a front, a yoke, in the basket at the side of my machine; the letter from home, money — my boss — all danced before my eyes, in dark confusion.

Flowers! I stopped near a flower-store, attracted by the American Beauties in the window. Unthinkingly, I walked in.

'Well, madam, wedding, birthday, funeral bouquets — which do you desire?'

'Wedding, birthday, funeral bouquets,' I repeated absentmindedly. 'Funeral bouquet,' I said.

'For how much?'

'How much?' I repeated. I began to count my change. 'A dollar, twenty-five, forty-five, sixty-nine cents. For a dollar sixty-nine cents, please.'

The man looked at me in amazement.

'We don't sell for a dollar sixty-nine cents; a dollar fifty, if you please.'

'Let it be a dollar fifty,' I said carelessly.

With the bouquet in my hand, I walked home. My room-mate was away in the picketing line; her shop was still on strike. I did not expect her until late in the evening. I had plenty of time.

The flowers: the beautiful white rose, the lilies — ah! that heavy odor intoxicated me! Why did I not get an American Beauty, that I am so fond of?

An American Beauty in a funeral bouquet? Oh, yes a funeral, death — suicide — my home — my people —

My room-mate returned unexpectedly; I sent her out. Slowly I turned the gas. To help it more quickly, I soaked a handful of matches in water and drank off the sickening liquid —

When I regained consciousness I was in the hospital, doctors and nurses around me. Unfortunately, I had been brought back to life. The matches had failed to do their work. The next day Clara and my room-mate were with me — Clara, her eyes filled with tears.

'You foolish child, to do such a silly thing!'

I spoke to none of them; I was so tired. I wanted to be quiet, to have nobody around me, to be left alone to my own thoughts.

After four days in the hospital, I was well enough to come out.

'Will you not come to us, where mother will take good care of you for a time?' Clara begged me.

I refused. I wanted to be no burden to anybody. She brought her mother to the hospital. Both insisting, I at last consented. Where else was I to go, my last cent spent for the flowers?

(*To be continued*)

THE DECLINE OF THE BERLINER

BY ADELE N. PHILLIPS AND RUSSELL PHILLIPS

I

STRANGELY enough, on the steamer returning with us to America were the two American newspaper correspondents upon whom Germany most relied to mould public opinion in this country. Although we were given to understand that these gentlemen represented the combined newspapers of the United States, we have since learned that they represented rival interests. For months after the outbreak of the war the foreign correspondent was a *persona non grata* in Germany. Then the German government awoke to the harm it was doing itself by letting the Allies monopolize the front page, and the newspaper correspondents were welcomed. Nevertheless, they were not wholly trusted, and a close watch was kept on them at the front or in the cities by the authorities, and their reports were closely censored.

The two correspondents who crossed the sea with us were greatly favored. One had succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Pope, and his report, most favorable to the Germans, gained for him entry into the offices in Wilhelmstrasse and absolute freedom of the wires. The other, whose name has since been connected with the Count von Bernstorff exposures, was perhaps nearer the government and learned more of its movements. Certainly he maintained the same intimate relations after Mr. Gerard's departure, and as he did not leave Berlin until late in July, he must have acquired some interesting information, which, though we have sought it eagerly, we have not seen in print.

We had met the first-mentioned correspondent many times in the house of a relative. Indeed, upon our arrival in this country, the first person to greet us on the pier was this gentleman's wife, who came to meet him and who expressed great surprise at seeing us on this side, as she knew of our long residence in Berlin and thought that we had forfeited our American citizenship.

It is amazing how much the German government depended on the reports of these correspondents to dispel the evil impressions caused by its flagrant violations of international law and the laws of humanity. The reports of other correspondents were rigidly censored; but the messages of these two were cabled as written, sometimes without being passed upon by the censor. We have heard one of them boast of it time and again. Obviously the reports were handed to the Berlin editors at the time of cabling; for the moral effect that it was hoped these messages would produce was dwelt upon daily by the leading newspapers of the city.

In the stormy days before the severing of relations with this government the influence of these two men, greatly overestimated, was almost childishly relied on to avert the break. After Mr. Gerard's departure their cabled reports were depended upon to disseminate the bitter feeling that had been aroused by the severing of relations. In other words, in the propaganda which fol-

lowed, the saintly rôle was played, the German government posing as much misunderstood, and relying upon the correspondents to convey that impression to the host of German sympathizers in this country, with the hope of embarrassing the authorities in Washington.

It was one of these men who figured in the Skager Rack incident, in which Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, openly accused the government of duplicity. The correspondent was taken aboard the so-called victorious fleet, and it was rumored — yes, it leaked into print — that an old ship was painted to resemble the battleship Moltke, reported by the English and denied by the Germans to be lost, and pointed out to him as the victorious hulk riding upon the waters. Thereafter a message was cabled ridiculing the British claims of victory.

It was this tendency to dissemble, to conceal or pervert the truth, which awakened us to a new phase of German character. It was the eagerness to absorb the slightest report of victory, whether verified or not, and the elation which followed; the malignant satisfaction evinced at the tales of cruelty; the delight in the extreme suffering of the unfortunate people who stood in the way of the desired end, which amazed and revolted us. Living among them so many years, we had always found the Germans, and especially the Berliners, so *menschlich*, so eager for the good opinion of the outside world, and their home life so *gemütlich*, that we could not credit this radical and amazing change of character.

In the twelve long years previous to the outbreak of the war, during which we had resided in Berlin, we had not encountered this spirit. We had been always kindly received and had appreciated to the utmost the hospitality extended to us, which, as everybody knows who has resided in the city for any length of time, is boundless to the stranger upon whom the burgher centres his affections. Those characteristics which lie so near the surface, and which have been transmitted from generation to generation until they have been allied with the natural designation of *Deutsch:* cleanliness, fearlessness of expression, candor, *der Mut* (moral courage), probity, and an inherent love of justice had endeared them to us. From a mere formless plan, casually conceived, arose an overwhelming desire to dwell among these people, because of their rugged instincts, their admirable characteristics. The passing years did not weaken the early impressions, but rather deepened them, until the esteem in which we held them had ripened into a strong and enduring affection.

It would have been difficult to keep from loving these people as we first knew them. A certain blandness; an ingenuousness, actuated by noble candor and love of truth; a lovable simplicity in the greatest of them; a modest disavowal of accomplishment — *Ach, bewahre!* — in those who had achieved something of value; a respectful awe of the progressiveness and the vast resources of the great country we had just left, in which so many of their own people had found happiness, charmed us and drew us closer to them. In turn, our fondness for them inspired a respect which endured until the white heat of resentment arising from defeated purpose and imaginary wrongs caused them to turn from us. To minds so deeply impressed as ours the reaction was doubly great, the awakening very bitter.

Hitherto, it was only in military circles that one heard the refrain chanted of 'Der Tag' and 'Über Alles,' and all they implied. But with the outbreak of hostilities new traits began to be perceptible even in the gentlest and most

refined — student, philosopher, and the most phlegmatic of burghers alike — that distressed the most casual observer. A nebulous moral turpitude befogged their mentality. Duplicity and perfidy were the gods of the hour. The men degenerated into savagery; the women became unsexed. The national honor was swept away with one brief word of command.

In the almost tigerish rage which followed the Belgian opposition, the Germans became a people characterized by cruelty almost maniacal in its ferocity. Centuries were bridged, and the savageries of the early days of the Christian era came trooping over the span. Thumbs were turned down and kept down. A deaf ear was turned to the cries of distress which followed the accumulated wretchedness that the decision entailed. What psychology can analyze the mentality of a peaceful, law-abiding people suddenly imbued with a lust for blood?

With the greatest sorrow we had witnessed the orgies that followed the sinking of the Lusitania. Horror-stricken Americans in Berlin were compelled to sit in silence while some burgher, suddenly transformed from an amiable, jovial being into a gloating fiend, would tell of the greater horrors yet to come. Christianity, even civilization itself, could receive no greater setback than the mighty roar of acclaim which arose from the jubilant crowd on the occasion of the parade of the crews of the submarines through the streets of Berlin to celebrate the resumption of *Schrechlichkeit*.

The Americans witnessed these hideous demonstrations in wonderment, sick at heart, amazed at the callousness of a hitherto God-fearing people reveling in the reports of wholesale murder. Still less could they understand the savage resentment displayed to another body of men from the U-boats, again paraded to impress the Berliners when it was demonstrated that the much-heralded campaign was doomed to failure. As early as May of the present year rumors had been seeping into Berlin of the navy plot, the discontent and the threats of mutiny in Kiel, Cuxhaven, and Wilhelmshaven. In consequence, this body of men was received in coldness and silence, and in the poorer quarters vile epithets were hurled at them and accusations of treason. The people would have rent them limb from limb, nothing but a display of authority by the officials keeping them within bounds.

It seemed as if in his rage the German was lashing about in a fury that would destroy all within reach, for the sinking of neutral vessels was an occasion for even greater rejoicing. The destruction of anything carrying cargo that might interfere with the success of the Germans was demanded. No nation or people on earth had the right to stand in the way of victory. The land and the sea were created for one purpose — to further the success of the Vaterland.

These were the policies advocated by the mad philosopher Nietzsche, which, however, had for a time relaxed their hold on the average mind, and had receded into the past when Pan-Germanism was forgotten amid overwhelming prosperity and commercial expansion. Suddenly his 'science of things possible, inasmuch as they are possible,' became the law. The 'little lambs fattening in adjacent meadows' — as the mad philosopher styled the small nations — must be devoured, fleece and all. Although the feast had long since been prepared by official Germany, it could not be conceived that the *menschliche Leute*, who prated eternally of peace, would absorb the plans so eagerly.

In the months before war was declared, we had noted with amazement the increasing affection of Germany for

her unspeakable ally — Turkey. It was a well-known fact that the country was financing the Empire of the Crescent, and was, for reasons since revealed to the world, hobnobbing very affectionately with her. In intellectual circles we had also noted a tendency to apologize for the actions of the Turks, and in some instances to condone them, by people who have since denounced and condemned the suffering Belgians for the cruel deeds of their former royal master in the Congo. According to uttered and published statements, the Turk in his worst days had been misunderstood. We have even heard seemingly intelligent people willfully deny that the various massacres of the Armenians were inspired by government officials.

At the house of a friend, an American physician, we met a close relative of Enver Bey. The tales that this man told of the wholesale massacres of Christians who did not approve of Turkey's entrance into the war were blood-curdling. Yet they were listened to with glee by people who were mourning for their own dead; by women who a few months before made great ado if their children so much as cut a finger; by men who daily sank on their knees to pray for their own boys at the front.

The massacres which this Turk spoke of would have been greater but for the man whom, upon learning our nationality, he particularly described to us in his quaint English, as 'ned-a-i-r-e Protest-a-h-n-t, Catolica, but vaht you call Israel-e-e-t.' He meant Israelite; and the man was Abram I. Elkus, American minister to Turkey.

We positively could feel the resentment radiate from the people present as the Turk dwelt at length and with fiendish indignation upon Mr. Elkus's successful efforts to shield the unfortunate Armenians from an aroused and cruel government. It was one of the few times when we were publicly affronted, or when we suffered for our relationship to the 'indirect enemy.' But the anger of the guests of the American physician at the interference of Mr. Elkus was white hot, and numerous uncomplimentary remarks were audibly uttered. Two or three of the guests abruptly rose and left the house, without a word of farewell to their host. The remaining guests drew away from us and gathered about the Turk, to listen eagerly to other tales of horror.

Our host was most embarrassed and apologized in a low voice, in English, for the rudeness of his guests. But we were too full of sorrow to resent the incivility, and we soon left, wondering whether, if our own country, grown more dear to us as we realized the blood-madness of that other country, were drawn into the fray, we should degenerate into brutal, ferocious, savage creatures, demanding the destruction of our fellow men. There were some people in the room who refused to speak to us afterwards, and who strenuously objected to our presence even at Red Cross meetings.

Pan-Germanism's stronghold is in the aristocratic class, the military contingent, and among the upper middle class — the class whose minor titles roll so grandiloquently on the tongue, who have grown rich on war-profits. In spite of the 'Über Alles' refrain, Pan-Germanism never did have a hold on the lower class. The common people were too completely shackled by the rigorous regulations of the despotic nationalism, to dream of 'places in the sun' or colonies across the sea. They were taught to obey, not encouraged to think of something bound to come to pass by God's natural law and the Kaiser's. It was not until the first stages of the war, the almost successful dash to Paris, that the common people began to slap one another on the back and

predict German supremacy. Then one heard on the streets the computations of time when the mailed fist would subjugate the world at large: Paris in six weeks; Russia in a couple of months; the hated Island Kingdom in mere days; and then, — who could tell? — the rest of the world, inspired by fear, would submit willingly.

II

The spirit of intolerance was still abroad in the third year of the war. An American, a buyer for a large millinery house, came to Berlin. The firm that he represented had a permanent office in the city, which had been closed for a long time. Foreign offices were a source of great revenue to the government, some of them paying as many as six different kinds of taxes. Three months is the time allotted in Prussia for a foreigner to remain in the country without sanction of the state; and in adjoining commercial states the time is even shorter. Our friend evaded the law by taking the train to Denmark or Holland, and absenting himself from the country for forty-eight hours.

As we dined together one evening in a well-known restaurant, we were conversing in English. Seated at the next table was a quartette of officers, home on furlough. Presently a waiter stepped up to us and said that the officers objected to our speaking the English tongue. Knowing that we were well within our rights, we refused to discontinue the conversation. The four officers then rose, stood stiffly at attention, and demanded that we be ejected from the restaurant. It was a very unpleasant and humiliating experience; but, as we look back, we cannot fail to see the humor of it, with the men standing so ridiculously straight in the centre of the place. The American, as host, approached the group and endeavored to explain; but he was swept aside with haughty gestures. When he returned to the table, the proprietor informed him that he would be unable to serve the rest of the meal, and we were compelled to leave the restaurant.

The incident leaked into print and caused considerable discussion. The verdict, however, was in favor of the officers, and their very rude and uncalled-for action met with universal approbation. Soon after, it was discovered that our host of the evening was married to a Frenchwoman and resided in Paris. An inquiry followed, and the members of every household in which this gentleman visited were closely questioned. Fortunately, we were still in good standing, and our word did much to reassure the authorities. But a day or two later the American visited us, bringing with him the various samples left in his office by the firms that he dealt with. The paper stems of the artificial flowers had been unwound and subjected to acid baths; and even the composite ends of feather-trimming, manufactured to comply with the rigorous importation laws of this country, had been slit, to see if they contained information of value to the enemy. A week later he received official notice to leave the country, and never to return to it. After his departure, the doors of mutual friends were closed to us, no explanation being vouchsafed for the sudden termination of friendships that we had come to value.

There is no doubt that our good standing was the only thing that saved us from receiving similar notice; for the offense which finally brought us into official disfavor was most trivial. By this time, however, our social circle had narrowed perceptibly, as the head of the house put it, to mere Red Cross acquaintances. Very reluctantly we accepted the few invitations extended to us; for we could not understand the

radical change in some of the gentlest and most hospitable of our friends, and it distressed us to see it. The war seemed to have brought out all evil traits. As shocking deed after shocking deed was perpetrated, we listened in vain for one dissenting voice.

Months before, we had been greatly disturbed by the fierce outburst of joy at the introduction of gas, so much like the 'grand Titanic outburst of laughter,' of which Thomas Carlyle speaks in his history of the French Revolution. The report of the number of men suffocated by this fiendish innovation was greatly exaggerated. But the greater the number reported dead, the higher mounted the hysterical outcry of approval. German science would conquer the world, it was predicted. 'The war would be won by chemistry alone.' 'The miserable dollar-loving American would be ruined by the amount of ammunition left on his hands.'

Nowhere was heard a word of pity for the poor wretches caught unawares, beating the air in their agony, gasping their lives out beneath the dense clouds of pitiless, poisonous fumes. There was a hideous clamor for the trial of other similar formulas which filled the Berlin newspapers. Cruelty, lust for human life, everywhere, sickening the heart.

In other cities, chastened by sorrow, where the bitter hatred of all humanity had been dulled by the suffering of the people, we heard that there were many protests lodged against such cases as that of Edith Cavell, the ruthless discrimination against the English prisoners, or the drowning of neutrals — but not in Berlin. The women worked fast and furiously at the Red Cross meetings, for but one purpose: to aid in the healing of the wounded so that they might return sooner to the front.

In the pulpit also was heard the clarion voice, profaning the Creator's name by inciting to kill. What had become of the sweet, simple faith which breathed the spirit of a beautiful, peaceful garden? What had become of the homely people, abiding in that faith, at peace with their fellow beings and God? One could not believe that the restless, brutal, bitter, merciless, blood-crazed multitude were the cultured, happy, devoutly religious people, who, a short time before, had lived according to the simple word preached by their beloved pastors. How different now was that word! The simple word had given way to the clarion tones of the half-mad fanatic, who had turned his back on God. 'A torpedo, striking home, bears the message of God,' was the sacrilege uttered by a well-known pastor in Berlin.

'The German God — the God of the Old Testament; a God that dealt in realities, stern, severe, uncompromising; the God of the warrior, favoring Zebadiah the son of Ishmael, Joshua, and Judas Maccabæus,' was the impious statement of a preacher famous for his eloquence and the profundity of his sermons.

'Would that the just God in his righteousness might bestow on the bullet speeding from the German gun the magic power of the jawbone of the ass, and slay ten thousand of the enemy with each bullet,' was the fervent prayer of another well-known minister of the gospel.

In no city or country would such denunciations, such violations of the tenets of religion, be tolerated. But when it is realized that churches are liberally endowed by the state, this singular freedom of speech is understood. In the episcopal oath of fidelity to the Crown, which all must take who seek to preach the divine word, the solemn oath is administered.

'I will be submissive, faithful, and obedient to his Royal Majesty, — and his lawful successors in the government, — as my most gracious King and sov-

ereign; promote his welfare according to my ability; prevent injury and detriment to him; and particularly endeavor carefully to cultivate in the minds of the people under my care a sense of reverence and fidelity toward the King, love for the Fatherland, obedience to the laws, and all those virtues which in a Christian denote a good citizen; and I will not suffer any man to teach or act in a contrary spirit. In particular, I vow that I will not support any society or association, either at home or abroad, which might endanger the public security, and will inform His Majesty of any proposals made, either in my diocese or elsewhere, which might prove injurious to the state. I will preach the word as His Gracious Majesty dictates,' — and so forth.

The sympathy which once knitted pastor and flock together has entirely disappeared. The congregation, misled, fast becomes rebellious. Germany is reaping the whirlwind. Militarism was her god. As a profession, the clergy has always been looked down upon — fit for the sons of tradesmen, artisans, small dealers, and minor professionals. All others with any pretense to ambition turn to the military, as a means to the greater end. The profession of religion demands equality; and the Germans are fundamentally opposed to equality.

In consequence of the strange words uttered in the pulpit, the people, half aroused, distrust the church. They fear that it has been subordinated to the political system. Even on religious days, for which Germany is noted, religious fervor was strangely lacking, and the spirit of good-will had wholly disappeared. Now, in the hour of her travail, Germany looks in vain for the consolation of religion, which would assist her to bear the great affliction that oppresses her.

What can possibly become of this people led by the perverters of the divine word? We have met women entering the church for solace, who have come forth with a sullen hatred for all mankind in their hearts. Unhappy creatures, they have been deprived of the one staff on which they could lean in the hour of utter desolation.

In contrast to the Emperor's smug and almost sacrilegious claim of intimacy with the Deity, one is almost horrified by the wave of agnosticism that has swept over Berlin. There is a greater increase of the other and worse extremists, who, with mocking and contumelious language, neither assert nor deny the existence of the Deity because of the limits of human intelligence or of insufficient psychical evidence, but who absolutely deny and scoff at the existence of God. This scourge of the disconsolate must not be confounded with the infidel, who denies Christianity and the truth of the Scriptures. And Heaven knows that there are hosts of them in Berlin; blasphemous hordes who attack the very tenets of Christianity in public places, without molestation by the authorities.

What can stem the tide of blasphemy which is sweeping over Germany? For the unbeliever there is hope — for the blasphemer, none. In the past year the Berlin newspapers gave a great deal of space to several undoubtedly brilliant writers. While our own papers were discussing the more vital questions of the moment, — the problems of peace before and after the war, — these writers consumed space in a debate on the predilection of the Divine Presence for either combatant. The discussion called forth a lively reply in the *Morgenpost*, from the noted free-thinker Schlunsen.

'Of what use is a debate on the existence of the Deity,' he wrote. 'The invisible can assume no earthly obligation, can bear no mortal burdens. One

might as reasonably say that the ether bore a message; that there was Divine ordination in the soughing of the night-wind over the battlefield; that God was a mere road to some desired end; that peace could be found only at the termination of that road. There is only one God — fear. There is another God — annihilation. Expediency is the intercessor and completes the Trinity. Germany's one hope lies in that Trinity.

'All hope in invisible intercession must be put away. Fear of the doom that awaits them must be inspired in the breast of all who oppose Germany. In that lies her salvation. She must trust in no other. The struggle for unity would be its own compensation. When that is accomplished, Germany can dispense her favors and can defy her enemies — and the invisible God.'

And what has been the result of this religious relapse?

The terrible record of suicides which appeared daily in the newspapers, especially of women. According to statistics, secretly passed about in medical circles for fear of repression by the government, suicides have increased to 40.2 per 100,000 inhabitants in Saxony alone; and throughout the Empire to 24.5 per 100,000, — an increase of from 15 to 18 per cent.

Deprived of their faith, and in despair, these nervous, highly strung people relaxed their hold on life, when perhaps a word uttered in the right spirit would have saved them. People forbidden to mourn in public for their dead crowd the cemeteries, which do not contain the remains of those they mourn, but which are the only places where they may seek relief from their grief. The portals of the Church are open to them; but the spirit they seek is not there.

In great sadness, day by day, we had watched this bitterness of spirit grow. Hitherto we had found the Berliner so *lustig*, so *gemütlich*, that it distressed us to see the change. Whatever charge you might lay against the Berliner, you could not say that he nursed a grudge for any great length of time. They were an attractive, genial, forgiving lot, with an inextinguishable sense of humor, not always in good taste; taking their pleasures rather seriously; extorting much joy from life in ways not always conducive to the comfort of their neighbors; optimistic to the point of inconsideration. But they were a chivalrous set, hospitable to strangers, making a fetish of social forms, correct to a fault, somewhat stilted in manner, with a hearty welcome for the stranger upon whom they centred their somewhat demonstrative affection.

Now they had grown like creatures of the wild, beasts of ravenous instincts. The doctrines they advocated were appalling. From a fairly liberal interpretation of the Golden Rule, they suddenly narrowed to 'Do what I say and in such way as I please.' The whole world must bend to their will; and in the effort to enforce that will they would wreck the whole world. Treitschke's motto, 'German every fibre,' became the watchword. They had coarsened, brutalized. It was no longer a pleasure to meet them.

'No hatred is so bitter as enmity against the man who has been unjustly treated,' wrote Treitschke in 1870; 'men hate in him what they have done to him. That is true of nations as well as individuals. All our neighbors, some time or other, grew at Germany's expense; and to-day, we have smashed the last remnants of foreign domination and demand reward for righteous victories. Especially do those small countries, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, complain loudly that an arrogant pro-Germanism has destroyed our people's sense of fairness. It is hatred that

vents itself in the charge. Therefore, we shall pick up the gauntlet, and visit upon them the hatred that such expressions incur.'

The Berliner of the day has gone Treitschke one better.

The indefatigable labors of a relative and our own modest efforts among the poor of the city spared us many unpleasant and humiliating experiences. Any one who labored *gratis* must have the interest of the Germans at heart. But there were Americans, long residents in Berlin, who came to us appalled by the change in the people whom they had learned to love; and in many cases some were very much frightened. They were being *strafed* in every sense of the word.

As they had been kindly received for years, they had felt safe in visiting those whose hospitality they had enjoyed. They were unable to understand the psychology of a people who told with shudders horrible tales of the throat-slitting of the Senegalese soldiers, calling down curses on the head of the nation that utilized its fighting strength, and in the next breath hysterically lauded the efforts of their own sons of Kultur, who herded helpless, shrinking, despairing Belgians in the squares of hostage-burdened towns, and shot them down by the hundreds.

Sickened with the horror of it all, in the thick of it and yet not of it, in those first years of the war many of our American friends were driven from houses for some mild protest against outrageous violations of the laws of civilization, by people who had reduced the killing of their fellow beings to a science. These Americans were being continually reported as anti-German by their most intimate friends. They were compelled to pay large fines, and in some cases were given jail sentences. Afterwards their lives were made miserable by the continuous procession of inspectors who descended upon them unawares and fined them for the least violation of the law.

We have been repulsed in households, and our services rejected by people who were in sore need of them, because we spoke the language of the common enemy. We knew physicians who refused to attend patients in houses where English was spoken. There were times when the restrictions grew so rigorous as to become irksome, and the temper of the populace made us so uneasy that we asked what had come over these people, hitherto so kindly and appreciative?

Secretly we were revolted by the pettiness, the grasping at straws, the impugning of the noblest of motives, the peevish narrowness. Daily it grew more repugnant to us, this debasement of a people heretofore devoted to God and the spiritual life, now rendered iniquitous, vicious, venomous, radically depraved, by an ignoble ambition.

POETS AND SOLDIERS

BY MAURICE BARRÈS

THE DEATH OF CHARLES PÉGUY

Not long ago I described for American readers, for our friends and Allies, the Americans, the sentiments which inspire the young men of France to lay down their lives for their country; and now, still relying upon the testimony of authentic documents, I would show what manner of men are the leaders of these young soldiers, when they too are face to face with death. Our petty officers and our officers of rank, high or low, what are they in the heat of battle?

Before all else, the French officer is an exhaustless storehouse of energy, the moral storehouse of his men. Thus it is in war, and thus it is in civil life. The man who carries within him and about him the spirit of order and enthusiasm, he, and he alone, is the true leader of men.

But let us put aside all theories as to these men, for I can show you, I think, the souls within them. On December 12, 1914, I received a letter from Victor Boudon, a private in the 276th Regiment of Infantry. He had been wounded in the battle of the Ourcq, one of the momentous series of victories which made up the Battle of the Marne, the battle before Paris. This sterling fellow wrote, 'I had the honor to fight side by side with Charles Péguy, and under his command. He was killed September 5, at Villeroy, by my side, when *we were marching to the assault of the German positions.*'

There is the vital point — the point which gives just emphasis to the whole accomplishment of that noble life. Charles Péguy was one of the patriotic young writers who, having taken upon himself the task of purifying the French soul, and of arousing it to intense activity, was ever occupied with studying and holding up to admiration the great heroes of our race — Joan of Arc, for example. His entire life was one long advance to the assault of German positions; for every day that he lived Péguy realized more fully that the soil of France had long been cumbered by Germanic ideas — anomalous, sterile, and menacing. All that we have left us of his literary work denounces, attacks, and repels the spiritual invasion of our University by Germany. And he dies, sword in hand, at the head of the Soldiers of Deliverance, *marching to the assault of German positions.* The poem is made perfect.

From his hospital, my correspondent continues his letter: 'I have written a brief narrative of his glorious death, which is wholly devoid of literary pretension. If you think it well to publish it, I shall be happy thus to pay my final homage to the memory of that gallant officer who was a true friend to all of us.'

Certainly I shall publish this record, It can never again be dissociated from those books of his which are among our permanent possessions. It forms their complement, and illuminates every line he ever wrote. The Péguy of the retreat to the Marne, of whom Boudon

tells us, is the Péguy of our children's children forever. Let us listen to this worthy witness, the partner of his glory.

'On August 4, 1914, the platform of the railway station of Bel-Air-Raccordement is thronged by a crowd of more than three thousand mobilized troops, all on their way to join the 276th Reserve Regiment of Infantry at Coulommiers. Along the railway embankment overlooking the near-by streets, which are black with people, the train which is to take us pulls in slowly. Cheers and farewells come from the crowd, handkerchiefs flutter in the breeze. It is four o'clock. In a few seconds our train, from the first car to the last, is decorated with flowers, festooned with flags, covered with caricatures of the Boches, and bears in huge chalk letters the inscription, "Pleasure train for Berlin. *Vive la France!*" while a superb sheaf of flags flutters on the front of the locomotive.

'On the platform many friends and acquaintances met and formed little groups. An officer of the 276th, in full uniform, of a sober military bearing, yet smiling shrewdly and discreetly behind the eye-glasses which embellish a face still youthful, framed by a light beard, overlooks the entrainment with a paternal expression, and, at the same time, prepares to board the train with us. It is Charles Péguy, Lieutenant of Territorials, assigned, at his own request, to a reserve regiment.

'But, amid all the confusion, a little touch of discipline is necessary; a few heads are turned by the excitement of leave-taking and by copious libations. . . . One obstinate recruit is determined to take his fair companion with him; a railway official rebukes him rather sharply, and it begins to look like trouble, when Lieutenant Péguy interposes: "Come, old chap, come with me; this is no time to fight; keep that for the Boches!" And the man follows him, docile as a lamb, declaring that "for a lieutenant, he is the right sort."'

Soon the train, crowded to overflowing with all this exuberant youth, pulls out of the station.

At nine in the evening they arrive at Colommiers. The people stand in line along the sidewalks. A deafening shout, 'Vive la France!' echoes to the skies, while some one strikes up the fierce strains of the *Chant du Départ:* —

> 'Frenchmen must live for her;
> For her all French must die.'

All the troops, stern-faced, file past in the fading light, behind a large unfurled flag. 'And,' says Victor Boudon, 'Lieutenant Péguy, carried away like the rest by the general emotion, follows the procession — keeping step like the common soldiers that we are.'

The following days are occupied by making ready for departure. Péguy superintends, with a friendly air, the equipment of the two hundred and fifty men of his company. He is everywhere at once, always ready, first at roll-call, running hither and thither, working hard, like a schoolmaster watching over his pupils. And his nickname sticks to him at once. To all of them he is the 'Schoolmaster,' the 'Usher.' He would smile as he passed along the ranks, whenever this name, always spoken in free and sympathetic friendliness, caught his ear — smile with a roguish look which seemed to say, 'Enjoy your little joke, my boys; you'll soon see your "Usher" at work!'

Meanwhile, in the pouring rain, the regiment goes through its training. The bayonet-charge, at the end of every drill, is Péguy's great delight. The little rascal fairly exults in these charges, in which his pugnacious, characteristically French temperament manifests it-

self. You ought to have heard him, after the company had deployed as skirmishers, shout in a loud, ringing voice, 'Ready! fix bayonets!' then rush forward, waving his sword, crying, 'Forward! Charge!' The charge over, and the imaginary foe repulsed, he would replace his sword in the scabbard with a look of pride and a sigh of satisfaction which made us all smile.

At the outset Péguy obtained the confidence of his men, and of this the happy effects were speedily apparent. On August 27, in the streets of St. Mihiel, a soldier buys a newspaper and reads of the evacuation of Alsace, the withdrawal from Lorraine, the battle of Charleroi, and the invasion of France. The men are horror-stricken. 'You see,' says Péguy, as he glanced over the paper, 'there has been an unfortunate wavering, that is certain. We don't know yet what caused it. But our lines don't seem to have been broken, and that's the main thing. And then, I have absolute confidence in the Staff.'

That is the tone to which he held all through the retreat. It is by such natures as his that things are set to rights.

We cannot accompany Péguy through all the stages of his glorious career, but let us glance at him in the heat of battle, beside his fellow officers, in the midst of his soldiers — all valiant, eager — one and all his peers.

'The colonel assembles his officers and distributes maps of the district, while the boxes of cartridges are taken from the company wagons and distributed. Our artillery begins its infernal concert. We set out, in column of fours, through the beet-fields, where the walking is slippery and difficult; at this moment the dense mist is scattered, as if by the magical effect of the cannonade; and then, while the fusillade begins anew and our machine-guns crackle, we catch a glimpse, in the still misty distance, of the gray masses of Prussian infantry, in which our "seventy-fives" do terrible execution. Their sonorous gong-like reports reply to the duller hammering of the German batteries, and the melinite ploughs its bloody furrows through the lines of the barbarians, who pour from the woods as from an ant-hill. . . . "The more we kill, the more come out," mutters an officer. Péguy is exultant; he has pulled his *képi* over his eyes, which shine with a fierce gleam; he marches beside us as if we were on parade. "Close up, order in the ranks there!" and in a moment, "Ready for the charge!"

'But we are in a position which the German fire is beginning to render untenable; the shells skim over our heads with a wicked purring sound, and burst a few yards in our rear. Instinctively every head is bent at each premonitory whistle. "Don't be afraid," says Péguy with a laugh; "it makes a noise, but it does n't kill." To cap the climax a German air-plane appears above us; it has pointed out our location, which, a few seconds later, is liberally showered with shells; there is a genuine cloud-burst of them. We have to leave the spot, and, by fours, march swiftly along the road which brings us, fifteen hundred metres farther on, behind Marquivilliers. The officers issue orders with admirable calmness; Lieutenant de la Cornillère, switch in hand, is standing with Lieutenant Péguy amid the shells which plough up the road, roll along the ground in a furrow of green smoke, and burst all about us with a crash of thunder. We have "caught the squall," and at every fresh arrival of great chunks of steel, we do a rapid "flat on your faces," and draw our knapsacks over our heads. Our officers alone, with the colonel and major, stand on the road in the roaring

storm — Péguy smiling, La Cornillère playing with his switch with an air of marvelous indifference, while Captain Guérin, his monocle in his eye, and leaning on his cane (he was severely wounded in Morocco and has to walk with a cane), superintends our retrograde movement.'

The whole company received the general's congratulations; we had the feeling that we had won a victory, but we retreated none the less. This was the retreat to the Marne, one of the most glorious pages in the history of the world. I do not hope to make you comprehend the prodigious effort that our armies put forth in the overpowering heat. Let every one think of his sons, his brothers, his friends, and question the living and the dead of those great sad days which saved France! Let us march beside Péguy, making note of only a few points.

Already there are many who can hardly walk and who bravely spend their last ounce of strength to keep up; kilometre after kilometre, village after village, and never a word of a cantonment for rest. From time to time the brave Péguy comes up and revives their flagging energy. 'Well, well, old boy! have a little courage; brace up; we are nearly there.' Ah! he did not bother to stand on his dignity; he knew his 'Parigots,' and he spoke their language to them, thee-and-thouing them in a tone of familiar fellowship, choosing the words that tingle and revive; and many a man 'hung on' through a sort of affection for that scholar, that 'schoolmaster,' of whom it was currently said, 'Péguy — what a good old boy he is!'

Men throw away their knapsacks, they trudge on in the darkness. Péguy overhears the grumbling; he sees that things are likely to grow worse. Like the rest, he can do no more, but he goes from rank to rank: 'Come, boys, courage! Don't stop; I give you my word we're almost there; I am played out myself, and hungry too; but, I entreat you, do like me.'

'At last, by hook and crook, spurred on by encouraging words, we reach Ravenel at two in the morning, after traveling almost fifty-five kilometres and fighting a battle, all in twenty-four hours, in terrific heat and with nothing to eat! As for eating now, there's no use thinking about it, for there's nothing to eat. We stretch out on the straw in a barn; two hundred men in a space big enough to hold a hundred at most; and more than that, there were a number of refugees, who had taken possession of the shelter and had to make way for us.

'A poor woman with young children, one at the breast, starts to go out. "Where are you going, madame?" Péguy asks her. "Mon Dieu, monsieur, these poor boys must have their rest!" — "No, madame, I won't allow it; you won't find room anywhere else. Come boys, untangle yourselves. These people must lie here." And we did it.'

The next day they start off again, without sleep, or rest, or food. Some of the soldiers pick hard green apples from a tree by the roadside. Péguy goes up to Victor Boudon and says, 'Give me an apple, old man.' — 'With pleasure, lieutenant.'

Rumors are current in the ranks that the government has left Paris for Bordeaux, but Péguy denies it vigorously.

'For my part, lieutenant,' says one man, 'I believe we're sold out.'

Péguy was terribly angry. 'You talk like an imbecile, my man!'

By this time the company has dwindled to some thirty men. They halt. When it is time to resume the march, as there are manifest signs of

indifference, Péguy cries, 'Forward, the 19th!'

'There is n't any 19th,' says a voice.

'As long as I'm here, there'll be one. Come on, forward, my boys!' And off he starts.

'All of us sprang to our feet and resumed the march,' said Boudon.

On September 2, about four o'clock, they arrive opposite Senlis, and see the bombardment, the conflagration of the town, and the church-tower tottering under the rain of shells. In the darkness they dive into the forest of Chantilly, having lost their commissariat wagons — without food, without munitions. All about them the Uhlans are prowling. Lieutenant Péguy walks alone at the head of his company, as skirmisher.

We are approaching the last stage. I would I might stamp on your memories the glorious, sacred character of the impending struggle. The children of Paris are about to defend the City of Light against the barbarian hordes.

Many a time we have felt like smiling at the redundant periods of Victor Hugo; but the genius which dictated them to him gave them the power to make their way into our blood. In the tragic days of early September, we loved the homes and the altars of Paris so dearly that we could not conceive the possibility of surviving them. *Pro aris et focis!* Victor Boudon interprets with wonderful accuracy the sentiments of his battalion of Parisians — of 'Parigots,' as they call themselves.

'We come nearer and nearer to Paris,' he writes me. 'From time to time we see in the sky the great beams of its search-lights. . . . We understand that the situation is very serious, since the enemy is barely thirty kilometres from the capital which we all left less than a month ago, with no expectation that we were to be its defenders; but in face of the dangers we have confidence, confirmed by our officers, that "They" shall not pass! At that moment we had just known the most cruel disillusionment and had passed through the most terrifying experiences, quite terrible enough to cause a disastrous panic; but, curiously, even the prophets of evil, those who saw everything black, held their peace; the wind of discouragement which had blown during the days just past died down in face of the peril which all of us alike, Parisians and refugees, felt to be close at hand. All whom we loved — wives, children, families — are in yonder great city of Paris which the barbarians covet and to which they are drawing near with savage joy; they are in these villages, too, and these country districts which are already held by our brutal adversaries; and when we meet them in the momentous battle which cannot be long delayed, it is our homes and ourselves that we are to save from defilement. In this multitude in arms in defense of the country, is the triumph of Civilization over Barbarism and the downfall of the frightful Prussian militarism. There are many opposing convictions and ideas among men who only yesterday, as sworn enemies, glared at each other with gleams of hatred in their eyes; but today all this has vanished, hatreds have melted in the single thought and hope of all: *they must not pass!* . . .

'On the morning of September 5, the 55th Division of the Army of Paris, of which my regiment, the 276th, formed a part, was on the left of the army, which had at last received orders for a general offensive, 'to be killed on the spot rather than give ground.' Before us, on the wooded hills stretching from Dammartin to Meaux, Von Kluck's Boches, who had dogged us step by step in our terrible retreat from Roye, were on the watch, invisible, burrow-

ing in their trenches like cunning beasts.

'In torrid heat the battalion made a brief halt in the pretty little village of Nantouillet. Seated on a stone, white with dust like the rest of us, streaming with sweat, with beard unkempt, his eyes sparkling behind his glasses, once more I see our dear lieutenant, brave Charles Péguy, writer, poet, soldier, whom we all loved as our friend; who, in Lorraine as well as during the retreat, insensible to fatigue, fearless under the rain of shells, went from man to man, encouraging by word and deed; running through the ranks of our company from front to rear; eating, as we ate, only one day in three, without a word of complaint; always young despite his age,[1] familiar with the speech which Parisians, as most of us were, can understand; reviving with a brief phrase, sometimes biting, sometimes sarcastic or jocose, the drooping spirits; always dauntless, preaching by example — once more I see our dear lieutenant, inspiring us, when many were beginning to despair, with his unshaken convictions of final victory, while he read eagerly a letter from his family, a tear of happiness glistening in his eye.

'An hour later, as the clock struck twelve, we reached, by a little shrub-lined path, the farm of La Trace, near the little village of Villeroy, where the battalion was to encamp. The whistles have barely blown the signal for a brief halt, when suddenly German shells begin to fall all about us, causing some confusion in our ranks. We are completely surprised by this terrible and unlooked-for bombardment, which kills or wounds a number of men and horses; but the battery of seventy-fives in advance of us goes gallantly into action amid shrapnel and percussion shells, at the foot of the little hamlet of La Baste. Though hard put to it at the outset, our artillery, after four hours of a terrific duel, had completely silenced the Prussian batteries. Next day, on entering the village of Monthyon, while in pursuit of the retreating foe, we came upon the shapeless débris of what had once been big guns, mingled with the bloody remnants of the Boche artillerymen, blown to bits and disemboweled by our shells.

'While our big guns were fighting thus victoriously, the battalion formed for battle, and the company deployed in sections by fours, Péguy's section being on the right of the line. From time to time there was a sharp order — "Lie down; curl up like snails"; this to avoid a volley of shells, which burst all about us without doing any damage. Sheltered behind a little rise in the ground, we awaited, under the inaccurate fire of the enemy, the moment for attacking his intrenchments, a fruitless attack having already been made by the Moroccans on our right.

'At last, word came, and we started forward gladly, deployed as skirmishers, under the energetic command of Captain Guérin, who was by Péguy's side on the right of our line. It is five o'clock; the German artillery, overwhelmed, has ceased to speak; but when we reach the crest of the hill a terrific hail of bullets welcomes us: we dash for the leveled and tangled oat-stalks, where many fall; it is difficult ground. One more leap, and we find cover behind the embankment of the Iverny–Chauconin road, gasping and breathless. The bullets hiss close above our heads; we fire at five hundred metres at the Germans, who are well sheltered behind the trees and thickets that line the little stream of La Sorcière, and are almost invisible in their earth-colored uniforms. Through a gap in the trees, we can catch momentary glimpses of German companies swiftly climbing the hill, supported by the infernal fire of the battalions in

[1] Péguy was born in 1873.

front of us. They are falling back on Monthyon and Chauconin, which they partly burn for spite. . . .

'Back! They're falling back! In clarion tones Lieutenant Péguy gives the order to fire, indicates the range and the objectives. He stands behind us, leaning against an abandoned road-roller, upright, gallant, and fearless under the downpour of bullets which hiss about us, while the infernal tap-tap of the Prussian machine-guns beats time.

'That wild rush through the oat-field has exhausted our breath; we are bathed in sweat, and our good lieutenant is in the same plight. A brief moment's respite, then, at a signal from the captain, his voice rings out: "Forward!"

'Ah! this time it is no laughing matter. Scaling the embankment and skimming over the ground, stumbling among the beet-roots and clods of earth, bent double so as to offer a smaller target for the bullets, we rush to the assault. The harvest continues, frightful to see; the song of death hums about us. Thus we press on for two hundred metres; but to go farther for the moment, with no support in our rear and no possibility of replenishing our cartridge-belts, is sheer madness. It means a general massacre; not ten of us will get through! Captain Guérin and the other lieutenant, M. de La Cornillère, are stark dead.

'"Lie down," roars Péguy, "and fire at will!" But he himself remains on his feet, field-glass in hand, directing our fire — heroic in hell.

'We shoot like madmen, black with powder, and the muskets burning our fingers. Every second there are shrieks and groans and gasps which tell their story: dear friends are killed at my side. How many are dead? how many wounded? They are past counting now.

'Péguy is still standing, despite our cries to him to lie down — a glorious fool with that reckless courage of his. Most of us had lost our knapsacks at Ravenel, during the retreat, but a knapsack at this moment would be a priceless shelter. And the lieutenant's voice rings out ceaselessly, "Fire! Fire! In God's name!"

'There is some whimpering: "We have n't any knapsack, lieutenant; we shall all be done in!" — "No matter!" shouts Péguy, above the howling tempest. "I have n't one either, you see, so fire, fire!" And he straightens up as if defying the balls, seeming to summon the death which he glorified in his verse.

'At that same instant a death-bearing bullet strikes the hero's head, crushes that broad and noble forehead. He has fallen on his side, motionless, without a cry; in the retreat of the barbarians he had the last prevision of the impending victory; and when leaping forward like a lunatic, a hundred metres farther on, I cast a terrified glance behind, I see yonder, as one black spot amid a multitude of others, stretched lifeless on the scorched and dusty ground, half-buried in the broad green leaves of the beet-tops, the body of our brave, our dear lieutenant.'

Here is the official report of the most glorious of deaths. After the war, there will rest upon us the duty of inviting all Frenchmen to read the poet who died for us, and who sang, —

Heureux ceux qui sont morts pour une juste guerre,
Heureux les épis mûrs et les blés moissonnés.
. . . . . .
Heureux ceux qui sont morts dans les grandes batailles,
Couchés dessus le sol à la face de Dieu.[1]

[1] Fortunate they who have died in a just war;
Fortunate the ripened sheaves and the harvested grain.
. . . . . .
Fortunate they who have fallen in the great battles —
Fallen upon the earth in the sight of God.

Péguy arrived in the other world with a splendid escort of his friends — a whole chivalry ennobled by gaping wounds. Whence, pray, comes this miracle which, at the fated moment, raises up her indispensable sons to serve France? Eternal truths have found their youthful witnesses. This war sets before us, by tens of thousands, examples whereby France shall live, as our ancestors, in days of old, lived, by the example of Roland and the blameless knights of the old ballads, and yesterday, by the example of the heroes of the great epic. Let us try to meditate upon the sublime virtues of the soldiers of 1914–17. But, however we may profit by them, to remember them is like dipping water from the Ocean with the hand. I can take you into the woods, to see springs which I know well; but in these three years of war all the subterranean streams are bubbling to the surface, all the powers of sanctity and heroism are gushing forth, and we, overwhelmed with respect, stand on the brink of the chasm, on the shore of this new sea.

PRIVATE DROUOT AND HIS MAJOR

The young poet Paul Drouot, grandnephew of General Drouot, the first Napoleon's faithful follower and friend in adversity, who was known by the sonorous title of 'Sage of the Grande Armée,' had published, before the outbreak of the war, two collections of poems — *Le Chanson d'Eliacin* and *La Grappe de Raisin* — which lovers of letters will keep among their precious treasures. But he fell in battle, near Notre Dame de Lorette in Artois, a soldier in the ranks, in June, 1915; and it is time now for us to broaden the conception we had formed of him. He has gone hence to the world of heroes, and it is right for us, by the aid of authentic documents, to tell the story of his moral nobility and of the high poetic sense in which he understood his duty, and to interpret the scenes amid which he died.

Although in poor health, really a sick man, Drouot was too proud to give heed to his ailments; he wished to prove himself, in his unadorned tunic, a worthy descendant of General Drouot, and a fit member of the battalion. He was enrolled in the light infantry, and — unmistakable sign of a warrior's spirit — he ranked his battalion above all the rest. From time to time, when his heart overflowed with admiration for his comrades and his officers, he wrote to me. Shall I read you his last letter? I received it two or three days before the fatal missive which told me of his death. It is a beautiful letter, full of good sense. There you will see, sketched on his death-bed, — the slope of that conquered trench where he was struck down, — the countenance of a true leader of men, the noble countenance of Major Madelin, who fell in the assault on Lorette; and in looking at the portrait, you will learn to know the artist, Paul Drouot himself, who, but a few days later, was destined to sprinkle with his own blood the ground from which he had lifted his beloved commander.

The picture is like one of those old groups of the knight succored by his squire, scattered through the history of ancient France — all, in their various guises, eternally true and never losing the power to stir our hearts. Paul Drouot, poet and soldier, who bears his commander, covered with blood, through the rain of bullets and the network of barbed wire, who sits weeping beside the body while he writes to me

in praise of his hero, and who is destined soon himself to fall, pierced to the heart by a fragment of shell — tell me — is not he the peer of Bayard's loyal servitor? It is the simple truth, that never, in any age, has there been so vast a number of deeds after the high French fashion!

Hearken to the voice of our dead friend; and may he forgive me for telling his story before so numerous an audience. It is done for public reasons.

'I am going to try to give you,' writes Drouot, 'a straightforward and exact account of the last day and death of Major Madelin, the brother of our friend Louis Madelin, the historian.

'Perhaps you may have happened to meet him? He was a Lorrainer, from Bar-le-Duc. First of all, I will introduce him to you.

'He was tall, — very tall, — with a personal charm which you felt the moment you came within the circle of his influence — and that circle was his whole battalion. A twinkling blue eye, a shrewd expression, an unaffected elegance of manner — and then his breeding! the breeding of the officer. In short, just from listening to him, and watching him welcome them, every fresh soldier in the reserves, who came up from the station, though he may never have laid eyes on the major before, made up his mind on the spot to go through fire and water for him.

'How well he knew them, too! how he loved them! how he could return their salutes, talk to them, rebuke or encourage them, with a glance! A wonderful man to train men!

'As battalion commander, he was a prodigy. I have had the honor of watching him writing his reports, preparing for an assault, looking through his files; everything was done with the ease of men of superior mould who make light of difficulties. How admirable a sight to see is the creative organizer, ever ready for emergencies, for undertaking new duties, or for modifying the old ones to meet present needs. He was the noblest example of a man made in his Maker's image.

'The soldiers knew him through and through. Major Madelin! You could tell it by the way they mentioned his name, or saluted him, or presented arms. I wish I might describe to you what the real type of French officer is; but you know it better than I. Yet this man, this hero, at once so winning and with such control over his men, and even over the changing phases of a battle — I knew him intimately in the heat of action, and in all the activities which, in men of noble nature, reveal the heart and mind at once. He had attained this mastery when very young, as he died at thirty-six.

'As you know, he had admitted me to his intimacy — that is to say, I had been one of his secretaries for more than three months. He had offered me the position out of great consideration, for he had learned that my poor health would not admit of my performing regular company duty. Being of his 'household' I was able to avoid many 'fatigues'; I was always sure of finding a warm shelter, so as to take more or less care of myself; in fact, it enabled me to 'carry on.' And this was the footing on which I stood with him: a friendly word from time to time, a moment's conversation, and an abiding impression that, although he never told me so, he was a friend who kept a somewhat closer watch upon me than upon the other men in his battalion.

'Twice already the battalion had gone into the trenches with orders to attack which set him all a-quiver with impatience for victory. Twice the orders were countermanded; there were signs of irritation — muttering on the part of the men, watchful exclamations

from the officers. Were they making sport of the infantry?

'The third day came. The mines were ready for the match, the dispositions for the assault minutely made. About four o'clock the artillery preparation began. We breathed again. This time the attack would surely come off — only half an hour, only quarter of an hour more.

'The Boches, on their side, were bombarding us violently. The major, who had been absolutely calm all day, apparently paying little heed to the thoughts of the passing moment but with his mind intent upon the impending attack, and confident of the event, started at last for the first line. Some artillery officers and I remained at his station in the second line, where we could watch the whole development of the assault. The hour struck. Through the dense, black smoke of the bursting shells which divided us from the first line, we perceived a thick yellowish vapor which rose slowly; the general uproar was so great that the explosion of the mine seemed almost noiseless. On the instant, the infantry darted forward. All we could see was a very narrow line of trench, from which men and more men, without end, came rushing.

'Standing on the edge of a trench, with uplifted cane, waving his arms to arouse his men, an officer was silhouetted against the clouds of smoke — it was the major. For ten full minutes he stood there; we did not know whether he was applauding or encouraging his troops. Neither the artillerymen nor myself could take our eyes from that immovable figure. Nobody paid any heed to the bombardment; everybody was weeping, so sublime was the sight.

'At last the major returned. It was necessary to telephone to the general. His voice rang out, louder than usual and more distinct. The mere sound electrified you. "Ah!" he cried, "what men they are! what men! even the bugler who sounded the charge!" Then came the scene at the telephone; the distant congratulations of the brigade commander.

'But already the major was on fire to get back to the first line.

'One of his captains had had to prevent him from going as far as the *white work*, the original objective, past which the attack had now swept. His second in command was about to follow him, he, too, overflowing with feverish eagerness and joy. "No," he said with a smile, "this time I am going to take Drouot along; he said he would like to go."

'We started — he and I and a young artillery orderly full of snap. We walked with long strides, difficult as it was to reach the first line of trenches when the passage was blocked with prisoners, wounded, and fatigue parties. The major tossed a remark or a question to the soldiers filing past us toward the rear, but, in his haste to see what the state of affairs was, he did not stop for an answer.

'In a moment we were in a position to watch in amazement the wonderful spectacle, at close quarters: another company emerged from the trench and rushed forward to attack. We could make out the holes in the enemy trenches, which had been knocked to pieces by the explosion, and the outline of the craters it had dug. Wounded men, who had fallen near by, were trying to crawl back to our lines. "Stay quietly where you are!" shouted the major, stepping out from cover, "it's too dangerous crossing the ground between."

'Meanwhile, as we hurried along the shell-wrecked trench and leaped over the piles of earth that blocked it, we raised our heads above the parapet to cast a glance at the terrain and the horizon narrowed by the smoke of the

bursting shells. Suddenly the major stopped to make a more extended scrutiny of the approaches to one of the exploded tunnels. Then he went over the parapet. I started to do likewise; but he turned and said, "I explicitly forbid you to follow me!" He ran as far as the salient formed by the land-slide at the other end of the 150 metres of open trench, and there lay flat on the edge, his head just above the crest of the depression. Evidently he proposed to inspect for himself the construction of the works we had taken. It had all been so sudden, so splendid, that my comrades about me were all a-tremble with excitement.

'I was looking in vain in my knapsack for my lost field-glasses, in order to get a better view, when the young artilleryman exclaimed, —

'"Why, look! I should say that your major is n't moving!"

'The idea that anything could have happened to him seemed to me so absurd that I replied, —

'"He's just watching; he is n't going to amuse himself by getting shot."

'"See, now he is moving," he added. He saw plainly what I had difficulty in comprehending. "But he's moving in a queer way; let's go over there."

'We rushed out to the tunnel. The artilleryman, getting there first, turned the major over on his side.

'His lips were covered with blood. He recognized me.

'"You must notify the general instantly."

'Those were his first words. Then he took some coffee that I offered him and tried to drink it. An infantryman had joined us, having seen from a distance what had happened. Together we carried him, as best we could, setting him down to recover our breath, hampered by the wire entanglements, being in great haste to get him under shelter, to take him down into the trench.

'"Take care," he said to us as we put him down on the ground; "look out for yourselves."

'We answered I don't know what: much it mattered about us! At last he was in safety. I hurried back to headquarters, as he had ordered, to fetch the surgeon.

'Meanwhile my comrades who had remained with him unclasped his tunic and laid bare the little wound in the neck, which was bleeding hardly at all, but of which he was to die. He spoke from time to time, inquired about the progress of the attack, and seemed again to come to life when they told him that everything was going well, that the Boches did not counter-attack, that they must have retreated a long way to their lines, that there was, all in all, great —

'The surgeon arrived. There was nothing to be done there; he must be removed as soon as possible from the trench, about which the *marmites* were raining down, and taken to the cantonment. The surgeon poured a little mentholized alcohol on a lump of sugar and put it between his teeth; but the muscular contraction which followed was so painful to the wounded man that he tried to reject the sugar. Then he said, becoming more conscious of the suffering which, perhaps, his prostration had somewhat deadened, —

'"I am happy to suffer for France!"

'He bade the surgeon to see to it that we were rewarded, — we who had brought him in, — and to give his regards — perhaps his adieux, for I am not sure whether he realized that he was gone — to the officers of his battalion.

'I had had to go away to carry out his orders. I returned to his side and was able to say a few more words to him: that I had written to Madame Madelin that he was slightly wounded. He thanked me and entrusted his saddle-

bag to me, bidding me be careful of it. He thought of everything, of everybody, save himself. During the long and difficult journey back to the cantonment, though he did not speak, tears flowed constantly between his closed eyelids. I cannot say why it seemed to me that he was then consummating his sacrifice.

'Five children and a wife whom he adored, the prospect of a dazzling future, all the charms of intellect, all the joys —

'He died as we reached the *poste de secours*. We buried him in one of the cemeteries where they make breaches in the wall to extend them into the adjoining fields.

'Speak of him, my dear master. He is of those who are most worthy to be praised by your voice, which will carry so far into the future, and which will consecrate the memory of those unspotted names which we wish coming generations to love as we love them — forever and passionately.

'I am writing incoherently; I know it better than any one; but that must be borne in addition to all the rest.

'I have talked about the major and not enough about the battalion. How provoked he would have been with me for that! Ah! if you knew what an admirable battalion it was, what officers — and all that we owe them! But these accounts are of those which are not meant for earthly settlement; which can never be settled for a goodly number of those ardent and devoted young hearts. How many things I could tell you which do not seem incredible to us, because we know our leaders and our comrades, but which are, in reality, incredible, miraculous — yet utterly simple.'

Could anything be nobler and more vigorous than this outpouring of a soldier — of a battalion, rather — to the glory of its commander! In these admirable pages we perceive that it is from the leader that the whole corps derives its powers, in the strenuous and painful hours, and that it retains a sentiment of infinite gratitude to him who sustains and leads it. When he wrote to me this narrative, which shall not die, Paul Drouot knew not that I should read it at his grave, and that he himself, loyal soldier that he was, would go to his rest in the winding-sheet which he had prepared for his commander.

However great his talent, the poet could never have invented, never have conceived a situation so exalted and so moving as that in which he was an actor during those hours of enthusiasm, of valor, of friendship, and of sacrifice! Ah! how holy is the door through which our young friends are escaping!

THE SENSUAL EAR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

I HAVE a friend who always calls — when he remembers to, for alas! he sometimes forgets — the Methodist Church building in our village, a 'conventicle.' I wish he did not sometimes forget, for nothing makes me so at peace with my hereditary nonconformity as to hear an Anglican imply, by such verbal affectations, what he thinks of the dissidence of dissent. Methodism is as foreign to me as Anglicanism; yet, I doubt not, the Epworth League sings, in its handsome 'conventicle,' just the hymns that of old were sung by the Y.P.S.C.E. It is many a year since I attended a Y.P.S.C.E. meeting; and I have an idea — it is almost a fear — that *Gospel Hymns, No. 5* is by this time *Gospel Hymns, No. 10*, and that some of the most haunting melodies are gone therefrom. Perhaps the 'Endeavorers' are now chanting 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' But I hope not. Oh, I cannot think it!

When life grows very dreary; when the Hindenburg line seems to turn from shadow to substance; when the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies has indulged in a new 'democratic' vagary; when flour has gone up two dollars more a barrel and the priceless potato is but a soggy pearl, deserving to be cast before swine; when another member of the family has broken a leg or had appendicitis — then my husband (he, too, of yore an 'Endeavorer') and I are wont to burst, simultaneously, mechanically, unthinking and unconspiring, into song. And the songs we hear each other humming in separate recesses of the house are 'Gospel Hymns.' Humming, we converge upon the drawing-room from our different retreats; and sometimes we look each other in the eye and say hardily, 'Let's.' Then we sit down and incite each other to a desperate vocalism. We see how many we can remember, out of our evangelistic youth, and we sing them all.

We remember a good many, if truth be told; and once I found a rapt huddle of colored servants on the stair-landing getting a free 'revival.' Neither of us has a voice worth mentioning, so I think that we must, without realizing it, have reproduced the fervor along with the words.

They were cannily arranged, those Moody and Sankey hymns: if you sing them at all, you cannot help pounding down on the essential words. They wallow in beat and accent. 'A *Shelter* in the *Time* of *Storm*.' We usually begin with that. It is ineluctable. But oh, how I wish that either of us could remember more than one 'verse' of

> Well, wife, I've found the model church,
> And worshipped there to-day;
> It made me think of good old times
> Before my hair was gray.

I have never heard it sung, — I never 'belonged' to the Y.P.S.C.E., — but my husband says that he has. My husband also says that he has heard 'the trundle-bed one.' I do not believe it, though he is a truthful man. I cannot believe it; the less, that he remembers

none of the words, and that it is only I who recall, visually, in the lower corner of a page, —

> Poking (perhaps it was another verb) 'mid the dust and rafters
> There I found my trundle-bed.

A slight altercation always develops here. Why should he be more royalist than the king? It is not conceivable that it was ever *sung;* and even he cannot remember the tune; so we join forces in 'To the Work, to the Work,' or 'There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.'

> (Mercy-drops round us are *fall*-ing,
> But for the *showers* we plead.)

He has an uncanny and inexplicable prejudice against 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again' — perhaps because they always sang it for the last one. But I can usually get him to 'oblige' with a solo — 'Throw Out the Life-Line' — which I am sure was not in *No. 5*, because we never, never sang it; though I do remember hearing a returning delegate to a Y.P.S.C.E. convention say that it was the one 'the people of Montreal seemed to like best.' Somewhere in the nineties, Endeavorers in thousands sang it all up and down Sherbrooke Street, apparently. Well: I am like the people of Montreal. It always 'gets' me, in the dissenting marrow of my dissenting soul; and when my husband has 'obliged' me with it, I am ready to forget the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. What *can* the devil do in the face of 'Throw Out the Life-Line,' and its 'linked sweetness long drawn out'?

By all of which it is made evident that, in the matter of hymns, mine is the 'sensual ear.' (Not so my husband's: he sings them in the critical spirit, as he might illustrate a violation of rhetoric. He loathes 'Throw Out the Life-Line,' even while the chorus makes his voice appeal and yearn in spite of him. As I said, he does it only to oblige.) The church of my choosing, if not of my profession, is the same as that of my friend who talks of 'conventicles.' There I sing 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' (or that American corruption thereof, the *Hymnal*) with the most conforming. And certainly, except for a few time-honored chants which they share with all Dissenters, their hymns are to me 'ditties of no tone.' My husband disagrees with me; but he is not, equally with me, the predestined prey of the brass band. He is better educated than I; has listened oftener at twilight to the enchanted choirs of New College and Magdalen. He likes the non-committal melodies of the *Hymnal* far, far better than the sentimental *parti pris* of *Gospel Hymns.*

I know as well as he does that the sentimental quality is of a sort that ought not to be there at all. I know that the music of 'Throw Out the Life-Line' belongs morally with the music of 'Old Black Joe,' and 'Oh, Promise Me,' and 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.' I know that the appeal of that tune is sensuous and emotional and personal, and, for a hymn, all, all wrong. I realize that, for church, Gregorian is the only wear; and that the less you diverge therefrom, the more decent you are. I, too, prefer Bach and Palestrina, and, for congregational singing, the oldest Latin hymns you can get. I can even see that the aridity and sameness of the Anglican 'hymn-tunes' are more dignified, and more to the purpose, than the plangent and catchy refrains by which Sankey lured 'wandering boys' back to be safe-folded with 'the ninety and nine.' And yet, when my husband (by request) croons 'Throw Out the Life-Line,' I cannot resist. I am evangelized.

True, I perceived this perniciousness early. Perhaps the white light dawned on me when, in Y.P.S.C.E. days, an older friend (who was in love) confided

to me that the words of a certain Gospel Hymn seemed to her not altogether reverent: they could so easily be applied to a human love-affair. She was quite right, I think. Some of us have felt the same about Crashaw and Giles Fletcher. But though the words were, in all conscience, carnal enough, I believe it was the tune that did the trick and set her dreaming of her young hero.

> For I am his, and he is mine,
> Forever and forever.

Oh, the yearning of that refrain: slow and honeyed and melancholy as 'My Old Kentucky Home' or 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River'! Musically, doubtless, not so good; but musically of the same school, and suggestive — it, too — of plantations and moonlight and banjos and rich, heart-rending negro voices. My friend was right: they are not in the best tradition of reverence, those Moody and Sankey hymns. And yet, — here's the rub, — why do we remember them, when all but the most universal of the hymns we sang in church and sang much oftener than these, have gone beyond recapturing? My husband resents remembering them; he would far rather remember more worthy things. But I do not: I would not, for anything, lose them out of the rag-bag which is my mind. I am not sure I would not rather lose certain stanzas from the Greek Anthology, which come to my lips in much the same unvolitional fashion. From those refrains I reconstruct a whole moral and social world, even as Cuvier reconstructed his mastodon. You remember what the 'Evening Hymn' did for Mottram and Lowndes in 'The End of the Passage'? Just that 'I Know that My Redeemer Lives' does for me. And — this is the point — 'Rock of Ages' and 'Holy, Holy, Holy' do not do it; though I knew these even earlier, and am still, on occasion, singing them. So it is not all a question of association and the power of youthful memories. It is the very quality of the music — the words were negligible, when they were not atrocious — that touched in me, and can still touch, something popular, emotional, vulgar; something very low-brow and democratic, not to say mobbish. 'The sensual ear.'

Even in youth, I had the sense to differentiate. 'Jerusalem the Golden,' discovered in another hymn-book than our own, was for many years my favorite hymn — even during those years when I was singing 'Beulah Land' and 'Wonderful Words of Life.' I knew it was better; I knew I liked it better; I knew that it had more to do with religion than all the 'Beulah Lands' ever written. True, the words helped; and the words of the Gospel Hymns were a hindrance, even then. But my soul recognized the validity, the reality of the music. 'Jerusalem the Golden' remained my favorite until 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War' succeeded it in my affections; always to be, until I die, my very favorite. And even while we sang —

> And view the shining glory shore,
> My heaven, my home, for evermore.

I had memories of something still better than 'Jerusalem the Golden': memories of an interval in a French convent where we chanted the Magnificat to its proper plain-song. Though, even there — but I shall come to that later.

II

Not long ago, we had a friend staying with us who was bred a Romanist. How Moody and Sankey got mentioned, I do not know — but they did; and our friend insisted that Moody and Sankey could not conceivably be so bad as the modern Catholic hymns. We

exclaimed; she reaffirmed. There was nothing for it but to put the burning question to the proof. Quietly, by the fire, we staged a little contest. We sang our Gospel Hymns; and she — well, she sang dreadful things. There was in particular a hymn to St. Joseph, beloved of sodalities. — No, I think her 'exhibit' was really worse than ours. It had the rag-time flatness without the rag-time catchiness, or the crooning negro quality. Bred up in part on such modern by-products of the Holy Catholic Church, no wonder that she succumbed utterly to my husband's rendition of 'Throw Out the Life-Line.' 'I think it's lovely,' she said; siding with me, to his great chagrin. How I wished that our friend of the 'conventicles' were there to decide between us — he who in his youth was forbidden to accompany his friends to Y.P.S.C.E. meetings as he might have been forbidden to go to dime-museums. But he has no ear — 'sensual' or other. Perhaps he could not have helped.

Our Catholic friend's exhibit gave me pause. I knew that in France they sing, nowadays, hymns unworthy of Gothic architecture. Not so many years ago, in a beautiful French cathedral which I was by way of frequenting, I heard the children of some sodality or confraternity pouring forth as poor a piece of holy rag-time as any conventicle has ever echoed. It jerked me back into the past, violently, as Hassan's carpet must have jerked its fortunate owner through space.

> Vierge, notre espérance,
> Étends sur nous ton bras,
> Sauve, sauve la France,
> Ne l'abandonne pas,
> Ne l'abandonne pas.

So we sang it, too, at the Assomption, in happier days, each with a veil and a candle, winding in and out among the green alleys of the convent park. But the young Tourangeaux went on to sing worse things: songs less catholic, more evangelical, with words more bitter and tones more shrill. I escaped, to return only at the hour of Benediction, when I knew that the 'O Salutaris Hostia' and 'Tantum Ergo' would mount again with the incense toward the rich mediæval windows.

I fear it is true, as our Catholic friend said, that the Church has fallen musically, as it has done architecturally, on evil days. Well: these shrill and senseless tunes are their equivalent for our Moody and Sankey. Even in conventicles, we have more dignified hymnbooks for use in 'church' as opposed to Sunday-school or Y.P.S.C.E., and the like. And as our Primary Department (of the Sunday-school) was handed over to the works of Fanny Crosby (did she write

> Roses in bloom,
> Filling the room,
> With perfume rich and rare.

I wonder? Anyhow, she wrote most of them), so the young Catholics in both France and America are handed over to the musical divagations of ill-educated priests. It is a pity; for they have a tradition that cannot be bettered. *My* ancestors sang lustily out of the old *Bay Psalm Book:* —

> Ye monsters of the mighty deep,
> Your Maker's praises spout;
> Up from the sands ye codlings peep,
> And wag your tails about.

But, at the same period, *their* ancestors were singing the Latin hymns of the Middle Ages in undegenerate solemnity. It is natural enough, perhaps, that I should have emerged on 'There's a Light in the Valley for Me'; but why should they have emerged on 'Souvenez-vous, Jésus,' and the Mariolatrous wailing of 'Im-mac-u-late, Im-mac-u-late'? Take as fine a Protestant hymn as, on the whole, we have inherited — 'O God Our Help in Ages Past.' Its tune is, to my thinking, bad: difficult

to sing and monotonous to hear. But in the very church that these poor French infants are innocently desecrating, a few hours, more or less, see a whole congregation chanting, with passionless and awful reverence, —

'Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo; nec in æternum irascaris nobis.'

Whoever has heard that welling slowly from crowded choir, nave, and transept, the coifed peasant and the trained *séminariste* singing in unison (no staginess of part-singing there!), and has joined his voice to the multitudinous supplication, will not cease to regret that modern vulgarity is as Catholic as it is Protestant.

It was the most delightful of Huysmans's perversities to contend, in all seriousness, that the devil, driven out of an immemorial haunt of his own near Lourdes by the advent in that spot of the Blessed Virgin, took his sullen revenge on the æsthetic sense of her priests. He could no longer hold his filthy Sabbaths there; but he could and did bewitch the clergy into making Lourdes a thing of ugliness. Their taste went wrong with everything they touched in Lourdes; and while Satan could not prevent the Blessed Virgin from working miracles, he could still bring it about that the faithful should be healed amid the most hideous architectural surroundings. Perhaps Huysmans would have credited the modern Catholic music unhesitatingly to the devil.

But certainly Moody and Sankey were not clerics of Lourdes. Nor could the Presbyterians who first sang the rhymed version of the Twenty-Third Psalm to the air of 'So bin ich vergessen, vergessen bin ich' be suspected of any part in the devil's private feuds with the Virgin. Indeed, the particular Presbyterians whom I have heard sing it thus had not, I fancy, much more reverence for the one than for the other.

I do not think that we can account for *Gospel Hymns, No. 5* by the Huysmans formula. Even the hymn to St. Joseph, beloved of sodalities, is, I believe, mere modern pandering to the uncultured majority: revivalism in essence, like Moody and Sankey and the Salvation Army and Billy Sunday. But at least the Catholics have this advantage: that though they too have indulged in operatic music and have even sunk to 'Vierge, notre espérance,' they still hear from their choirs the ancient music and the ancient words. You lose the sodalities and confraternities when you hear once more the familiar 'Tantum Ergo' (I do not mean the florid one that they sing at St. Roch in Paris, and elsewhere); the new vulgarity is forgotten, as many vulgarities have been touched and then forgotten by Rome, in her time.

I used to think that the worst of our bad Protestant hymns was their ignoring of the human intelligence.

Many giants great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If met by Daniel's Band.

(My fortunate husband sang it in his youth.) But even that, while it could have a religious meaning, I should say, only for a sub-normal intelligence, is not a deliberate and explicit defiance of the intellect of man.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

It took St. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor Angelicus, thus to state, in one su-

preme utterance, the whole case against the Higher Criticism.

No, I do not think that the sense of a hymn counts so much. The mediæval 'Ave Maris Stella' has not much more to recommend it, philosophically speaking, than the hymn with the 'Im-mac-u-late, Im-mac-u-late' refrain. A poem, even a religious poem, is good poetry or bad poetry, and that is all there is to it. 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' is a silly poem, and 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War' is a rather fine poem; and Bishop Heber wrote both. But the permanent superiority of the latter is in the music to which it is set. One Presbyterian sect sings, I believe, nothing but the Psalms, — rather unfortunately metricized, to be sure, — and their church singing is the dreariest in the world. Yet the Psalms are rated high. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' gets its appeal from Sir Arthur Sullivan and not from the author. I do not believe that 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' would have been the favorite hymn of the late President McKinley were it not for the slow, swinging tempo, which needs only a little quickening to be an excellent waltz, with all the emotional appeal of good waltz music.

On the whole, *Hymns Ancient and Modern* are far better, from the point of view of poetry, than *Gospel Hymns, No. 5* — but they have not converted half so many people. The elect, the high-brows, may say what they like: if you are doing your evangelizing on the grand scale, the 'sensual ear' must be pleased. I do not believe that the music I have referred to, of the 'Tantum Ergo' or the 'Parce, Domine,' would ever convert the crowd in a tent or a tabernacle — even if D. L. Moody or Fanny Crosby wrote new words to it. But if you let a grammar-school pupil hack words out of the New Testament and set them to the tune of 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground' — well, it would be strange if some one were not converted. You may be very sure that the Roman Catholic Church has not taken to vulgar and catchy hymns without a set purpose of winning souls.

> At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light
> And the burden of my sin rolled away,
> It was there by faith I received my sight,
> And now I am happy all the day.

The last line might almost have been lifted bodily from one of Stephen Foster's negro melodies. It has the very lilt of

> My old Kentucky home far away.

And it is only one of many in *Gospel Hymns, No. 5*. That is why my husband remembers them, in spite of himself. He may contemn them, but he cannot forget. There is hardly one of them that would not consort happily with the right kind of brass band. They connote crowds and the 'emotion of multitude.' So, to me, does the 'Parce, Domine' connote crowds — but crowds awe-struck, unweeping, and in no mood for stimulation by a cornet accompaniment. There is a cardinal difference. The success of almost any Gospel Hymn depends on an emotional appeal very like that of Kipling's banjo: —

> And the tunes that mean so much to you alone,
> Common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose,
> Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh, that bring the groan —
> I can rip your very heartstrings out with those.

Whatever Bach and Palestrina and Scarlatti and good Gregorian do to you — well, it is not that. Whereas almost any good Gospel Hymn gets you, if it gets you at all, in the banjo way. There is the revivalistic essence in all of them. And when the Catholics wish to be revivalistic, they imitate, rather badly, the Protestant 'hymn-tune.'

Most of my friends (including, obviously, my husband) are so truly high-

brow that they cannot be 'got' in the banjo way. They do not like cornet solos; and brass bands playing negro-melodies leave them dry-eyed. They honestly prefer the Kneisel Quartet or a Brahms symphony. Their arid and exquisite æstheticism rejects these low appeals. Did I not say that my husband loathes 'Throw Out the Life-Line' even while he is reducing me to an emotional crumple? I refuse to admit that I am incapable of that same arid and exquisite æstheticism; but the lower appeal reaches me too. I do weep over the brass bands. I do choke over the flag appropriately carried. I do fall in love (if I am careful to shut my eyes) with a good tenor voice. And while there are, luckily, a great many people like my husband, there must be millions more like me. He remembers the Gospel Hymns; but I like them.

Not quite to the trail-hitting point; but then I fancy the hymns of the tabernacle are less good than they used to be. I do not know the tune of 'Brighten the Corner Where You Are.' Though my six-year-old son has learned it from the cook, I do not believe he has the tune right. He cannot have it right: if it were right, there would be no sawdust trail. Nor do I know the music of 'The Brewer's Big Horses Cannot Roll Over Me.' But I have a suspicion that Billy Sunday's hymns are nothing like so good as Moody and Sankey. The dance music of the day always has its effect on popular airs of every kind, even religious. I venture to say (*pace* the shade of Lord Byron) that the waltz, throughout the nineteenth century, had a strong religious influence. Every one knows that good waltz music, if played slowly enough, is the saddest thing in the world. The emotion aroused by good waltz music well played is blood-brother to the emotion aroused by 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again' and 'For You I Am Praying, I'm Praying for You.' Waltzes and Gospel Hymns reinforce each other — which is probably why the unco' guid object to dancing. But with all due allowances for mob-emotion and the sensual ear, I cannot believe that syncopation serves the Lord. People's eyes do not grow dim as they listen to a fox-trot. It does nothing to bring forth that melting sense of universal love which the old popular music did. All waltz music was in essence melancholy; and all sentimental melancholies meet together somewhere in the recesses of the vulgar heart. Yes: when popular composers were writing good waltzes, it was easier for the Sankeys and Blisses to write good hymns. The Y.P.S.C.E. must have had easier work with the young people who were singing 'Marguerite,' than it has now with the young people who are singing 'At the Garbage Gentlemen's Ball.' I have a notion that the young people who are singing 'At the Garbage Gentlemen's Ball' do not go to Y.P.S.C.E. meetings at all. Well, you see, those who sang 'Marguerite' did.

Those who know say that we are growing more vulgar all the time. Perhaps the difference between D. L. Moody and Billy Sunday is a good index of that degeneration. Certainly the silly young things who wept while they sang 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again' would not have pretended to call Christ up on the telephone — or have permitted any one else to do it in their presence. But, thank Heaven, the conventicles are like to outlast the tabernacle.

At all events, I am sure of one thing: that my husband will not be persuaded, twenty years hence, to 'oblige' with 'The Brewer's Big Horses.' But I hope he will continue at intervals to oblige with 'Throw Out the Life-Line.' For, so long as he does, I shall continue to be evangelized.

SAFE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Now shall your beauty never fade;
For it was budding when you passed
Beyond this glare, into the shade
Of fairer gardens unforecast,
Where, by the dreaded Gardener's spade,
Beauty, transplanted once, shall ever last.

Now never shall your glorious breast
Wither, your deft hands lose their art,
Nor those glad shoulders be oppressed
By failing breath or fluttering heart,
Nor from the cheek by dawn possessed,
The subtle ecstasy of hue depart.

Forever shall you be your best —
Nay, far more luminously shine
Than when our comradeship was blessed
By what of earth seemed most divine,
Before your body passed to rest
With what I then supposed this heart of mine.

Now shall your bud of beauty blow
Far lovelier than I dreamed before
When, such a little time ago,
I looked upon your face, and swore
That Helen's never moved men so
When her white, magic hands enkindled war.

As you sweep on from power to power,
Shall every earthward thought you think
Irradiate my lonely hour,
Until I taste the golden drink
Of Life, and see the full-blown flower
Whose opening bud was mine beyond the brink.

A WOMAN OF RESOURCE

A STORY OF THE POLYGAMOUS CITY

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

ONCE inside the heavily screened door of the women's courtyard, we saw the wee King stretched out on his lacquer-legged bed, his head in his mother's lap. With one foot he had gathered the jasmine flowers, that were scattered over his sheet, into a little pile over the wiggling toes of his other foot. He lay imperially eating the season's first long, cool, green cucumber. Our arrival transformed him suddenly into an ordinary naughty small boy. He thrust the cucumber vainly behind him, and sat up.

'Miss Sahib,' he said most politely, 'salaam.'

His gray-eyed young mother rose to welcome us. Clothed in sheer white garments, with a clinging veil of fine darned net, the circles of gold wire at her ears full of pink roses, she was lovely. His grandmother rose and called for chairs to be brought us. Age could no more hide the sweetness of her face than her veil hid the gold chains at her throat.

His aunt gathered up a lap full of the jasmine flowers she was stringing, and slowly came toward us. The grace of her slender body showed through her soft thin clothes. Her brown eyes were shaded by a mist-like lavender chiffon veil thrown over her head. She was like a slender cluster of wisteria blossoms swinging in the morning sunshine high up against the gray stone houses that face the bay in Naples.

We sat down together beside the King's bed. Beyond us was a cluster of blooming pomegranates; above us, a mauve and silver sky, and the earliest twinkling stars.

The doctor spoke to the grandmother. 'Is Akhbar better?' she asked, meaning the King.

'His fever is down a bit,' was the answer.

The doctor turned to the child. He immediately put out his tongue. It had an ugly coat on it.

The doctor sighed.

'Has he taken his medicine?' she asked.

'We've been waiting till you'd come,' the grandmother began apologetically. 'He does n't like it. He preferred the cucumber. O King of Heaven,' she said, turning to the boy, 'did I not tell you not to eat that? The doctor is not pleased.' Then to the doctor, 'But what could we do? He would have it!'

'Bring the bottle to me!' said the doctor.

It was Akhbar's turn to sigh. A servant brought the medicine.

'Akhbar,' said the doctor, — oh so prosaically, — 'come here.'

No monarch about him now! Only a poor wee Moslem bowing to the inevitable. Had he not learned that clinging to his mother's arms was useless, and

dodging behind the orange trees futile? He went to her.

'Open your mouth!' The doctor's voice absurdly expected obedience.

'Swallow it!' Down went the quinine mixture. 'Now lie down! Lie down flat!'

Akhbar obeyed. As a baby, he had resisted, he had fought, he had kicked and bitten, until he learned the hopelessness of all resistance. What could he, a little child, do unaided, when these his worshiping servants, these women of soft veils and shining bracelets, whose life was consumed with his fever, who died with each of his baby pains, when these gave him over to this creature in stiff white linen, with glasses instead of eyes, a stiff white sun-hat instead of decent draperies, hard white shoes instead of tinkling tinted feet; whose dozens of strong white hands held his arms and legs firmly when he tried to kick; who pried open his mouth with a spoon, indifferent to his teeth; who filled it with bitter stuff, and then held his nose shut till he had swallowed it? No caressing 'Star of Heaven' from her! No entreating 'Lord of my Life!' Only — oh, so flatly! — 'Akhbar! open your mouth! Keep this down!' — speaking to him as if he were a woman!

How vividly he remembered that hard-fought day of his humiliation, when, after he had exercised the right of Indian children to empty their stomachs at their will, the doctor had returned and spanked him in the most efficient, most spinsterly, and most New England fashion! The women had endured this with their weeping faces hidden, only because the other two sons, who had not had medicine, had died. This one — God be praised! — whom the doctor had soaked in quinine, whose diet she had regulated, — cucumbers were only occasional lapses, — whom she had nursed through four summers of teething malaria and dysentery — this adorable one lived! If the doctor had decided to feed him on the hardened clay of the courtyard, they would have agreed. And now the doctor was about to go home!

When the doctor had put down the bottle, the young aunt spoke up resentfully.

'He says he'll not let us go to your party.'

The doctor smiled.

'I'm sure he will,' she said. 'I've written asking him to send you. No one is refusing, and he certainly would n't. Not for my farewell party!'

'But he has your written invitation, and he says we're not to speak of it,' said the old woman. She was plainly disappointed.

'It's to be strictly *purdah*,' the doctor assured her. 'There's to be a seven-foot screen all round the garden, and not even a manservant in sight. And the general's wife is coming, and the commissioner's wife — a lot of English ladies, and the ladies of the rajah's house, and the judge's wives, and the Dwan's ladies, and every one in town. I'll insist on him letting you come.'

'But my son has decided we're not to go, and that settles it,' the old lady sighed.

'But I've decided we *will* go, and that unsettles it!' burst out her young daughter. 'I'm not a child that I should obey my brother! Silly thing that he is! He's only cross because Rajah Mohammed Khan took precedence of him at the viceroy's durbar last month — that Mohammed's grandfather used to herd our grandfather's camels! — So he said, "Let this new English-made gentry send their women about the streets. I don't do it. I'm respectable!" That's all he knows. At my father-in-law's we ladies go to many *purdah* parties, and we go driving veiled, after dark — so my hus-

band would want me to go. If my brother does n't let us, I'll write to my husband to come and take me home. I'll not sit here like a toad in the bottom of a dry well. I've got such clothes as the women in this town have never seen. I'm going.'

The old lady nodded toward her daughter apologetically.

'She's young,' she said, speaking to the doctor, 'young and silly. And her husband makes a perfect fool of her, always teaching her to read something or other. Unfortunately she has no mother-in-law. She's just spoiled. The years may teach her something.'

'Doubtless they will,' I hastened to add. Bilquis was annoyed by her mother's speech. 'I'm expecting her to get as much out of the years as most people do.' I chuckled a bit to myself.

Bilquis saw my smile and smiled back at me knowingly. 'I'm expecting the same,' she said.

When we came away, the doctor began, 'I like that man's impudence! The idea of his refusing! Those women have n't been out of that house for years, except Bilquis. I'd hate to ask a favor of him, but I might, for the women's sake.'

'Oh, you might remind him of a few things,' I added. 'The time Akhbar had pneumonia, or' — I hesitated — 'of Ethel's wedding.'

'Yes,' spluttered the doctor, 'so I might. Would n't I like to! The brute!'

I laughed. It was only a year since the doctor had gone to attend her dearest friend's wedding, only to be called home before the ceremony by hourly frantic telegrams about Akhbar's condition. When she had got to him, she found that he had been eating green bananas exclusively for two days. It was hardly decent to speak even now of her disappointment at having to miss the wedding. When she was reminded of it, she said again, 'The old brute!'

The week before the *purdah* party was the hottest of the season, and our town is not far from the hottest place in India. The doctor's furlough, depending upon the arrival of some one to take her place, had been delayed until a season when no one travels. The heat, which was absorbing her last drop of energy, was corrupting every sore and making fetid every wound in the city, burning the eyes out of babies, and simmering away their low vitality, and pulling nerves slowly out of tired mothers. The hospital verandahs and yard were overcrowded with dissatisfied patients. The nurses were overworked. The doctor was sleepless.

The Tuesday night before the party, which was to be on Friday, we went to our beds on the second-story verandah, very weary. I threw a glass of water on the brick floor, and it sizzled and disappeared before I had turned the glass over. Our sheets were hot to touch. The leaves on the tall eucalyptus hung limp. The stars' rays burned us.

The doctor soaked her sheets in the least hot water, took a sleeping powder, and lay down. 'I'm trying a new kind to-night,' she said bravely. 'I wish I could sleep!'

'It's only a week now till you go,' I said. 'I must tell them to be sure to give the little fig trees water in the morning.'

And going to the back verandah, I quietly told the good old watchman that the doctor was too tired to be wakened for any reason. Then I went to sleep.

Some time in the night the front gate clicking woke me. I sat up and looked. A man had come in, in spite of the watchman's expostulations. They came toward the verandah, the voices growing louder.

I ran to the farther end of the veran-

dah and called to them in a whisper, 'Keep still. Don't you dare to make a noise!'

But the doctor was sitting up, dazedly getting her kimono around her.

'What's the matter?' she said.

The man below heard her.

'Preserver of the Poor,' he cried, 'it is I, Rajah Salim Khan. Akhbar is ill! He is dying. You have not come. You misunderstand me. I sent a servant this morning. You were operating. I sent another this afternoon. You were resting. He came again in the evening. You had gone to a patient in the city. He left word for you to come. You come not. The women say that you are angry. How could you imagine I could refuse you anything! If you desire it, my women shall come to spend a month with you. Don't be angry with me.'

'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' I was thinking.

But the doctor was saying, 'What's Akhbar eaten now?'

'Preserver of the Poor! It was most unfortunate! He was uncomfortable in his stomach. Yesterday I returned from Delhi with a box of those foreign sweets called chocolate for my wife to give you. Akhbar got the box and ate them all, — such fools the women are, — ate them all and the silver papers they were wrapped in. He is near convulsions. I know he will die. I beg you to come with me.'

'I will be ready at once,' said the doctor.

II

The doctor and I were arranging groups of chairs on the carpet spread on the tennis-court, an hour before the time appointed for the party, when the ladies from the home of the inspector arrived. Once inside the curtain across the door of the high screen we had erected, they began to lay aside their *burquas*. A burqua, benighted reader, is yards and yards of white longcloth gathered into a little embroidered cap that fits the head, falling like a great full cape over the whole body to the ground. It has two thick little lace medallions in front of the eyes. Hidden in such a garment, no woman can be distinguished from another. Alighting from their carriages at the gates, our guests were monotonous ghosts of blank discretion. Seeing them unveiled inside the screen, one could understand that such beauty would be dangerous to the over-susceptible gaze of the public.

After removing her outer veils, the inspector's wife came toward us, ahead of the others, wearing a white veil of something as thin and sheer as linen lawn, bordered in emerald green and gold an inch wide, the corner falling almost to her feet in the back; a very loose and full shirt-like garment called a *kurta*, which came to her knees, cut at the neck like a kimono blouse, made of almond-colored silk embroidered at the wrists and neck in pink and gold; and shining white, very full divided-skirt-like garments which fit snugly at the ankles. These *suttens*, foreigners, for want of a better word, disgustingly call trousers. Really they resembled trousers as much as my white net frock did. On her feet she wore little sandals with great soft red silk pompons. Gold showed through her veil at her throat and her ears. On her wrists were solid gold bracelets an inch thick.

Her young co-wife wore a sea-green chiffon veil with a six-inch border woven in real gold; a thin white lawn kurta, embroidered all over by hand in white, fastened in front by three gold studs on a jeweled chain; suttens of green and blue changeable taffeta, with appliquéd gold polka-dots an inch in diameter; white satin French slippers. She had a band of flexible gold across her

smooth black hair, and pink roses and jasmine flowers in her earrings; gold bracelets at her wrists. She was somewhat fairer than most of our guests, as fair as a European. The lines from her eyebrows to her brown eyes and down on her flushed cheeks were like the lines of a water-lily.

Following these two, four Hindu ladies from the Dwan's home came in. The one to whom I spoke first was thin and fair, with a face too insolent to be beautiful. She wore three veils of chiffon, one above the other. The under one was rosy pink, the second one faintly salmon-colored, and the outer one mauve. This mystery of color fell about her head and shoulders with a charm which is not to be described to those who have not seen it. Her kurta was white silk, and her very full ungored skirt was changeable blue and pink taffeta faced with mauve, which showed against her pink heels at every step.

Her sister wore an emerald green silk skirt with a Benares design in gold a foot and a half deep, a turquoise-blue silk kurta, a leaf-green little velvet vest, and a *point d'esprit* veil. Her sister-in-law wore a full skirt of changeable orange and almond color, with a border of fine green, black, and pale blue lines, a cream-colored kurta, a black velvet vest, and a veil of flame-colored chiffon. The fourth woman of that party wore a mulberry-colored skirt with a silver border, a white kurta, and a veil the color of the outer leaves of a Marechal Niel rose.

Our guests continued to arrive, clothed in that wonder of color which had given me new thrills of joy day by day for twenty years. By what English names can one call colors that English eyes never see? There were pinks that were like hyacinths, golds shaken with pulses of rose, dim purples that were green, — or were they gray? — tones of sea-waves in moonlight with phosphorus shining in their curving edges, bronze-colored greens, colors learned from Himalaya dawns, desert sunsets, noons in jungles, twilights in old gardens where peacocks strut, mists on the foothills with clear blue above.

The wife of the head master of the high school was wearing a veil faintly amethyst, exactly the color of the bare limbs of guava trees in the late afternoons in winter, and white satin suttens with great patterns of pomegranates on them.

Bilquis came in with her mother and sister-in-law, a little late, very complacent and gracious. She stood, a little longer than necessary, perhaps, where every eye could see her splendor. Her suttens were of white silk with little bright blue flowers, cut in the newest way about her ankles, to draw attention to the crowning detail of her costume — white silk stockings! Many beholders had on little white satin slippers like hers, but none had stockings. I saw from the beautiful faces around me that gentlemen of our town who went to Delhi shopping would do well to remember silk stockings, whatever else they forgot. Her veil, too, was a new design — long slender green and blue bamboo branches on gold and white mesh. She wore an opal necklace, and instead of heavy gold bracelets like her mother's, an English-made bracelet containing a small watch. There was, of course, no reason why one in such array should not have been gracious.

Our guests seated themselves in constrained groups. Few of them knew each other. No one but the doctor and I knew them all. The English ladies could not, of course, speak Hindustani. Each one of us was secure in the sweet consciousness of being superior to all the others present, and each was just a little cautious not to be misunderstood by

different and therefore, of course, inferior sorts of women. So, after all had arrived, and our guests had, with great diligence and perfect indifference, observed each unusual detail of all the costumes, — how many yards of taffeta would be in suttens cut like Nur-ul-Nessa's, how much real gold braid was in the banker's daughter-in-law's kurta, the peculiar design of the ruby necklace the Lahore lady wore, the depth of the barrister's wife's embroidered cuffs, the fact that the Rai Sahib's wife's feet looked large in Pashawari shoes, — after all this had been done carefully and perfectly, the doctor started a game.

It was Bilquis who got things going. The doctor showed her a little earthenware water-pot on the ground, blindfolded her, — without crushing the dainty bamboos, — turned her round and round, gave her a big stick, and told her to break the jar. Her frantic drives in the air were so funny that presently even our more portly guests, forgetting the dignity of their ancestors, clamored for their turn. Then eight of the younger women began badminton, a game which is to tennis what a Ford is to a Cadillac. Such a batting of shuttlecocks backward and forward through the air; such flapping of sandals that had neither heels below nor leather above the soles; such dancing about on slippers of leather tinted in peacock feathers' color and design; such tinkling of anklets and bracelets; such frantic efforts to keep yards of veils over patrician heads even in our chaste seclusion; such sudden thrusts of slender white arms up into the air; such fluttering of full skirts, and hurried shaking of sutten folds; such grace of free lithe bodies unused to haste!

No wonder we watched them breathlessly until they were too hot to play longer!

In the lull that followed, when, a little apart, I was praising God for the variety of beautiful eyelids, a very tall woman entered, and without removing her burqua, sat down in the chair nearest the door. We were all wondering who she was, and why she had not taken her veil off, when Bilquis, with a little cry of recognition, went to her and removed her veil. It was the doctor, dressed in the Indian clothes that had been given her.

We all crowded around her, laughing, examining her lavender and white suttens, her white kurta, and her pink chiffon veil dotted all over with little gold crescents.

Presently the laughter grew more hilarious. Doctor's suttens were on backwards! We laughed more when she stoutly refused to put them right. The women were much amused, and full of admiration. How beautiful she looked, they said. Akhbar's mother took off her jewelry and decorated her. Then they were satisfied! If only she would work in the hospital so arrayed! 'Look at her now, and consider how she looks in her uniform,' said one, sighing.

When the first stars were showing above the ragged banana trees, and twilight was falling from the great sheshem branches high up in the air above us, we had refreshments. The Hindus were served by Hindu women of their own caste with the sweets we dare not touch. The Moslem women ate ice-cream with us — at least, they tasted it suspiciously, and put it down. We understood that was their politeness, and continued to eat without them.

After the refreshments, with all their loveliness discreetly swallowed up in their ugly burquas, our friends took their leave.

The ladies from the rajah's household were the last to go, because, as Bilquis explained, they were awaiting the return of a woman servant she had sent

home on an errand. When she returned, Bilquis unwrapped the china bowl she had brought, and gave it to the doctor.

'Here are the foreign sweets from Delhi,' she said with a wicked little smile.

'What sweets?' said doctor.

'Those that Akhbar ate the other night,' she answered; and she snickered for pure joy.

'She ought to be thoroughly punished,' put in her mother, laughing, half-vexed. 'Akhbar ate only two or three of them.'

'Yes. But he *was* ill,' Bilquis explained. 'We wanted his father to go for you in the evening, but he was very kingly. Said he did n't care whether you came or not.'

'He was going to call the assistant from the government dispensary. He *knows* we don't allow that man to put his hands on Akhbar,' interrupted the boy's mother.

'So, when he went out out of the room, I emptied the sweets into this bowl, and when he saw the box empty, he jumped at the conclusion that Akhbar had eaten them.'

Bilquis was enjoying herself through and through.

'And she told him Akhbar had eaten even the papers,' said her sister-in-law admiringly.

'I was sorry afterward that you had to get up at night. It *was* well you came, though, was n't it? We've had an awfully nice time. That wife of Mohammed Khan's looks like a stick with a rag tied about it! I'll tell my brother so.'

And so they swaddled themselves up, and we put them in their closed carriage.

A RUSSIAN EXPERIENCE

BY RUTH PIERCE

July 30 [1915].

To-day I went to the Jewish detention camp in Kieff, with the wife of the French Consul here. She called for me in her limousine. As I think of it now, it was all so strange — the smooth-running car with two men on the box, and ourselves in immaculate white summer dresses. The heat was intense, but we were well protected. Through the windows we saw others sweating and choking in the dust of the hot streets.

'I'm afraid I've brought you here on a very hot morning,' said Mme. C—— apologetically.

In spite of my curiosity I believe that I felt a distaste of the detention camp on such a day. A crowd is always depressing, and doubly so in the heat. But we stopped at a door cut in a high board-fence, and passed the sentinel into the enclosure where the Jews were penned while awaiting the next stage of their journey.

Hundreds of faces turned toward us; hundreds of eyes watched our approach. There were old men with long white patriarchical beards flowing over their dirty black gowns; there were younger men with peaked black caps

and long black beards; and there were women who had pushed back their black shawls for air, and who held sore-eyed, whining babies listlessly on their knees. Bits of old cloth stretched over poles afforded shade to some. Others tried to get out of the burning sun by huddling against the walls of the tenements that enclosed the yard on three sides. The ground was baked hard as iron and rubbed smooth by the shuffle of numberless feet.

As we approached, the Jews rose and bowed low. Then they settled back into their former immobility. Some stared at us vacantly; others lowered their eyelids and rubbed their hands together softly, with a terrible subservience. If we brushed close to one, he cringed like a dog who fears a kick. Yellow, parchment-like faces, all with the high-bridged curving noses and the black animal-like eyes. I was as definitely separated from them as though there were tangible iron bars between us. We seemed to be looking at each other across a great gulf.

'They are human beings,' I said to myself. 'I am one with them.' But their isolation was complete. I could not even begin to conceive the persecution and suffering of ages that separated us. '"All people are born free and equal," indeed!'

I turned away.

'This camp is run on communistic principles,' Mme. C—— was explaining. 'The Jewish Ladies' Benevolent Society provides a certain amount of meat and vegetables and bread, which is cooked and served by the Jews themselves. Here is the kitchen.' We spoke French among ourselves, which seemed to put us further away from the dumb, watchful Jews behind us. 'If it was n't for us, they would starve. The government allows them eight kopeks a day. But who could live on that? Besides, most of the Jews here pay the eight kopeks to the overseer, to avoid his displeasure. He makes a good revenue.'

Two rooms in one of the houses had been converted into a kitchen. A dozen or so Jewish women were paring and cutting up potatoes and cabbages and meat into huge soup-boilers. They were stripped to their shirts, and their bodies were drenched with perspiration. They curtsied to us and went on preparing dinner.

A blast of scorching heat puffed out from an open oven. Two women, with long, wooden handles, pulled out big round loaves of black bread and laid them on a shelf to cool.

The warm fragrance of cooking attracted some white-faced Jewish children. They edged into the kitchen and looked up at the food, their eyes impenetrable and glittering like mica. A woman cut up some bread and gave them each a piece, and they slunk outdoors again, sucking their bread.

'The food is scientifically proportioned to give the greatest possible nutriment,' Mme. C—— said.

We went out. After the kitchen heat the air of the courtyard was cool.

'This is the laundry. A certain number of the Jews here wash and iron the others' clothes. They are kept as clean as possible.'

The laundry was gray with steam. A dozen or so women were bending over wash-tubs. Like the women in the kitchen, they were stripped to their shirts. The wet cloth stuck to their sweating bodies and outlined their ribs and the stretch of muscles as they scrubbed and wrung out the clothes. When the water became too black, some young boys threw it out-of-doors, and the women waited for the tubs to be filled again, their red parboiled hands resting on their hips, in the way of washerwomen the world over.

We crossed the mud before the wash-

house, on planks, and went into a house across the courtyard.

'This is the tailoring establishment,' Mme. C—— continued. 'The tailors among them mend and cut over old clothes that we collect for them, so that every Jew may start on the next stage of his journey in perfectly clean and whole clothes. My husband and son complain that they will have to stay in bed soon, I have taken so many of their suits. And here are the shoemakers.'

We looked into the adjoining room, where the cobblers sat cross-legged, sewing and patching and pegging shoes.

'It's very hard to find the leather. But it is so important. If you could see how they come here — their feet bleeding and swollen and their shoes in tatters. And many of them were rich bankers and professors in Galicia and Poland, used to their own automobiles like the rest of us. I think I would steal leather for them.'

The workers were different from the waiting Jews in the courtyard. Perhaps it was work that gave them importance in their own eyes, and took away that dreadful degrading subserviency — degrading to us as much as to themselves. The whirring noise of the sewing-machines, the click of the shears, the bent backs of the workers, and the big capable hands, formed by the accustomed work! The trade of every man could have been known by his hands! My heart was warm toward them.

'It's splendid, I think,' I said to Mme. C——.

As though she guessed my thoughts, she replied, 'They are grateful for being allowed to work.'

'For being allowed to work.' Those words damn much in the world. What hindrances we erect in the way of life!

And I looked out into the courtyard again, at the apathetic faces of the waiting Jews. Waiting for what? The white dead faces, with the curved noses and hard bright eyes, all turned toward us. Were they submissive or expectant, or simply hating us? They say the Galician Jews turn traitors and act as spies for the Austrians. But surely not these! What could these broken creatures do? How near to death they seemed!

The courtyard burned like a furnace. The shade was shrinking from moment to moment. The heat rose in blinding waves. I was sickened. The courtyard smelled of dirt and waste and sickness. It was unreal — the whole thing unreal. Those working at usual, necessary tasks as well as those furtive, watchful ones in the burning sunlight! Death was in them all!

I went out into the courtyard, walking slowly in the scorching heat. There was no shade or coolness anywhere. My attention was drawn to a pregnant woman who had evidently been sitting in a thin strip of shade by the fence, but now the sun was beating down on her bare head. She sat with her arms hanging along her sides, the palms of her hands turned upwards. A baby hardly a year old twisted fretfully on her lap, fumbling at her breast with a little red hand. But she looked steadily over the baby's round head, a curiously intent expression in her dark eyes, as though she were looking at something so far away that she must concentrate all of herself in it so as not to lose it from view.

Under a canopy made from an old blue skirt lay a sick boy. His face was like a death-mask already, the yellow skin stretched tightly over the bones of his face, and his mouth unnaturally wide, with parched, swollen lips. From his hollow eye-sockets his eyes looked out unwinking, as though the lids had been cut off. He held himself

halfway between a reclining and an upright position. No normal person could hold himself that way for long, but the sick boy kept himself motionless with maniacal strength. The flies hung over him like a cloud of black cinders. One of his friends attempted to keep them away with a leafy branch which he had found, Heaven knows where! I could see no other sign of green in the place. As we passed, I noticed the branch sweep back and forth over the sick boy's face, touching the skin. And still the fixed stare continued, uninterrupted — that blind gaze straight out into emptiness!

At the farther end, an opening between two of the tenements led into a garden. This space, too, was crowded with waiting Jews.

'But where do they sleep?' I asked. 'Is there room for all those people in the houses?'

'No,' Mme. C—— replied; 'not when so many come through as came this last time. But fortunately, these summer nights are fine; earlier, we had much rain, and you can picture the suffering. Then there was no shelter for them at all. They were simply herded into a pen, and many died from the exposure. Now, however, we have made conditions better for them.'

There was more reality here in the garden, where there was a suggestion of growing grass and a thin leaf shade. The Jews lay on the ground as if trying to get some coolness out of the earth. Up and down the paths walked a number of spectacled men, who were brought up to me and introduced as Professors So-and-so, and Doctors So-and-so. They were constantly trying to get in touch with friends in Kieff or Moscow or Petrograd, or colleagues in medicine or other sciences, or relatives who could help them. They worked through the society. By the payment of certain amounts they could bribe the overseers to let them stay on in the Kieff detention camp, or even have the liberty of the city. One man, a rich banker from Lvov, had been officially 'sick' for several months, but as his money had almost given out he was in danger of being sent on to Tomsk in the near future. He lived in the hospital, where he had better quarters and food. These professors and doctors, men of wide learning and reputation, who are recognized as leaders in their professions, and are constructive, valuable forces in society, were herded together with the others, allowed to disappear into Siberia, where their minds and bodies will be wasted, and their possible future activity will count as nothing.

A man in a soiled white coat came up, looked us over with little blinking pig eyes, and addressed a few words to Mme. C—— in Polish.

'That is the overseer,' Professor A—— said to me in English. 'He takes every kopek away from us. But he is no worse than the rest. All along the way it is the same thing. One is bled to death.' He shrugged indifferently. 'We most of us could have gathered together a little money. But what will you? It was all so sudden. We had no time. Here we are, *en tout cas*. And after all, in the end —'

I might have been talking with the professors on the campus of their own university. They exerted themselves to be attentive and entertaining, as if they were our hosts.

One doctor said to me in French, 'I have seen your wonderful country. It is amazing. I would like to see it again. I have been asked to lecture. Perhaps, after the war —'

He broke off abruptly. In a flash the end of his life came up to me. His work and ambitions, then the cleavage in his career; the sharp division in his life; the preparation of years, and then,

instead of fulfillment, an exile to a country where life was a struggle for the bare necessities of the body — food and shelter. I looked at his hands — thin and white and nervous. What hideous, despairing moments he must know!

I asked him a question. His eyes blazed suddenly.

'Do not speak of these things! They are not to be spoken of, much less to *you*.' He looked as though he hated me. 'I beg your pardon, I am nervous. You must excuse me.' He went away hurriedly.

'Poor chap!' Professor A—— said. 'It is hard for us all in this heat. And, yes, some of us have more imagination than others.'

A man in a uniform came into the garden. He walked to a tree in the centre, and stood in the shade, a long sheet of paper in his hand. There was a stir among the Jews. Those lying down got up and approached him. The women, with their children, dragged themselves nearer. Every one stopped talking. The apathy and indifference gave place to strained attention. There was a kind of dreadful anxiety on every face — a tightening of the muscles round the eyes and mouths, as if the same horrible fear fixed the same mark there. I have never seen a crowd where personality was so stamped out by a single overmastering emotion. The gendarme began to read in a singsong voice.

'What is he saying?' I whispered.

'The names of those who are to leave this afternoon,' Mme. C—— replied.

The garden was absolutely still except for the monotonous voice and the breathing of the crowd. Oh, yes, and the flies! It was not that I forgot the flies, only their buzzing was the ceaseless accompaniment to everything that happened in the camp.

'How horrible this is!' Mme. C—— observed. 'They all know it must come, but when it does, it is almost unbearable. It is truly a list of death, Many of them here cannot survive another stage of the journey in this heat. And yet they must be moved on to make place for those who are pressing on from behind. In this very crowd were five old men who were killed on the way here, by the soldiers, because they could n't keep up with the procession. How could these civilians be expected to endure such hardships? They are townspeople, most of them having lived indoors all their lives, like you or I.'

'Like you or I!' No, no. It was unbelievable. I could not put myself in their place. I could not imagine such insecurity — that lives could be broken in the middle in this way.

'How useless it all seems!' I said.

'Useless. You think so?' Mme. C—— took me up. 'Do you realize that whole Galician towns have been moved into Siberia this summer? Part of the way on foot, part in baggage-cars, where they stifled to death in the heat and for lack of water and food. One carload was n't listed, or was forgotten by some careless official, and when it was finally opened it was a carload of rotting flesh. The bodies were thrown into the river by the frightened official, but a soldier reported him and he was court-martialed. One crowd of several thousand was taken to Siberia. They reached Tomsk. Then the government changed. What was the need to transport these Galician Jews, the new minister argued. A useless expense to the government. A waste of money and time. Let them go back to their homes. So the Jews were taken back over the same route, many more dying on the return journey, in the jails, and camps, and baggage-cars, or by the roadsides. They found themselves once more back in their pillaged

towns, with nothing to work with, and yet with their livelihood to be earned somehow. They began to dig and plant and take up the routine of their lives once more. They began to look on themselves as human again. The grind of suffering and hopelessness began to let up and they had moments of hope. And then the reactionaries came into power with their systematic oppression of the Jews. Back to Siberia with them! This in midsummer heat. I saw them as they passed through Kieff for the third time, a few weeks ago. Never shall I forget them as I saw them last. The mark of the beast was on them. You could n't call them living or suffering or martyrs any more. They were beyond the point where they prayed to die.'

The gendarme had finished his list. The tension relaxed. Some of the Jews settled back into their former apathy; others gathered in excited groups, pulling their beards and scratching their heads; still others walked up and down the paths, restless, like so many caged animals.

A man and a woman with two children approached the gendarme deprecatingly. The man asked a question, indicating the woman and children. The gendarme shook his head. The man persisted. The gendarme refused again, and started to move away. The man detained him with a hand on his arm. Another man approached. He spread out both hands, his shoulders up to his ears. All three men spoke Polish in loud, excited voices.

'What are they saying?' I asked.

'The gendarme has just read the names of the woman and children, who are to leave this afternoon. The father's name is not with theirs. Naturally, he wants to be with his wife and children to protect and care for them as best he can. If they are separated now they can never find each other again in Siberia — if they live till they get there. The third man is alone. He is willing to give up his place to the father, but the gendarme refuses. "His name is written. Yours is not. It is the order," he says.'

The gendarme now left the garden. The woman was sobbing in her husband's arms. He was patting her hair. The children hung at their mother's skirt, crying and sucking their fingers.

As I left the camp, the Jews were gathering about their rabbi. He stood in his long black robes, one hand raised.

August 10.

Lately, our conversation at table has been suppressed by the appearance of a young woman whom the rest suspect of being a spy. She is dark, and never utters a word. All through dinner she keeps her eyes on her plate. I said something in French to her the other day, but, apparently, she did not understand. Across the table, the Morowski boys laughed at me. I suspect that they, too, had tried to speak to her, for she is pretty, and had been snubbed like me. I don't know how the idea of her being a spy got round. She may have been sent here to keep her eyes on the Polish refugees in the *pension*.

Her room is in our corridor, and this morning Marie saw, through the open door, Panna Lolla and Janchu talking to her. It appears that Janchu had been inveigled in by bon-bons, and Panna Lolla had gone in after him. Panna Lolla said the young woman was so lonely. She is a Pole and wants to leave Russia. She hates it here. But she has no passport. She showed Panna Lolla an old one that she wants to fix up for the police authorities. But she can't speak Russian, and is very frightened. She asked Panna Lolla if she knew any one who could write Russian. Marie forbade Panna Lolla

to go near the woman again. It is just as well, for Panna Lolla likes excitement, and is capable of saying anything to keep it going.

August.

We were arrested four days ago — and you will wonder why I keep on writing. It relieves my nerves. Ever since the *revision* Marie and I have gone over and over the same reasoning, trying to get at why we were arrested. To write it all out may help the restlessness and anxiety and — yes — the panicky fear that rises in my throat like nausea. Life is so terribly insecure. I feel as if I had been stripped naked and turned out into the streets, with no person or place to go to.

It was four o'clock, and we had just finished dinner. In an hour and a half we were leaving for Odessa. All our trunks and bags were packed, and our traveling suits brushed and pressed. And suddenly the door of our apartment opened. Six men came into the room, two in uniform, the other four in plain clothes. It never occurred to me that they had anything to do with me. I thought that they had mistaken the door. I looked at Marie questioningly. There was something peculiar about her face.

The four plain-clothes men stood awkwardly about the door, which they had closed softly behind them. The two men with white cord loops across the breast of their uniforms went over to the table on the right and put down their black leather portfolios. They seemed to make themselves at home, and it angered me.

'What are these people doing here?' I asked Marie sharply.

She addressed the officer in Polish, and he answered curtly.

'It's a *revision*,' she replied.

'A what?'

'A revision,' she repeated.

I remember that I consciously kept my body motionless, and said to myself, 'There is nothing surprising in this. There is nothing surprising in this.'

Everything had gone dark before my eyes. My heart seemed to have stopped beating.

Marie laughed and the sound of her cracking, high-pitched laugh came to me from far off.

The officer said something to her, and she stopped abruptly as if some one had clapped a hand over her mouth.

'What did he say?' I managed to articulate. My own language seemed to have deserted me.

'He says it is a matter for tears, not laughter.'

Her voice was sharp and anxious. I was relieved at the spite and vanity in his words. They made the situation more normal. I felt myself breathing again, and my stomach began to tremble uncontrollably.

Janchu began to cry from the bedroom, and Marie got up to go to him. Quickly a plain-clothes man with horn-rimmed spectacles slipped in between her and the door. The officer who had now seated himself behind the table, raised his hand.

'Let no one leave the room,' he said in German.

'But my baby is crying,' Marie began.

'Let him cry!' And he busied himself pulling papers out of his portfolio.

An army officer entered and spoke to the head of the secret service. He wore a dazzling, gold-braided uniform and preened himself before us, looking at us curiously over his shoulder. When he had gone, the head told us that we were to have a personal examination in the salon of the *pension*.

A secret-service man escorted each of us, and we walked down the corridor, past the squad of soldiers with their bayonets, and so into the salon, where we were delivered into the hands

of two women spies. They undressed us, and we waited while our clothes were passed out to the secret-service men outside. When we were given our clothes again, we went back to our apartment.

The rooms were in confusion. All our trunks and bags were emptied, one end of the carpet rolled back, the mattresses torn from the beds. The secret-service men were down on their knees before piles of clothes, going over the seams, emptying the pockets, unfolding handkerchiefs, tapping the heels of shoes; every scrap of paper was passed over to the chief, who tucked it into his portfolio. I watched him, hating his square, stolid body which filled out his uniform so smoothly. His eyes were long and watchful like a cat's, and his fair moustache was turned up at the ends, German-fashion; in fact, there was something very German about his thick thighs and shaved head and official importance. As I have learned since, he *is* a German and the most bitterly hated man in Kieff for his pitiless persecution of all political offenders. They say that he has sent more people to Siberia than any six of his predecessors. They also say that every hand is against him, even to the spies in his own force.

I trembled to spring at him and claw him and ruffle his composure some way. Instead, I sat quietly, my hands folded, and watched the spies ransacking our clothes. Every card and photograph I tried to catch a glimpse of before it went into the black portfolio. And suddenly I saw the letter about the Jewish detention camp, which I had forgotten all about. I saw the close lines of my writing, and it seemed as if the edge of the precipice crumbled and I went shooting down. A cold sweat broke out over me.

'But why are we arrested?' I heard Marie ask in German.

'Espionage,' the chief answered shortly.

'But that is ridiculous. We are American citizens.'

No reply.

'Can we leave for Odessa to-night?'

No reply.

Marie stopped her questions.

'What money have you? Come here while I count it,' one of the spies said to me.

He slipped me one hundred roubles on the sly, before turning the rest over to the chief. I held it openly in my hand, too dazed to know what to do with it, till he whispered to me to hide it.

'You may want it, later,' he said.

'Frau Pierce will go with us,' the chief said, closing his portfolio; and I understood by this that the revision was finished. 'Frau G—— can stay here under room-arrest, with her little boy.'

As a matter of course, I went into the other room and changed into my traveling suit.

'May I take my toilet things?' I asked the chief.

'Ja.'

'You'd better make a bundle of bedclothes,' the spy who had given me the money whispered to me.

I rolled up two blankets and a pillow with his help.

'I'm ready,' I said. 'May I send a few telegrams?'

'Certainly, certainly.'

The chief's manner suddenly became extremely courteous.

I wrote one to our Ambassador in Petrograd, one to Mr. Vopeka in Bucharest, one to the State Department in Washington, and one to Peter. I wrote Peter that I was delayed a few days. I was afraid that he might come on and be arrested, too. My hand did not tremble, although it struck me as being very queer to see the words traced out

on the paper — almost magical. My imagination was racing, and I could see myself already being driven into one of those baggage-cars bound for Tomsk.

'Keep your mind away from what is going to happen,' I said to myself. 'You'll have time enough to think in prison. Things are as they are. You are going to walk out of this room, just the way you've done a hundred times. Are you different now from what you have always been? Keep your mind on things you know are real.'

I tried to move accurately, as if a false move would disturb the balance of things so that I should walk out of the room on my hands like an acrobat.

Suddenly, the chief, who had been talking in a corner with the other man in uniform, wheeled about.

'Frau Pierce may stay here under room-arrest. Good-day.'

He clicked his heels together and bowed slightly. His spies clustered about him, and they left the room.

All at once my bones seemed to crumble and my flesh to dissolve. I fell into a chair. Marie and I looked at each other. We began to laugh. 'We must n't get hysterical,' we said, and kept on laughing.

The room was so dark that we looked like two shadows. Panna Lolla had come after Janchu and taken him into Count S——'s room. We imagined the excited curiosity of the rest of the *pension*.

'I'll wager that that woman was a spy, after all.'

'But why — why should *we* have a revision?'

'Anyway, they could n't have found much. We'll be set free in a few days,' Marie said.

'They found my letter about the Jews,' I replied.

'What letter? Oh, my dear, what did you say?'

'I forget. But everything I saw or heard, I think.'

We began to laugh again.

'Will they send our telegrams?' — 'Will Peter come on?' — 'What shall we do for money?'

The room was pitch-dark except for the electric light from the street. We heard the creak and rattle of the empty commissariat wagons which were returning from the barracks. We all fell silent, feeling suddenly very tired and lethargic.

'Where is Janchu? It's time for his supper,' Marie said, without moving.

I started out of the room to call him, and fell across a dark figure sitting in front of the door. He grunted and pushed me back into the room.

'I want Janchu,' I said in perfectly good English, while he closed the door in my face.

'There's a spy outside our door,' I whispered to Marie.

Panna Lolla came in with Janchu and turned on the light.

'There's a man outside our door, and two secret service men at the *pension* door, and two soldiers downstairs,' she whispered excitedly in one breath. 'No one can leave the *pension*, and they take the name and address of every one who comes here. And that woman *was* a spy. Antosha saw the chief go into her room and heard them talking together. And she left when they did.'

I lay all night, half-asleep, half-awake, hearing the street noises clearly through the open windows. I cried a little from exhaustion and nerves, and then controlled myself, for my head began to ache, and who knew what would happen the next day. I had to keep strength to meet something that was coming. I had no idea what it was, but the uncertainty of the future only made it more ominous and threatening. That letter — In the

darkness I could see the chief's watchful, narrow eyes, and the horn-rimmed spectacles of the friendly spy, and the stuffed portfolio.

Later.

Nothing has happened yet. We have our meals brought to us by Antosha, who tries to comfort us with extra large pickled cucumbers and portions of sour cream. We are allowed to send Panna Lolla down town for cigarettes and books from the circulating library. Thank Heaven for books! With our nerves stretched to the snapping-point and a pinwheel of thoughts everlastingly spinning round in our heads, I think we should go mad except for books. It is very hot, but my body is always cool and damp, because I can't eat much, I suppose, and I lie on a *chaise longue* motionless all day long. I can feel myself growing weak, and there is nothing to do but sit and wait.

Marie and I go over and over the whole thing, and finish at the point where we began. 'But why?' We think it may be because Marie came to Bulgaria to visit me and brought me back here, and now we want to leave Russia together. The papers say that Bulgaria already has German officers over her troops. But I can't believe it. She is too independent. They say that she will certainly go with the Central Powers. That, too, is inconceivable. Perhaps, however, if it is true, and already known by the Russian authorities, the secret service is suspicious of our going back there, and of Marie's intention of sailing home from Dedeogatch, *via* Greece. What else could it be? How this uncertainty maddens us! Yet we are thankful for every day that passes and leaves us together. What will happen when they translate my letter? *Boje moy!* I hear a step outside the door, and my heart simply ceases to beat.

Pan Lzudesky to-day tiptoed into our room when the spy was having his lunch. He whispered to us that he had seen the English Consul, Mr. Douglas, and told him about our case. He begged us not to be discouraged, and to eat. He said that he almost wept when he saw our plates come back to the kitchen, untouched. How flabby and livid he looked, his vague, blurred eyes watery with tears! Yet we could have embraced him. He is the only person who has spoken to us.

October.

There is the most careful avoidance of any official responsibility here in trying to find out where our passports are and who is to return them. We have already unraveled yards of red tape, and still there is no end. Of course, ever since Peter came he has followed a schedule of visits — one day to the English Consul; another day to the secret police, then to the Military Governor, the Civil Governor, the Chief of Staff, and back, in desperation, to the English Consul. There is an American vice-consul here, but he is wholly ineffectual since he has not yet been officially received. His principal duty consists in distributing relief to the Polish refugees. Mr. Douglas, the English Consul, is our one hope, and he is untiring in his efforts to help us. If we ever do get out it will be due to him.

The English government stands behind its representatives here in a way; the American State Department does not. I suppose that this is partly because America has no treaty with Russia, on account of the Jew clause. At any rate, one might just as well be a Fiji Islander as an American, for all the consideration one gets from officialdom.

I went to the secret police the other day with Mr. Douglas. It is located in

the opposite end of the town, down a quiet side street—an unobtrusive, one-storied brown house that gives the impression of trying to hide itself from people's notice.

We rang the bell. While we waited, I was conscious of being watched, and glancing up quickly, I saw the curtain at one of the windows fall back into place. The door opened a crack, and a white face with a long, thin nose, and horn-rimmed spectacles with smoky glass to hide the eyes, peered out at us furtively. Mr. Douglas handed the spy his card and the door was shut softly in our faces.

In about three minutes the door was opened again and a gendarme in uniform ushered us into a long room thick with stale tobacco-smoke. He gave me a chair, and while we waited I looked about at the walls with the brightly colored portraits of the Czar and the Czarina and the Royal family, and the ikon in one corner. 'Give up all hope all ye who enter here.'

And then the chief came in, accompanied by two spies with black portfolios under their arms. When he saw us he grew white with anger. He looked like a German, spurred and booted, with square head and jaw and steel-like eyes and compressed, cruel lips. He was the only well-dressed one in the crowd, but his livery was the same as theirs. He was their superior, that was all; and how I loathed him!

'He's angry because they brought us in here,' Douglas whispered under his breath.

The chief turned his back on us.

The spies scribbled away furiously, their noses close to their paper, not daring to look up.

We were taken into another room, a small back room, bare except for a table and sofa and a tawdry ikon in the farthest corner. And there we waited fully fifteen minutes in absolute silence. How silent that house was, full of invisible horrors!

Suddenly the chief came into the room, closing the door carefully behind him. He was quite calm again.

He looked at Douglas. 'What do you want?'

Douglas explained how anxious we were to get out of Russia, how insufficient for cold weather was the money we had, how my husband's business called for his immediate presence, and so forth, all of which we had gone over at least three times a week since my arrest, and all of which was a matter of entire indifference to the secret police. They had failed to find any proof of espionage, which was their charge against us, and my letter, their only evidence, had been passed on and was snarled up somewhere in official red-tape. Now they washed their hands of me.

'We can do nothing. It is out of our hands.' He was extremely courteous, speaking German for my benefit. 'It is unfortunate that Frau Pierce should have written the letter. I was obliged to send it on to the General Staff. You should have a reply soon.'

There was nothing more to be said. Douglas was conciliatory, almost ingratiating. My nerves gave way.

'A reply soon!' I burst out. 'I'm sick of waiting. If we have the liberty of the city, surely there can't be anything very serious against us. It's an outrage keeping our passports. I'm an American and I demand them.' I was almost crying.

'You must demand them through your ambassador, meine Frau.'

I knew that he knew that we had been telegraphing him since our arrest, and my impotence made me speechless with rage. Douglas took advantage of my condition to beat a hasty retreat.

As we were going through the doorway, the chief said carelessly, 'By the

way, how did you happen to find this house?'

'I have been here before,' Douglas replied.

'Thank you. I was only curious.'

I could feel the spies' eyes on my back as we went down the path.

'Mrs. Pierce — Mrs. Pierce, you must n't lose your temper that way.'

'I don't care!' I cried. 'I had no way to express what I felt.'

'I know,' Douglas agreed thoughtfully.

October.

I gained admittance to the Military Governor the other day. He is the successor of that over-cautious governor who prematurely moved all his household goods during the German advance, and was then relieved of office. His palace, set back from the street behind a tall iron fence, is guarded by soldiers with bayonets, and secret-service men. I laughed, recognizing my old friends the spies.

Upstairs, the Governor was just saying good-bye to Bobrinsky, former Governor of Galicia, and we stood to one side as they came out of an inner office, bowing and making compliments to each other. Gold braid and decorations! These days the military have their innings, to be sure! I wonder how many stupid years of barrack-life go to make up one of these men? Or perhaps so much gold braid is paid for in other ways.

The Governor was an old man, carefully preserved. His uniform was padded, but his legs, thin and insecure, gave him away, and his standing collar, although it came up to his ears, failed to hide his scrawny neck where the flesh was caving in. He wore his gray beard trimmed to a point, and inside his beak-like nose was a quantity of grayish-yellow hair which made a very disagreeable impression on me. All the time I was speaking he examined his nails. When he raised his eyes finally, to reply, I noticed how lifeless and indifferent they were, and glazed by age. I could see the bones of his face move under the skin as he talked, especially two little round bones, like balls, close to his ears.

'I have nothing to do with the case. It has been referred to the General Staff, I believe. You will have to wait for the course of events.'

He turned his back, went over to the window and began to play with a curtain-tassel. An aide bowed me to the door.

I am just back from the General Staff, where the mysterious rotation of the official wheel landed me unexpectedly into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the Chief of the Staff, and to see him I had to wait only five hours with Mr. Douglas in the ante-room! Mr. Douglas has just left me to go to his club, exhausted, and ready to devour pounds of Moscow sausages, so he said.

The ante-room of the General Staff was as Russian as Russian can be. I suppose I shall never forget the dingy room, with its brown-painted walls and the benches and chairs ranged along the four sides of the room, and the orderlies bringing in glasses of tea, and the waiting people who were not ashamed to be unhappy. In the beginning Mr. Douglas and I tried to talk, but after an hour or so we relapsed into silence. I looked up at the large oil paintings of deceased generals which hung about the room. At first, they all looked fat and stupid and alike in the huge, ornate gilt frames. But after much study they began to take on differences — slight differences which it seemed that the painters had caught in spite of themselves, but which made human beings of even generals.

Shortly afterward, Douglas and I were admitted to the Chief of Staff.

The walls of his office were covered with large maps, with tiny flags marking the battle-fronts, and he sat at a large table occupying the centre of the room.

When we entered he rose and bowed, and after waving me to a chair, reseated himself. He was rather like a university professor, courteous, with a slightly ironical twist to his very red lips. His pale face was narrow and long, with a pointed black beard, and a forehead broad and high and white. While he listened or talked, he nervously drew arabesques on a pad of paper on the table.

'I have your petition, but since I have just been appointed here I am not very familiar with routine matters.' Here he smiled slightly. 'Yours is a routine matter, I should say. How long have you waited for an answer — four months? We'll see what can be done. I have sent to the files and I should have a report in a few minutes.'

An aide brought in a collection of telegrams and papers, and the Chief glanced through them. Then he looked at me searchingly and suddenly smiled again.

'From your appearance I should never imagine that you were as dangerous as these papers state. Are you an American?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and I assure you that I am dangerous only in the official mind. I have no importance except what they give me.'

'Mrs. Pierce is an American and unused to Russian ways,' Douglas said apologetically.

'Well, your case has been referred to General Ivanoff and I will wire him again at once. If you come back next Thursday I will give you a definite answer.'

.We went out. It was a gray, winter day, with a cold wind from the river, but I felt glowing and stimulated and alive, seeing the future crystallize and grow definite again. You can't imagine the wearing depression of months of uncertainty.

'That Chief of Staff is the first human official I've met,' I said to Douglas.

'Give him time, give him time,' Douglas replied. 'Did n't you hear him say he was new to the job?'

November.

At home I found a summons from the police to appear with Marie at the local police bureau to-morrow at nine, to receive our passports. I telegraphed Peter through Douglas. Now that our affair is settled I feel no emotion — neither relief nor joy.

PRESS TENDENCIES AND DANGERS

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE passing of the Boston *Journal*, in the eighty-fourth year of its age, by merger with the Boston *Herald*, has rightly been characterized as a tragedy of journalism. Yet it is no more significant than the similar merger of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the Cleveland *Leader*, or the New York *Press* and the New York *Sun*. All are in obedience to the drift toward consolidation which has been as marked in journalism as in other spheres of business activity — for this is purely a business matter. True, in the cases of the *Sun* and the *Press* Mr. Munsey's controlling motive was probably the desire to obtain the Associated Press service for the *Sun*, which he could have secured in no other way. But Mr. Munsey was not blind to the advantages of combining the circulation of the *Press* and the *Sun*, and has profited by it.

It is quite possible that there will be further consolidations in New York and Boston before long; at least, conditions are ripe for them. Chicago has now only four morning newspapers, including the *Staats-Zeitung*, but one of these has an uncertain future before it. The *Herald* of that city is the net result of amalgamations which wiped out successively the *Record*, the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Inter-Ocean*. It is only a few years ago that the Boston *Traveler* and the *Evening Herald* were consolidated, and Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Portland (Oregon), and Philadelphia are other cities in which there has been a reduction in the number of dailies.

In the main it is correct to say that the decreasing number of newspapers in our larger American cities is due to the enormously increased cost of maintaining great dailies. This has been found to limit the number which a given advertising territory will support. It is a fact, too, that there are few other fields of enterprise in which so many unprofitable enterprises are maintained. There is one penny daily in New York which has not paid a cent to its owners in twenty years; during that time its income has met its expenses only once. Another of our New York dailies loses between four and five hundred thousand dollars a year, if well-founded report is correct, but the deficit is cheerfully met each year. It may be safely stated that scarcely half of our New York morning and evening newspapers return an adequate profit.

The most striking fact about the recent consolidations is that this leaves Cleveland with only one morning newspaper, the *Plain Dealer*. It is the sixth city in size in the United States, yet it has not appeared to be large enough to support both the *Plain Dealer* and the *Leader*, not even with the aid of what is called 'foreign,' or national, advertising, that is, advertising which originates outside of Cleveland. There are now many other cities in which the seeker after morning news is compelled to take it from one source only, whatever his political affiliations may be: in Indianapolis, from the *Star;* in Detroit, from the *Free Press;* in Toledo, from the *Times;* in Columbus, from the

State Journal; in Scranton, from the *Republican;* in St. Paul, from the *Pioneer Press;* and in New Orleans from the *Times-Picayune.* This circumstance comes as a good deal of a shock to those who fancy that at least the chief political parties should have their representative dailies in each city — for that is the old American tradition.

Turning to the State of Michigan, we find that the development has gone even further, for here are some sizable cities with no morning newspaper and but one in the evening field. In fourteen cities whose population has more than doubled during the last twenty-five years the number of daily newspapers printed in the English language has shrunk from 42 to only 23. In nine of these fourteen cities there is not a single morning newspaper; they have but an evening newspaper apiece to give them the news of the world, unless they are content to receive their news by mail from distant cities. On Sunday they are better off, for there are seven Sunday newspapers in these towns.

In the five cities having more than one newspaper, there are six dailies that are thought to be unprofitable to their owners; and it is believed that within a short time the number of one-newspaper cities will grow to twelve, in which case Detroit and Grand Rapids will be the only cities with morning dailies. It is reported by competent witnesses that the one-newspaper towns are not only well content with this state of affairs, but that they actively resist any attempt to change the situation, the merchants in some cases banding together voluntarily to maintain the monopoly by refusing advertising to those wishing to start competition.

It is of course true that in the larger cities of the East there are other causes than the lack of advertising to account for the disappearance of certain newspapers. Many of them have deserved to perish because they were inefficiently managed or improperly edited. The Boston *Transcript* declares that the reason for the *Journal's* demise was lack 'of that singleness and clearness of direction and purpose which alone establish confidence in and guarantee abiding support of a newspaper.' If some of the Hearst newspapers may be cited as examples of successful journals which have neither clearness nor honesty of purpose, it is not to be questioned that a newspaper with clear-cut, vigorous personalities behind it is far more likely to survive than one which does not have them.

But it does not help the situation to point out, as does the Columbia (S.C.) *State,* that 'sentiment and passion' have been responsible for the launching of many of the newspaper wrecks, for often sentiment and the righteous passion of indignation have been responsible for the foundation of notable newspapers such as the New York *Tribune,* whose financial success was, for a time at least, quite notable. It is the danger that newspaper conditions, because of the enormously increased costs and this tendency to monopoly, may prevent people who are actuated by passion and sentiment from founding newspapers that is causing many students of the situation much concern. What is to be the hope for the advocates of new-born and unpopular reforms if they cannot have a press of their own, as the Abolitionists and the founders of the Republican party set up theirs in a remarkably short time, usually with poverty-stricken bank accounts?

If no good American can read of cities having only one newspaper without concern, — since democracy depends largely upon the presenting of both sides of every issue, — it does not add any comfort to know that it would take millions to found a new paper, on a strictly business basis, in our largest

cities. None but extremely wealthy men could undertake such a venture, — precisely as the rejuvenated Chicago *Herald* has been financed by a group of the city's wealthiest magnates, — and even then the success of the undertaking would be questionable if it were not possible to secure the Associated Press service for the newcomer.

The 'journal of protest,' it may be truthfully said, is to-day being confined, outside of the Socialistic press, to weeklies of varying types, of which the *Survey*, the *Public*, and the St. Louis *Mirror* are examples; and scores of them fall by the wayside. The large sums necessary to establish a journal of opinion are being demonstrated by the *New Republic*. Gone is the day when a *Liberator* can be founded with a couple of hundred dollars as capital. The struggle of the New York *Call* to keep alive, and that of some of our Jewish newspapers, are clear proof that conditions to-day make strongly against those who are fired by passion and sentiment to give a new and radical message to the world.

True, there is still opportunity in small towns for editorial courage and ability; William Allen White has demonstrated that. But in the small towns the increased costs due to the war are being felt as keenly as in the larger cities. *Ayer's Newspaper Directory* shows a steady shrinkage during the last three years in the weeklies, semi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, and semi-monthlies, there being 300 less in 1916 than in 1914. There lies before me a list of 76 dailies and weeklies over which the funeral rites have been held since January 1, 1917; to some of them the government has administered the *coup de grâce*. There are three Montreal journals among them, and a number of little German publications, together with the notorious *Appeal to Reason* and a couple of farm journals: twenty-one states are represented in the list, which is surely not complete.

Many dailies have sought to save themselves by increasing their price to two cents, as in Chicago, Pittsburg, Buffalo, and Philadelphia, and everywhere there has been a raising of mail subscription and advertising rates in an effort to offset the enormous and persistent rise in the cost of paper and labor. It is indisputable, however, that if we are in for a long war, many of the weaker city dailies and the country dailies must go to the wall, just as there have been similar failures in every one of the warring nations of Europe.

Surveying the newspaper field as a whole, there has not been of late years a marked development of the tendency to group together a number of newspapers under one ownership in the manner of Northcliffe. Mr. Hearst, thanks be to fortune, has not added lately to his string;[1] his group of *Examiners* and *Journals* and *Americans* is popularly believed not to be making any large sums of money for him, because the weaker members offset the earnings of the prosperous ones, and there is reputed to be great managerial waste. When Mr. Munsey buys another daily he usually sells an unprosperous one or adds another grave to his private and sizable newspaper cemetery. The Scripps-McRae Syndicate, comprising some 22 dailies, has not added to its number since 1911.

In Michigan the Booth Brothers control six clean, independent papers, which, for the local reasons given above, exercise a remarkable influence. The situation in that state shows clearly how comparatively easy it would be for rich business men, with selfish or partisan purpose, to dominate public opin-

[1] Unfortunately, as we go to press, this statement seems to be contradicted by the dire rumor that Mr. Hearst has acquired the respected Boston *Daily Advertiser*. — The Editors.

ion there and poison the public mind against anything they disliked. It is a situation to cause much uneasiness when one looks into the more distant future and considers the distrust of the press because of a far-reaching belief that the large city newspaper, being a several-million-dollar affair, must necessarily have managers in close alliance with other men in great business enterprises, — the chamber of commerce, the merchants' association group, — and therefore wholly detached from the aspirations of the plain people.

Those who feel thus will be disturbed by another remarkable consolidation in the field of newspaper-making — the recent absorption of a large portion of the business of the American Press Association by the Western Newspaper Union. The latter now has an almost absolute monopoly in supplying 'plate' and 'ready-to-print' matter to the smaller daily newspapers and the country weeklies — 'patent insides' is a more familiar term. The Western Newspaper Union to-day furnishes plate matter to nearly fourteen thousand newspapers — a stupendous number. In 1912 a United States court in Chicago forbade this very consolidation as one in restraint of trade; to-day it permits it because the great rise in the cost of plate matter, from four to seventeen cents a pound, seems to necessitate the extinction of the old competition and the establishment of a monopoly. The court was convinced that this field of newspaper enterprise will no longer support two rival concerns. An immense power which could be used to influence public opinion is thus placed in the hands of the officers of a money-making concern, for news matter is furnished as well as news photogravures.

Only the other day I heard of a boast that a laudatory article praising a certain astute Democratic politician had appeared in no less than 7000 publications of the Union's clients. Who can estimate the value of such an advertisement? Who can deny the power enormously to influence rural public opinion for better or for worse? Who can deny that the very innocent aspect of such a publication makes it a particularly easy, as well as effective, way of conducting propaganda for better or for worse? So far it has been to the advantage of both the associations to carry the propaganda matter of the great political parties, — they deny any intentional propaganda of their own; but one cannot help wondering whether this will always be the case, and whether there is not danger that some day this tremendous power may be used in the interest of some privileged undertaking or some self-seeking politicians. At least, it would seem as if our lawmakers, already so critical of the press, might be tempted to declare the Union a public-service corporation and, therefore, bound to transmit all legitimate news offered to it.

In the strictly news-gathering field there is probably a decrease of competition at hand. The Allied governments abroad and our courts at home have struck a hard blow at the Hearst news-gathering concern, the International News Service, which has been excluded from England and her colonies, Italy and France, and has recently been convicted of news-stealing and falsification on the complaint of the Associated Press. The case is now pending on appeal in the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower courts may be reversed. If, as a result of these proceedings, the association eventually goes out of business, it will be to the public advantage, that is, if honest, uncolored news is a desideratum. This will give to the Associated Press — the only press association which is altogether coöperative and

makes no profit by the sale of its news — a monopoly in the morning field. If this lack of organized competition — it is daily competing with the special correspondents of all the great newspapers — has its drawbacks, it is certainly reassuring that throughout this unprecedented war the Associated Press has brought over an enormous volume of news with a minimum of just complaints as to the fidelity of that news — save that it is, of course, rigidly censored in every country, and particularly in passing through England. It has met vast problems with astounding success.

But, despite its many foreign correspondents, it is in considerable degree dependent upon foreign news agencies, like Reuters', the Havas Agency in France, the Wolf Agency in Germany, and others, including the official Russian agency. Where these are not frankly official agencies, they are under the control of their governments and have frequently been used by them to mislead others, and particularly foreign nations, or to conceal the truth from their own subjects. As Dean Walter Williams, of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism, has lately pointed out, if there is one thing needed after this war it is the abolition of these official and semi-official agencies with their frequent stirring up of racial and international hatreds. A free press after the war is as badly needed as freedom of the seas and freedom from conscienceless kaisers and autocrats.

At home, when the war is over, there is certain to be as relatively striking a slant toward social reorganization, reform, and economic revolution as has taken place in Russia and is taking place in England as told by the London *Times*. When that day comes here, the deep smouldering distrust of our press will make itself felt. Our Fourth Estate is to have its day of overhauling and of being muckraked. The perfectly obvious hostility toward newspapers of the present Congress, as illustrated by its attempt to impose a direct and special tax upon them; its rigorous censorship in spite of the profession's protest of last spring; and the heavy additional postage taxes levied upon some classes of newspapers and magazines, goes far to prove this. But even more convincing is the dissatisfaction with the metropolitan press in every reform camp and among the plain people. It has grown tremendously because the masses are convinced, rightly or wrongly that the newspapers with heavy capital investments are a 'capitalistic' press and, therefore, opposed to their interests.

This feeling has grown all the more because so many hundreds of thousands who were opposed to our going to war, and are opposed to it now, still feel that their views — as opposed to those of the prosperous and intellectual classes — were not voiced in the press last winter. They know that their position to-day is being misrepresented as disloyal or pro-German by the bulk of the newspapers. In this situation many are turning to the Socialistic press as their one refuge. They, and multitudes who have gradually been losing faith in the reliability of our journalism, for one reason or another, can still be won back if we journalists will but slake our intense thirst for reliable, trustworthy news, for opinions free from class bias and not always set forth from the point of view of the well-to-do and the privileged. How to respond to this need is the greatest problem before the American press. Meanwhile, on the business side, we drift toward consolidation on a resistless economic current, which foams past numberless rocks, and leads no man knows whither.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. V

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

On the third day of his sojourn in Fairview, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Latimer found himself. With the cure, there came a sudden onset of homesickness which would immediately have put him on board a train for the city, in utter disregard of the state of his wardrobe and sister Harriet's feelings, if Hartmann had not interposed a plea. The two others had departed the day before for points south and west, but the doctor still had several wearisome truths to impress on a Board of Health which was 'audomatically' impervious to common sense. If Latimer would wait over night, they could go down to the city together in Foreman's car, which the magnate had left at Hartmann's disposal. The harrowing picture of Hartmann on a lonely trip to New York, depicted by that good man almost with tears in his eyes, was more than Latimer could bear. He would wait.

And another reason was that Latimer felt the need of atonement. Of the three days in Fairview, to Hartmann's chagrin, Latimer had devoted just two hours to the new model town. Try as he would, his interest in the architect's plans for the great Social Hall and the Foreman Hospital would not bubble. After he had several times failed to distinguish between the blue prints for the drainage and those for the water-mains system, Hartmann sorrowfully abandoned him. Thereupon Latimer joyfully turned his back on the Elizabethan town on the hill, and spent his hours until far into the night in the streets of that other Fairview which in another six months would be no more, but which drew him poignantly to its malodorous, unsanitary self.

It was precisely the difference between life and a blue-print that held him. He knew it was unjust to Foreman and his collaborators that he should be thinking of them as tinkering upon a new kind of machine; yet there was the feeling. Even Hartmann, for all the humane sentiment that drove his bulky frame to action, was engaged upon a project, a problem, and therefore a formula. The pity of it, that, as soon as you have more than one man to face, you are no longer dealing with souls, but with problems.

There were no problems in the unkempt streets of the old town on the edge of the flats; that is, to the people who lived amid the landscaped family wash and gossiped from windows, or gave utterance to sententious truths from around slow-burning corn-cobs. They were to themselves an end in themselves. They were neither class-conscious, nor church-conscious, nor conscious of anything but the regular beat of an ancient routine. The sense of depression which attacked Lorimer during that first walk with Filbert had vanished overnight. He felt no need to idealize these people as the vanguard of a cleanlier and more prosperous generation. They were sufficient for the day, without the apology of galvanic cabbage-patch humor and sunshine-

alley sentiment. They were ultimate and serene.

'Blessed are the poor,' thought Latimer, 'for they shall not keep up appearances. Neither must they read the books that are written about them.'

On the third morning of his stay at Fairview he was escorted through the Intercontinental shops by Bauer himself. Latimer had hitherto thought of Labor in terms of Meunier and Pennell: of half-naked men sweating in the heat of blast furnaces, or strained out of human semblance under enormous weights and masses. What he really saw in this particular factory were the long cathedral aisles of machinery. He heard singing wheels and the drone of belting. And here or there was a worker bending over his tool-bench in scholarly contemplation of a nondescript bit of metal, like Carrel over his test-tubes.

Latimer recalled the wonder that always possessed him at home, when he stopped to peer down into excavations where men groped about in a crazy network of mains and conduits, or when he looked up to the steel girders swinging into place on the new skyscrapers. Only now and then would he catch sight of a heavy sledge in play, or the heave of muscles. As a rule men moved about in the tangle of cloaca as if engaged in an elaborate minuet. He saw men poised on the end of a steel beam go through a graceful calisthenics, with a measured wave of the arm, now this way, now that way, thirty stories above the sidewalk. Yet the subways got themselves dug, and the pavements were laid, — and torn up again, — and the skyscraper grew a couple of stories overnight. He wondered at the serenity of labor.

They stopped to watch a middle-aged man in overalls filing away at a longish piece of steel which for the life of him Latimer could not identify. Bauer told him that it was part of the mechanism of a field-gun, which would be put through an indefinite number of processes here at Fairview, and then would be shipped somewhere else for justification, and would then go by water and part by rail somewhere else, where the gun would be assembled; after which the gun would be tested, approved, checked up, and shipped — somewhere else.

Latimer shook with impatience at the deliberate, precise arm-motions of the man at the bench. 'Out there,' he saw little groups of weird mannikins, in a smear of fog and mud and blood, clawing into the sides of a crater under the counter-barrage of the Prussians, and praying for the guns which they had outrun. But the guns were stuck fast in the Flanders slime, and the crew were breaking their backs under the wheel-hubs, and the drivers were lashing away at the horses.

'For God's sake, hurry!' Latimer cried out in an inward agony, as the Fairview worker picked up a wad of cotton waste and studiously polished off the metal joint he was dallying with. One, two, three; one, two, three — while the sweat was on Latimer's face.

And then, in a moment, he understood that this man was working while he, Latimer, was only rasping the nerve-strings of his own soul. Why, of course: the gun crew in Flanders was probably standing about quietly debating the best way of getting the wheels out of the mud. A man was hurrying across fields for a plank. The second lieutenant was simultaneously trying to establish telephone communications with battery headquarters and to borrow a cigarette. And this gun now in the making at Fairview would be six months in reaching the front. Latimer saw the machinist reach for a gauge of some sort and adjust it with infinite contemplation; and there came to him a great calm.

'I am cured,' he said aloud.

'I beg pardon?' Bauer wondered.

'I was saying that I shall probably take the night train for New York,' said Latimer. 'This has been supremely instructive.'

But as we have seen, Hartmann prevailed with him to wait till the following morning, whereupon Latimer telegraphed notice of his imminent return to his wife, and his excuses to sister Harriet. But to Manning and the promised visit he held himself pledged. Manning lay on the direct road to the city, and it would be only decent to drop in for a moment to explain.

II

Hartmann's professed lack of interest in the 'meganism' of the automobile had no relation whatever to his ability in the driver's seat or a pretty taste for eating up the road. Probably it was the rebound from the strain of three days' negotiations with the Fairview Board of Health, made up exclusively of 'unmidigated tonkeys.'

Only twenty-four hours ago the needle on the speedometer would have caused Latimer intense anxiety. Now, in the flush of new-found health that was coursing in him, he was inclined to regard Hartmann as an unnecessarily timid driver. At intervals he burst into song; whereat Hartmann sneered bitterly, until such a time as a succession of clear stretches of roadway permitted him to join in with a dreadful howl which, he explained to Latimer, was the first verse of *Gaudeamus*. In the course of the next two hours he sang that first verse thirteen times, but, he told Latimer, by no means as well as he used to do it thirty years ago.

For some time Latimer had been expectantly studying the countryside, and there it was: an ugly iron bridge, a willow by the roadside not far from the river-bank, a flat rock jutting out into the water, a white church steeple — they were entering Westville, to be sure.

'Hartmann,' he said, 'do you mind stopping for a quarter of an hour?'

'Stretch your legs, hey? All right. I think I can recall the second verse.'

'There is a sick woman here. Will you look at her?'

Hartmann threw up his hands.

'How can I? Without being asked?'

'Unquestionably you can satisfy yourself without a formal examination. To that purpose I have devised the necessary fiction,' said Latimer. And from his pocket he drew a box of chocolates which he had purchased at Fairview. 'We stop off merely to leave this for the little girl, with whom I am on established terms. You accompany me reluctantly. If you need a little more time for consideration, we may ask for a glass of milk.'

They found the family around the kitchen-steps. The woman was rinsing clothes between two tubs. The husband was dreamily improvising over the repair of an intricate piece of fishing-gear, with the little one at his side. The three severally responded to the unexpected visitors. In the woman's eyes there was wonder. In the little one's, a bright scrutiny which searched Latimer's person and settled with a triumph of intuition upon the candy-box in his hand. The man saw in Hartmann the longed-for purchaser of this country home that he hated; he saw release and town again.

'As we came by it occurred to me,' said Latimer; and he developed his lie with sufficient manfulness; nevertheless the conversation dragged.

'The little one should be at school,' he said.

'Teacher's sick,' announced the child gleefully.

'Such a school as it is,' said the

woman, with the first sign of discontent that Latimer recalled in her. Pause; and they all turned to watch the child in her tour of exploration through the candy-box.

'You can give us a glass of milk,' said Hartmann, 'right where we are?'

'Sam,' she said. And the man, buoyed up by a great hope, started off with unwonted energy toward the spring where the milk was cooling. His wife went into the kitchen to wipe her dripping arms.

'You find the symptoms?' whispered Latimer, hoping against knowledge.

'The most consbicuous symptom, yes,' said Hartmann sullenly. He nodded toward the man crouching over the spring. 'What is one to do?'

'There should be a regular job for him at Fairview,' said Latimer. 'And for her, one of your new houses. They could let this place. It would pay them to abandon it.'

'You are a disindegrating sendimentalist, friend Latimer,' grumbled the other. 'Make the offer. I will see to it.'

But the woman shook her head. 'Sam is not strong enough for a factory.' What she was thinking, of course, was that her man was not strong enough for the temptations of town. 'We came out here because it was better for me.' Again she was lying.

'Much bedder for you, a glean small house with windows and a good kitchen,' burst out Hartmann. 'You should not work.'

She shook her head, and Latimer despaired. Then an inspiration came.

'For the little one there will be an ideal school, playgrounds, a swimming pool, games, theatricals.' He tried to speak with the nonchalance of a well-bred catalogue.

'A good school?' she said, looking up in haste.

'Equal to the best private schools in the country,' said Hartmann.

She looked back toward her husband, stared down at the child, and yielded.

'We 'll be ready for you in another month,' Hartmann urged.

'We will come,' she said; and of her own initiative held out her hand to Latimer. 'Thank you,' she said; and her eyelids trembled.

III

What more natural than the warm afterglow of self-approval which descended upon our two travelers as they climbed back into the car? To Latimer's suggestion that Hartmann now 'let her out,' the reply was a shrug of resentment at superfluous advice, followed by a silent, 'Watch me!' The motor sang like a telegraph wire in the wind. They reconstructed the second verse of *Gaudeamus* out of their joint and fragmentary memories, and shouted it to the flying landscape. Between spasms of harmony Latimer lit two cigarettes, keeping one for his own use and inserting the other, after a few preliminary puffs, between Hartmann's lips. As the wind and the sun poured into his veins, Latimer removed his golf-cap and put it on again with the peak on the nape of his neck, like the pictures of Barney Oldfield in the Sunday Supplement. He was seized with a vast pity for the proletariat of the four-cylinder cars whom they overtook and passed with a swirl and an occasional ironic wave of the hand. He found his thoughts running to roadsters, sedans, town cars. He pumped oil with more ardor than precision.

With this result: that, having flashed by a sign-post announcing the town limits of Greensborough and made a sudden corner, Hartmann had to throw all his weight into the brakes to avert collision with a uniformed figure in the middle of the road waving the conventional open palm.

'What's wrong?' said Hartmann, as innocently as a German chancellor on Belgium.

'Thirty-five miles an hour's the matter,' said the constable.

Hartmann shouted, —

'At dirty-five miles an hour I should have been through your tinky liddle town before I had endered it. This is an oudrage!'

'You can explain that to the jedge,' said the officer. 'That is, if he ain't away for his dinner. Give me a lift an' I'll show you where we turn in.'

The subsequent colloquy was futile.

Greensborough's court-house occupied one wing of an imposing pile of municipal brickwork which their captor designated as the town workhouse. Granted the authentic signs of a progressive community spirit revealed in well-paved and cleanly streets, ornamental lamp-posts, plate-glass store fronts on Main Street, and three moving-picture theatres within two blocks, it was still a wonder why so small a place as Greensborough should stand in need of such elaborate prison facilities.

'Now if it were a loonadic asylum, I could understand,' remarked Hartmann with vicious intent; 'but a chail —'

They found the court-room deserted. The 'jedge,' then, was at dinner, unless, it occurred to the constable, the jedge might be in the 'labbertory.' He pronounced the word with unmistakable pride in his mastery of the term and equal contempt for the thing it described.

'Laboratory?' said Hartmann. 'Lead the way.'

They marched through a confusion of wainscoted corridors and stopped before the open door of what Latimer might easily have accepted for the psychological experimentation room at his old college, except that everything was varnish-new and the sunlight came in cheerily through the window. A gray-haired young man, bending over a desk, raised his head and smiled inquiringly, a little innocently, Latimer thought, through horn-rimmed spectacles.

'Dr. Wheeling,' said the constable, with a semi-military curtness which was at the same time a salute and an introduction.

Latimer hastened to explain.

'We are in search of the officiating magistrate, having been apprehended on the absurd charge of violating the traffic regulations by an official whose zeal we can commend more easily than his intelligence.'

Dr. Wheeling was sympathetic.

'Justice Horner will not be back for some time, I regret to say.'

'He takes dinner at home, of course?'

'To be precise, no,' replied the prison doctor. 'The fact is, His Honor at this moment is some distance out in the country inspecting a prize milch-cow with a view to purchase.'

'That would be Al Thomas's Jersey,' observed the constable.

'Exactly,' said Wheeling. 'Won't you be seated?'

'But that is imbossible,' shouted Hartmann; and to their captor, 'Come along and help us hunt up your judge. I'll make it worth your while.'

The constable hesitated, and Latimer, to bridge the pause, did the polite thing.

'You have here an admirably equipped institution,' he remarked. His tone was the connoisseur's.

Wheeling beamed at him through his goggles. 'It's a very decent plant for a town of our size.'

'It is my surmise,' said Latimer, 'that this very impressive penal establishment has been built around your laboratory, Dr. Wheeling, and not the other way about.'

The doctor stared in amazement. 'How could you have guessed?'

'Shall we call it intuition?' smiled

Latimer. 'When I am in the presence of the scientific spirit I know it. My name is Latimer.'

Wheeling came forth from behind the desk and shook hands.

'May I suggest that your plan of hunting up the justice is a feasible one?' he addressed Hartmann. 'In the mean time, if Mr. Latimer is interested in our work I should be delighted —'

And when Hartmann and his turnkey were gone, 'Your surmise, Mr. Latimer, as to the origin of this institution touches me particularly, because it is largely through my efforts that the thing has taken form; if I may say it without boasting. My interests have always run in the direction of mental research, especially of the criminal type. I have written for the scientific journals. It was difficult work converting the local authorities to my plans; a special bond issue was necessary. Even then, as a straight penitentiary, this plant would never have been erected; but as an experiment station in criminal psychology it had decided publicity value. The argument appealed to our Chamber of Commerce. Without boasting, we have put Greensborough on the map. Only —' he sighed — 'the material is not as abundant as one might wish.'

'Greensborough is too law-abiding,' ventured Latimer.

'Unfortunately, yes. Our cells are often quite empty. That is why I have been compelled to resort to volunteers. The great majority of our citizens have subjected themselves to my tests, out of a commendable public spirit. But the population of Greensborough is limited.'

Latimer glanced about the room.

'Strictly speaking,' he said, 'I am not yet within the grasp of the law. Nevertheless, until my companion's return, if I can contribute to your stock of data —'

Wheeling went pink with delight.

'This is generous, Mr. Latimer. I hardly —'

'Not at all. Shall we proceed?'

'Immediately,' cried Wheeling. 'Allow me to place your chair in the full light. That's it.'

From drawers and shelves he brought out the simple materials of his business, and sat down before his desk, from top to toe the tingling professional.

'I trust, Mr. Latimer, that you approach this examination in the candid and impersonal spirit in which it is attempted,' said Wheeling. 'It is in the interest of science, of course. A sympathetic attitude on your part is essential to the validity of the tests we are about to undertake, even when these may seem superfluous or meaningless.'

'Does that frequently happen?' said Latimer, with the kindly intention of expressing interest.

But it brought up Wheeling with a start. His formula of introduction was really a sort of hypnotic chant intended to reduce the subject to the proper passive state. He looked at Latimer and wondered whether it had been necessary in the present instance.

'We will begin,' he said, 'with a simple experiment in visual observation. I shall pick up a black piece of paper with one hand and a white piece of paper with the other. You will tell me as soon as you are certain of your facts, which hand holds which. Close your eyes, please. Now!'

Latimer assigned the proper slip to the proper hand.

'Five seconds,' said Wheeling, in a tone of surprise, as he jotted down the answer on a prepared form. 'May I ask, Mr. Latimer, whether you have ever been tested for color-perception before this?'

'No,' said Latimer. 'Am I at all out of the normal?'

'More than twice the average reac-

tion time,' said Wheeling. 'We will try again — this time with red and blue. Close your eyes, please. Now!'

Latimer made the correct distinction.

'Extraordinary!' exclaimed Wheeling. 'Three seconds. Normal vision should distinguish blue from red more slowly than black from white. You have reversed the process.'

'Perhaps this may be the reason,' said Latimer. 'In the first instance I immediately distinguished the black from the white, but it took me some time to recall that, sitting opposite me, your right hand corresponded to my left and *vice versa*. In the second experiment I had fixed the identity of your right hand and your left. If you had asked me simply to point out the red and the blue and the black and the white, the results would probably have been different. It might be worth while to repeat the test.'

'Do you think so?' said Wheeling.

'I am convinced of it,' said Latimer.

They went through the test again, and it was as Latimer had foretold. The revised figures showed that Latimer was slightly above the average in color-perception for the ordinary type of prison inmate. Wheeling was delighted.

'Rapidity of concentration next,' he said. 'Take this paper and pencil and hold yourself ready to begin writing when I give the order. Ready? Write the names of seven common garden vegetables.'

'Spinach, tomatoes, potatoes,' wrote Latimer. 'A simple soul,' he thought, as he lifted his eye momentarily to catch the fleeting vision of the next vegetable, and saw Wheeling peering at him with that kindly, meaningless smile through the thick lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles. 'A simple soul, eager for the truth. Always the same goal; the difference is only in the method of approach. Truth! Men have sought her through the clouds that cover the awful light of the face of the gods, in the torture of their own flesh, in the eyes of women, in the Arctic silences of their own thoughts, in the forests, in the mountains, in the deserts, in cloisters and catacombs — Cucumbers, lettuce, parsley, beans,' he wrote hastily; and then as he caught Wheeling's astonished yet patient gaze, 'I believe I could do it faster than that. My mind wandered.'

'But that is just the point,' said Wheeling. 'As an index of mental co-ordination it is the first, unrehearsed attempt that counts. As such, the exceptional length of time you have taken is of the very highest significance. Excuse me while I set down a special remark that does not come under any of my schedules. Or, better still, while I am writing, I give you this sheet of paper on which you will kindly draw, without unduly hurrying yourself, the outlines of a pig, a tree, and a house.'

Here indeed was a task that called for the utmost concentration. Outside of the geometrical figures which he had drawn for some forty years on the college blackboard, Latimer was helpless with pencil in hand. The elements of perspective were a mystery to him; and expression was utterly beyond his powers. He succeeded in drawing the rough two-dimensional house which is the favorite of infancy, with curly smoke coming out of the chimney and a flight of steps hanging several feet below the ground level. He did a little worse on his tree, which was only a telegraph pole with arms projecting at acute angles. Recognizable both, perhaps; but the pig was a complete disaster.

'That is pretty poor, is n't it?' he said; and there was no pretense in the anxious query.

'It is not a question of good or poor,' said Wheeling, 'but of the age-class in which your technical execution would

place you. From that point of view the drawings are certainly extraordinary. Somewhere between six and seven years, I should say.'

'You mean a child of six or seven would be expected to do as well as this?' said Latimer, flushing scarlet.

'The average child,' said Wheeling. 'Twenty-three children in a hundred of that age-class would do better. So much for manual coördination. Now tell me as fast as you can how much is three times four?'

'Twelve,' Latimer shot at him before he had finished.

'Good! Eight times seven?'

'Fifty-six,' said Latimer with the same precipitation.

Wheeling flushed with excitement. 'We are on the track of what is evidently a special aptitude. Thirteen times thirteen?'

'One hundred and sixty-nine.'

'Twenty-four times twenty-four?'

'Five hundred and seventy-six.'

Wheeling's eyes were agleam. What a case! The doubly abnormal mind! In many instances below the median, in one instance rising far above it; how far above, he trembled to think. Then he took the plunge.

'One hundred and eleven times one hundred and eleven?'

'Twelve thousand, three hundred and twenty-one,' said Latimer.

'Two hundred and thirteen times two hundred and thirteen?'

'Forty-five thousand, three hundred and sixty-nine,' said Latimer.

'Amazing!' said Wheeling; and upon Latimer's soul, still writhing under the humiliation of that subnormal pig, the word fell like balm. In the upswing of spirits, self-confidence returned, and he felt prepared to meet Wheeling on a footing of human equality.

'Let us go back for a moment to a simple reaction test,' said Wheeling. 'That is essential if we are to strike the balance for the mental account. I will read out to you a string of numbers among which will occur the numeral four. As soon as you hear that number you will tap with your finger on the table. It may occur once or several times. You will tap every time. That is plain?'

'Quite,' said Latimer.

'Three, six, seven, six, six, three, eight, nine, six, five, eleven, nine,' began Wheeling.

'Undoubtedly a simple soul,' said Latimer to himself, his mind swimming lazily on the droning rhythm of Wheeling's notation. 'No trace of originality, I should say, but susceptible to guidance from above. A loyal private in the army of science, his not to make reply, but only to follow where others lead. Upon the minds of one hundred thousand such men the true mind of science builds its generalizations. The true mind glimpses the vision and flings it out for a hundred thousand common men to prove or disprove with their life's work. — Four!' He smote the table with both his fists as the signal number pierced to his brain.

Wheeling smiled.

'That is the third time I mentioned four. You don't mind my saying that you present the very interesting example of an exceptionable faculty rising above a low level of general mental coördination.'

'Not at all,' said Latimer.

'Of course I should want to look my data over carefully,' said Wheeling. 'But at a venture I should say that you belong,' — he hesitated, — 'I speak impersonally, of course, — in the thirteen- or fourteen-year class.'

'Allowing for the arithmetical exercises?' said Latimer.

'Yes, that would be the weighted average. To make the test complete I should have to take your cranial measurements.'

'You suspect —?' said Latimer.

'Characteristic criminal stigmata? I should hardly say that. But I can see peculiarities — the lobar formation —'

'Tell me this, Dr. Wheeling,' said Latimer, breathing heavily. It was a sign of rising steam in the boiler of his temperament. 'Your system consists in testing my mental capacities by the standard of the child?'

'Exactly.'

'But you have n't asked me to skip a rope.'

Wheeling stared.

'That is not part of our regulation test,' he said.

'And yet it is plain,' sputtered Latimer, 'that at skipping a rope I should probably be inferior to a child of eight. I should likewise be very low down in the scale at going down a banister, or creeping under a gate, or walking on my hands. And if it came to screaming myself red in the face and getting my toe into my mouth, I should be set very low in the scale of infantilism.'

'But our tests,' said poor Dr. Wheeling.

'I mean,' shouted Latimer and caught himself on the edge of an explosion —

(*To be concluded*)

MISSING

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood there just this morn
With the live blood in his cheek
And the live light on his head?
Dost Thou remember, Lord, when he was born,
And all my heart went forth thy praise to seek,
(I, a creator even as Thou,) —
To force Thee to confess
The little, young, heart-breaking loveliness,
Like willow-buds in Spring, upon his brow?
Newest of unfledged things,
All perfect but the wings.
Master, I lit my tender candle-light
Straight at the living fire that rays abroad
From thy dread altar, God!
How should it end in night?

Lord, in my time of trouble, of tearing strife,
Even then I loved thy will, even then I knew
That nothing is so beautiful as life! . . .
Is not the world's great woe thine anguish too?
It hath not passed, thine hour,
Again Thou kneelest in the olive-wood.
The lands are drunk with sharp-set lust of power,
The kings are thirsting, and they pour thy blood.
But we, the mothers, we that found thy trace
Down terrible ways, that looked upon thy face
And are not dead — how should we doubt thy grace?

How many women in how many lands —
Almost I weep for them as for mine own —
That wait beside the desolate hearth-stone!
Always before the embattled army stands
The horde of women like a phantom wall,
Barring the way with desperate, futile hands.
The first charge tramples them, the first of all!

Dost Thou remember, Lord, the hearts that prayed
As down the shouting village street they swung,
The beautiful fighting-men? The sunlight flung
His keen young face up like an unfleshed blade . . .
O God, so young!

Lord, hast Thou gone away?
Once more through all the worlds thy touch I seek.
Lord, how can he be dead?
For he stood here just this day
With the live blood in his cheek,
And the live light on his head?
Lord, how can he be dead?

A PARABLE FOR FATHERS

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

DINNER was perhaps the busiest hour in father's hard-working day. Whatever else Murray and Jean might be learning at college, carving had been omitted from the curriculum. Father was left to struggle alone, as usual, with the huge roasts which were wont to vanish with startling rapidity before the onslaughts of the young Hendersons. No sooner would a first expeditionary force of well-filled plates be sent forth than, before father could do more than cut up Trottie's meat, the long procession would be filing back again to a tumultuous chorus of encores. Between relays, there were the twins' covert scufflings to be suppressed; mother was admittedly the disciplinarian of the family, but father's quiet, 'Boys! I had been looking forward to a quiet dinner-hour!' had power generally to soothe the stormier moments.

It was not until every one else had nearly finished that father, guiltily conscious of delaying dessert, would find leisure for a few hurried mouthfuls, and it was that inopportune moment that Trottie invariably chose to make him a fervent avowal of affection. She must hold father's hand; father must lean over and kiss her. Murray's or Jean's impatient, 'Trottie, *do* let father eat. We have an engagement and it's late already,' would force an issue between food and caresses. Father had not that strong-mindedness one would wish in such a situation; despite mother's protests, he always weakly declared that he had quite finished, and abandoned himself to Trottie's sticky embraces.

It is needless to state that father did not scintillate during the evening meal. Like most quiet men, he had married a vivacious girl; but even mother's volubility collapsed before that hubbub of young voices clamoring for the platform. The fourteen-year-old twins kept up a continuous merry altercation, occasionally rising into shrill-voiced vehemence; eight-year-old Trottie, her genial efforts persistently snubbed, took refuge in soliloquy; twenty-year-old Murray and eighteen-year-old Jean held victorious sway of the rostrum, with a running fire of comment on 'our crowd' and college reminiscences, varied occasionally by kindly efforts to educate mother and father, or to settle for their benefit any problem, from politics to the rearing of children.

Mother sometimes grew restive under this instruction, but father always listened gravely when Murray corrected his business methods or political views. Sometimes, when the college vocabulary grew particularly vivid, he would lift a humorous eyebrow over at mother and complain, — for father always had his quiet joke, — 'Is it for this we've been standing in the bread-line all winter?' And mother would reply cryptically, in horror, 'Eastern polish!'

But if father did not talk, there was certainly something radically wrong with the universe when that unfailing background of genial, interested silence was suddenly withdrawn. It began the night when he called down the table to mother, with a gloom that was new to his cheery voice, —

'It's on the twentieth —'

'What's on the twentieth?' demanded Larry, the more irrepressible — if there was indeed any choice — of the twins. 'A funeral, I should judge from father's beamish look.'

'It's the Loyal Legion banquet at the Carlisle House,' mother informed them, 'and your father has promised to make a speech.'

The youthful Hendersons tore themselves from their ice-cream and exploded in an amazed chorus. Murray voiced the general sentiment.

'I did n't know speeches were in father's line,' he said. He had just won a Sophomore debating medal himself.

'They are n't,' groaned father. 'You don't inherit that from me.' He put his gray head down into his hands with a dejection that no business cares had ever wrung from him in public. 'I can't see how I ever let myself be persuaded into the confounded thing.'

This from father was the wildest profanity, and indicated a serious state of mind indeed.

From that moment, it seemed, father was a changed man. As the days drew nearer to the twentieth, his mien became more and more that of a condemned criminal awaiting execution. At table he was for once deaf alike to repartee or to recrimination; all evening he sat motionless behind his paper, with troubled eyes and moving lips, evidently in agonized rehearsal of the fatal speech.

The extraordinary thing was the effect this had upon the family. Father was a darling, of course — there was no one in the world like him; but in that vivid, effervescing circle of young life, each absorbingly intent upon his own pleasures and ambitions, father admittedly played a relatively unimportant rôle. It was inexplicable, therefore, how the merriest sallies lost their flavor without the applause of his silent chuckle, the keenest triumphs their zest without his pleased smile. Trottie expressed the family sentiment when, in the midst of rapidly appropriating father's neglected dessert, she burst into a prolonged wail. 'I'm mizzable! father don't pay 'tention to me.'

The morning of the twentieth dawned clear and bright, and father searched in vain with haggard gaze a cloudless sky. It was plain that he had hoped to the last that some devastating cataclysm of Nature might prevent the evening's horror. Instead, Fate, grimly relentless, was preparing for him another prostrating blow. Mother, to whom he had clung for mental support throughout the hideous week; who had alternately soothed his fears and energetically prodded his faltering spirit; who had assured him twenty times each night that it was ridiculous for any man who had had such unusual experiences never to have spoken once at the banquets; that he would find how simple it was once he began; that he knew how much they all thought of him and how lenient his audience would be; that he had promised and could not disappoint them now, — mother, at the eleventh hour, after battling valiantly all day, succumbed to a neuralgic headache and took to her bed.

It was late in the afternoon when she called Jean to her darkened chamber and told her that she must go in her place.

'But, mother, I *can't*,' Jean expostulated aghast. 'It's the night of the Farley dance and I've promised to go with Harold.'

'It's too bad,' mother agreed, 'but your father can't go alone to the only speech he's ever made in all his life — when you know how he's been dreading it, too. You'll have to call Harold up.'

Jean explained with exemplary patience. 'But, mother, you don't under-

stand. It would be *awful* to break a date this way at the last moment — when it's too late for Harold to get another girl. If I had any kind of an *excuse* it might be different, but just an engagement with one's *own father* —'

But mother was impervious to reasoning. 'It's a very little thing to do for your father,' she declared. 'It's no use arguing, Jean — if you won't do it, I'll get up and go myself, sick as I am.'

'Of course, if you put it that way, mother, I'll have to go,' Jean said stiffly. 'Probably Harold will never forgive me, but I suppose that does n't make any difference.'

'I hope Harold has a little sense,' remarked her mother unfeelingly. 'I think Murray should go, too. Is he going to take any one to-night?'

'He's stagging it,' Jean admitted unwillingly. 'Lucia's out of town, and he won't take any one else. But I know he's looking forward to this dance.'

There was still that hurt antagonism in her young voice. It was not as if she would n't be glad to do anything in the world for father, she told herself with passionate insistence. But she could n't make his speech for him! And just *going* with him surely was n't worth this terrible sacrifice mother was calling upon her to make. Of course she could n't explain to mother how things stood, how mean she had been to Harold last night; no direct unkindness of word or deed that they could thrash out openly afterwards, but little intangible wounds of omission — wounds inflicted in sheer girlish intoxication of her budding power over men. Harold had borne them in rigid, bitter silence; all day long she had promised herself to atone for them graciously to-night. And now he would think her amazing message a last unwarrantable stab! He would perhaps never give her a chance to explain — how could she explain anyway when she did n't understand herself what had made her behave as she had?

'Please tell Murray I'd like to speak to him,' mother was saying wearily. 'And if you're going, Jean, you'd better dress right away.'

It had evidently been a stormy session with Murray, too, from the gloom on his handsome brow when he and Jean, mutinous young martyrs, presented themselves coldly to mother for a still unforgiving farewell kiss. She eyed disapprovingly Jean's simple gown.

'I want you to put on the dress you were going to wear to the dance,' decreed mother implacably. 'You must look your best to-night for your father's friends.'

'But, mother,' Jean protested, in exasperated justification, 'you're always lecturing me to save my clothes, and surely to-night —'

'To-night of all times,' declared mother. 'Do you realize that your father seldom has a chance to enjoy your pretty clothes — when he has to work so hard to pay for them?'

Jean obediently buttoned her best pink tulle — that cloud of flimsy loveliness which had been destined to delight Harold's adoring eye — over a hotly rebellious heart. She swept down the stairs like an outraged young duchess. Father's tragic gaze lightened for a moment as it rested on her.

'My little girl looks very sweet to-night,' he said; and Jean forgot for a moment her attitude of injured martyrdom and gave him an impetuous hug. After all, it was n't father's fault —

Bitterness surged over her again, however, as they went down the steps and turned toward the street-car. How different an exit from her usual triumphant descent to the carriage some eager admirer had waiting for her each evening. For this was in the days when the horse had indeed received his death-blow, but was not as yet socially

extinct. Romance, even in the opening years of the twentieth century, still rode to dances in 'sea-going hacks,' as Murray elegantly termed them.

Something of Jean's thought must have penetrated father's mind, for he turned an anxious eye upon her white coat. 'I ought to have had a carriage for those pretty clothes,' he said. 'You see, I never dreamed I was to be honored this way.'

'It does n't matter,' Jean assured him.

An uncomfortable little thought had wedged itself into her mind. There was always an equipage of some sort waiting for her; Murray's carriage-bill rolled in each month as regularly as his laundry-bill; but father and mother, the last few years, went always on foot. Was this waiting on the bread-line such a joke, perhaps, after all?

It was a silent ride to the hotel. Father was evidently miles away from them, locked in a last frenzied struggle with the speech. Jean and Murray were lost in bitter dreams of the paradise they had lost. The last dreg of unkindness seemed added to Jean's cup when she surveyed herself in the dressing-room. She had never looked so pretty. 'And only those old fogies to see me,' she mourned.

The unworthy thought vanished when she saw the light in father's face as she came out into the corridor. All that was best in Jean leaped to meet that look. What did one silly little dance matter anyway? What difference did it make if Harold never spoke to her again, when she had the power to bring such love and pride into father's eyes? In a passion of remorseful tenderness she smiled and dimpled her winsomest as father's friends bent courtly silver heads over her hand and paid her old-fashioned compliments. Even Murray's glumness melted before the touching pride in father's voice as he introduced 'my little girl' and 'my boy.'

Father himself seemed miraculously changed from the quiet figure they had always known. The grim shadow of the speech had evidently lifted, for a few moments at least. He sparkled suddenly with boyish enthusiasm and eager good-fellowship. It was astonishing to see these elderly magnates clapping him on the shoulder, calling him Rolly, bringing up reminiscences of a dashing past which made father's children open their eyes. Was it possible that father had not always been sixty, and merely a lovable background for very remarkable children?

It was not until they were fairly seated at the long table, resplendent in floral swords and crossed sabres, that the real meaning of the occasion came with a touch of awe to Jean. She had known of course that the Loyal Legion were officers of the Civil War. All the children had been brought up on father's war stories. The twins still voraciously demanded them; but she and Murray had for some time past felt that the war was a very remote and insignificant topic indeed before the burning issues of college and social life which loomed colossal upon the horizon. They had tactfully concealed this point of view from father. He never knew that when he began, 'Just before the battle of Nashville, when we were stationed —,' she or Murray would signal silently, 'It's your turn this time to listen,' and slip from the room.

But somehow father's reminiscences had abruptly ceased — also the invitations to the open banquets that he had wistfully tendered them from time to time. They had always been too busy to go. To-night, this assemblage of white-haired, straight-backed officers — scarred and crippled, some of them — made startlingly vivid the Great Conflict, and dwarfed to pitiful insignificance her foolish, trivial little round

of pleasures. Why, these men had done great things — offered their lives that the flag against the wall might still be theirs. And she and Murray had felt it a condescension to give up an evening to them!

She slipped her hand into father's underneath the table. Father's fingers closed about it convulsively, in a desperate appeal very different from their usual comforting strength. He met her startled glance with a brave attempt at a smile, but there was no doubt that father was again in a 'blue funk.' Jean herself felt a sudden tremor of fear. It was all very well to have laughed about the speech in the safe shelter of home; before this august gathering it took on new and hideous proportions. She felt a sudden passionate desire to throw her arms around father before them all, to cry out to them how dear and splendid he was, even if he could not make speeches.

She could see that Murray was sharing her fears.

'I wish I'd gone over it with you, father,' he said remorsefully; 'I could have helped you perhaps — and then I could have prompted you if you got stuck!'

The speaking began. One glib-voiced orator after another got up, rolled out polished, graceful sentences, sat down. Jean hated them all with fierce intensity. And now the terrible moment had come. It was father's turn.

'We have among us to-night,' the toast-master was saying, 'one known to you all as the bravest of soldiers, the most efficient of officers, the best of comrades. No one present has seen more active or unusual service than Captain Henderson. Unfortunately his modesty equals his valor, and we have never been able to persuade him to relate at our banquets any of his experiences. To-night, however, as he is the only officer here who was present at the storming of Fort Blakely, he has relented and promised to make us —'

'Not a speech!' father implored wretchedly. He had been listening to these encomiums in the frankest misery. 'You know you promised I need n't make a speech — just talk.'

'I stand corrected,' apologized the toast-master, amid laughter. 'Captain Henderson is not going to speak to us — he is merely going to talk to himself — about the storming of Fort Blakely.'

Father did not attempt to rise. He leaned forward a little, and in a very low voice, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, began to speak. Murray's knuckles whitened between his straining fingers; beneath the table Jane clutched father's coat in a convulsive grasp.

'This is the first speech I have ever made,' said father simply, — 'and the last. I am sure you already understand why. But if you want to know about Fort Blakely, — why, I was there, — and this is what happened.'

He went on huskily, with an occasional falter or clearing of his throat, to describe the lay of the country, the arrangement of the troops, the importance of the assault. Jean, listening in an agony of pity and tenderness, swept the table with defiant, hostile glances. If they dared to be laughing at father! If they dared to notice how his dear hand shook as he lifted a glass of water to his lips! Something in the kindly intent faces reassured her, lifted that intolerable ache of impotent sympathy. Why, they *loved* father — these men! It would n't make any difference what his speech was like — they would understand.

Perhaps father, too, dimly felt this as he went on. His voice grew clearer, his look less haggard. His head was up and he was speaking, still very quietly, but so that all the room could hear,

when he brought them to the beginning of the charge —

And then one could see that father completely forgot his speech; forgot his circle of motionless listeners; he was a boy of twenty, riding headlong into a horror of blood and fire and almost certain death, holding in his young hand the responsibility of a hundred lives and the welfare of a nation. This was no 'Speech' indeed, but a flaming page torn from history.

They were very silent for a moment when he ended — then the room broke into a thunder of applause. There could be no doubt as to the success of father's speech. The toast-master had to fight for silence.

'There are a few words I should like to add to Captain Henderson's graphic account,' he said. 'I am sorry to state that he has not been wholly accurate in some details. He entirely neglected to mention that he led that famous charge himself, was the first man over the parapet, and was promoted in consequence for conspicuous gallantry on the field of action.'

How they did cheer father then! There were tears in Jean's eyes, and Murray was openly swelling with pride like a young turkey-cock. Father himself looked abjectly miserable, as if he had been caught red-handed in a crime.

At the close of the evening they stood and, in accordance with the beautiful old custom, joined hands in a circle and sang 'Auld Lang Syne.' It held a heart-breaking significance for that gray-haired band, where each year gaps were made as one gallant officer after another was called to obey his last orders. Murray and Jean, fresh links in the chain to hand down the hero blood, sang lustily and happily. This time it was they, who, standing very close to father, holding his hands very tightly, sent down the table glances of proud possession.

It was far from a silent ride homeward. Father was inclined to treat humorously both his earlier fears and his success, but his children would have none of this.

'It was a bully speech, father — a wonderful speech,' Murray told him earnestly for the tenth time. 'And me with the nerve to think I could have helped you with it! And, father, why did n't you tell us those things about yourself? You always just talked about the *regiment!* I just burst with pride — those things they said about you —'

Father, visibly embarrassed, protested that every one was like that in the war; but the eager young voice swept on.

'And, father, I can join next year, can't I? You told me I could when I was twenty-one — I want to *belong* — and go to those meetings with you.'

'Why, my boy!' said father; and to Murray's astonishment turned his back upon him and looked steadfastly out of the car-window. 'I've dreamed of that since you were a little shaver. The first hour they put you in my arms I began planning —' Father's voice broke and he was silent.

Jean was silent, too, studying with wide-eyed intentness a topsy-turvy world. One short evening had swept father from the obscure niche he had occupied by virtue of being Murray's and her parent into a figure suddenly towering, magnificent. And it was not wholly because of splendid charges and parapets stormed that she saw with new vision: there was the quiet heroism of father's daily life, its selflessness, its constant thought for others, its burdens so gallantly and cheerily borne. As they went up the steps, she flung her arms around him in a storm of emotion.

'It's nothing,' she choked at father's alarmed insistence. 'I was just thinking, what if anything had happened to you in that dreadful war — and I could n't have had you for my father!'

FREEDOM OF THE COLLEGE

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

I

THERE have been many disputes about freedom. And there will be many more. It is a matter about which men feel very deeply. It has therefore been argued about more than it has been studied. 'Shall not a man be free to think what he thinks and say what he thinks'? one group demands. 'What are you going to do with a fellow who has no common sense?' retorts the other. And on the relations of Liberty and License, especially as both names begin with *Li*, there have been many passionate pronunciamentos.

We are apparently just entering on another phase of this old conflict. It is presented very commonly in the headlines of our newspapers. 'Another professor dismissed. Teaching investigated and condemned. Faculty members protest in vain. Trustees firm.' The reader is given the impression that a conflict is going on in the colleges, that trustees and professors are arrayed in opposing camps. It is understood that one party is demanding freedom of thought and speech while the other is insisting upon common decency and common sense. And further, it is noted that the two parties find their demands mutually hostile and irreconcilable. Just why freedom and common sense should be irreconcilable does not appear to the casual observer, or perhaps appears only to him. And yet it is very easily taken for granted that they are. And so the issue is formulated. Trustees and professors are in conflict about freedom of thought and speech.

Now if there be such a conflict within the college, it is not to be avoided. It would be well to have it out, and that quickly. I should like, in this paper, to contribute, so far as I may, to the 'having it out.' I do not expect to end the controversy. My purpose is rather to find out whether or not there is one, and if so what it is. Especially I should like to know just what it is that the professor wants and that the trustee is said to be unwilling he should have. What is academic freedom?

In the first place, what kind of a thing is it? Is it a right, or a duty, or an obligation, or a privilege, or a perquisite, or what is it? Is it something which the professor wants for his own private satisfaction? That would make it a perquisite or a privilege. And we should have the very natural question, 'Why may not other people have the same freedom which the professors claim?' But the question which we really ask on this plane is just the opposite one. The question is, whether the professor may have the same degree of freedom as other men have; whether, because of his peculiar responsibilities, he ought not to be specially limited in thought and speech. There are, we all know, dangers with professors. There is always the danger that some one will take a professor seriously; and so it may be necessary to take care what he says. And it is also possible that his thinking may carry him along one of the roads that thought travels, that he may really get somewhere else; therefore there may be need of prescribing whither he shall and shall not go. These are dan-

gers which mark him off from the common run of men. And so the question on this level is, to what degree the professor should be denied this privilege of freedom of thought and speech which a democracy normally allows its citizens.

But freedom as a privilege is not fundamental. The duty or obligation to be free is the essential thing. I take it that the community is so related to the college and the college so related to the professor, that the community makes a demand upon the college with regard to the professor. It says, 'I demand of you that for the sake of my welfare you see to it that the study of my scholars and the learning of my children be free.' And the duty, the obligation, of the professor is to the college just as the obligation of the college is to the community. In order to do its service, he must be free; he is a trickster and a fraud if he is not free. When he speaks of freedom, he is not playing with his own perquisites and possessions; he is facing his master and the commands of his duty are upon him.

The essential principle in the doctrine of academic freedom as a duty may, I think, be stated in this way. Most men, outside our institutions of learning, having the choice between freedom and non-freedom of thought and speech, choose the privilege of the latter. They prefer not to be free. It is for this reason that they demand that the man within the college shall adopt the former. To explain this statement, I must try to explain what colleges are for. If we can understand this, I think we may get a grip on academic freedom. May I therefore try to describe the mission of the college with regard to human opinions and judgments?

Every one knows, or may know if he stops to think about it, that his opinions, the judgments which he believes, are not very good, are not so true as they might be. 'Mine own they are,' we say, 'but poor things.' In the realm of politics, for example, we all have opinions and act upon them, but we know that we do not know very much about politics, and further that, if we did know more, we could make better opinions. And the men who differ from us, as well as those who agree with us, are in like situation. They too are doing each his best, and yet it is not very good. Our judgments upon politics, yours and mine, are rather poor things; they are not very true; for reasons of our own we claim the privilege of holding opinions, of believing them, of acting on them, even though we know that as opinions they are no better intellectually than are we who make them.

There are two ways in which this unsatisfactoriness of our opinions is brought home to us, and each of them seems to me to reveal the need of colleges which are free.

The more obvious bit of evidence about the quality of our opinions is that our neighbors think less highly of them than we do ourselves; in fact, they contradict them. And these contradictions come, not only from our equals in intelligence, but also from our superiors. I may believe in Social Coöperation, but my neighbor holds fast to Individualism. And on the whole he seems to be as good a mind as I. In other words, I think that my opinion is true, but just as good a mind as mine thinks it is not. That makes the chances even that I am wrong. But worse and more disturbing than our equals are our superiors, the better men who differ from us. No matter what opinion we may hold, we know that other minds, better informed and trained than ours, can make a better. And so, however brave a face we put on it, we know that our superiors, the men whose mental fibre is stronger and more delicate, can think their way to better thoughts than ours. I feel sure that this awareness of our ineptitude,

this knowledge of our ignorance, is one of the reasons why we build colleges.

The second and more disturbing observation about our beliefs is that of their connection with our interests. Here again, not in a conscious way, but none the less effectively, we seem to have chosen not to be free. Men seem to think by classes, and thoughts to express desires and needs rather than facts. We do not like the story that when the Constitution was made men voted in groups according to the bearing of the votes upon their holdings or lack of holdings in property. And yet the story is told. And in the telling is revealed, not conscious lack of honesty, not conscious putting of private interests before the public good, but rather a blind unconscious bias in human thinking. And in the present day there is no lack of illustrations. Holders of property to-day are very much agreed about the rights of property. And laboring men are on the whole convinced that labor does not get its share and must have more. Germans agree that Germany must have her place out in the sun, and France and England find the moral law demanding that they keep the Germans in their proper place. Even professors sometimes agree — as to the interests they have in common. They are in large agreement concerning college presidents, college trustees, and professorial freedom. They hold the dogma of their class, that members of the class should have more power. And when one leaves his class and joins the presidents, we know the merry farce of changing points of view, of widening experience, of greater insight into many things.

I do not wish to press the point too far. I am not saying that human beliefs are simply selfish desires finding expression in the forms of thought. The man who proves that human thinking is 'interested' in this sense, proves that his proof is 'interested,' and we should ask of him not whether his proof is good or bad, but what he hopes to gain for himself by setting up the proof. Nor am I taking as my own the current popular philosophy which scoffs at 'absolutes' and finds the meaning of truth in service to the actual ends of actual men. That doctrine too is rendering doubtful service in these times of stress. But I am only saying this — that as we view our fellows and ourselves, we find ourselves in groups according to our interests, and in those groups we find common beliefs related to those interests. There is a bias in our thinking. We cannot trust ourselves to be impartial. To do our daily work we must be special in our points of view. Unconsciously we use our thoughts as instruments to further our ends. But when we stop to think about it, we hate the special interested point of view; we know that it is not true, not worthy of our deeper selves. And in the seeking for escape from it, we find a second impulse to the building of the colleges, the colleges which shall be free.

If now the college be defined in terms of these two impulses, it is essentially, not accidentally, a place of freedom. It is a place in which the human mind is seeking deliverance from its bonds — the bonds of partial knowledge and self-interest. It has no hope of fully achieving such freedom, and yet this end defines its work. Men form their opinions from partial knowledge; the college must know, so far as may be known, all that the human mind has thought and learned which bears on these opinions. Men fashion their thoughts according as their interests and activities have moulded and shaped their minds; the college may have no special interests shaping it. It must in this sense stand apart, viewing all interests of men alike with equal eye, and measuring each in terms of every other and the whole. It

is a place of knowledge and of criticism.

What then is academic freedom? It is, it seems to me, the very quality of a college. The question whether or not a college is free is meaningless. An institution which is not intellectually free is not a college, whatever else it be. States may be servants of partial insights and partial interests, and so may factories and corporations, and even schools of medicine; but not so colleges. A college is our social and individual striving to escape the bonds which the world's work would fix upon us. It is the search for freedom from ourselves.

II

The actual carrying on of the college enterprise brings one to many rather puzzling problems. Even for an individual self-criticism is not an easy task. To do two things at once — to go about one's work, planning and acting as if one's thoughts were true, and yet to know and act as if one's thoughts were wrong and partial — to do both things at once is hard for busy, single-minded men. It is no wonder that we fail. But it is even harder for an institution like a college to do the task. A college has so many independent parts which do not know each other, which take themselves for granted, which have not stopped to think about themselves, or other parts, or even the college as a whole. Trustees, professors, presidents, departments, graduates, students, donors, outside world are all factors in the situation. Each has its share in making for our people knowledge and self-criticism. And they have hardly begun to criticize, to understand themselves, to realize the work they have to do.

But worse than either of these difficulties is the fact that, though the college has compounded its medicines to cure the public mind, the patient does not come for treatment; he does not know that he is ill. We say that colleges are built because men know their ignorance, that is, the ignorance of their fellows, and wish to cure it. But motives are not always clear, even to those who act on them. And I am sure that, in the large, our public does not keenly feel the need of criticism; on the other hand, I am not sure that, if it did, the college is the doctor whom it would choose for diagnosis and prescription.

What shall we do to lure the patient, to get some living forms in which to practice our profession? I see no other way except to hang our shingle out and let it swing in public places. Perhaps to change the figure would give it more attractiveness. 'Clearing House for Opinions; Discount on Popular Prejudices; Foreign Exchange'! And if we catch a patient, we must make it clear to him that he is ill, yes, very ill, and that the social mind is ill also, and all his friends. I fear the method is not quite professional. But something must be done to make people understand that colleges are ready to do a piece of work, and that the work is sorely needed in our country and by our generation.

Assuming then that we have caught a patient, may I proceed to tell him just what our methods are and what they are not, to arouse his hopes, excite his fears, especially to let him know what college freedom is?

And first, let it be understood, the college is not simply a school for boys. It is a place to which boys should go because the teachers of men are to be found there, scholars whom men respect and honor as their guides and leaders. No man who cannot lead his peers is fit to teach the younger generation. The education of a boy consists in coming into active contact with a group of minds which have command of human thinking; he learns by feeling how they think, and imitating them.

Again, the college has no list of dog-

mas or doctrines which it seeks to teach. There is no catalogue of things to be believed, nor any list of problems which should not be discussed. I have heard the suggestion made that certain matters are not to be regarded as 'subjects of reasonable controversy.' I am sure that for a college no such prohibition can be made. I do not mean that every problem of human life will be discussed by every student all the time. There must be pedagogic common sense in choosing things to think about. But are there matters which are not 'subjects of reasonable controversy'? I know no other test than this — any matter concerning which reasonable men differ is a subject of reasonable controversy. And if there be such reasonable disagreements, young minds should know about them in proper time.

On the other hand, if there are still other subjects on which all men have the same opinions, there can be little harm in letting younger people know of these agreements. The only genuine pedagogic sin I know is that of dragging our students by the nose to preconceived conclusions, blinding their eyes to paths that lead on this side or that toward truth, yet pretending that we are leading them into the ways of human thought. Such teaching is not honest; and it will find its own reward for those who give as well as those who take it.

I do not mean that there is no place for schools which choose to teach some special doctrines which they think important. Such schools are different from free colleges, not in kind but only in degree. No college, however free, can escape the prepossessions of its background, the mental attitude from which it springs. But in the schools of which I speak, some special conscious limitations are taken on; the school commits itself to teaching this or that as true. Such schools must first of all try to be fair to doctrines other than their own. But they must also deal honestly with those for whose support they ask. They have no right to put a label on and then to act and teach as if the label did not mark them off from others; that is what labels do.

Does the receiving of gifts from private donors or public governments destroy or hamper the freedom of the college? Yes, in some degree. Taking the college world at large, such influences are subtly, or not so subtly, felt. But there is no essential reason why they should be present. If they are, some one has failed to understand his task and hence to do it. No college, clearly conceived and honestly administered, would take a gift to which such influence was attached. No college is for sale, and nothing that is for sale, subtilely or obviously, can be a college.

I think that the Association of University Professors, fine as it is in purpose, has tended to increase misapprehension at this point. The Association in its proposals and discussions has sundered the college in two. It has opposed the teachers and the administrators. Trustees and presidents, it seems to say, must further the material interests of the college, must pay the bills, and find the wherewithal to pay them. Professors, on the other hand, have no concern with interests like these; they are the scholars and teachers, interested in the truth. Professors are free, but trustees and presidents — well, they must get the money, so perhaps they must give up some measure of their freedom. What does this mean?

It sometimes seems as if professors said, 'Let presidents and trustees get money as they can; let them make promises to donors or legislators if need be; but we will see that the promises they give are broken; no man can influence us.' Professors free; trustees and presidents slaves, that seems to be the doctrine. But surely such a doc-

trine is false and hateful. No college can live half-slave and yet half-free. Professors have no right to freedom unless the college as a whole is free. The freedom of professors is a myth unless it lives within the freedom of the college.

I think that in the large, with very little reservation, the colleges are free, trustees and presidents as well as teachers. Donors and legislators are eager to give to institutions which no man can buy; that is their reason for giving. But public confidence in such freedom is not so easy to secure. Men carry the notions of property and ownership from other fields into the college field; they make a gift into a bargain, and so they fail to understand. The college must explain itself, must make its friends and foes alike perceive that it is one in purpose; honest in dealings, seeking to free men from ignorance and self-interest, seeking to make for men knowledge and self-criticism. It has no other purpose in any part or fragment of its being.

A harder relationship to understand is that of professors and propaganda. How shall men express opinions within the classroom or outside, and yet not make the college seem to be a partisan in public disputes. There are two very different ways in which it might be done. We might arrange that no professor should be a partisan on any public issue; he must remain a scholar, seeing the principles beneath the popular disputes, impartially making all sides clear, and yet not advocating any one of them. Or on the other hand, we might make up a college faculty of many advocates, at least one advocate for every important line of popular thought and impulse, trusting to each to push his cause as strongly as he can. In either case, the college as a whole would remain free and uncommitted. Which is the better plan? I wonder if we need to choose between them.

No one who loves a college can fail to feel the attraction of the former plan. We like to think of scholars as standing apart from common quarrels, as looking deeper into life than common men, as finding the principles that underlie all common controversies. And so they do, and ought to do. And yet they do not by such study escape men's disagreements; the superficial quarrels reappear down in the lower levels of our thought; scholars are not agreed regarding the issues of our human life. They have their points of view, their attitudes of mind, their working theories, their own beliefs. Shall they be advocates of those beliefs? They cannot help it. But on the other hand, are there no limits to the forms their partisanship may take? I think there are. A man who advocates a view as if there were no other views, who finds the total truth in some mere fragment of an insight which has come to him, who sees and formulates no underlying principles beneath the strife of parties, is no proper college teacher. A college has a right to expect that every one who serves its cause, whatever else he do, shall keep its faith, its partial insight if you like, that truth is broader than a creed and deeper than the theories of any sect or class.

Shall college teachers be advocates or critics? I do not think we are ready to choose as yet. We want both types and are not ready to let either go. Most of our men prefer the impartial rôle; some have the zeal of advocates. And if the scholars keep themselves alive to human situations, and partisans hold fast to academic faith, we need not interfere. We should not like to see our 'ninety-three professors' declaring that all our acts are right — right beyond question; nor do we wish our scholars to retire to quiet places, reflecting sadly on the weaknesses of fellow men. One thing we know — whatever individual professors do or think, the college must

be impartial; it must not be an advocate; it must urge no cause but its own, the cause of knowledge and self-criticism.

There are, however, two or three remarks which may be made upon the issue just considered.

Should we, in choosing teachers, take account of their opinions? If we are well enough acquainted with their work to pass on their appointments, we cannot well help knowing what they think. And yet we must not take account of it. We might, if we had found ourselves by blind unconscious preference appointing men of our own points of view, seek out opponents of ourselves to keep the balance. But on no other ground could we be justified in choosing a man because of his beliefs.

May teachers be dismissed because they hold and advocate this view or that? Such action would contravene the very spirit and purpose of a college. Professors must be good men, must study well, and teach successfully. If these requirements are met, no question can be raised regarding their opinions. The college has no fear of any opinions. It takes them all and judges them. If this be true, the tenure of the teacher is not that of one who is paid to work as he is told, who may be sent away if those who pay him do not like the work he does. His tenure is rather that of the judge who, by the very nature of the task assigned him, is placed beyond control or punishment by those on whom his judgment must be made.

I think there is a case against the allowing of college presidents to play the rôle of public advocate. So far as teachers are concerned, safety is found in numbers. No one of them can claim to represent the college as a whole. Whatever one of them may say, a dozen of his fellows will be found to take another point of view. But presidents are wont to speak each for his college. Nothing about them is more obvious than just their singularity. And when a president takes his place in sect or party he takes the college with him as no professor can. I have no doubt that in the public mind one president, engaging in propaganda as a partisan, can do more harm in shaking confidence in academic fairness and impartiality than could a hundred teachers if they should storm and rave in every sect and party that the country knows. And if it should appear that, on the whole, the college presidents are very much alike in mental attitude, are in most cases committed to a single point of view regarding human problems, I think that very rightly the colleges would fail of influence upon the public mind, would lose the public confidence on which the doing of their work depends.

III

How shall we win and keep that confidence? That is the urgent problem for us and for the people we serve. How shall we teach unless the people listen? How shall they listen unless they know that we can teach and that we will?

Unless a people find, in colleges or elsewhere, some place of criticism, some place where truth is sought, where thought is free, there is no hope for freedom of the people.

The college must teach, and, first of all, must make the people understand what teaching is. How shall we let them know that we are building knowledge for their use, that we are serving every interest that they have and yet are slaves to none of them, that we will listen to every thought they bring and yet will weigh and value them with thoughts of other men in mind?

There is no other way than this: to study and to teach. And teaching is the attempt to make men free.

Physician, heal thyself!

SCIENCE AT THE FRONT

BY JOSEPH S. AMES

I

As one approaches the great battle-line of Europe, the most impressive fact is the existence of order. Every man has his definite work to do; there is no hurry, no confusion. At every cross-roads there is a director of traffic, for all the world like Piccadilly Circus; every motor-truck, every field-gun, has its appointed road to follow. Chance is excluded as a factor. The same idea controls the actual fighting — on the land, in the water, in the air; everything is regulated by knowledge, that is, by science. This does not mean military science in its narrow sense — far from it. It means that the general staffs realize the possibility of making use of scientific knowledge and the desirability of consulting scientific men.

Other features of the Front are striking: the magnitude of the preparations for battle, calling for the services of great business men; the attention paid to the social and physical well-being of the soldiers; and many other facts; but, the more one goes up and down the battle-line, the more one is amazed at the vital part which science is playing; and, the more closely one is allowed to enter into the councils of the staffs, the more apparent it is that men of science have a field of usefulness never before opened to them.

A clear-seeing, clear-thinking American chemist, who was in Germany and England for many months in the year 1916, having unique opportunities for observation in both countries, summed up the situation in a few words, which I heard him say soon after his return to this country. The substance of what he said was this: 'There is not the least uncertainty as to how this war will end. At its beginning, the German General Staff summoned the scientists of Germany into consultation on every step; each branch of the army called to its service professors from the universities and scientific experts from its numerous factories; but, as the war continued, the policy changed, the regular officers of the army replaced the scientific advisers, and now the latter have little influence. In England, the course of events has been the reverse: in the beginning the Staff officers had their way; but, as the months passed, more and more were the men of science called to help in advice and in actual field duty, until now every man of note in the scientific life of England is at work for the country. No fact is more striking in the history of the war; none will have consequences so far-reaching.

I will add to this, that in France the work of scientific laboratories has always received due and proper recognition and does now.

This fact was realized more or less clearly in this country, and in the spring of 1916 the National Academy of Sciences, at the request of President Wilson, organized a National Research Council, composed of engineers, university professors, and government officials, to make a study of the relation of science to war, and to be prepared to help the government in all

scientific matters. Immediately after this country declared war, this Council decided to send to Europe a commission of six, who should see with their own eyes what the part of science in the war was. It was my privilege to be one of these. We reached France toward the end of April, and returned to America early in July. We were welcomed by the French government, and later by the English, and were given every opportunity to ask questions and to observe. M. Painlevé, the Minister of War, at our first official reception, said to us, 'Every door in France is open to you'; and so we found.

In what follows I shall confine myself largely to my personal impressions and experiences; and I am sure that all of my associates could tell stories even more interesting. I cannot speak with any clearness of the hospital and sanitation service, of the work of the different medical research committees, of the scientific work in connection with food, of the wonderful institutions for the reëducation of the maimed and blinded, although all these were studied by some of us; but even I, a physicist, was conscious of the evidences of the astounding progress made by the French and English doctors and scientists.

We were placed in contact at once, both in Paris and in London, with the men we wished to see, many of whom were, of course, friends of long standing. We were shown laboratories, manufactories, testing-grounds, and given every imaginable help to get answers to questions and to see undreamed-of investigations. It was a most wonderful experience, to see the mobilization of a nation. There was no one, be he artist, merchant, scientist, or workman, who was not giving his service to his country. Office-hours and work-hours were from seven o'clock on; they had a beginning, but I never saw their end. Each week had seven days; for France and England know that they are at war, and modern warfare does not respect Sundays or festivals.

All the scientific work of the country is organized; there is no lost motion. There is complete coöperation between the staff, the men of science, and the manufacturers. The officer in the Army or Navy states his problem: he wishes to be able to locate the position of a battery of guns or a submarine; the scientific advisers instantly set to work. A geologist thinks his science can be of use to the general at the front; he is at once given an opportunity of proving the correctness of his idea. An airplane pilot thinks he can improve his machine; a manufacturer, without a day's delay, makes the alteration desired. It is wonderful. A whole nation at war is an awe-inspiring sight.

In Paris, which is now the centre of France, as never before, we received our theoretical instruction. We were interested in knowing about maps, for instance. We called, by appointment, to see the chief officer; he received us and at once gave us a lecture, with the clarity and breadth of view of a master, on the administration under his charge, telling us of each stage in the process of acquiring knowledge of the enemy's country and putting this on the printed map. We asked for more details, and all were explained. Then we were shown the actual working of the machinery; all the instruments, the organization of the personnel, the printing processes themselves.

Or, we wished to know about airplanes. We were shown the experimental laboratories and wind-tunnels, the manufactories, the new engines undergoing their various tests, the aviation fields; and finally, as an illustration of how air-planes were used, we were shown the system for the defense of Paris against raids through the air.

So it was with respect to every sub-

ject. Nowhere were we more impressed than in Paris by the fact that the French are a serious people. Each man is keen in his profession, earnest in his work, eager to talk about it to any one like himself, anxious to be of help in any way, and frank in describing defects or lack of perfection. The French army officer is the most wonderful man I met in Europe.

In England, too, our experiences were similar, only different in ways one expected, knowing the English people. In that country we visited individuals, rather than departments. The attitude of an Englishman toward his work is so different from that of a Frenchman; on the face of things, he is not proud of his achievements, he would rather show you a series of failures than the final success.

One incident among many will illustrate this. We wished to see the great aviation field at St. Omer; and, on our arrival, the officer in charge asked me what I would like to see. I said, among other things, air-plane instruments. His reply was, 'Right-o. Come over here. In this shed I have all of our broken-down instruments. What do you think of a government which would send us such things?' Finally, after due effort on my part, we were shown the instruments with which he was satisfied.

After we had been taken all over the field, we were about to leave, when I saw, a hundred feet away, what looked like a new type of air-plane; and I asked what it was. He was delighted to show it to me; it was the very latest machine. He told me what a surprise it had been for the Germans, and what a great success. It was the machine actually used by Captain Ball in running up his record of destroyed German machines to over forty. Now, this young officer simply could not have shown me that machine on his own initiative; he was so proud of it that he would have considered it a form of boasting, of 'side'; but the minute I asked questions, he was free of all responsibility. One can easily see that this quality of an Englishman makes it necessary for the visitor to know beforehand what he wishes to see. The latter is helped, though, by the intense frankness of an Englishman after his confidence is once secured, and by his deep pleasure in the fact that his brethren, the American people, are at war by his side, and share his ideals.

After several weeks of preparation we were taken to the actual battle-front, and shown how, in real hourly conflict, the methods and apparatus of science are applied. In Paris and London we learned the theory; at the front we saw the practice. Each confirmed the other. I was for five days the guest of a French army, passing from Rheims to Verdun; and for five days at the British headquarters, being taken along the line from Arras nearly to Ypres. I can truly say that the excitement, the mental stimulus, of seeing what the various applications of science to war meant rendered me unconscious of everything else. Shells often fell near us, they were nearly always passing over us eastward; we would fall and stumble into and out of shell-holes; we were in the midst of the horrors of a recent battlefield; none of these things made any real impression. No one, who has not had a similar experience, can picture the way in which one's senses are all deadened except those being used for the purpose in hand.

II

It is difficult to make a beginning in telling of what I saw of the uses of science. It must not be thought that I can in one article, or even a dozen, tell the whole story. I think it safe to say that there is no branch of science

which is not being applied in this war. This was a most surprising fact to me. Take geology. I had heard that geologists were attached to the Staff; but I had pictured them as mining engineers rather than as professors of the pure science. Imagine, then, my surprise when I found in one of the rooms at Headquarters a world-famous geologist studying and marking areas on a geological map of Flanders. All this country through which the battle-line passes has been studied with care by geologists for many decades, and Belgium and France have both published sets of maps showing all the geological details. On the professor's table was a map of the district directly east of Ypres; he was coloring certain areas red and others various shades of blue. He was also marking certain points and drawing a few straight lines.

Naturally I asked what it all meant. One color meant, 'Here it is safe to make dug-outs'; another, 'Here you will strike rock'; another, 'Look out for quicksands'; and so forth. The points meant, 'Dig for water.' I asked him why he did not use a divining-rod expert (only I said a 'dowser,' as I was speaking real English). He laughed and said that *unofficially* he might do so. The straight lines meant, 'Here you may make tunnels or burrow mines.'

I saw on the walls of the room vertical sections of the country, and inquiry brought the answer that they were for the study of underground water-systems; for the rise and fall of such might interfere with tunnels and mines, and so knowledge of them is necessary. Never have I spent a more interesting hour. It was said that one reason for the great success of the British operations at the Messines Ridge, when fifty or more mines were exploded, was the skill of the geologist who planned their location; for in some cases they were so surrounded by quicksands that the Germans could not countermine. I cannot vouch for the truthfulness of this, but, personally, knowing the men concerned, I believe it.

In this war the 'weather man,' the meteorologist, has come into his own. No one laughs at him now. His information is desired by the artillery officer who has to know the temperature of the air and its moisture-content, the strength of the wind at different levels, and the like, in order that he may aim his guns. When the temperature is hovering about the freezing point, the Staff wish to know if the improvised roads will be frozen sufficiently to permit the movement of guns or motor-trucks. The captains of the air-squadrons must know the condition of the atmosphere up to heights of 20,000 feet. The importance of the information may be judged from the fact that we were asked repeatedly if there was not some way by which the American weather reports could be kept from reaching Germany. Our reply had to be that, with Mexico where it was, nothing could be done.

At the beginning of the war the value of meteorological predictions was not recognized by the Allies. Two incidents produced a sudden change. One morning the batteries were ordered to resume firing at the same range as on the previous afternoon; no change in elevation was made, and the shells began landing in their own front trenches, whereas the day before they had reached the enemy's lines. Such is the effect of marked changes in the air. In the early days the British weather reports leaked into Germany; and one week every condition reported indicated that for a few days ahead the weather would be such as the Germans desired for the dispatch of Zeppelins over England. The forecasters in London, however, did not, in their printed statements, tell all that they knew, and

informed the Admiralty that a change was probable which would make the conditions favorable for attack on the Zeppelins. The latter came, and found the British ready for them. From that time on the meteorologist came into favor. Now there are observing stations at short intervals all the way from the Channel to the Alps; and information is sent out, in the form of bulletins, several times a day.

Ever since gunpowder was introduced into warfare, chemistry has been recognized as the one science which was essential in preparations for war; but a new chapter was opened when the Germans introduced poisonous gases as an instrument of death, in place of bullets. This was at the second battle of Ypres, in which the Canadian soldiers suffered so cruelly. The plan then followed was to transport to the front-line trenches steel cylinders containing the liquefied gases, level down the edge of the parapet toward the British forces, letting the nozzles project over the top, and then wait for a favorable wind.

Of course, as soon as the idea of the Germans in planning this hideous mode of warfare was recognized, it became comparatively easy to block it; the preparations could always be seen; then a bombardment could be set up which destroyed the tanks where they were, much to the distress of the Germans themselves. Consequently, the manner of using poisonous gases had to be altered; and the plan adopted was to take the shells in use with the big guns and fill them with the liquefied gases instead of with shrapnel. Special guns were devised for use at short range; and these so-called gas-shells now form a most important feature of artillery.

The only protection against these gases is a mask which may be put on quickly, and which is so constructed mechanically that the man can breathe in and out without strangling. The part of the chemist was to determine what substance should be put in the passages through which the air is inhaled, so as to absorb the poisonous gases. The way in which the French and English chemists solved this problem — for it is solved — excites the admiration of the world; and the real scientific work done in connection with it is a great contribution to pure science.

When the moral question involved in this use of gas as a weapon in war was settled and the Allies determined also to adopt it, chemists were again appealed to. The result has been a study of hundreds upon hundreds of gases, their toxicity, their density, their liquefaction, and the ease of manufacture; and here again the purely scientific side of the subject will be of permanent value. The work is going on unceasingly. Chemists are attached to all the armies, and chemical laboratories are in operation; so that, if the Germans send over any new shells, — and a certain proportion always fail to explode, — they may be investigated instantly. If the British line receives this favor from the Germans, the gas is studied, and the French chemists are told; and *vice versa*. There is complete coöperation. All the time, too, great laboratories in Paris and all over England are at work; all the chemists of both countries are government servants to-day. The men employed in actual scientific work, including testing, are numbered by tens of thousands.

Among the other ways in which chemists are helping to win the war is one which will probably strike an American as semi-amusing, although it is far from it. This is by the investigation of invisible inks. The subject sounds reminiscent of detective stories. As a matter of cold fact, England and France are thoroughly penetrated by the German spy system; and the Secret

Service officials of both countries are kept busy to the utmost of their ability in order to cope with the situation. It is much easier to devise an invisible ink than it is to discover the method by which the writing may be revealed. For, imagine a piece of apparently blank paper being found under suspicious circumstances: what should one do with it? Expose it to some gas or liquid which might bring out the written words? How can one be sure that the gas or liquid thus used may not obliterate the traces sought? This is the exact difficulty. Many inks are in use, of such a character that the obvious tests would result in a destruction of the evidence. The moral is, do not use the obvious tests. One can easily see what a field there is here for chemical investigations; and it is satisfactory to know that they have been made, and are continuing.

Other ways in which chemistry is being applied in warfare are numerous, indeed, but are almost obvious to one who asks himself how it could be used. The all-important fact is that the professional soldier has come to recognize the value of the chemist, and the latter has welcomed the opportunity for service.

Whether or not camouflage is a part of science, I cannot decide. What is certain is that the French government included it as a part of our programme of investigation of the scientific work of France. The word itself, I was told, was adopted from the stage, meaning the art of making something look different from what it really is — hiding reality in the guise of innocence. This art is surely a science now, in its perfection. I was walking — struggling rather — up the hill on whose summit is the tiny *abri* known as the Fort of Douaumont, when I heard a battery of French 'seventy-five's' operating very near; the shells were flying within a few feet of me. I looked around to see where the guns were, and I could not discover anything. The hill-side, as far as I could see, was simply a desolate waste of pock-marked earth, one shell-hole after another. Finally I saw wisps of faint smoke, that was all. My companion smiled, and asked if I could n't see the guns. I said I could not, and he replied that he was glad, because then no enemy could either. As I was then shown, the battery was about one hundred feet away. Such is camouflage.

We saw the whole process at another time. Great nets are suspended in a shed, and bunches of dried grass, stained to suit definite conditions, are tied on; then the net is spread over the ground and elevated slightly where necessary, forming inconspicuous humps over the batteries. If the neighboring earth is reddish, so are the bunches of grass tied to the nets. When two front-line trenches face each other for some time, the observers on each side get to know each minute feature of the territory between. Then some day a photographer and an artist come to the front trench, and note with scrupulous care some object, a branchless tree, a dead horse, even a dead soldier; within a few hours an exact copy is made, having a steel framework sufficient to conceal a man; in the night the real tree or horse or man is removed, and the steel image is substituted, with its observer or listener inside. Stories are told of the two enemies trying to replace the same object at the same time, with fatal consequences to one. Other illustrations of camouflage were shown us, but I hesitate to describe them, because I am convinced that the Germans do not as yet know them all. When it comes to a combination of imagination, artistic ability, and scientific ingenuity the French people cannot be equaled.

We felt sure when we reached France

that there was at least one branch of science in which there would be but few surprises for us, if any. That was map-making. But pride met its usual fate. We saw things of which we had never dreamed, largely, I must say, because we had never visualized this war. Parenthetically I may add that no one can who has not been in the midst of it. The French had enormous difficulties in the first months of the war. This must sound surprising to any one familiar with the wonderful maps of France which we all used when motoring or walking there in the years before the war. But war-maps must be drawn on a huge scale, showing minute details; so that existing maps must be magnified greatly; further, the accuracy required is the utmost limit attainable in the science of topography.

The Germans in their rapid sweep over northeastern and eastern France destroyed the marks of reference used on the existing maps! Consequently new surveys were necessary along the line of contact of the armies; old survey records of fields and villages on record in the district offices, corresponding to our county court-houses, were hurriedly obtained, and in a moment the new maps were ready; only the fine details had to be added gradually. But this was only the beginning; for the fighting up to now has been trench-warfare; and the progress of a battle-line forward or back is measured by feet. So that a map must show, not simply roads, churches, and bridges, but the enemy batteries, the service railroads, the trenches, shelters, food-depots, and all the rest.

Further, different types of maps are required for different services: the Staff must have one kind, the artillery officer another, the trench-commander another, and so on, almost without limit. The complication and difficulty are increased by the fact that the details supposed to be revealed by a map are changing every day: new rails are laid, new trenches are dug, the positions of new batteries are discovered. As a consequence, new maps for large stretches of the front are necessary every day of the year! The facts discovered to-day must be on the maps in the hands of the officers to-morrow; and it is done. It is easier to imagine the organization than to describe it; but the demands upon the engineering forces of the armies call for and receive the utmost skill and scientific training.

In this rôle of aiding in making maps, air-planes are essential. Information is desired as to the enemy's country over a certain sector; up goes flight after flight of air-planes, a thousand photographs are taken, the plates are developed within a few minutes, trained observers with microscopic care compare these with the existing maps, new features and alterations are noted, and corresponding changes are made on the maps. Then reports are received from the observation-posts and the gun-locating stations, and their information is recorded; within a few hours everything is ready for the lithographing; and in twelve hours the officers at the front have their maps. The great variety of maps furnished and the rapidity of their preparation are entirely novel features of this war.

Another science which has come to the front of the stage is metallurgy. Of course, this was expected, and both France and England were prepared, in the sense that they had the men and the methods. But many novel problems have arisen and have been solved. Chief of these were the substitution of some metal for ordinary steel, and the preparation of alloys having a light weight. Fortunately, it has been the practice in all countries to employ, in connection with the great steel works, groups of scientific men, chemists and

physicists; and the realization of their importance is no new feature of the war.

III

Physics is a science which covers many subjects. Of these, acoustics is one to which in recent years less and less attention has been paid, owing to the apparent growth in importance of other subjects, notably electricity and temperature measurement. In fact, I know several institutions — one is the greatest school in England — where acoustics has been omitted altogether from the one-year course in Physics. And now, to a physicist, the most striking feature of this war, so far as science is concerned, is the wide use of the phenomena concerned with sound. Yet, when one stops to think, there is nothing in this to cause surprise. One of the needs of a combatant is to detect the presence and position of one's enemy: air-planes are very noisy; when a gun expels a shell there is a sound; and submarine engines cannot be made noiseless. Again, sound-waves may be emitted from any such source as a horn or a whistle, and may be used for signals on a dot-and-dash system, or use may be made of their echoes.

Here was a wide field at once for physicists; and both in France and in England we saw the results of their work. Perhaps the most interesting of these was the method of locating the position of a gun of large calibre. When a shot is fired from a German gun toward the Allies' line, the observer in the latter hears three sounds. The first of these is the sound due to the passage of the shell through the air — this is because the velocity of the shell is greater than that of sound-waves; the second sound to be heard is the boom of the gun itself; and the third is that due to the explosion of the shell. So, if there are two or more 'receiving stations,' at each of which some such apparatus as a simple microphone is installed, and if each of these is connected by wires to a central station where there is a recording device, each microphone will register the arrival of the three sound-waves; but, since the receiving stations are at different distances from the gun, any one type of waves, for instance, the 'boom,' will reach them at different instants of time. In order to know the time-intervals, all that is necessary is to make an extremely accurate clock record its indications on the same strip of paper that receives the microphone signals. Then, knowing the velocity of sound-waves, as we do, and also the exact situation of the receiving stations and their relative distances, it is a simple matter to work out graphically the position of the gun.

The only uncertain element in the process is the velocity of the sound-waves, because it varies with the temperature of the air — fortunately in a known manner; and it is affected by the wind, if this is strong. But corrections can be made, and the accuracy obtained is truly surprising. One way of verifying the result is to send up an air-plane and photograph the region. When this is done, it is found that the two methods agree so closely that, if on the largest scale maps a gun's position as determined by one is marked by a pin, the position as found by the other cannot be marked by a second pin — there is not space. This means roughly that the location of a gun at a distance of six miles can be determined definitely within some fifty feet, which is sufficiently close. The English officer who had charge of the sound observations at the Messines fight told me that in one day sixty-three large German guns were located, and all sixty-three were destroyed. Naturally, the receiving stations have to be close to the front line, and the central station

cannot be far back. One day I visited such a station in a French town. It had been under bombardment only a few hours before; the house next the one in which I was making my visitor's observations was still smoking; and the men in charge of the apparatus were just working out the position of the gun which had been worrying them.

Another way in which the situation of a gun is revealed is by the flash it emits, which of course can be seen for a long distance at night, if the observing post is sufficiently high above the ground. All that are required for this purpose are several such posts, and a knowledge of their positions; then simple triangulation methods give the desired result. The only trouble arises from possible uncertainty as to whether all the observers are looking at the same flash: but due care is taken of this.

Wireless telegraphy is used in numerous ways: for signaling from air-planes, and for sending messages for small or great distances. Listening apparatus, involving telephonic principles, is installed in the very front-line trench. One day I was taken to see such an apparatus in the French lines running across the Argonne Forest. It was a beautiful day: the air was full of the fragrance of apple-blossoms, the scenery was lovely and peaceful. We turned off the main road, and our speed doubled. I asked why, and my staff-officer said, 'This road is in full view of the Germans, and if they see civilians they may take a shot at you.' Soon we were over this bit of road, and after passing one or two burned châteaux and what had been a lovely town, with its hall, its church, and every house a mass of ruins, we reached the actual front line, or at least a point as close as a motor could approach, even in the shelter of a deep ravine. On climbing up to the listening post, I was interested to see recorded, upon the last page of notes of the soldier in charge, this whisper from the German lines (not in English, naturally): 'There is a staff automobile on —— road, with apparently some civilians in it.' Perhaps a second look told the Germans we were not worth shooting at; anyway we had no 'events,' coming or going.

Physics includes in its scope the phenomena of light; and one of the important questions our commission had to ask in Europe was what progress had been made in getting optical glass, because before the war this had been nearly a complete monopoly of Germany's. We found that the French and English both were getting good glass, though not in large quantities; and what was even more satisfactory was to see the development in optical instruments, especially lenses for photography and telescopes for the use of the artillery. I am absolutely sure that I have never seen as good lenses as those now made in Paris; when tested in any way, their results are unequaled.

While speaking of glass another fact may be of interest. Clinical thermometers have, in the past, been a feature of Germany's trade; and so, when the German prisoners in France were being sorted out last year, they were asked if any of them were thermometer-makers, and if so, would they care to work at their trade. A large number stepped out; and now nearly all the thermometers for use in France are made by these German prisoners. Their workshop is in one of the old dismantled forts near Paris, and apparently they are most happy in their work. Possibly this is in part due to the fact that they are teaching their art to a number of French women.

No one can think of this war without having somewhere in the picture an air-plane and a submarine. The problem of the detection of the latter is still a problem, at least, it was when I was

in France in June; but it is pleasant to record the fact that the latest word I have received from Europe — from a keen American physicist — is, 'I think they have at last got it.' This is not the place to describe the attempts made by the physicists of France, England, and America to devise a method to determine the approach of a submarine; but it is worth noting that the very best men in all three countries are at work, new physical methods of great scientific importance at least have been developed; and whether or not the solution of the submarine question is more, and ever more, destroyers, pure science has gained enormously. We now have new methods and new apparatus of great power.

As to air-planes, where can one begin, and having begun, how can one stop? The time has gone by when the village blacksmith can make one, and when the inventor, who is tired of trying to persuade a banker to become interested in perpetual motion, turns his hand to an air-plane 'on an entirely new principle.' The air-plane of to-day is the very last word of the physicist, the engineer, and the manufacturer. The physicist has designed the planes of the machine and the shape of the body; the engineer has used the utmost of his skill in calculating the structural strength of its parts, and in furnishing an engine of unheard-of power in proportion to its weight; the manufacturer uses the same refinements in his work that he would in making a piano for an exhibition. The finished product is a real work of art. The workmanship to-day is nearly perfect. A great French manufacturer, whose factory turns out its thousands of machines each month, told me with pride that since the beginning of the war not one of his machines had broken in the air. And the engines. No one who is not an expert, and I am not, can appreciate the progress made within three years; progress in lightness, in power, in durability.

I am often asked which country has the best air-plane. Such a question has no meaning except 'as of —— date'; because the machines are perfected every week, every month; further, the purpose has to be specified. Air-planes are used in this war for so many purposes — bomb-dropping, photography, spotting the fire of big guns, attacking land forces, and protecting other machines. There are machines made to carry a dozen men, or their equivalent weight in bombs; there are 'two-seater' machines for observation purposes of various kinds; there are the scouts or fighting planes. These last are the most beautiful, the most graceful machines one can imagine. Their speed is at least 135 miles per hour, and their ease of control is such that, if a pilot simply *thinks* of turning to the left or right or up or down, the machine does it. If a bird were to be conscious of knowing what a modern pilot does daily, hourly, with his air-plane, it would look upon him the way we look upon a bird. The use of air-planes in taking photographs has been referred to; and every one is familiar with the results.

The spectacle of a combat between two air-planes is, I suppose, the most thrilling spectacle man can witness. It is a tournament of the Middle Ages, with the course in three dimensions instead of one, and with a space of thousands of feet in which to manœuvre. Almost as thrilling to me was the sight of an air-plane spotting the fire of big guns: the monster 13-inch guns, the swift air-plane, the firing of the guns in order, by directions from the air, the speedy reaching of the target, and the consequent destruction of the enemy battery twelve miles away! Science was used every second: signals to the air-planes, wireless messages

back, and the aiming of the guns with all the accuracy of geodesy.

I cannot resist the temptation to add a statement which has no connection with my subject, but which should be of interest. When I was in France in June, the Allies had a definite superiority in the air, better air-planes of all types, and more pilots of the highest quality. In ten days at the Front, I did not see one German air-plane in the Allies' territory, and each hour the French and English machines were sailing where they wished.

Almost as beautiful a sight as an air-plane is a modern captive balloon of the oblong type floating majestically high above one. The impression of a battle-line with these aerial observation posts every ten miles or so, will always stay in one's memory. Their design is due to the French, and a profound knowledge of wind-resistance is shown. As an accomplishment in mechanics, I saw nothing in the war so extraordinary as the apparatus for hauling down these huge creatures; it is a powerful winch, and it lowers the balloon at the rate of one thousand feet a minute.

These are only a few of the ways in which science is helping the Allies to win the war; for it was evident to a lay observer like myself that in all these applications of science the Allies have a marked superiority. I have not said anything in regard to engineering as such. To me it is impossible to draw any line between this science and the so-called pure sciences. All applications of science are based directly upon experiments and investigations in scientific laboratories; and there is no discovery either of fact or of method which may not be used in connection with daily life. This is specially true of this abnormal life which we call war.

MY FRIEND RADOVITCH

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

I HAVE had many strange meetings — strange in place and attendant circumstance — in various and sundry odd corners of the world, but, everything considered, I am inclined to think my encounter with Radovitch, toward the end of last March, was of them all the strangest.

It was on the gorgeously flower-carpeted slope of a mountain-side in — but let that transpire in its proper place.

There had been hints of gathering activity in the marching troops on the roads, and I knew that some kind of a skirmish was on, from the scattering spatter of rifle-fire above and to my right; but that I had actually blundered in between the combatants was not evident until the staccato of a suddenly unmasked machine-gun broke out in the copse below. I did not hear the familiarly ingratiating swish of speeding bullets, and merely an occasional twitching in the oak-scrub told of a skirmish-

ing soldier. But it was plain that, if the rifles were firing in the direction of the machine-gun, and the machine-gun was firing in the direction of the rifles, my shivering anatomy came pretty near to blocking a portion of the restricted little neck of atmosphere along which the interchanged pellets must make their way. One never learns it until he is under fire — especially rifle-fire — for the first time, but the faculty for taking cover is one of the few things in which the more or less degenerate human of the present day suffers least in comparison with that fine and self-sufficient animal, his primitive ancestor.

I hurdled neatly over a natural 'entanglement' of magenta-blossomed cactus, dove through a bosky tunnel in the gnarled oak-scrub, and landed comfortably in the matted mass of soft maiden-hair, where the water dripped from the side of a deep hole excavated by the village brickmakers in taking out clay. There was ample cover from anything but high-angle artillery-fire on either side; so, picking out a bed of lush grass with a cornflower and buttercup pillow, I stretched in luxurious ease to let the battle blow over.

The rifles spat back at the woodpecker drum of the machine-gun for a minute or two; then suddenly fell quiet and gave way to the crashing of underbrush and the chesty 'tween-the-teeth oaths that tell of charging men. Scatteringly, in ones and twos and threes, they began stumbling by above my head, now revealed by the quick silhouette of a set jaw and forward-flung shoulders and now by the glint of a bobbing bayonet, but mostly by those guttural swear-words which mark the earnest man on business bent. One of them, — a gaunt-eyed Serb in the faded horizon-blue uniform of a French *poilu*, — who passed near enough to the rim of my refuge to allow of a three-quarters-length glimpse of him, carried a squawking golden-hued hen by the feathers of her hackle; and I was just reflecting how every other soldier that I had ever known would have put a period on that tell-tale racket by extending his grip around the wind-pipe, when Radovitch came down to join me. Not that he had anything of the ulterior intention of seeking cover which brought me there — quite the contrary, indeed. I saw him, running hard and low (as every good soldier goes in to grip with his foe), burst out of the thicket, saw him straighten up and try to swerve to the right as the hole suddenly yawned across his path, and, finally, saw the quick tautening of the scaly yellow loop of earth-running aloe-root which deftly caught the toe of his shambling boot and defeated the manœuvre.

There was little of the fine finesse of my own soft landing in the whacking *kerplump* which completed the high-dive executed by Radovitch after his contact with the aloe-root. His gun out-dove him and cut short its parabola with the bayonet spiking a fern-frond on the opposite bank; but his broad, bronzed Slavic face was the first part of Radovitch himself to reach the bottom, so that all the inertia of the bone and muscle in his firmly knit frame was exerted in driving the ivory crescent of the teeth of his back-bent lower jaw in a swift, rough gouge through the yielding turf.

He pulled himself together in a dazed sort of way, sat up, rubbed the grass out of his eyes, and kneaded gently the strained joints of his jaw to see that they were still swinging on their hinges. Reassured, he spat forth sputteringly asphodel and anemone and the rest of his mouthful of gouged flower-bed, completing the operation by running an index finger around between the lower teeth and lip, to remove lurking bits of earth and gravel.

There was something strangely familiar in that index-finger operation, and it was the sudden recollection that that was the identical way in which we used to get rid of the gridiron clods that had been forced under our football nose-guards, which was reponsible for my fervent ejaculation of surprise. I don't recall exactly what I said, but it was probably something akin to 'I'll be blowed!'

The look of dazed resentment on Radovitch's grass-and-dirt-stained face changed instantly to one of blank surprise, the poor strained jaw relaxed, and he turned on me a stare of open-eyed wonder.

'Where in 'ell 'd you come from?' he gasped finally; and then, 'You speak English?'

When, ignoring the former query, I grinned acquiescence to the latter, he came back with, 'Ain't 'Merican, are you? Don't know New York, do you?'

On my admission of guilt on both charges, he crawled over and gripped my hand crushingly in his grimy paw.

'My name's Radovitch. 'Merican citizen myself,' he said proudly. 'Took out my last papers just 'fore I came over to fight for Serbia. Went to school five years in New York when I was a kid. Ever been in Chicago?'

'Of course.'

'Omaha?'

'Yes.'

'I worked in the stockyards in both burgs. Made good money, too. Never been in Jerome, Arizona, have you?'

'Hit a drill all of a college vacation in the United Verde,' I replied, with a touch of pride on my own part.

'I dumped slag in the smelter at two-fifty per,' said Radovitch. 'Hot little old camp, Jerome; but, say,'—with a climacteric pause,—'hain't ever been in Aldridge, Montana, have you? Coal town up near the Yellowstone — five-sixty-five fare from Butte. I got a store there, and a half interest in a dance-hall and the baseball grounds.'

Aldridge — the Yellowstone — Butte — those names conjured up thronging memories of a delectably renegade summer of semi-professional baseball that I had once played around among the mining-camps of Montana; and especially lurid were those that clustered about that little sport-mad 'coal town,' straggling up its rugged mountain valley almost under the golden portals of the National Park.

'You bet I have,' I replied, speaking deliberately and confidently as one who has much knowledge in reserve. 'Your dance-halls were as merry and bright as any I remember; but your ball-ground was also the rottenest. Did you own the half that took in the lake which occupied most of left field, or the half which included the cañon that sliced off the best part of right? I have to laugh yet when I think of the man with a boat you kept to paddle after the balls that went into the lake, and the bunch of kids scattered about the cañon to shivvy up the ones that went that way. It may interest you to know that I was first base on the Livingston team that gave Aldridge such a walloping on Miners' Union Day of —'

Bristling like a hedgehog, Radovitch reared up on both knees and shook his fists in my face as he roared excitedly, 'Livingston never did lick Aldridge. Seen all the games myself. Guess I know. Trimmed 'em ten to eight in —'

It was my turn to be indignant, but, keeping my temper with an effort, I only cut in icily with, 'I beg your pardon — but since it was my own three-bagger — and off your imported "pro." pitcher from St. Paul at that — into the sage-brush in deep centre that started the procession; and since I cleaned up twenty-five dollars on the field sports (first in the broad-jump and

shot-put, and second in the pole-vault) and picked three winners in the cocking main and two in the dog-fights, — in all, close to a hundred dollars of the easiest money I ever annexed, — you'll have to admit that I have something to remember Aldridge Miners' Union Day of 1907 by. Why —'

'Ah, nineteen-seven,' cried Radovitch, the hurt look in his face giving way to one of dawning comprehension; 'that was two years before my time in Aldridge. Maybe you're right about that year; but since I've lived there our nine has wiped up the valley with the best —'

The uproar of two or three fresh machine-guns opening in unison drowned his voice at this juncture, and a few moments later a half-dozen rifles were poked over the rim of our refuge, while a gruff-voiced Serb corporal in the tunic of a British Tommy and the baggy breeches of a French Zouave informed us that we were his prisoners.

Radovitch, with a sheepish grin on his face, threw up his hands with the classic cry of 'Kamerad!' and then, shambling over opposite his captors, coolly demanded that they toss down a box of cigarettes for him and his 'Merikansky' friend.

'Smashed mine when I fell,' he explained, sauntering back and offering me a 'Macedonia.' 'You'd reckon we'd had about enough of fighting in Serbia, without these d——d sham fights while we're supposed to be resting up here in Corfu. It may be all right for new recruits; but you'll have to admit that two years of the kind of scrapping we 've been having is n't going to have the effect of putting us on edge for play-fighting like this. But never mind, we'll be back to the real thing again in a month or two. Come on along down to the camp and meet my colonel. We were kids together in Prilep. Now he's in command of three thousand men and I'm only a corporal; but just the same, I could buy him out twenty times over.'

The bare outline of Radovitch's story he told me that evening (after he had officially been 'set free' again), as I trudged beside him across the hills to his camp; but it was not until he obtained an afternoon's leave three or four days later and took me for a stroll through the Serbian Relief Camp, that I learned that he had been one of that immortal band of heroes who, disdaining to take advantage of the open roads to the Adriatic or Macedonia after Belgrade fell, made their way to a mountain fastness in the heart of their own country, and stayed behind to wage such warfare as they could on the hated invader. What sort of a warfare this was — indeed, what sort of a warfare it *is*, for the band still survives, making up in an unquenchable spirit what it has lost in numbers — I then learned for the first time.

The mood to talk did not seize Radovitch until after he had led me to the summit of the hill behind the Relief Camp, from which lofty vantage the eye roved eastward across a purple strait to the snow-capped peaks of Epirus and Albania; westward to where what was once the Kaiser's villa of Achilleon stood out sharply against the sombre green of the backbone ridge of the island; northward to where its twin castles flanked to right and left the white walls and red roofs of Corfu town; and southward to the dim outlines of Leukos and Cephalonia thinning in the violet haze of late afternoon. Below, on three sides, was the sea, with the storied isles of Ulysses bracing themselves against the flood-tide racing into the bay; above, a vault of cloudless sky, and roundabout, a thousand-year-old forest of gnarled olives.

It was the effect of all this, together with the sight of his friend from Serbia suffering from scurvy and an open bay-

onet-wound in the little tented hospital of the Relief Camp that we had just come from, which set Radovitch talking of things I had been vainly trying to draw him out upon ever since I met him. While the mood lasted, he seemed to need no other encouragement than the attentive listener so ready to hand; when it had passed, he was back in the mines of Montana again, deaf and blind to my every attempt to make him talk of Serbia and what had befallen him there.

The fragments of experience which I later managed to extract from him in the cafés of Saloniki consisted mostly of such odd bits as a corkscrew would drag from a reluctant cork.

II

'If you thought that poor guy down at the hospital looked bad,' said Radovitch, lounging back on his elbow in the cool shade of a spreading old olive, 'I wonder what you'd thought of me the day I hit the beach at Valona. I was a month further gone with scurvy than he is (so that the teeth were loose in my jaws and my flesh had lost so much of its "spring" that a touch would leave a dent in it), and in addition was just on the edge of lockjaw that came from walking on the point of a hobnail that had worked through the sole of one of my boots. The Italian doctors at Valona saved me from the lockjaw by pumping some kind of dope under my hide that stopped the action of the poison; but the scurvy I've been the last six months getting clear of. Fact is, I'm not all clear of it yet, for I find that I left a tooth behind up there where I bit the turf the other day. But my blood's clean now, and in a month I'll be as good as new; and so will that boy in the hospital after a decent rest. A Serb takes a lot of killing; if he did n't, the nation would have died out a good many times in the last five hundred years.

'Scurvy was one of our worst troubles, and is yet for that matter; for the Serb was a good deal of a vegetarian in peace-time, while in war, 'specially when you're more or less besieged, or even when your communications are bad, fresh vegetables are the one kind of provender hardest to keep in stock. That's why scurvy keeps cropping up in the new Serb army even to-day. It's being better fed than it ever was, but there is n't yet enough "greens" in the ration. For us in the mountains, pretty well ringed by the Austrians, the lack of vegetables and the scurvy it brought on was about our one worst trouble in our first winter.'

'How did your band get together in the first place?' I interposed; 'and what sort of men was it made up of? Was there some kind of organization before the retreat, or did you simply drift together afterwards?'

'It must have been mostly "drift," ' replied Radovitch. 'Probably the government and our generals knew we'd have to give way when the Austrians and Bulgars together came at us, but none of the rest of us ever dreamed we could n't wallop the whole bunch. So I don't think there is much truth in the yarn about the band of "blood brothers" that had been formed in advance. We were about evenly made up at the start, of men who would n't leave the country and men who could n't leave the country. The first were mostly mountain men of the region we went to. There were a lot of ex-brigands among them, and most of them had been fighting the Turk, or the Bulgar, or the government, or each other, all their lives. It was to the way these fellows knew the country, and how to live off it and fight in it, that we owed most of our success. The rest of us were all sorts of odds and ends who had fallen out of the

retreat but had still been able to keep out of enemy hands. To take my own case — I had stayed behind to try and reach my wife and fetch her out with me, and so lost so much time that the way was closed when I finally gave up hunting for her.'

'And did you never find your wife?' I asked.

'Never seen her since I left her at Uskub when I went to the front in the first year of the war; but I left her with plenty of money, and not long ago I had a letter smuggled out to me in which she said that a rich Turk in her home town — an old boy who had been a good friend of my father and who loaned me the money I went to America on — had given her shelter in his home, and that she was getting on O.K. She's a dead game little sport, the wife (what do you think of her following me across from the U.S.A. when she knew I was going off to fight as soon as I hit Serbia?), and she'll come through it all right if any one can. Sure [answering my query] she's a Serb. Knew her when I was a kid, and she came across to Montana to marry me. You ought to see her drive our old Ford down the Aldridge grade.'

I manœuvred Radovitch away from the wife and Aldridge with an adroit question or two, and he resumed his story.

'At first this particular mountain region, which later became our stronghold and is now the only part of Old Serbia in which the enemy has never set foot, was only a refuge, and for a few weeks we were pretty hard put to find enough to live on. It was touch and go for food all the first winter, and we lived mostly by night raids on straggling Austrian supply-trains. But before long we rounded up enough sheep and goats to keep us going, and in the spring got one of the little mountain valleys under cultivation. Since last summer — except for vegetables, which we had no luck with — food was one of our least troubles.

'We had plenty of rifles from the first. A Serb will drop his clothes before he will his gun, as you will find if you ever see our army in action where a river has to be forded. Many a man straggled in to us without pants or shirt, but never a one that I ever heard of without his rifle. We were also tolerably well fixed for cartridges, because a man don't use one in raiding or fighting from ambush to a hundred he pots off in the trenches. We always managed to have enough for our own regular army rifles, and after we got well started raiding, Austrian rifles and munition came in faster than we ever had use for them. We could have done with an extra machine-gun or two before we had our stone-rolling defense organized, and before the Austrians had learned that it did n't pay to try and crawl in and pull us out of our holes. But before the winter was over we had enough spare "spit-firers" so that we did n't mind risking the loss of one or two by taking them along on raiding parties.

'The lay of the mountains made the whole *mesa* just one big natural fort, and I miss my guess if in all the world there 's another place of the same kind so easy to defend and so hard to attack. The mountains are steeper and rockier than that main range of Albania you see across there against the sky, and that 's going some. I never struck anything half so rough in all the summers I put in prospecting in Arizona, Utah, and Colorado. Only one of the passes had a cart-road up to it, and only three had mule-trails. There were two or three other places where a man could scramble up by using his hands, but everywhere else he would have to have ropes and scaling ladders.

'At every one of the passes — including the one of the cart-road — a half

dozen good rock-rollers, with plenty of "ammunition," could put the kibosh on an army, and you may bet we saw to it that there was no shortage of pebbles on hand. For the first week or two my fingers were worn pretty near to the bone from handling rocks. The only way the Austrians could have got the best of us, once we had made ourselves at home, would have been with not less than a dozen regiments of their Kaiser Jägers, mountain batteries and all; but by the time this fact sunk into them the Italians were keeping them so busy that they probably figured they could n't spare any such number of Alpine troops for sideshows. Anyhow, they never even gave us a good run for our money in the way of attacks, though of course some of the raiding parties came in for pretty bad punishings every now and then.

'Dynamite was the one thing we felt the need of more than anything else, and yet, perhaps the one big thing we did would n't have been half so big (and maybe it would have failed complete) if we'd had the powder to go about the job the way we planned to do it in the first place. Did you ever hear what happened to the Austrian force that was camped in the —— Valley last spring?'

'I remember reading one of their bulletins,' I replied, 'which admitted losing a battalion or two in a flood in that region. But that was due to "natural causes," was n't it? Did n't a broken dam have something to do with it?'

'Natural causes and a busted dam did have something to do with it,' said Radovitch with a grin; 'but nature in this case had some active assistance, and that was where we came in. It was n't just a battalion that went down stream, either; it was more like two of their big regiments — the whole of the main force they had shivvied together to bottle us up with. It was the best thing we did by a mile; and, as I told you, it would n't have been half the clean-up it was if we'd had in the first place the powder to do it in the "regular way." If we *had* had the powder, we'd never have given Providence a chance, and, believe me, it was nothing but Providence that could have worked things round the way they finally came out.

'You see, it was this way,' went on Radovitch, settling back comfortably and smiling the pleased smile of reminiscence that sits on the face of a man who recalls events in which he has taken keen pride and enjoyment. 'The most open approach to our mountain country was by the gorge up which ran the cart-road. There was a good-sized area of watershed draining out this way, so that the little river running through the gorge was a pretty powerful stream, even in low water — a good bit bigger than the old Firehole in Yellowstone Park. This river flowed out of the main mass of the mountains into a fine bowl of an uplands valley, and then on out of that, through a rough range of foothills, into another gorge. At the head of this last gorge is a natural site to store water, and there — as a project of an old government reclamation scheme that had been held up half way for lack of money to go on with — a high dam had been built, which backed up a deep, narrow lake four or five miles long.

'The Austrians had a small force in the little village in the valley of the lake, and patrolled four or five miles of the cart-road into the mountains; but the main lot of them were camped below the second gorge in an open triangle-shaped valley that ran up from the plain to the foothills. It was a good safe, healthy, well-drained camp, well above the top marks of spring high water. The only threat to it was the

lake behind the dam in the valley above, but — unluckily for them — they did n't know all the facts about that dam.

'The truth was that the dam was built to hold up a lake half again as deep as the one then there; but poor engineering and scamp contracting combined to make it too weak to stand the pressure up to the level intended. The English engineer who came to inspect it put a mark about two thirds of the way up, and warned that it would n't be safe ever to let the water rise above that height. As a precaution, it had been the custom every February or March, before the spring thaw came, to drain off the water of the lake during the month or two before the run-off was the greatest, so that there was plenty of margin against the floods shoving up the level above the danger-point. The Austrians were good enough engineers to know that it was a bum dam, but they did n't seem to have the sense to start lowering the water level before the spring freshets set in.

'Of course we did n't have to set up nights to figure what a break in the dam — if only it came sudden enough — would do to the main Austrian camp; but the contriving of ways and means to bring about that "sudden break" seemed to have us guessing from the first. The simple and natural thing would have been to try and work down a couple of raiding parties on either side of the lake, rush the guards at the dam with knives (as we did later at the bridge I told you of), plant two or three charges of dynamite, touch off the fuses, and beat it back to the hills. If we'd had enough powder, probably that's the thing we'd have tried, but with what success it's hard to say. The chances against anything like a 'clean job' were anywhere from ten to fifty to one.

'But the hundred or so sticks of forty-per-cent "giant" we had in stock were out of the question to tackle the job with, and so no move was made that might have stirred the enemy's suspicions of what we had in pickle for him. So, far from taking any precautions as the flood season approached, he only let the water go on rising in the lake and extended the main camp a hundred yards nearer the river. We talked over a hundred plans in the long winter nights, but it was not till the snow began to turn slushy at noonday, along toward the middle of March, that we hit on one that seemed to promise a chance of success.'

III

'We had been hoping all along that the Austrians might let the water go on piling up behind the dam until it gave way; but it was not till one day when our scouts brought word that the gates had now been opened, with the evident intention of holding the lake at a level which they figured at about ten feet above the danger-point, that it occurred to us that we might do something to help the good work along. Nobody ever recalled afterwards whose idea it was, but a dozen of us — officers and men together, in the Serbian fashion — suddenly found ourselves waving our arms and getting red in the face discussing a plan for building a little dam of our own, backing up as big a lakeful of water behind it as we could, and then turning it loose on the big lake below at the crest of the spring floods. If any of us had had any engineering sense we'd have known that, with no tools but a few axes and spades, and no materials but what nature had put there, we could n't build a dam in a year big enough to be of any use, let alone in a month. But having no sense to speak of in things of that kind, we went ahead with the job, and, with the luck of fools, pulled it off.

'Upwards of five hundred husky Serbs can do a deal of work; but it did n't take more than three days of log-rolling and rock-packing to show that — even at the gait we were hitting it — that hundred-yard-long, thirty-foot-high dam would n't be finished before the next season, and that, even if we did get it done some time, the stuff we were putting in it was too loose to stop water. It was at this stage of things that I had *my* big idea. I had worked in hydraulic mines in the West, and while we had nothing to rig up a pipe and nozzle from, there *was* a chance to divert a little mountain torrent that came tumbling down from the snows only a few yards below our dam site. Why not, I suggested, build up only a narrow crib of boulders and pine logs to act as a barrier, and then bring over this little torrent, — it was flowing about a hundred miner's inches at this time, — and let it sluice down the loose "conglomerate" from the four-hundred-foot-high cliff through which it flowed? Because no one had anything else to offer, we decided to try the thing.

'We used up a good half of our poor little store of powder in making the cut to bring over the stream, but the job was mostly easy digging and we finished it in three days. My young "hydraulic" sure tore down a lot of rock and gravel; but, as we could n't rig up anything to confine it properly, it only spread out in a big "fan," which, in turn, was sluiced away by the river. That stumped us for fair, and when on top of it a big storm came on, bringing down a flood that washed away all our cribbing, we chucked up in disgust our project of "harnessing nature" against the Austrian, and began to plan raids again.

'All that night it rained cats and dogs, and when I looked out of my hut the next morning the river was over its banks and humping it like a locoed mustang. But the funny thing was that the cascade from the little stream we had diverted seemed to have disappeared. At first I thought it had bucked its way back into its old channel, but when I went down to look, I found that it had been "swallowed" up by the cliff. Five times as big as on the night before, it came tumbling down over an up-ended stratum of slate — to disappear in a foamy yellow-white spout into a deep crack it had sluiced into the soft conglomerate. At the bottom of the cliff it came boiling out from under the angling slate-layer in a stream that looked to be about equal parts of gravel and water. My baby hydraulic had evidently undermined a sloping section of the cliff for a hundred feet or more, and only the tough slate stratum was staving off a big cave-in. How big a cave-in it was going to be, and what it was going to lead to, I never so much as guessed.

'The warm rain kept plugging down all day and was still pelting hard when I went to sleep that night. Toward morning I was waked up with a roar a hundred times louder than any snow-slide I ever heard, and then came a jar that rocked the whole valley. I felt sure a piece of the cliff had come down, but did n't have the least hunch that anything like what the first daylight showed up had come off. The first thing I saw as the dark slacked off was the shimmer of a flat stretch of water in the bottom of the valley, a lake — just as if it had been dropped from the sky — right where we'd been trying to start one ourselves.

'The cliff had broken back a couple of hundred feet or more, all the way to the top, and in falling had piled up clear across the head of the gorge. On the near side it was about a hundred and fifty feet high; on the further side something like sixty.

'With the rain still pouring pitch-forks and the snow melting all over the mountains, water was coming down at a rate that had the lake rising at the rate of two feet an hour all morning, and better than half that speed even when it began to spread out over the valley floor in the afternoon. The storm kept right on for three days. The second morning there was twenty-five feet of water at the dam, on the third forty feet, and on the fourth near to fifty. The lake by this time was both bigger and deeper than the one we'd planned to make ourselves.

'By good luck the stream ramping down from the mountains into the gorge below the slide kept two or three times its average flow in the river, and so the Austrians — who did n't know its habits very well — failed to notice that anything unusual had come off up stream. Our scouts reported that the water in the lower lake had not risen much, and that it seemed to stand at about fifteen feet above the danger-mark. The Austrians, they said, did not appear to be paying any more attention to the dam than usual.

'We were hoping that the storm would hold until enough water was backed up to bust the dam on its own; but when it began to clear on the fourth day, it was plain the best way out of it was to give the thing a push on our own account. We did n't have a hundredth of enough "giant" to do the job, so had to rig the best make-shift we could by turning the still husky stream of my hydraulic right along the sloping top of the slide and off down into the gorge.

'It was about midday when we set it sluicing, and all afternoon it licked off the loose earth as if it was sugar. By dark half the near end of the slide had slushed away, and the wall that still held was beginning to bulge and cave with the seep forced through from the other side. Half an hour later our pitch-pine torches showed the water bubbling through all the way along, and we knew it was time for us to clear out. It was none too soon either, for the last man was just out of the way, when a heavy sort of rolling-grind started, and then — whouf! — out she went.

'I've been in "Yankee Jim's" Cañon of the Yellowstone when the flood behind the break-up of the ice-jam in the lake came down, but that was a mere rat-a-tat to the roar that sounded now. The mountains themselves were shaking, and the movement started the "hanging" snow-slides all the way down the gorge. It must have been a racket like that when the world was made. The lake was drained of all but mud in ten minutes, and it must have been about twice that long before a new sound broke in — a roar so deep that it seemed almost to be a rumbling from under the earth. But we knew that it was the big dam going — that our work was done for that night.

'The next morning at daybreak every man in shape to stand the climb over a mountain path we knew — the road down the gorge had been scoured out clean — dropped down from three sides on the little Austrian force in the village where the dam had been, and killed or captured the whole bunch. Then we pushed on to the top of the foothills looking down to the plain. Where the main Austrian camp had been was a slither of smooth mud dotted with the stumps of snapped-off trees, and just that, and no more, was all we could see as far as our eyes could reach.

'And just so,' cried Radovitch, leaping to his feet and shaking a fist toward the serrated sky-line to the northeast, beyond which ran the roads to Monastir and Prilep and Uskub, 'just so, when the time comes, will the whole —— —— herd of the swine be swept out of Serbia!'

THE SEARCH

BY WILLIAM TOWNSEND PORTER

I

We were off the coast of France. It was a caressing day. The sun sank into the western wave with a splendid competence, the result of long practice. Our last sunset, perhaps. The ports were sealed. No lights were shown. The boats were swung out, their covers off, the davits greased, food and the precious water-keg in place. The gun crew stood to quarters. Full speed ahead.

I decided to stay on deck until we reached the mouth of the Gironde. Many of the passengers were of the same mind. My cabin was in the lowest tier, and if we should hit a mine, minutes might count. At 4 A.M., we picked up a magnificent revolving light; before long, two other first-class lights, turning on the horizon from the top of ghostly towers. Presently, we saw a powerful beam searching the waves. Its dazzling glare rested on the ship, moving with us. For many minutes we endured an almost shameful publicity. The east was now lighted for the coming of the day. Anchored vessels bordered the fairway. Their hulls were black against a tone of silver gray; admirable motive for the etched plate. So lay the black ships of the Greeks, on another sea, in those Trojan days when the causes of war were easier to understand.

The approach to the river is very fine; the Gironde is handsomely dressed for her bridal with the sea. At 7 A.M. we were gliding along the narrow stream through fields green with the promised harvest.

It was time for the dreaded inquisition. Were our papers correct? Should we be allowed to land? The passengers were much disturbed. We were packed, some hundred of us, in the vestibule leading to the dining saloon. There we stood, the strong and the infirm, for two long hours. I was jammed against two young girls who were going out for the Red Cross. Conversation began, due to the strong play of natural forces.

You remember my Uncle Toby. He found the Widow Wadman's eye very compelling. But Laurence Sterne was a clergyman. Had he been a scientist, he would have observed that the power of the Widow Wadman's eye varied inversely with the distance of the object. Now, the distance of these ladies from my ear was the same as the distance of the Widow Wadman's eye from my Uncle Toby — about five inches. The power exerted was therefore twenty times as great as if the social insulation had been the usual hundred inches. There can be no doubt that distance, mathematically speaking, is a 'function' of behavior.

But this verges dangerously on reflection; to mix thinking with conversation is to spoil two very good things. Well, nature could not be denied; the ladies began to talk. At a range of five inches, the execution was considerable. They told me, in these two hours, their opinion of Shelley and much of their past history; though, to be sure, when a woman talks of her past, she has n't

any. It was a curious friendship; it began, it ran its intimate, almost clandestine course, and was finished, within a radius of fifteen inches.

From time to time, while these measurements were being collected, the door into the dining-saloon would open a crack and a wilted suspect would be dragged in to confront five officials who spoke torrential French and dribbling English. By that hour, the more feebly engined passengers were suffering from what at the front would have been called shell shock. One man, born in Smyrna, a Greek by nationality, said that he was a manufacturer in America. 'What do you make?' he was asked. 'I make sickles.' — 'Sickles! Qu'est-ce que c'est que çà? Can you show us one?' — 'But certainly,' replied the flustered passenger. Whereupon he reaches into his pocket and fetches out — not a sickle, but a pack of playing cards, which it is forbidden to bring into France. Behold a Greek in a cold sweat! The bystanders grin largely, and even the officials relax their severe gloom.

The train from Bordeaux to Paris should leave at 8.30 A.M. I arrive at the station at 7.45. Already even the first-class compartments are almost full. There is much confusion. The train finally leaves twenty-five minutes behind the schedule.

Opposite me is a man evidently in poor health — an intelligent kindly face, lined by premature old age. He has two collapsed air-cushions, but breath only for one. I blow up the second cushion. We fraternize.

'You must know,' says he, 'that I am a Frenchman living in Canada. I have come over to be ready for my call. They have called the class of forty-seven. My age is fifty. Soon they will need me. Of course,' he adds, carefully adjusting the air-cushions to support his ailing back, 'of course, I cannot hope for the first line, but perhaps I can slip in just behind.' It is the celebrated French *esprit*.

I got to Paris at sunset. My wife and daughter were at the Gare d'Orléans — a joyful reunion. Along the quai d'Orsay, under the plane trees beside the gleaming Seine, we walked to our rooms on the quai Voltaire. The river lay like a broad band of pale-green watered silk between the Louvre and the Quartier Latin. The moving waters softly lapped the Royal Bridge, which was raised by Louis le Grand in the fateful year of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; its noble arches were mirrored in the mocking stream. Faintly shot with gold and crimson, the evening light faded to a luminous haze. The *marchands de livres* locked their begging wares in the little cases on the parapet. The gardens of the Place du Carrousel breathed like the sweet south upon the dying day.

In Paris, even the homely midday meal is touched with art. Once, at the lunch hour, I found myself in the rue Cambon. An elaborate commissionnaire stood before a small restaurant. Curtains of some thin stuff guarded the rites within from the sacrilegious glance. I entered. The proprietor, with effusive dignity, bowed and shook my hand. I was in a room perhaps twenty feet square in which there were six small tables and five elderly waiters. Several apoplectic old gentlemen, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, were slowly gorging. From a raised dais, defended by a desk, two formidable old women surveyed the scene. When one of the old gentlemen had finished his *poulet rôti*, these secretaries recorded the fact upon their tablets, with frequent consultation, so that no important detail might be omitted. Evidently, I had unwittingly broken into a *temple de gourmets*.

One of the attendant priests pre-

sented a paper on which were written a few hints as to the mysteries, without mention of the pecuniary consequences. 'What does monsieur desire?' Monsieur desires a plain omelette. Consternation, with a camouflage of grief! Monsieur is *encore jeune*, yet so depraved? There is hot-house melon, thin soup, of an excellence, and old, but very old wine.

Monsieur will not relent. A long and ghastly pause, while the pariah sips from a glass of water, forgetful that in such places water is a symbol and not a beverage. At length the omelette arrives, assisted by three grieving men. It is shrunken and plaintive. It is furtively and hastily swallowed. The old women note the fact in their smallest hand. Five francs. Monsieur dies game, with a handsome tip to Alphonse. Alphonse weeps for monsieur, and prays that light may break on this misguided man.

II

The mysteries of nature usually present themselves as mass problems. In this form they cannot be answered. They must first be resolved into their elements. But each mass problem can be so resolved only by minds specially trained in the particular field in which that problem lies. The layman cannot do this. It is for this reason that even a great scientist can rarely give a useful answer to a question put to him by a layman. The layman presents a dozen questions in one package. It is as if one should ask, What is the cause of the Great War?

What causes shock is also not a practical question. It is too vague. It is necessary to extract from it a series of questions, and then to devise for each of these a method by which it can be answered yes or no. The observation that shock often follows fracture of the thigh-bone is an obvious *point d'appui*. The femur, or thigh-bone, is the largest in the body. When it is broken by a shell fragment, the rich bone-marrow is exposed. Perhaps some potent chemical substance is thereby set free, to be absorbed into the blood-vessels, through which it might reach the brain and spinal cord, and by poisoning the nerve-cells produce the phenomena of shock. But my efforts to bring on shock by the injection into the blood-vessels of chemical substances known to exist in the bone-marrow had no effect. It was necessary to pose another question.

Since the fracture of the bone is apparently a factor in shock, and since the absorption of a chemical substance was excluded, the mischief might be due to a mechanical agent. Now, the bone-marrow is very rich in fat, and it has long been known that after fractures of the femur large numbers of fat-globules appear in the blood, in which the globules circulate until they enter the capillaries in the brain and other organs. When a large fat-globule enters one of these small, hair-like vessels, it sticks fast, the blood can no longer flow through that capillary, and the cells supplied by that blood can no longer get food and oxygen.

All this is well understood. For more than two centuries observations have been made by pathologists on changes in the tissues, following the injection of fat into the blood-vessels of animals. Indeed, a condition suggesting shock has incidentally been observed here and there in the course of these studies, though I did not know of these chance observations until long after my own experiments. No one, however, had declared or attempted to prove that the entrance of fat into the blood-vessels was the cause of shock as seen on the battlefield. The pathologists were after other game. They were interested in

the anatomical changes in the tissues following the blocking of the capillaries.

Since a falling blood-pressure is the outstanding symptom of shock, the proof demanded (1) that fat-globules should be injected into the vessels; (2) that the blood-pressure should be measured; (3) that the blood-pressure should fall gradually as it does in shock; (4) that the other symptoms seen in wounded soldiers should be accurately reproduced in the injected animal. These other symptoms are a feeble and rapid heart-beat, frequent and shallow respiration, pallor, low temperature, diminished sensibility, and apparent unconsciousness.

On February 2, 1917, the crucial experiment was made. An instrument for recording the blood-pressure in the carotid artery of an anæsthetized cat was arranged to write its record on a moving surface of smoked paper. When the normal pressure was in record, a little less than a teaspoonful of olive oil was injected into the jugular vein. Thereupon the blood-pressure began to fall, and the animal soon showed all the phenomena of shock observed in the wounded soldier.

My attention was then directed to the discovery of a new remedy. Following the plugging of the capillaries by fat, the arteries and the heart are partially emptied; and the blood collects in the veins, especially in the large and numerous abdominal veins. In fact, the patient may be said to bleed to death in his own veins, since the quantity of blood left in the arteries does not suffice for the nutrition of the cells of the brain and other organs.

My first experiments were directed to altering the physical condition of the fat which had plugged the capillaries, so that it might pass through these narrow straits and free the channels for the nourishing blood. These experiments have not yet succeeded. Even if they had, they might not have proved of value in established shock. The plugging of the blood-vessels undoubtedly sets in train the falling blood-pressure and other phenomena of shock. But the condition once established, the patient cannot be saved unless the excess of blood in the veins is brought back into the arteries. If that can be done, experience shows that the patient will usually recover. Either the stopped capillaries free themselves, or other capillaries take up the duties of their injured neighbors. The practical point is to draw the blood from the engorged abdominal veins into the chest, where it shall fill the half-emptied heart and permit that faithful organ to fill the capillaries. To that end, I proposed the respiratory pump.

The air is drawn into the chest chiefly by the diaphragm, a large flat muscle which separates the chest from the abdomen. When the diaphragm descends in inspiration, the cavity of the chest is enlarged. If a squeezed rubber ball is allowed to expand under water, the surrounding fluid enters the ball. So, when the cavity of the chest is expanded, surrounding fluids enter the chest; the air is sucked in through the trachea and blood is sucked in through the veins. The blood is sucked into the chest with considerable force. If the normal quiet contraction of the diaphragm so aids the entrance of blood into the chest, its powerful contraction will aid still more. Powerful and frequent contractions are within our command. We have but to increase the carbon dioxide in the inspired air to call forth deep and rapid respiration. The necessary amount of carbon dioxide is not injurious.

These facts concerning the respiration and its influence on the circulation were known to every physiologist. My contribution consisted in applying them to shock. My remedy therefore

was to increase greatly the action of the respiratory pump by having the patient breathe an atmosphere rich in carbon dioxide. Meanwhile he was to be placed in an inclined position, with the abdominal vessels higher than the heart, so as to favor by gravity the flow of blood from the abdomen into the chest. In my animals with shock, this increased respiration raised the blood-pressure sufficiently to warrant the hope that valuable results would follow the treatment when applied to wounded men. Upon this hope the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research had sent me again to France.

III

Forty-eight hours after my strategic defeat in the restaurant on rue Cambon, I was walking with Major C—— under fire over the gently rising terrain leading to the Massif de Moronvillers. It was my purpose to try the new remedy, and to measure the blood-pressure in normal and wounded soldiers during a sharp offensive.

The meadow larks were singing. Even the major sang. And the air above was filled with the song of shells. The several harmonies were stratified. From the lush grass of early spring rose small chirpings and hummings; then came the major, having as it were a layer all to himself; then the meadow larks, numerous and undismayed; still higher were heard the hissing three-inch shells; and up in the blue the mournful droning of the great projectiles.

'If you search these fields,' remarked the major, 'you will find in every square metre at least one piece of shell.' It was true. I looked through fifty square yards or more, and in each was at least one fragment of steel.

'It is forbidden to walk in these fields,' said the major. 'Perhaps we had better get into the trench.'

I took a last general view of our position. Behind us, the German fire was painting with dark smudges the village through which we had just come. Far across the plain — too far to see — lay Châlons-sur-Marne. To the left, miles away, was the Montagne de Rheims, bearing on its fruitful slopes the celebrated vineyards of Champagne. In front rose the Massif de Moronvillers, crowned with its hills of fame — Mont Cornillet, Mont Blond, Mont Haut, the Casque, and the Téton. Their decent garments of green were torn away. Naked they lay. On their livid slopes the trenches crawled like great white worms. Streaks of flame and sudden bursts of black smoke marked the constant fall of German shells. Thrown high in the air, the pale chalk-dust drifted with the acrid fumes among the riven pines.

We entered the communication trench, a deep and narrow passage, writhing through the chalk like a snake in pain. When we came to the lines, the trench sank into a gallery. Dug by the Boche, it now served his enemy. The gallery was seven feet wide. At the farther end were four or five wooden bunks in which the Staff slept. In the middle were two tables. One supported a pair of typewriters, industriously nibbling at a mound of papers, under a small acetylene flare. On the other table was a row of aluminium porringers, salt, pepper, war-bread, and a small bowl of sugar.

We lunched. The colonel was an energetic and smiling veteran of forty-five, hard and fit. His face glowed like a dull red coal in the shadows of the cave. Six *galons* were upon his sleeve, one for each of his six wounds.

The food was simple but sufficient. The ritual of the déjeuner was scrupulously observed. It was as if a gentleman handed a poor relation into a carriage. The colonel and I sat side by

side. Conversation flowed like milk in the Land of Canaan. The subject indeed was cows. It appeared that the regiment possessed a cow. This was unusual. The Marseillaise, the Ten Commandments, and Our Cow seemed on the same plane. As a breeder of Guernseys, these discerning people moved my heart. We were friends.

When night came, I took off my boots, belt, and helmet, and slept on a stretcher. At half-past three, an imperative hand shook my shoulder. 'Gas! Be quick!' I seized the mask, which changes the man of peace into the ghoul of war. I pulled on my boots and put on my helmet. We ventured out. On the crest of the Massif, the stars of God paled before the star-shells of the Huns. It was the hour before dawn. A lively bombardment was in play. Cocks crew, still faithful to their conviction that, but for them, the sun would not rise. I reflected that, but for us and our seven million comrades, the sun might set never to rise again. We sniffed the cool damp air for the odor of chocolate which betrays the creeping death. But the gas was not for us. Far down on the horizon hung the gibbous moon. Across her chill and disapproving face passed black slim shapes incredibly swift — eight-inch shells plunging to their rending crash.

Back in Division Headquarters, General F—— had at first suggested that I should be stationed in the celebrated tunnel on Mont Cornillet, taken from the enemy four days before my arrival. The tunnel was dug deep in the chalk. It was very large — large enough to hold a dressing-station and six hundred German reserves. It had a big ventilating shaft. By a strange chance, a sixteen-inch French shell passed through this ventilating shaft and exploded among the Boches. All were instantly destroyed. Comparatively few showed a wound — they were killed by the gas-pressure and the fumes.

The commotion made by an exploding shell is extraordinary. I have often felt the strong push of hot gas as if I had been struck by a flying cushion. Among my friends in Paris was a French aviator who had begun the war as an infantryman. His platoon held a first-line trench. A Busy Bertha fell among them. Some were killed by flying fragments, others by the concussion. A comrade of my friend was pushed by the blast against the hard clay wall of the trench, with such force that both the skull and the chest were crushed. They were visibly flattened.

The incident of the tunnel was certainly remarkable. But a still stranger accident had befallen the French a few days before my arrival. The regiment brigaded with the 365th had its headquarters in a gallery thirty feet below the surface. It was apparently quite safe. Two large shells fell on that spot. The first made a crater fifteen feet deep directly over the gallery. The second fell exactly in the bottom of this crater, broke into the refuge, and killed the colonel and the officers with him.

[1] *May* 23.

It was fortunate for me that I was not put in the Mont Cornillet tunnel, but in a cave on Mont Blond; had I been, I should have missed a wonderful experience — the battle on the crest.

I was conducted to my new home the morning of the gas alarm. My cave was on the slope of Mont Blond, a little more than a thousand feet from the crest. Perhaps three hundred feet below us the slope ended in a path, and beyond rose another low hill, near the top of which was the regimental headquarters I had just left. The cave

[1] The remainder of this paper is copied verbatim from letters written on the spot.

had been dug by the Germans. The roof was almost flush with the surface. There was nothing to mark the spot, except that the universal wrack was there accentuated.

Battered tins, coils of barbed wire, scraps of leather, a broken stove upside down, rusted clips of cartridges, burlap sacks mired with clay, decayed bandages, a hopeless old rifle, intrenching tools, discarded helmets punched with shell-holes through which the brains of the owner had probably oozed, old shoes, battered shell-cases, and a trench torpedo lay about, half-buried in the dirt thrown out of the craters.

Five or six steps screened with dead branches led into the cave. It was about six feet deep. The roof was supported by projecting beams. The sides were clumsily boarded. Here and there were openings dug farther into the earth and provided with shelves which were covered with accoutrements, flat circular wine-flasks in canvas, tin cups, musettes lumpy with a miscellaneous kit, packages of food, bundles of dressings — all in great confusion and all thickly smeared with dirt. The furniture consisted of a couple of benches and a greasy table. The table stood against a wall. On one end were the surgical tools, bandages, packages of gauze, *et cetera*. On the other, three or four small cooking utensils and an alcohol lamp.

The room was full of men: three surgeons and eight or nine *brancardiers* in a space ten by twelve feet. A ladder led into a lower cave, six by seven feet, the floor of which was fifteen feet below the surface. Here were bunks of unplaned boards. Twenty feet away was another shelter, an overflow, still more primitive.

In our own cave dinner was being prepared. Dinner was served here at noon, for greater convenience. Outside, the Boches were very active. The slope was being searched with shells in the thorough German way. The living heeded this mortal rain no more than the stoic dead, who lay about us, beneath their crosses — two rough boards in the form the Prince of Peace had sanctified.

Through the hot fire appeared the major, very brisk, clean-shaven, immaculately clothed, plump and smiling. Under his arm was a long bottle, converted to the ways of innocence. The major made a gay salute. 'The colonel presents his compliments and hopes you will accept a litre of fresh milk.' Delightful colonel! O gentle cow, all red and white! We drank an English toast with gusto: 'To hell with the Huns!' Everybody laughed. The bearded *poilu* detailed as chef plunged his great spoon into the tub of solid alcohol at his feet and fetched up a huge lump to feed the flame under our crackling meat, as who should say, 'This for the Boches!'

Dinner was served. The few who could find a place sat down. The rest stood, each with his porringer. We had *hors d'œuvres*, consisting of sardines and sliced onion with bread and butter, omelette, beef with sauce tartare, potato salad, oranges, and cakes. Jokes flew about, but they were harmless jokes. Neither then nor at any other time did I hear from French soldiers the coarse obscenity which too often mars the fighting men of other nations.

In the afternoon, I went with an *officier de santé* into the advanced trenches. But trenches is not the correct term. The Germans had been forced back and off the whole extent of the Massif de Moronvillers, until they had lost all the crest but the position immediately above our cave. The French first line lay beyond the old German trenches, in a series of shell-

holes connected by hasty ditches. It was very warm here; in some places there were more dead than living. The commandant of this section complained to my *officier de santé*. The dead were not removed quickly enough. He could *sentir* them. They had begun to rot.

We returned safely to the cave. As we stood at the entrance, a German plane passed high over us. We dived for shelter. None too soon. A moment later three shells fell, in quick succession, close to our post. These caves are not proof against direct hits, though safe enough from fragments. Two days after my departure, a shell entered the *poste de secours* next to ours, killing the two surgeons and five *brancardiers*.

There are hours when the fire is light, though it never ceases. Again, it will swell almost to drum-fire. It is not safe to go more than a few feet from the cave, lest you be caught in one of these sudden storms. When it is possible, I sit in the mild May sunshine on a burlap at the top of our steps. The probable course of a shell can be told from the sound. When the hiss crescendo seems to be coming straight for you, a swift plunge is in order.

A sharp watch for planes is necessary. In my first summer, at Nieuport and elsewhere, the planes did not usually attack small groups of soldiers. But here, at the Massif de Moronvillers, they have a nasty habit of dropping suddenly from the sky, spitting steel from their *mitrailleuses*.

The gas-shells are very numerous and very deadly. My colonel — the one who sent the milk — was laid up three weeks from gas that had crept through a very small opening where, because of his high cheek-bones, the edge of the mask failed to press firmly against his face. Our masks contain several layers of gauze saturated with different chemicals to neutralize the various fumes.

When darkness came we prepared for bed. At half-past eight my orderly saluted. He had been before the war a teacher of Latin in the High School at Lille. His wife and two children were refugees. The wife had tuberculosis from her hardships. He informed me in his precise French that my couch was ready. I climbed down the ladder to the lower cave, backwards and bent double, since the entrance was a low slanting shaft. Gérard pulled off my great trench-boots, hung up my belt and helmet, and folded my raincoat for a pillow. I lay down on the bare planks. He placed my heavy overcoat over me and wished me pleasant dreams. I told him that in my youth I had often been put to sleep by a teacher of Latin, but I had never before been put to bed by one.

During the night, the Boches bombarded points below us with gas-shells.

(*Dr. Porter's final paper, 'The Clue,' will appear in the February number.* — THE EDITORS.)

MORE LETTERS FROM FRANCE

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

April, 1917.

I HAVE met some interesting types lately. One is Jean B——, a sergeant of infantry. Jean has been about the world a good bit, and when the war broke out was just finishing a contract in Spain. He promptly came to France and volunteered, and had only fifteen days of training before being sent to the front for a big attack. Knowing nothing of military matters and having distinguished himself in the first day's fighting, he was made a corporal at once; and next day, when the attack began again, he and his squad were the first to jump into a section of German trench. There, abandoned in the hasty retreat, was a brand-new German machine-gun and forty sacks of ammunition. Jean is a canny boy, and before the officers had got to where he was, he had his men hide gun and cartridges in a clump of bushes.

The French made a gain of about two miles at this point, and owing to the nature of the ground, — artillery emplacements, and so forth, — the new lines were nearly a mile apart. Under these conditions, both sides were constantly making daylight patrols in the broken country between the trenches; and as Jean's captain was a good judge of men, he let him take his squad out daily, to do pretty much as he pleased. Pledging his men to absolute secrecy, Jean had them hide machine-gun and ammunition a little way in front of the new French lines, and then gave them a brief drill, in mounting and dismounting the gun, tripod, and so forth. (He had worked in an ordnance factory, by the way.) Each man carried either a part of the gun or a few belts of cartridges.

One morning, just before dawn, they crawled up close to the Germans and hid themselves in a brushy watercourse — *mitrailleuse* set up and ready for action. Presently there were sounds of activity in front, and as day broke, they made out thirty or forty Germans, who, so far away and out of sight of the French, were out in the open, working on a new trench. Jean's men began to get excited and wanted action, but he calmed them, whispering to be patient. He himself is the most excitable man in the world — except in emergencies; a jovial type, with black hair and a pair of merry gray eyes set in a red, weather-beaten face.

Hour after hour they bided their time, until the Germans, only 75 yards away, assembled in a group for a rest. Lying on his belly behind the gun, Jean sighted and pulled the lever, spraying lead into the unfortunate Boches until the last belt of 200 cartridges had raced through. Then it was all hands dismount the gun and retreat at top speed. Sneaking 'home' by devious ways, they smiled to see shells begin to smash into the position they had so lately left.

At supper that evening (the meal known universally as 'la soupe'), the colonel came strolling down the trench with Jean's subaltern. The lieutenant nodded and pointed, then called Jean over.

'Ah,' said the colonel, smiling, 'so

this is the type who was on patrol this morning — hum. I was in an advanced observation post on the hill above you and saw the whole affair with my glasses. And how many of those poor Germans did you kill?'

'I did not wait to count, my colonel.'

'I will tell you, then; six escaped, out of thirty-eight — most remarkable rifle-fire I remember seeing. It sounded almost like a *mitrailleuse* at work. How many in your patrol? Five? Remarkable! Remarkable! *Eh bien*, good day, sergeant.'

'He was a type not too severe,' remarked the ex-corporal, in telling the tale; 'in short, *un bon garçon*.'

This is the highest compliment a *poilu* can pay his officer; in fact, I once heard an ancient territorial say it irreverently of Marshal Joffre, whom he had known in younger days, somewhere in the Orient.

Jean is at home in several languages, speaking perfectly French, German, Italian, and Spanish. I usually chat with him in the latter, as in it I get the fine points of his narrative better than in French. His German was the means of getting him into an adventure such as very few men in the war have experienced. I cannot, of course, vouch for the truth of what follows, but I have no reason to doubt his word, and know him to be capable of any foolhardy rashness. Such a thing would be impossible at the present time.

One dark night, shortly after midnight Jean — on a solitary patrol — was lying just outside the wire, about ten metres from the German trench, listening to locate the sentries. There was a faint starlight. Suddenly a whisper came from beyond the wire, a low voice speaking in broken French.

'Why do you lie so quiet, my friend? I saw you crawl up and have watched you ever since. I don't want to shoot you; I am a Bavarian.'

'Good-evening, then,' Jean whispered back in his perfect German.

'So,' said the sentry, 'you speak our language. Wait a moment, till I warn the rest of my squad, and I will show you the way through the wire; there are no officers about at this hour.'

Probably not one man in a thousand would have taken such a chance, but he did, and ten minutes later was standing in the trench in a German cloak and fatigue cap (in case of passing officers), chatting amiably with a much interested group of Bavarian soldiers. They gave him beer, showed him their dugouts, and arranged a whistle signal for future visits, before bidding him a regretful good-night. 'We are Bavarians,' they said; 'we like and admire the French, and fight only because we must.'

With characteristic good sense, Jean went at once to his captain the following morning and told him the whole story. The officer knew and trusted him and said without hesitation, 'Go as often as you want, and keep your ears open.'

So he made many a midnight crawl through the wires, after whistling the soft signal. He carried with him each time a few litres of wine (a great luxury to the German soldier), and in return they took him on long excursions through their trenches. Once he was in the German third line, more than a mile back. The sector was a very quiet one, though the trenches were close together, and one morning a crude arrow dropped into the French trench, bearing a note to Jean.

'Get into your dugouts at five this afternoon,' it read; 'there will be a bombardment, but no attack, we hope.'

Another time, after a French bombardment, a similar note dropped in: 'Don't send so many torpedoes — shells are all right, but your torpedoes have ruined some of our best sleeping-places.

Remember we are not Prussians, but Bavarians.'

Jean is just now back from a *permission*. He went away a reckless, jolly sort of an adventurer, and has come back sober, serious, and tremendously in love. He told me a little about it, as we sat together in my dugout (I have a private one now, with a stove, a tiny window sticking up discreetly six inches above ground, and pictures on the walls), and the tale is so typical of war-time France that I can't resist telling it to you.

They had carried on quite a correspondence, as godmother and godson, before the longed-for *permission* came; and when A——, with her parents, of course, met him at the train, she seemed like an old friend. She is charming, as I know from her photograph, and sturdy brown Jean, togged out in his special *permission* uniform, with his neat shoes, bright leather puttees and belt, *képi de fantaisie*, and gold sergeant's wound- and service-stripes, looks every inch a soldier of France. At the end of the second day, he was walking with A—— and could contain himself no longer.

'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'I cannot, as a man of honor, stay here longer. I love you, — there, I have said it, — but I am penniless, and after the war shall have only what I can earn. Your father, on the other hand, is the most important merchant in this district — so you see it would (even if you were willing) be quite impossible for me to ask for your hand. I can never thank you enough for your kindness to a poor soldier; it has given me a glimpse of Paradise.'

That evening, as he sat in his room, trying to make up an excuse to give the old people for leaving, the girl's mother came in, saying that she understood he was going, and was much hurt to think that her house had not pleased him. Then the old gentleman rushed in, radiant with smiling good humor.

'But hush, *maman*,' he cried, 'I know all. Also I know a man when I see one. You love our little A——, eh, sergeant? Well, what of it? And you are poor — well, what of that? When we old ones are gone, she will have everything — she is all we have, since Louis was killed at the Marne. You are a type that I love, my boy — out there at the front, helping to push the Boche out of France; do you suppose I would not rather have you for a son-in-law than some *sacré espèce* of a rich *embusqué*, riding by in his limousine?'

Rather superb, I think.

So, as an engaged man, he is making a poor attempt to be cautious. Also, he has a frightful case of *cafard*, that mysterious malady of the trenches, which is nothing but concentrated homesickness and longing for the sight of one's womenfolk, sweethearts, sisters, mothers. A couple of days ago, he came to me with a brilliant idea.

'See, Charlot,' he said, 'I have a scheme. You know Lieutenant P——, chief of the *corps franc* — tell him of me, that I can speak German and can take prisoners, and tell him to ask my captain to detach me for the next *coup de main*.'

To understand this, you must know that a *coup de main* is a raid, made after a brief artillery preparation, on the enemy trenches, not with the idea of gaining ground, but simply to get a few prisoners for information regarding regiments, and so forth. In the French army such raids are made by special selected companies of each regiment, who have no routine duty and get eight days' special leave after each raid that results in prisoners. These men are termed *corps franc*. As you can see, Jean thought this a quick way to get back to his fiancée.

While we talked, by a freak of luck,

who should knock at my door but Lieutenant P——, chief of our local *corps franc*, a very good friend and one I am proud to have. He is the perfect quintessence of a French subaltern, — 26 years old, slight, wiry, and handsome; an Anglophile in everything relating to sport, as exquisite in dress and person as Beau Brummel, and as recklessly brave as Morgan's buccaneers. He has risen from the ranks, wears a gold bracelet, and has every decoration that a French soldier or officer can get, including the red ribbon. His *croix de guerre* has seven citations, and he has been five times wounded. He took to Jean at once, saying that he needed an interpreter for a raid which was coming in two or three days, and promised to see the captain about it at once.

'Better come with us,' he said to me, whimsically. 'I want to run down to Paris next week, and if the sergeant here and I don't get a prisoner or two, it will be because there are none left in the first line. Come on — you'll see some fun!'

'But,' I said, 'what is there in it for me? I'm ruined if I'm caught in any such escapade, and in any case I get no *permission*.'

'Oh, we'll fix that. Maybe you'd get a nice little wound like my last one; and if not, I'm an expert with grenades; I think I could toss one so you would just get an *éclat* or two in the legs — good for a week in Paris.'

I thanked him without enthusiasm and declined.

The sequel to this came last night as I lay reading in my bunk. The evening had been absolutely quiet, not a rifle-shot along the trenches, until suddenly, about 10.30, the batteries set up their sullen thumping, mingled with the thud of exploding aerial torpedoes.

To my ears, concentrated artillery fire — not too far off — has a strangely mournful sound — heavy, dull, and fitful, like a dark thunderstorm in Dante's hell. The bombardment lasted exactly forty minutes, then absolute silence except for an occasional pistol-shot (no one uses rifles in raids), and once more the sudden stammer of a *mitrailleuse*. As I lay there, safe in my warm bunk, I thought of gallant little P—— and jolly old lovelorn Jean, perhaps at that moment stealing through torn German wire with a brace of prisoners ahead of them, crouching low each time a star shell sent up its warning trail of sparks, — or perhaps —

To-morrow, when I go back to the village for two days' rest, I shall look for them.

April 10, 1917.

I am writing this in a new post of ours — a village several kilometres from the lines, where there are still civilians. As the hospital is very noisy at night, and one would have to sleep in a barrack, packed in among the wounded, I have arranged with a motherly old woman (*patronne* of the local café) to let me have her spare room. I found an old cow-bell and by an arrangement of strings and hooks have rigged it so that it can be rung at night from the street below. Talk about luxury! I have a real bed (about five feet long) with sheets, pillows, and a feather-bed that reaches from feet to waist. When a night call comes, the bell tinkles, I leap out of bed, pull on breeches and coat and high felt 'arctics,' and in three minutes am off.

As there are no men about, I have been (in odd moments) splitting wood and moving the heavy beer and wine casks as required — work really far too heavy for women. The old lady, in return, often invites me in for a cup of steaming coffee with a dash of schnapps, and to-day she asked me to a family dinner — a superb civilian meal of ham and boiled potatoes and home-made *choucroute*. The latter must be

tasted to be appreciated. She is quite bitter about a branch of the Y.M.C.A. — called *Foyer du Soldat* — just opened here, which, with its free movies, papers, and so forth, has lured away much of her trade. 'I pay a heavy license tax,' she says, 'and they pay nothing — nothing.'

Useless to try to explain to the good old soul that the innocent must suffer in order that virtue shall triumph — or in other words, that the *fantassin* shall have amusement without beer. I comforted her with the regrettable truth that her boys will all be back when the novelty is worn off.

A great many of the men here are muleteers from the Spanish and Italian borders. Where the country is hilly and trails constitute the shortest route to the trenches, the French use a great many pack-mules to carry up provisions, ammunition, and supplies. A Western packer would be interested in their methods. Each mule has its master, who packs it, washes it, feeds it, and on the march walks ahead, leading it by a rope. The pack-saddles and rigging are wonderful — they must be when one considers that the mules often carry 300 pounds twenty miles a day, and sore backs are unknown.

A mule's a mule, however, wherever you meet him — these are just the same 'ornery' brutes we have at home. Their effect on the explosive southern French temperament is sometimes ludicrous. I stopped the other day to ask the way of a mule-skinner who was limping dejectedly ahead of his charge — the rest of the train was far ahead. After putting me on the road, he leaned wearily against a tree and explained that in all the world there was probably not another mule like his. It had kicked him yesterday, it had bitten him severely this morning, and just now, while he adjusted the pack, it had kicked him on the hip, so that in all likelihood he would limp for life. While he talked, the mule sidled over, with drooping eyelids and sagging ears, and planted one foot firmly on the unfortunate Frenchman's toes. The whole thing seemed to have been done by accident — I could almost see the dotted line of innocence running from the mule's sleepy eye off into space. Without a word, the man set his shoulder against the mule, forced its weight off his foot, and tenderly inspected the injured part. Then, hands on hips, he regarded the mule with a long stare of dramatic contempt.

'Wouldst thou kill me, *sacré espèce* of a camel?' he said at last; 'well, death would be better than this. Come, here I am!'

The day before yesterday, when I was out at one of our posts on the front, an Austrian 88*mm.* shell fell in a crowd of mules and their drivers. Fortunately no one was hurt (by one of the freaks of shells), but three mules were killed by the splinters. That night, with some misgivings, I tried a steak from the hind-quarter of a five-year-old mule. *It was bully.* When you come to think of it, a mule is just as good food as a steer.

A week ago I was waiting at a front post for some wounded, when a mule train came by, packed with the huge winged aerial torpedoes so much in vogue just now. Each mule carried four of these truly formidable things. As the last mule passed, he slipped on the muddy slope, his feet flew out, and down he came with a whack, torpedoes and all. You ought to have seen us scatter, — officers, men, and mule-drivers, — like fragments of a bursting shell. As the mule showed signs of struggling, we had to rush back and gingerly remove the load before helping him up.

These torpedoes play a great part in war nowadays. They are cheap to man-

ufacture, carry an enormous bursting charge, and — shot out of small mortar-like guns, into which the steel or wooden 'stem' of the torpedo is inserted — have a range of six or seven hundred yards. On days of attack you can see them, like huge black birds, soar slowly up from behind the trenches, hang poised for an instant, and dart down to make their formidable explosion, which sends clouds of débris, timber, and dirt, high into the air. Their fragments are very bad — long, thin, jagged things that come whizzing by and inflict terrible wounds. Many of them are equipped with 'trailers,' which outline their course in a shower of crimson sparks; and on nights of attack the sky is scored with their fiery trails.

A night attack is a wonderful thing to see: the steady solemn thunder of the guns, the sky glaring with star-shells and trails, the trenches flaming and roaring with bursting shell. It is like a vast natural phenomenon, — Krakatoa or Mont Pelée, — too vast and cataclysmic to be man's handiwork; and yet, into the maelstrom of spouting flames, hissing steel, shattering explosions, insignificant little creatures like you and me will presently run — offering, with sublime courage, their tender bodies to be burned and pierced and mangled. To me that is war's one redeeming feature — it brings out in men a courage that is of the spirit alone — above all earthly things.

April 26, 1917.

This afternoon the general of the division ordered us to present ourselves at headquarters at four o'clock. From lunch on there was a great shaving and haircutting, brushing and pressing of uniforms, and overhauling of shoes and puttees. Four o'clock found us lined up at the door of the wonderful old château, and next moment a superb officer, who spoke English, — of the Oxford variety, — stepped out, introduced himself all around with charming courtesy, took our names, and ushered us in.

The general, a hawk-faced man of sixty, straight and slender as an arrow, with sparkling dark eyes, stood surrounded by his resplendent staff. As each name was announced, we walked forward to him, saluted and bowed, and shook hands. This over, we stepped back and mingled with the staff officers, who displayed a wonderful trick of making us feel at home in the first stiffness. Presently orderlies brought in champagne and glasses, and when every one had his glass in hand the buzz stopped while the general spoke.

'Your country, gentlemen,' he said, 'has done France the honor of setting aside this day for her. It is fitting that I should ask you here, in order to tell you how much we appreciate America's friendship, which you and your comrades have been demonstrating by actions rather than words. I am an old man, but I tell you my heart beat like a boy's when the news came that the great Sister Republic — united of old by ideals of human liberty — had thrown in her lot with ours. I ask you to drink with me to the future of France and America — the sure future. You have seen France: our brave women, ready to make any sacrifices for the motherland; our little soldiers, invincible in their determination. Let us drink then to France, to America, and to the day of ultimate victory, which is coming as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow.'

As he ceased, he stepped forward to touch glasses with each of us, — the invariable French custom, — and next moment a magnificent Chasseur band, outside on the terrace, crashed into the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Quite thrilling, I assure you. Later, we strolled

through the stately old gardens, chatting with the officers while the band played. The general, while the most military man imaginable, has a very attractive brusque affability. We are a good-sized crowd as Americans run, and the French, who average shorter and stockier, never cease to wonder at our height. The old chap grabbed three or four of us by the shoulders and lined us up.

'Mais vous êtes des gaillards,' he said, smiling; 'see, I am five or six centimetres shorter than any of you. But wait, we have a giant or two.'

With that he called over a grinning captain and pulled him back to back with our biggest man, whom he topped by a full inch.

'But, my general,' laughed the officer, 'it is not good to be so tall — too much of one sticks out of a trench.'

The owner of the château — a stately woman of fifty, proud of her name, her race, and her country, and an angel from heaven to the sick and poor for miles around — is an example of the kind of patriotism of which, I fear, we are in need. Her husband is dead; when the war broke out she had a daughter and two sons — gallant young officers whose brief lives had been a constant source of satisfaction and pride to their mother. The elder was killed at the Marne, and a while ago, the younger, her special pet, was killed here in an attack. A woman of her kind, to whom the continuance of an old name was almost a religion, could undergo no harder experience. At the graveside she stood erect and dry-eyed, with a little proud smile on her lips, as her last boy was buried. 'Why should I weep?' she asked some one who would have comforted her; 'there is nothing finer my boys could have done if they had lived out their lives.' Her heart must be very nearly broken in two, but never a sign does she give; going about among her hospitals and peasant families as cheerful, interested, even gay, as if her only cares were for others. There is true courage for you!

To-day I went to a new post for some sick men, and who should be waiting for me but my friend Jean, of whom I wrote you before! His company has been transferred to this place. It was great to see his grinning face and to chatter Spanish with him. As the sick men had not finished lunch, Jean asked me to his mess, and we had a jolly meal with his pals. I have had to give up wine, as it seems to blacken our teeth horribly (all of us have noticed it, and we can trace it to no other source), and the Frenchmen can't get over the joke of seeing one drink water — extraordinary stuff to drink! All right to run under bridges or for washing purposes, but as a beverage — a quaint American conceit, handed down no doubt from the red aborigines — *les peaux rouges indigènes* — of our continent. Jean admitted that since December, 1914, he had not tasted water, and no one else could remember the last occasion when he had tried it.

As word had just come from the trenches that a wounded man was on the way in, I got my helmet and we strolled down the *boyau* to meet the stretcher-bearers. It was, to me, a new section of the front and very interesting. The country is broken and hilly, and the lines zigzag about from crest to valley in the most haphazard way, which really has been painfully worked out to prevent enfilading fire. There is scarcely any fighting here, as neither side has anything to gain by an advance, which would mean giving up their present artillery positions.

In one place the *boyau* ran down a steep slope, badly exposed, and Jean said, 'Follow me on the run!' We sprinted for twenty yards, and next

moment, *tat-tat-tat-tat* came from the Boches, and little spurts of dust shot up behind us. They can never shoot quickly enough to hurt any one at this point, Jean said, but after all, 'You can't blame a fellow for trying.'

At the next turn we came on a train of the little grenade donkeys — so small that they make the tiniest Mexican burro seem a huge clumsy brute. They do not show above the shallowest trench, and each one carries two *panniers* full of grenades. These last are vicious little things of cast iron, checkered so as to burst into uniform square fragments, and about the size and shape of lemons. They make an astonishingly loud bang when they go off, and if close enough, as in a narrow trench, are pretty bad. At a little distance, of course, they are not very dangerous. In the trench warfare — raids, infantry attacks, and so forth — they seem to have supplanted rifles, just as the knife has supplanted the bayonet.

May 11, 1917.

Sunday, another lovely day. It is 7 A.M., and already the indefinable Sunday atmosphere has come over the camp. The shower-baths are open and strings of men are coming and going with towels on their arms. Under the trees little groups are shaving and cutting one another's hair, amid much practical joking and raillery.

One becomes very fond of the French soldier. Large floods of rhetoric have been poured out in describing him, and yet nearly every day one discovers in him new and interesting traits. Let me try and sketch for you a composite picture of the French infantryman — the *fantassin* who is winning the war for France. On the whole, I do not see him as a boy, but as a sturdy middle-aged man — the father of a family. He is short and solidly built, with thick calves and heavy shoulders. His round head, on which the hair is short, crisp, and black, is surmounted by a battered blue helmet. He wears a long overcoat, looped up and buttoned at the sides, showing evidence, in several places, of home-made patching. It was once horizon blue, but has now faded to an ideally protective shade of blue-green-gray. About his middle is a worn cartridge-belt, and from either shoulder, their straps crossing on breast and back, hang his *musettes* — bags of brown canvas for carrying extra odds and ends, including everything from a bottle of wine to a dictionary. On his back is his square pack, an affair of formidable weight, to which he has lashed his rolled blanket in the form of a horseshoe, points down. Perched on top of this, he carries his *gamelle* and *quart* — the saucepan and cup which serve for both cooking and eating; and beside them you perceive with astonishment that he has strapped a large German trench torpedo — a souvenir for the home folks. From his belt hangs the tin box, painted horizon-blue, which contains his gas-mask, and on the other side his long slender bayonet rattles against his thigh.

A large calloused hand, not too clean, holds his shouldered rifle at a most unmilitary angle. The gun has seen hard service, the wood is battered, and in places bright steel shows through the bluing; but look closely and you will see that it is carefully greased, and in the muzzle a little plug of cloth keeps out dust and moisture. In spite of a load which would make a burro groan, he walks sturdily, whistling a march between puffs of a cigarette. Glance at his face. The eyes are dark gray, deep-set, and twinkling with good humor; they are the clear decisive eyes of a man who knows what he wants and has set about getting it. The nose is aquiline, the mouth strong and ironically humorous, the unshaven chin positive and

shapely. It is the face of a breed that has been settling to type for many centuries, a race old in cultivation and philosophy.

What is he in civil life? That is hard to say. A lawyer, a farmer, a custom-house clerk, a cook — probably a cook; most of them seem to be cooks, and mighty good ones. Ours at the mess was assistant *chef* at the Savoy, in London, and when he has the material (for example a hind-quarter of mule, a few potatoes, some dandelions, a tin of lobster, and an egg) he can turn out a dinner hard to equal anywhere — delicious *hors d'œuvres*, superb soup, roast, sauté potatoes, salad, and so on.

The French soldier's one great joy and privilege is to grumble. Back in billets where he goes to rest, he spends the whole day at it — hour after hour, over a book or a litre of wine, he complains of everything: the food, the uniforms, the trenches, the artillery, the war itself. To hear him, one would suppose that France was on the verge of ruin and disintegration. Let some unwise stranger make the slightest criticism of France and watch the change. The *poilu* takes the floor with a bound. There is no country like France — no better citizens or braver soldiers than the French.

'*Dis donc, mon vieux*,' he ends triumphantly, 'where would Europe be now if it were not for us?'

To be a French general is a terrible responsibility. Their ears must burn continually, for every act is criticized, picked to pieces, and proved a fatal mistake, daily, in a thousand roadside wine-shops. Some celebrity once remarked, that every French soldier was a potential general. He knew them; he was right. They are no carping destructive critics who tear things down but suggest no method of building up. On the contrary, any chance-met *poilu* will tell you exactly how any manœuvre or bit of strategy should be carried out — from a trench-raid to an enveloping movement, which will — he is sure of it! — net fifty thousand prisoners. In last night's *coup de main* they caught only three Germans. 'Do you know why, my friend? I will tell you. Our artillery cut the wires all right, and tapped on the front trench. Good. After that they raised their guns for the barrage, but pouf! the Boches had already run back to their dugouts in the second or third lines. Had the gunners made a barrage on the second line from the beginning, the Germans would have been forced to remain in the first line, and instead of three, we would have bagged thirty. Oh, well, we get our extra leave anyhow, and you should have heard them squeal when we dropped grenades down their stove-pipes!'

The French infantryman would drive a foreign officer mad until he began to understand him and appreciate his splendid hidden qualities. The only thing he does without grumbling is fight; and, after all, when you come to think of it, that is a rather important part of a soldier's duty.

An officer wants a new *boyau* dug — you never *heard* such grumbling and groaning and kicking. Finally, a bit put out, he says, —

'All right, don't dig it, if you are all sick and tired, and think I make you work simply to keep you busy. It was only a whim of mine anyhow — the Boches put up a new machine-gun last night, which enfilades the old *boyau*, and when day breaks and you go back to the third lines, they will doubtless put a dozen of us out of our misery.'

As if by magic the new zigzag trench is dug, and the chances are that the officer finds a supply of extra-good firewood in his *abri* next day.

In an army like France's, one finds many odd birds among the simple sol-

diers. I was playing 'shinny' (we introduced it and it has become very popular in our section) the other evening, and, when a soldier took off his coat, four thousand francs in bills dropped out of the breast pocket. Another evening, in a café, a roughly dressed soldier stood up to give us a bit of music — and for an hour the world seemed to stand still while one of the greatest violinists of France (two years at the front, twice wounded, *croix de guerre*, with several citations) made us forget that anything existed except a flood of clear throbbing sound. It was a rough, drinking crowd — a moment before there had been a pandemonium of loud voices and clattering plates; but for an hour the listeners were still as death — not a whisper, not even a hand-clap of applause. It was, I think, the finest tribute I ever saw paid a musician. And so it goes: one never knows what variety of man is hidden beneath the uniform of faded horizon-blue.

June 17, 1917.

At last I am free to sit down quietly for a letter to you. It has been a week of rather frenzied running about — passing examinations, and the like. I arrived here in the expectation of taking the first boat, crossing the continent, and seeing you.

A talk with some American officers changed the whole aspect of affairs and showed me that, if I was to be of any use, my job was to remain here. At home, it seems, men are a drug on the market — the rub is to train them and fit them in. Here, on the other hand, they fairly welcome healthy young men — and will train us and put us where we will do the most good, with the least possible delay. Don't let yourself think that flying over here is unduly hazardous — a skillful pilot (as I hope to be) has as good a chance of living to a ripe old age as his comrades in the infantry. Numbers of them have been at it since 1914. The school where I hope to be is the finest in the world and the machines beyond praise.

Since writing the above, I have received my papers of acceptance in the Foreign Legion, conditional on passing the French physical tests. I have already passed the tests of the Franco-American Committee. Before cabling I took all the tests.

Later.

I have passed the French examination and am to leave for the school in a day or two. I have been lucky!

It was interesting at the Paris recruiting office. I stood in line with dozens of other recruits for the Foreign Legion — all of us naked as so many fish, in the dirty corridor, waiting our turns. Each man had a number: mine was seven — lucky, I think! Finally the orderly shouted, 'Numéro sept,' and I separated myself from my jolly polyglot neighbors, marched to the door, did a 'demi-tour à gauche,' and came to attention before a colonel, two captains, and a sergeant.

'Name, Nordhoff, Charles Bernard — born at London, 1887 — American citizen — unmarried — no children — desires to enlist in Foreign Legion for duration of war — to be detached to the navigating personnel of the Aviation,' read the sergeant, monotonously. In two minutes I had been weighed, measured, stethoscoped, ears and eyes tested, and passed.

The colonel looked at me coldly and turned to the captain.

'Not so bad, this one, *hein?* He has not the head of a beast.'

I bowed with all the dignity a naked man can muster, and said respectfully, 'Merci, mon colonel.'

'Ah, you speak French,' he rejoined with a smile; 'good luck, then, my American.'

SCANDINAVIAN CROSS-CURRENTS

BY CHRISTIAN L. LANGE

It is only too natural that Scandinavia appears a unity when looked at from the other side of the Atlantic. The distance suffices to efface, more or less, the rather important divergencies between the three nations making up Scandinavia: Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Nor can it be denied that they are very closely related: the same anthropological type is prevailing; the three small peoples have succeeded in maintaining a high level of economic efficiency and cultural development; their languages, though each of them is possessed of a distinct individual character, are so nearly related that no interpreter is needed between them: a Dane, a Norwegian, a Swede can speak each his own language in a common assembly, and the others will understand easily enough. The same capital facts have influenced the historical development of the three nations, though in different degrees of intensity: the expeditions of the Vikings; Protestant Reform; the constitutional and parliamentary movements of modern times.

The capital fact of geographical proximity must needs draw these three national communities together during the overwhelming crisis of the world-war. A feeling of solidarity of interests, which was considerable already before the war, has been intensified by the aspect of the universal calamity. One object has been common to the policies of governments and statesmen in the three countries: that every effort should be made to avoid internecine warfare in Scandinavia.

On August, 16, 1914, a fortnight after the Black Sunday on the morning of which the world awoke to the news of the German declaration of war against Russia and realized that Armageddon had opened, a noteworthy ceremony took place on the frontier between Norway and Sweden. A monument was unveiled to commemorate a centenary of unbroken peace within Scandinavia, and an undertaking was entered into, all the more solemn because of the surrounding conditions, that no more should any of the Scandinavian peoples carry arms against another.

It was realized very clearly even then that it would be an essential condition of success for such a policy that none of the three nations should become implicated in the world-war: a policy *neutrality* for all was indispensable. As a review of the situation will show, the outlook on the war and on the problems it raises, is far from identical for all the three nations. Looked at from afar, they may fade into unity. When we examine their situation more closely, we shall soon see that the geographical position, no less than the economic interests of each, tends to impose on them considerably divergent policies. Their historic antecedents, in part also a somewhat different political and social organization, are likewise likely to give a somewhat different tinge to their conception of 'Neutrality.'

It is perhaps a big question whether in this war, raising problems so grave as to force everybody to a thorough searching of heart, neutrality of feel-

ing is possible. There is great strength in the sentiment prevailing on both sides, which proclaims in no uncertain voice, that whosoever is not with me is against me. Personally I am inclined to believe that no one, in his heart of hearts, is really neutral. But it is certainly possible — though not an easy or a grateful task — to be neutral in action and public declarations. If the Scandinavian nations have adopted a policy of strict neutrality, the chief reason is to be found in the fact just mentioned, that every other policy would in all probability have brought about inter-Scandinavian war; at any rate, this was so during the first three years.

Another potent motive for such a policy of abstention is that none of the three kingdoms is possessed of territorial ambitions. It is true that there is a Danish *irredenta* in North Slesvig, and to a certain extent there may perhaps be said to be a Swedish *irredenta* in Finland; but in neither of these two countries is national sentiment prepared to take *a war* in order to obtain satisfaction for these desires — in so far as they exist. War would entail perpetual enmity with powerful neighboring empires; the consequence of liberation of these territories *through war* would be to impose on Denmark and Sweden respectively enormous burdens for military expense, and probably their permanent allegiance to a certain group of powers; and, what is of paramount importance, the two countries would then belong to *different* groups of powers, and Scandinavian solidarity would become compromised beyond remedy. I propose now to review the dominant sentiments in each of the three countries separately.

ANTI-GERMAN DENMARK

That the Danish national feeling is overwhelmingly anti-German can surprise nobody: North Slesvig is Danish land. It is true that sober historical judgment puts severe blame on the then Danish government for its handling of the situation as against Prussia and Austria in 1864; and there can hardly be any doubt that Denmark might have preserved, at any rate, the part of Slesvig where the Danish language is spoken. This, however, cannot acquit Prussia and Bismarck of their responsibility: territory was taken from another state, the possession of which is of no economic or strategical importance to Prussia; the promise given in 1866 of a consultation of the inhabitants in North Slesvig by plebiscite as to their wishes was highhandedly canceled without Denmark or the Danes in Slesvig being asked their opinion;[1] and some 200,000 Danes have been subjected for more than fifty years to an exceedingly hard and illiberal rule — Prussian administration in its most odious form.

This was bound to leave a profound mark in the Danish mind. The reports from the brethren in the South, of their sufferings and their hopes for the future, of their unremitting struggle to preserve, for themselves and for their children, the use of the Danish language, contributed to hold open the sore: it was never forgotten, and literary and scientific documents of high quality bear witness to the intensity of this sentiment, no less than to the conscientiousness with which the problem has been treated by the Danes.

On the other hand, intimate economic relations had been developed with Great Britain. During the last generations, in consequence of the competition created by the imports to Europe

[1] It should be said that two thirds of Slesvig is pure German. The Danish grievance, therefore, applies only — from the *racial* point of view — to a third of Slesvig, called by the Danes South Jutland. — THE AUTHOR.

of sea-borne cereals, the Danish peasant, with high ability, has transformed his country from a cornfield into a dairy-farm. He has industrialized agriculture, and instead of breadstuffs, Denmark is now exporting butter and meat. This has opened up new routes of trade. Denmark has become the pantry of London and of industrial North England. This, of course, has influenced the ways of thinking too; ties of sympathies and of financial connections unite Denmark with the West.

The outbreak of the war fanned the anti-German sentiment in Denmark into hot flame. The tragic fate of Belgium intensified the feeling of antipathy against the military oligarchy of Prussia, under whose heel Denmark had found itself fifty years before.

But there was no question of taking part in the war. On the contrary, 'absolute neutrality' became the watchword. It so happened that a Radical government, supported by the Socialists, was in power when war broke out. Within these parties new ways of thinking had developed as to the foreign relations of Denmark.

In the years following 1864, the feeling that Germany was too strong for Denmark to think of entering the lists against her on account of the Slesvig question was consciously developed by the Radical and Socialist parties, both of them frankly anti-militaristic. But, because the Radical party was in power when war broke out, it was itself, so to speak, forced by the popular feeling of anti-Germanism prevailing in the country to observe a less pronounced attitude, in order to keep up a certain balance.

The Danish government has shown high ability both in its interior and in its foreign policy. With great foresight it effected an arrangement at the very beginning of the war with the two leading antagonists, England and Germany, which allowed the Danish export to each of these two countries to continue according to the same ratio as before the war. The blockade policy and the more and more stringent rationing of the neutrals on the part of England and America has of course caused great inconvenience to Denmark, but there are no signs that this has modified the dominant feelings with regard to the war. On the contrary, the cruelty of German submarine war has rather intensified the anti-German sentiment.

Much stress has been laid on the somewhat curious fact that Danish socialism seems decidedly pro-German. It is, however, more so in appearance than in reality; and at any rate the phenomenon can be easily explained. More or less Continental Social Democracy is of German origin, and in no country is this so evident as in Denmark: the Danish leaders have almost exclusively their relation in Berlin. The *Vorwärts* is the source of their inspiration. The pronounced anti-Germanism of the 'classes' in Denmark brought these leaders of the 'masses' to consider it their duty to lay before the Danish public the 'other' point of view, and imperceptibly they have perhaps been carrying this to rather extreme manifestations. Common to Radicals and Socialists is a certain disillusion as to the sincerity of the representatives of the Great Powers. It is a favorite saying among them that the chief difference between the Central Powers and the Entente is that the former have not yet acquired the consummate ability of the latter to use fine and high-sounding phrases. Nay, the brutal sincerity of German statesmen is even a merit in their eyes: there is no 'hypocrisy' about it. This is a kindred feeling to the one which found expression in Georg Brandes's reply to Clemenceau's appeal for sympathy from Denmark. 'Denmark fifty years ago appealed to England

and France for sympathy and help in its fight against the Germanic powers. The reply was — neutrality.'

At bottom there can be no doubt as to dominant feeling in Denmark on the war: it is on the side of the Allies. But the exposed situation of the country, its weak military defense, would make it so easy a prey to an attack from the south, that there is practically no disposition whatever to take part in the war. The trophy that might seduce the Danish nation, the re-union of 200,000 Danes, hardly any one thinks it possible to obtain by war. South Jutland won through war would mean enduring enmity with Germany. This Denmark cannot risk. Her hope is that the settlement after the war might entail, as an application of new principles of International Law, the reëntry of the Danes of Slesvig into the Danish political community. Denmark has received abundant proof that the conditions during the war of the youth in Slesvig called to German colors have been so dreadful and tragical that they have only two alternatives before them: reunion with Denmark, or emigration. In Prussia they can no longer stay.

No wonder that Denmark is looking with wistful eyes to the future. With the coming of peace a great problem will lie before the nation. During the war democracy has come into its own: electoral reform has been accomplished, but the new rules have not yet been put into practice. It will therefore in part be a new parliament which will have to decide the Danish attitude toward this grave question, if ever it is raised.

PRO-ALLY NORWAY

In Norway the situation is perhaps simpler than in any other neutral country: public opinion is decidedly pro-Ally. None of the political parties has had any inclination toward the Central Powers, as may in a certain sense be said about the Danish Socialists; nor has any other important body of public opinion rallied to the German cause. The practical unanimity of Norwegian sentiment is all the more striking as Norway, perhaps with the single exception of Spain, finds itself in a more detached position toward the war than any other European nation. It is more removed than most of the small European nations from the area of hostilities. It has no outstanding difficulty with any of the Great Powers. Its territorial integrity had been guaranteed (in 1907) by France, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia, — that is to say, by powers in both camps, — and Norway could boast of excellent relations with all of them. Intimate economic connections existed, not only with the Western countries, but also with Germany: Hamburg was the emporium for Norwegian commerce in colonial produce; and shipbuilding, one of the staple industries of Norway, got its chief material, the iron plates, from German factories. If Norwegian political and intellectual life for the last century was under the influence of impulses from England, America, and France, religious feeling and scientific life got their inspiration from Germany.

Norway is the most pronouncedly democratic country in Europe, democratic not only politically, but — what is much more important and far-reaching — also in a social and economic sense. And Norway is a small country, the smallest, so far as population goes, except Luxemburg and Montenegro.

The wanton attack on Belgian neutrality by the Prussian military oligarchy determined Norwegian public opinion. It revealed what a little country could be exposed to at the hands of a state in which power, military and political, belongs to a caste. Norwegian democracy in no uncertain voice

declared against Prusso-German oligarchy and its military policy.

But, as in the case of Denmark, there was no disposition to enter the war. Norway is absolutely without any territorial ambition, so its participation would have been exclusively an expression of its conviction as to the rights and wrongs of the conflict. Bigger powers hesitated before such a decision. There is no doubt that in the case of Norway entry into the war would have entailed terrible hardship and misery on the country, while no appreciable advantage would have accrued to the Allies.

Public opinion, therefore, absolutely approved a policy of neutrality, in favor of which, besides, was a motive already mentioned — the consideration of inter-Scandinavian relations.

Of course, Norway has not been altogether without its pro-German elements. In certain cases, family connections, financial or business ties, have been too strong to permit a pro-Ally attitude. To some persons Germany and German civilization have been so important a ferment of their spiritual development; they feel themselves so indebted to inspiration from German philosophy or literature, from German science or industrial skill, that they cannot refuse their sympathy to the German nation or to German policy. The strongest incitement to wholehearted sympathy, at any rate with some persons of a conservative and skeptical outlook on life, has perhaps been a subtle feeling that Germany is after all the chief pillar of the principle of authority in political and social affairs; that with the overthrow of Germany democracy and insubordination would reign supreme in Europe.

It is perhaps necessary to mention also that some few literary men (best known among them the author Knut Hamsun) have expressed strong pro-German sympathies. Perhaps the explanation nearest to the mark with these personalities would be a certain love of paradox and of opposition *à tout prix* to average opinion, to the views of the man in the street.

Various as are the motives of this pro-German attitude, it would be a mistake to believe that this section of Norwegian opinion is numerically important. I have heard pro-Germans themselves estimate their number at five, or even at two per cent! And the development of German policy as against Norway has inevitably tended to reducing their number and making them less loud-voiced.

Norway has learned during the war how difficult is the path of neutrality. The extensive shipping trade, which has made Norwegian sailors the carriers of the world, has created many problems for the leaders of Norwegian foreign policy, and at different times rather serious conflicts have arisen both with Germany and with England. The stringency of the blockade declared by the latter power has entailed serious inconvenience both to exports and imports, no less than to the shipping interests. This could hardly but create irritation against the blockading power, at any rate in the circles most concerned, shippers and merchants. But this feeling never spread to the people at large, although they felt the consequences of the long delays of Norwegian ships in foreign ports, in the form of inflated prices on all foreign goods — a most serious fact in a country so dependent on oversea imports as Norway. The pro-Ally sentiment was not abated, even when England, in consequence of some disagreement with the Norwegian government, stopped the import of coal and coke to the country, certainly a drastic measure during the cold season.

On the other hand, difficulties have

not been wanting with Germany. The inhuman submarine war has brought tragic losses to Norway, losses not only in ships, but also in human lives. Almost seven hundred Norwegian sailors have found their deaths by German submarines or mines, some of them even by direct shots as they tried to save themselves in the lifeboats. The sinking of valuable tonnage means a serious menace to one of the chief trades of Norway. The shipowners may not lose their capital, for the ships are of course insured; but the shipbuilding trade not being able by far to fill the gaps, very many of them already now find themselves unable to maintain their business.

Besides, the costly freights and enormous insurance premiums have still more inflated the prices of all articles of consumption; all salaries have risen enormously. There is probably no country in the world where life is at present so expensive as in Norway, and Norwegian public opinion does not hesitate to put the chief blame on the submarine war.

Resentment against Germany has been running high, and it culminated when in June last the police discovered that a German diplomatic courier had been carrying bombs to Christiania under the seals of the German Foreign Office, and that these most dangerous objects had been stored in different places within the city for weeks and months. This discovery put an end, practically speaking, to what might still be left of pro-German sentiment in Norway.

ANTI-RUSSIAN SWEDEN

From the middle of last century a strong anti-Russian sentiment dominated Swedish public opinion. In Swedish eyes Russia figures as the insatiable conquering power, continually on the lookout for expansion; and the indefensible Russian policy against Finland, with which secular ties of common traditions, in part also of common language, united Sweden, furnished potent arguments for such a view. At first Sweden had looked out for, and also found, support with the Western Powers, which fought Tsardom in the Crimean War. Later, especially from the beginning of the present century, which saw the *rapprochement* between Russia and England, Sweden became more and more attracted into the orbit of German diplomacy.

When the world-war broke out, Sweden had just passed through a fierce conflict over problems of military preparedness, a conflict which assumed at times a pronounced political character. The Liberal government in power had been ousted in the spring of 1914 by a seemingly popular movement, engineered with great skill by the Conservatives, but whose chief force was Royalty itself. King Gustavus succeeded in forming a government of his own, whose only task should be the reorganization of the defense of the country; it was contended that these interests would have been gravely compromised had the Liberal government been maintained; and the great argument for strengthening the defenses of the country was always the Russian danger.

Such was the origin of the later so famous Hammarskjöld Ministry. Proclaimed as a 'national' government, it was in fact the King's ministry. Its duration was said to be expressly limited to the period necessary to carry out its military reform programme. Because war broke out even before the government had really set about its task, it stayed in power for three full years (February, 1914, to April, 1917).

At the general elections which took place in the autumn of 1914, the Swedes renewed their declaration of allegiance to the two democratic parties; and the

Socialists especially made very important gains at the polls. In the popular Chamber they numbered 87 members and their allies, the Liberals, 57; while the Conservatives, who had been fighting for the Hammarskjöld government, got 86 seats. It is true that in the Upper Chamber the Conservatives were possessed of a large majority; but in the joint votes of the two houses prescribed, in case of difference of views between them, for all votes of credits or of ways and means, the Liberals and Socialists among them had a narrow majority.

Everything therefore seemed to prescribe a change of government. It did not take place, because of the peculiarity of the situation in Sweden as to the world-war.

When war broke out, fear of Russia rose to its highest pitch. An attack on North Sweden was generally anticipated, especially by the higher classes. It did not take place, but the fears had been so strong that the political consequences were quite as important as if it had come. The whole of the landed aristocracy, of the court, of the higher administration, of the military and naval officers, not only declared their sympathies for Germany, but openly advocated what they called an active neutrality, active in the interest of Germany as against Russia and the democratic powers of Western Europe. The last point of view is not unimportant: as the Swedish Conservatives realized that their political power was threatened, their sympathies for Germany, and especially for Prussia as the apparently impregnable stronghold of conservatism, only became more intense. Moreover, the landed aristocracy had not a few affinities and ties of parentage with the Prussian Junkers. Finally, a cleverly led German propaganda obtained great influence in Sweden from the very beginning of the war.

It is true that this fraction was numerically an unimportant element of the Swedish nation. Socially, however, they exercised a far greater influence than their numbers and weight should entitle them to, and through their connections at court and in the royal family itself, they were able to gain political power. The crisis of February, 1914, had shown that the King might be able, eventually, to play a personal part, and even to supersede a government supported by a parliamentary majority.

This explains the uneasiness felt both by the government itself and by the Riksdag. The government, which was far from 'activist,' so little felt sure of its being able to steer a clear course of neutrality, that it concluded an arrangement with Norway, stipulating that, even if either of the countries were implicated in the war, this should, under no conditions, entail hostilities between them. Because of their geographical situation, this in fact amounts to a sort of anti-war-insurance: neither of the countries would be a useful ally to one or the other group of the belligerents when the frontier between them is considered as inviolable.

The arrangement was entered into at the request of the Swedish government, a fact which was taken by the Riksdag as a proof of the honest intention of the government to follow a neutral policy. The consequence was that the relations between the two authorities were eased to a certain extent, and the Liberal-Socialist majority of the Riksdag preferred that the Hammarskjöld government, even though conservative in complexion, should remain in power, because it would probably be better able to control the 'activists' than a government toward which the latter would feel no obligations whatever. The irresponsible agitation of the spring of 1914 had shown to what

lengths the Conservatives might go against their political antagonists.

It was generally supposed that, during the first part of the war, the Swedish people was equally divided in its sympathies. I am disposed to think that the friends of Germany have been in an actual minority from the very beginning. But they have been noisy, and, in high position, able to play a very dominant part.

The course of events during the war has steadily tended to diminish the influence of the 'Activists' on Swedish public opinion. Their chief argument, it must be remembered, was the 'Russian danger'; and the government, through extensive military preparations, showed that it shared these apprehensions. It is known that not the slightest symptom has been forthcoming, proving a disposition on the part of Russia to attack the Scandinavian kingdoms. This must be said to be a decisive proof that those circles in Scandinavia were right which maintained that the Russian danger was nothing but a bogey. For if ever the temptation was great for Russian imperialism to try and obtain access to the open sea in the northwest, it must have been during this war, when the Baltic and the Black Sea were both blockaded.

As the 'activist' sentiment had chiefly been living on the threat of Russian danger, this circumstance could not but tell heavily against it. But another cloud was constantly gathering — Finland. The continual, or at any rate recurring, Russian defeats in the war inspired new hopes in the Finnish patriots of a liberation of their country. Some of them even established connections with the Germans, and several youths from Finland went to Germany to be trained for officers and leaders of the national rebellion. As these sentiments were chiefly represented in the Swedish-speaking part of Finland, Stockholm became naturally the intermediary between the insurrectionary elements in Finland and the Germans. At certain epochs an outbreak of rebellion was expected in Finland; and I know that leading Swedes feared that a wave of generosity in favor of the Finns might carry Sweden into war against Russia at the side of Finland. Fortunately for Sweden and for the peace of Scandinavia, with the Russian revolution, which opened to Finland, as well as to Russia itself, a new vista of liberation in peace and through negotiations, the last foundation for an 'activist' policy in Sweden vanished. But unfortunately, the way in which the Hammarskjöld government handled the foreign policy of the country had caused serious friction with the Entente powers.

Everything seems to indicate that the government from the beginning had had the best intention of following a sincerely neutral policy. But the circumstances were too strong for them. The geographical situation of Sweden, the intimate connections of the court with Germany, the dependence of the government on royalty, the temptations offered to Swedish exports in the form of fabulous prices paid by the Germans — all tended to give to Swedish neutrality a rather pro-German tinge. There is no doubt, however, that the Socialist leader, Hjalmar Branting, has been voicing the sentiments of the majority of Swedes when he, while steadily advocating neutrality, has put the blame for the war on the Central Powers. The pro-Germans were a minority, but they decided the official policy of the country.

At length this entailed such serious consequences to the country, imports from the West practically stopping, that a change of government had to take place.

In May, 1917, the Hammarskjöld government was succeeded by the

Swartz-Lindman ministry, whose task it should be to obtain an arrangement with England as to imports. It is very characteristic of the situation that even now a Conservative government was formed, Lindman, the Foreign Minister, being the leader of the party in the Riksdag, and all of the members also Conservatives, though without any 'activist' leanings. Even in 1917 the Liberal-Socialist majority did not insist on taking office themselves, and the Conservatives were quite willing to take the risk. Perhaps the reason was that they did not wish their opponents to inquire too closely to what extent the administration had entertained relations with Germany. The recent disclosures of the cables from Argentine make this suspicion legitimate at any rate.

The recent elections have shown the real situation in the country. The Conservatives willing to uphold the present foreign policy have dwindled from 86 to 58, while the opposition has grown from 144 to 172 — a majority of three fourths in the popular Chamber. In their internal policy the Conservatives can probably count on 12 more votes, representing two small peasant groups; but even here their minority is barely one third. Everything seems to point to the definitive advent of political democracy in Sweden through the reform of the Upper Chamber.

Thus the conditions of a united democratic front will be created in the three Scandinavian countries, and this cannot but have a beneficent reaction on their coöperation in foreign affairs.

SCANDINAVIAN COÖPERATION

When war broke out, considerable resentment against Norway still reigned in Sweden: the dissolution of the Union in 1905 was not yet forgotten. The common danger of the war blotted out the last remnants of this feeling, and it was the Swedish King himself who took the initiative of Scandinavian coöperation. In November, 1914, he invited the two other sovereigns, Haakon of Norway and Christian of Denmark, to meet him at Malmoe. This has been until recently the only interview of the monarchs. But three subsequent meetings of the prime ministers and foreign secretaries have taken place — symptoms strong enough of the growing sense of solidarity between the three nations.

The practical, tangible results of this coöperation should not be exaggerated. Even as among these three countries, so proximately situated, so intimately connected by common traditions, it soon appeared that the violent storm of the war attacks them from different sides and forces them into divergent attitudes.

Therefore we also see how few and far between are the common Scandinavian declarations or protests. Perhaps this divergence is best explained by the different outlook on the war of the three governments, as I have tried to describe it in the preceding pages. This difference of views has at any rate tended to circumscribe very narrowly the field of action: only in a policy of strict neutrality has it been possible to find the common denominator. And even this policy has to some observers looked suspicious enough. The Scandinavian coöperation had been opened at the initiative of Sweden; the appearance of a certain Swedish hegemony could hardly be avoided, because Sweden alone has more inhabitants than the two other countries put together. This has created the impression in some quarters that Scandinavian coöperation had certain German affinities, — an impression, however, completely false.

On the other hand, the change of government in Sweden, through which pro-

Germanism will be completely eliminated, will, as has just been said, prepare a still sounder basis for Scandinavian coöperation, and other fields of work may be opened. Initiatives in this direction are not wanting. Thus the chambers of commerce and similar organizations of the three countries have just discussed possibilities of closer coöperation as to currency, and even in respect of tariffs.

The calamity of the world-war, with its sufferings and losses, has certainly drawn the three nations together. Although in a lesser degree than the belligerents, they have felt very hard what war means. The military burdens laid upon them have been heavy, entailing financial liabilities under which the budgets of the future will suffer for years to come. The entire population is groaning under high prices, and the coming winter threatens to bring cruel want of the necessities of life.

The Scandinavian nations realize very clearly, however, that they do not suffer as the belligerents themselves; and their sympathies and active help have not been refused to the martyr nations. Especially the appeals in favor of Belgium have been met with a free response.

Hitherto the affairs of each nation have been considered as strictly national and not pertaining to the domain of the others. The war has shown that this principle, anarchic and destructive, can only lead to perdition; and in the Scandinavian countries this has been very clearly recognized. In all of the three countries the movement working for the formation of a league of nations on the basis of International Law has made considerable headway during the war. Especially the common meetings of the three national groups of the Interparliamentary Union, held during the war, have educated public opinion and have been working on the governments. At their initiative the governments have been trying to organize a common work on the part of all the European neutrals, in order to discuss the means of laying the basis of a lasting peace, founded on justice and guaranteed by a common will and by common institutions.

The Scandinavian nations have no illusions as to their power to enforce such a solution on the nations now at war. Their whole-hearted support of any effort bending toward the goal of a durable peace must only be taken as a symptom of what is certainly their *dominant* sentiment on the war: that this terrible crisis should at any rate bring home to all nations the futility and criminality of international war.

Several of our best minds hope and believe that, if the Scandinavian countries succeed in maintaining to the end their neutrality in the war, they may perhaps in future serve as a common meeting-ground for efforts toward a wider international coöperation, perhaps as an intermediary in the exchange of scientific and industrial, of artistic and literary experiences, which, during the first years of resentment, it will perhaps not be possible to arrange through direct channels.

In this high mission of humanity Denmark, Norway, and Sweden would fain find a special field of action.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE WAR

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE invasion of Belgium gave the world a shock like the slipping of the earth's crust. It was an earthquake which had been silently maturing for centuries; and when it came it shook the globe to the centre. Every one knew, when he felt that oscillation, that the future of humanity was at stake.

The declaration by the Germans that their will was law rang with a note of defiance toward Creation: it was an attack upon every man. Moreover, it was blasphemy. It rent the inner veil in the breast of many a man who knew little of Germany, and little of religion. Not the sage only, but the man in the street, had a vision: a spasm ran through him. He was frightened, to be sure; but he was more awed than terrified, for he felt within himself that the powers of the universe were rising to meet a crisis.

Those powers soon made themselves felt. The great crash of evil was followed by a counter-crash of sanctity and heroism — of faith in every form. The regeneration of the world did not wait for the end of the war, but began at once. France became, within a fortnight, the image of Joan of Arc. Unsuspected heroes and heroines flocked to the scene of conflict from distant lands. The sight of innocent suffering aroused in onlookers a pity which turned in many cases into sublime passion, and which in every case increased the intellect, generosity, courage, and unselfishness of those who felt it.

The world-war began thus suddenly with the satanic announcement that might makes right, — as clear a statement of the proposition as ever was made, — followed by a spontaneous roar of denial from peoples in whom the instinct of self-preservation rose to meet the challenge. It was the metaphysical element, — the *claim* of the Germans, — rather than their brute power, that awakened the antagonism of the world. Man's nature vibrated to its roots against their idea. That idea is Self-Will. The instinctive piety of man abhors it. The mythology of every race condemns it. Self-will is, and has always been, the quintessence of Evil.

The struggle between good and evil, which is generally invisible and can be apprehended only by instinct, has been dramatized by the war, and the whole world has become the stage of a miracle play. Humanity enacts its great allegory. The size and expense of it are appalling, but the substance of it is familiar, and the vividness of it casts into the shade everything heretofore seen upon the earth.

One after another, nations are being stirred into the drama; and as they go, they pass by natural law into the two camps of good and evil. Nay, the passage is easy; for in every country the two camps exist already. The ignorant, the weak, the timid, — all who are already being exploited by some form of autocracy, greed, or ambition, — become natural vassals of the larger tyranny. Their leaders take service secretly or openly under the Kaiser's banner, and the subjects are delivered

over to their new master without being aware of the transfer. They go by a chemical affinity to the aid of their cause.

But the dissolving process of nature does not stop here. The individuals of every nation are being analyzed, torn asunder, divided by the claims of new allegiances, drawn toward the light, pushed toward evil, purged or damned — and effectively replaced in their relation to the universal problem.

If the power of Evil has never been so manifest in the world before as to-day, the power of God has never been so apparent. As for America, she has become a new land. The very first camp at Plattsburg was filled with the flames of religious fervor. It resembled an old-fashioned camp-meeting. But the camp at Plattsburg was merely a spark from the kind of fire that was kindling through the whole nation. Our press, our social intercourse, our letters, our standards of thought, speech, and conduct have been vitalized by the war.

Immediately upon the invasion of Belgium our newspapers showed a clearness and profundity of thought, and an eloquence which can hardly be matched in the history of popular literature. They became beacons to the people. The full publicity which they gave to all the German propaganda, knowing that the German arguments would defeat their own cause, showed an absolute faith in popular education — a faith which was justified. While the response of America seemed slow, it was steady, it was powerful. The leadership of the thoughtful classes was accepted. The solidarity of the country was revealed. Intellect triumphed. I doubt whether history can show any case of the triumph of intellect in a democracy as remarkable as was the acceptance of conscription by the American people when they saw that war was upon them. They reversed one of the most deeply grounded traditions of their race and history, as it were, in a night, because they saw that both justice and common sense required the change.

Since that time every day has shown fresh examples of the intelligence which enables our democracy to improvise whatever shifts the times demand. Experts appear among us who know exactly how many Liberty Bonds each town can absorb on a given date. The work is done by voluntary effort. If the Y.M.C.A. needs thirty-five million dollars, the hundred million Americans are canvassed in a week. Where is the bureau, the system, the red-tape of this gigantic collection? The machinery appears and disappears as required, and by a kind of magic.

These popular 'war drives' have done more toward unifying our people than mere speechmaking could ever have done. Their political value is even greater than their financial value, and they have been conducted with consummate ability by the men who happened to be in control of our industry. These big business men — men whose whole training and purpose had apparently been commercial — have become spiritual leaders, guides who are striving to save the people from their own weaknesses and to wean us from idolatry.

Old truths which had come to be regarded as the vague intimations of religion, or as the dreams of saints, are now received on all hands as common fact. The mystics have always told us that every private act carried its consequence to the life of all men and to the future of humanity. But whoever thought that a man would say to us, 'Drop that piece of white bread which you are raising to your lips! The fate of the world five hundred years hence is at stake'?

It is the great pain which we have passed through, and are still in the midst of, which has opened our eyes and sharpened our ears till we understand many things which were formerly thought to be paradox. Nothing else except pain ever revealed these things to mankind. The world's religious literature has been the fruit and outcome of suffering. Therefore it is that the meaning of psalm, poem, and tragedy blossoms in the breast of persons who are passing through any great anguish. Around such persons dark walls of despair arise and cut off the view of the natural world. And next, these walls themselves become transparent and a new landscape opens — not wholly new either, but freshly seen. Grief is a perspective glass; and any great national peril consolidates men's minds into heroic clairvoyance and makes an epoch of vision.

To-day we are living in a time not merely of national, but of world peril, and the visions of all history are drawn to a single focus. It is an era of prophecy and the prophets, and things are valued in terms of the spirit. Life and death are viewed as parts of a single scheme. The inordinate value set on life during periods of prosperity vanished when the hostilities began. The deepest moral mystery of the world, the mystery of sacrifice, was recognized, understood and acted upon by every one as a matter of course; and a wholesome glow came over humanity in conquence. The average soul was turned right-side-out for the first time in its experience; and all the forms of 'conversion' with which philosophy has wrestled for centuries were found beside the hearth and in the market-place. Indeed the sacred symbols and hieroglyphics of prophetic literature — the treasured wisdom of the past — are no longer cryptic. Their banners hang from every window. There is a rejuvenescence in the streets.

No one can tell how long the war may endure; sometimes it seems as if the struggle might burn on for a generation. Yet we know that the faith it has evoked will outlast it, and will shine in the life of the world forever.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FURNACE AND I

SUMMER is the favorite time to advertise furnaces, for, although a pacifist might argue that being prepared for cold weather encourages frost, the practical persons who make and sell heating plants are firm believers in preparedness. They produce diagrams and pictures, showing how *their* furnace bisects the coal bill, and how easily a pretty child can run it from the front hall.

But my furnace is different. I defy the prettiest child imaginable to run it. Indeed, in a strict sense, I defy anybody to run it; for this furnace has a mind of its own and an odd ambition to behave like a thermometer. On a warm day it goes up, on a cold day it goes down; in zero weather it takes all the time of a determined man to head it off from becoming a large, inconvenient refrigerator. As for bisecting coal bills, the creature *likes coal.* I have even

thought that it uttered strange, self-congratulatory, happy noises whenever there occurred a rise in the price of its favorite edible.

Before meeting this furnace I had lived in apartments, and my mental conception of a ton of coal had been as of something enormous, sufficient to heat the average house a month. A furnace was to me a remote mystery operated by a high priest called 'janitor,' whom I vaguely connected with the lines of Smollett, —

> Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
> Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of Hell.

I took my heat as a matter of course. If I wanted more of it, I spoke warmly to the janitor through a speaking tube, and — after a while — there was more heat. If I wanted less, I spoke to him coldly, in the same distant, godlike way, and — after a while — there was less heat. In neither case, I discovered, did an ordinary tone of voice get any result whatever; and, although a fat man himself, he sometimes growled back through the tube very much like the gaunt specimen mentioned by Smollett. But I gave little thought to him. I had what is called an 'intelligent idea' that to produce more heat he opened a 'draft,' and to reduce heat he closed it, the effect of a draft on a furnace being just the opposite to its effect on a janitor. At night he 'shook the furnace down,' in the morning he 'shook the furnace up.' One gathers such knowledge casually, without conscious effort or realization. I had in fact no more curiosity about the furnace than about the sun, for I seemed as unlikely to run one heater as the other.

Then, like many another man who has lived in apartments, I turned suburbanite. I had a furnace, and I had to run it myself. How well I remember that autumn day when I started my first furnace fire!

There sat the monster on the floor of the cellar, impassive as Buddha and apparently holding up the house with as many arms as an octopus — hollow arms through which presently would flow the genial heat. I peeked cautiously through a little door into his stomach, and marveled at its hollow immensity. I reached in till my arm ached — and my hand dangled in empty space. But my intelligence told me that there must be a bottom. Crumpling a newspaper into a great wad, I dropped it down, down into the monster's gullet, where it vanished forever. I crumpled and dropped another; I continued, until at last — oh, triumph of mind and industry over incalculable depth! — I *saw newspaper*, and had something tangible on which to erect a pyre of kindlings. Where I could reach I laid them crosswise, and where I could n't I tossed them in at varying angles, gaining skill with practice.

'It is like a great wooden nest!' cried I in astonishment. '*Now* I know why the coal I have bought for my furnace is called "egg."'

I lit the fire and made a grand smoke.

It rose through the kindlings; it piled out through the little door; it hung like great cobwebs to the roof of the cellar. With great presence of mind I hastily closed the little door and ran lightly up the cellar-stairs. The smoke had preceded me; it got there first through the registers; and more was coming.

I met a woman.

'*Is* the house afire?' she asked excitedly.

I calmed her.

'It is *not*,' I replied quietly, in a matter-of-course way. 'When you start a fire for the winter it always smokes a little.'

We opened the windows. We went outside and looked at the house. It leaked smoke through every crevice except, curiously enough, the chimney.

Ah-h-h-h-h! I saw what had happened. I groped my way to the cellar and opened the back damper. Now the smoke went gladly up the chimney, and the view through the little door was at once beautiful and awful: it was like looking into the heart of an angry volcano. Evidently it was time to lay the eggs on the nest.

I shoveled the abyss full of coal, and the volcano became extinct. Presently, instead of a furnace full of fire, I had a furnace full of egg coal. I began taking it out, egg by egg, at first with my fingers and then with the tongs from the dining-room fireplace. And when the woman idly questioned me as to what I was going to do down cellar with the tongs, I bit my lip.

To the man who runs it (an absurd term as applied to a thing that has no legs and weighs several tons) the furnace is his first thought in the morning and his last thought at night. His calendar has but two seasons — winter, when the furnace is going; and summer, when the furnace is out. But in summer his thoughts are naturally more philosophical. He sees how profoundly this recent invention (which he is not at the time running) has changed man's attitude toward nature.

I am, of course, not referring to those furnaces which are endowed with more than the average human intelligence; those superfurnaces which are met with in the advertisements, which shake themselves down, shovel their own coal, carry and sift their own ashes, regulate their own draughts, and, if they do not actually order and pay for their own coal, at least consume it as carefully as if they did.

With a furnace like mine a man experiences all the emotions of which he is capable. He loves, he hates, he admires, he despises, he grieves, he exults. There have been times when I have felt like patting my furnace; and again, times when I have slammed his little door and spoken words to him far, far hotter than the fire that smouldered and refused to burn in his bowels. I judge from what I have read that taming a wild animal must be a good deal like taming a furnace, with one important exception: the wild-animal-tamer never loses his temper or the beast would kill him; but a furnace, fortunately for suburban mortality, cannot kill its tamer.

When his furnace happens to be good-natured, however, a man will often find the bedtime hour with it pleasant and even enjoyable. He descends, humming or whistling, to the cellar; and the subsequent shaking and shoveling is, after all, no more than a healthy exercise which he would not otherwise take and which will make him sleep better. He is friendly with this rotund, coal-eating giant; he regards it almost like a big baby which he is putting to bed — or, at least, he *might* so regard it if putting a baby to bed was one of his recognized pleasures.

But, oh, what a difference in the morning! He awakes in the dark, startled perhaps from some pleasant dream by the wild alarm-m-m-m of a clock under his pillow; and outside the snug island of warmth on which he lies, the Universe stretches away in every direction, above, below, and on every side of him, cold, dreary, and unfit for human habitation, to and beyond the remotest star. In that cold Universe how small he is! — how warm and how weak! Instantly he thinks of the furnace, and the remotest star seems near by comparison. The thought of getting up and going down cellar seems as unreal as the thought of getting up and going to meet the sun at that pale streak which, through his easterly window, heralds the reluctant coming of another day. Yet he knows that he *must* and that eventually he *will* get

up. In vain he tells himself how splendid, how invigorating will be the plunge *from his warm bed* right into the fresh, brisk, hygienic morning air.

The fresh, brisk, hygienic morning air does not appeal to him. Unwillingly he recalls a line in the superfurnace advertisement, — 'Get up warm and cosy,' — and helplessly wishes that *he* had such a furnace. 'Like Andrew Carnegie!' he adds bitterly. At that moment he would anarchistically assassinate Andrew, provided he could do it without getting up. Nevertheless — he gets up! He puts on — 'Curse it, *where* is that sleeve?' — the bath-robe and slippers that have been all night cooling for him, and starts on his lonely journey through the tomblike silence. Now, if ever, is the time to hum, but there is not a hum in him: down, down, down he goes to the cellar and peeks with dull hope through the familiar little door. 'Good morning, Fire.' He shakes, he shovels, he opens drafts and manipulates dampers. And the Furnace, impassive, like a Buddha holding up the house with as many arms as an octopus, seems to be watching him with a grave yet idle interest. Which is all the more horrible because it has no face.

RECEPTACLES

The other day a very kind woman, seeing that I was a soldier, gave me a bag whose name was Tacoma Kit. Kit is a slender thing, green in complexion, and contains no end of objects. She contains a pad and a fine soft pencil, a half-dozen postcards, some envelopes, a comb, a tooth-brush, a small cake of soap. She also contains a housewife, whose name is doubtless Tacoma Dorcas; and Dorcas again contains her quota. Kit contains her thousands but Dorcas contains her tens of thousands. There are safety pins, from the big blanket size down to the little shirt-sleeve size, and there are needles, all arranged like organ-pipes according to height; there are threads — white and black and olive-drab; there are buttons — the kind you sew on and the kind you are told to screw on.

No doubt there are other things. For it is a bag's nature to conceal forever another portion of its riches. Kit has this trait. I found the tooth-brush on my first exploration, but it took two or three to find the pocket-comb. Snuggled against the pencils I found a pair of shoe-laces and just this minute, when I went over her contents to see what I had left out, I found a tiny oval mirror tucked into the pocket which holds the pad — a mirror which shows its donor's sense of humor and her genuine humanity, for on its celluloid back is a picture of a woman, probably an actress, in tights.

Who but a genius could have selected anything more congenial with a soldier's life? As I lie in the trenches next May, — I hope, — or earlier, I shall have no use for the reflective side of a mirror, unless I can use it for a heliograph; but I can always use its back to brighten my portion of the dug-out. The good creature could not give me the picture alone — that would have wounded all her sense of propriety. But she knew that anything that the front side might reflect could not but offset anything that the back might suggest, so that she outdid Munchausen in killing two birds with one stone.

That woman in tights is quite the most useful thing I own. When I look at it I can be homesick for the theatres and lights of San Francisco: for those wonderful cafés where you can make a yellow chartreuse last an evening and not be considered an idler; for Solari's and Jack's and Fleix's and, at times, perhaps, for Coppa's; for the Liberty, where I saw a real Stenterello; for — but let me not think of San Francisco

now. Those brown hills and purple trees in the canyons and the blue green bay, and the blue jays among the apricots — they too are part of San Francisco. And here in the north it rains every day and we have but a mountain whose name alone interests people. Yes, the woman in tights will bring all that back to me as I fight in the mud. But she will also serve as a reminder of the life I am glad to leave behind. I can point to her and say, 'O naughty world, this is a sweeter place in which to live.'

It is this steady discovery of things in her that makes me enjoy Kit's company so much. It is a quality that only bags have. In that they are like friends. From without they are cut from a universal pattern, but once begin to live with them, to open them up, to explore their depths, to poke here and there, and you find inexhaustible riches. It is never the foresight that you admire, the foresight which put the things together. As in friends, you do not seek a prudent combination of qualities: that each be valuable in itself, even though they are hopeless in relation to one another, is sufficient.

I have a friend who is both a lover of Rabelais and an industrial chemist; the one does not neutralize the other. Similarly the postcards and the toothbrush which Kit offers me are related only in so far as they are both necessities of life, yet I do not hold them in less esteem on that account. It is indeed the apparent chaos which makes a bag, of all receptacles, the most philosophical. It makes it a world in itself; a cosmos whose plan is too deep for the passing glance to comprehend; an order like that of consciousness itself.

I have a leather toilet-case which is the very antithesis of Kit. Everything in it was selected for one purpose — use in the masculine toilet. It has brushes and combs and razors and the like, but does it have a copy of the 'Marseillaise'? It does not. Does it even have a twist of string? It does not. And yet, suppose amid my shaving I should want to know whether 'Aux armes, citoyens' comes before 'Marchons, marchons,' would this neat leather case help me? Suppose, when I was combing my hair, the mirror fell off the wall and I wanted to tie it up again, of what use would the flat clothes-brush be to me?

But, Kit, Kit, I am sure, would help me. Though I do not intend to verify my suspicions, I am sure that Kit will rise to any occasion, like her namesake, Caterina Sforza. When Caterina held her husband's castle for many weeks against an enemy who kept her children as hostages, she was told to surrender or see her children killed. 'Kill them,' she replied; 'I can make others.'

So Kit, less vehement in deeds, poor inanimate creation, will respond when put to the test. Her great progenitrix was the bag of Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson, a woman who gets all the credit herself — wrongly to my way of thinking. Wrongly, for the bag deserves it all. Given such a receptacle, and I care not who makes the pigeon-holes of a nation; any one can win a reputation for prudence. For bags, like eternity, are all-inclusive: there is nothing that won't go in and nothing that one is not tempted to put in. Hence, when the prim Mrs. Swiss Family went round the sinking ship, she simply dumped in everything from beeswax to Euclid. But like the Elephant's Child, she had to.

A bag is like that most catholic of musical instruments, the comb. It is limited only by the human imagination. It is like the rainbow, without beginning or end, yet tempting one to find its beginning and its end. It is like poetry in the way it distends the fancy and like prose in the way it keeps the world concrete.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1918

PETER SAT BY THE FIRE WARMING HIMSELF

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

NEAR the middle of the third century, A.D., Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, wrote to his friend, Donatus, —

This is a cheerful world as I see it from my fair garden, under the shadow of my vines. But if I could ascend some high mountain, and look out over the wide lands, you know very well what I should see: brigands on the highways, pirates on the seas, armies fighting, cities burning, in the amphitheatres men murdered to please applauding crowds, selfishness and cruelty and misery and despair under all roofs. It is a bad world, Donatus, an incredibly bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a quiet and holy people who have learned a great secret. They have found a joy which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted, but they care not. They are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Donatus, are the Christians — and I am one of them.

Perhaps it is not just to accept this charming letter as a full-length portrait of the famous North African bishop, for he met a martyr's death in the end, with the fortitude we like all true bishops to display. Yet, as a passing picture, we certainly have a glimpse of how a Christian may regard this gruesome world and come to accept the cloistered and sequestered calmness of other-worldliness as the most convincing of apologetics. Cyprian's letter might have been written by any one of thousands of American prelates, bishops, dignitaries, and eminent clergymen between August, 1914, and April, 1917, and its reproduction in any one of a hundred ecclesiastical periodicals would have called forth no comment. When it is remembered that even the senior Apostle, surnamed a 'Rock,' hugged the comfortable brazier while the world's greatest tragedy was climbing swiftly to its climax, those who are in the sacred 'succession' may claim a little leniency. But not too much; nineteen centuries of penitent meditation should surely have borne some fruit.

Thoughtful men and women are asking what became of the spiritual leaders of America during those thirty-two months when Europe and parts of Asia were passing through Gehenna. What prelate or bishop or ecclesiastical dignitary essayed the work of spiritual interpretation? What convocation or conference or assembly spoke so convincingly that the national conscience must perforce listen? What book from a clerical study gave the sanctities of humanity and the sanctions of law the foremost place in current thought? What voice from altar or pulpit liberated a passion of righteous indignation and set this continent aflame with holy

wrath? Not all the clergy of the world can be covered by Cardinal Mercier's magnificent heroism. None is absolved by the fact that the see of Canterbury failed as a spiritual primacy. The rank and file of American laymen have not formed the habit of depending upon their ecclesiastical grandparents and second cousins in Europe for spiritual or ethical guidance.

Doubtless it will be urged that the President of these United States had counseled strict neutrality in speech and thought. Even so, the very first question a vigilant spiritual leadership should have asked would concern the right to issue such a command. There may have been an international sense in which the Administration itself was bound to be scrupulously circumspect, but since when has diplomatic usage become binding upon the souls of the successors of Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Micah, John the Baptist, and Paul? Since when, and by whose authority, have prophets and apostles surrendered their spiritual function of interpretation into the keeping of rulers and cabinets? Has it not been ever the chief glory of the Christian ministry that its heights of grandeur and service were found in such independent souls as Thomas à Becket, Savonarola, Huss, Wycliffe, Knox, and John Robinson? The authority of the prophet is withdrawn when he sits on the steps of a throne or the porch of a White House, and becomes the echo of the civil power; or, at least, so history seems to teach.

The situation is not at all improved when the commonalty muses upon the fact that there has been a lofty and soul-moving exposition of the terrible drama which mankind is playing out, and that the spiritual teachers have been laymen. The history, philosophy, poetry, the parables in art, the personal narrative of physical and psychical adventure, the dispassionate gathering and sifting of evidence, the bitter cry of pain over outraged sanctities, which have built up the present ethical and spiritual consciousness of America, came chiefly from men who never claimed to possess official supernatural discernment. The priesthood which has led us through darkness and doubt, confusion and amazement, has not been of the house of Aaron; that we have reached the place of righteousness, where our spirits may face a Holy God and live, has been an uncovenanted mercy. Into what deep morass or sterile wilderness or Arctic zone we might have wandered with no guidance at all cannot even be imagined; but we surrendered ourselves to Maeterlinck, Arnold Toynbee, Lord Bryce, Raemakers, Maurice Barrès, Alfred Noyes, Owen Wister, Donald Hankey, Masefield, H. G. Wells, J. M. Beck, Frank H. Simonds, Ian Hay Beith; and these, unmitred and unordained, in varying degree and by variant methods brought us to the truth.

In the meantime, while millions of individual Gethsemanes and Calvarys were merging into a real Armageddon, many, many comforting sermons were preached from American pulpits upon Isaiah xxx, 15. 'In returning and in rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,' until George Adam Smith's exegesis of the passage broke down from old age and malnutrition and overwork.

Ordinary laymen, who have not been accustomed to the limpid simplicity of German Biblical criticism, theology, and philosophy, may be pardoned for failing to divine the temper and trend of Teutonic thought. But every minister knows that from the days of Ferdinand Christian Baur, founder of the Tübingen School, down to the latest word from P. W. Schmiedel, there has been a patient, indefatigable, and re-

lentless effort to squeeze every possible trace of the supernatural from the Old and New Testaments. If the task had been undertaken by minions under an imperial fiat it could not have been performed more faithfully. By the time an American scholar has followed his course of training through Wellhausen, Harnack, Wendt, Pfleiderer, Ritschl, and a score of other German authorities, and has made his researches culminate in Von Hartmann and Ernst Haeckel, he has not enough of the supernatural left to run a tin toy, let alone a universe. And no one had any excuse for ignorance concerning the gigantic superman superstition of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi; it was described, discussed, dissected, and damned in all kinds of periodicals within six months of the breaking of the Belgian border. The inference is inevitable, that, when the leaders of a nation's life in theology and philosophy play skittles with every claim to Divine interest in the affairs of mankind, and reduce anything which goes beyond the precincts of the material to a subjective and subconscious phenomenon, they are not likely to base national conduct upon the immutable and eternal foundations of righteousness.

And we have the evidence that such has been the effect. During those awful thirty-two months of Belgium's *Via Dolorosa*, while our preachers were expounding the gospel of the lotus leaves, — 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,' — the German pastors were justifying a debauchery and barbarity which would have been considered immoral even in the days before a word of our Bible was scratched on papyrus. Here are a few of their unctuously impious messages delivered after some of the worst outrages of the war had been committed: —

Pastor G. Graub: 'Our troops are assured of their mission; and they recognize clearly, too, that the truest compassion lies in taking the sternest measures, in order to bring the war itself to an early close.'

Pastor W. Lehmann: 'We are beginning slowly, humbly, and yet with a deep gladness, to divine God's intentions. It may sound proud, my friends, but we are conscious that it is also in all humbleness that we say it: the German soul is God's; it shall and will rule over mankind.'

Pastor J. Rump: 'From all sides testimonies are flowing in as to the noble manner in which our troops conduct the war.'

Pastor H. Francke: 'Germany is precisely — who would venture to deny it? — the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity. He, therefore, who fights for its maintenance, its victory, fights for the highest blessings of humanity itself, and for human progress. Its defeat, its decline, would mean a falling back to the worst barbarism.'

Pastor D. Baumgarten: 'We are not only compelled to accept the war that is forced upon us . . . but are even compelled to carry on this war with a cruelty, a ruthlessness, an employment of every imaginable device, unknown in any previous war. 'Whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania — whoever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty [*ungeheure Grausamkeit*] to unnumbered innocent victims — and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power — him we judge to be no true German.'

This pronouncement of the Christian Pastor Baumgarten was deemed worthy of re-publication in a series of pamphlets by notable professors of Berlin University.

'Stale and marked by scissors and paste!' Yes, that is why they are quoted here; they have been the round of the monthlies, weeklies, and dailies; they were sent to America by British scholars to offset the rampant German propaganda. Every clergyman who is not an intellectual mollusk has had a bowing acquaintance with them for a

long while. They are simply the completed syllogism from premises laboriously laid in German theology and philosophy. Or, in another form, they are the ruined ethic of their wrecked dynamic.

The practical outcome of this spiritual vandalism is startling. His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser, stands guilty of the most hideous crimes ever perpetrated by a ruler. Under the divine right of kings the doings of the Army, the Navy, the Chancellery, the Foreign Office, or the diplomatic service are the volitions of the one who wears the crown. Yet with a trail littered with the débris of wanton death and cruelty; with outraged women on every roadside whither German troops passed; with starved children dying like flies over half of Europe and Asia; with the seas dotted from horizon to horizon with human flotsam and jetsam; with helpless infancy and decrepit age alike blown to bits in quiet Kentish towns and Yorkshire summer resorts; with the lecherous Turks let loose to wallow in lust and blood among the Armenians; with captured British officers buried alive in Mesopotamia; with the entire diplomatic corps of the Empire prostituted into bacteria-distributors; with civilian captives reduced to degraded slavery; with every outrage that science could invent consecrated by sanctimonious phraseology — well, with a roster of ghastly and cowardly crimes probably more in number and blacker in hue than those of all the Roman Cæsars combined, there has not been found one single preacher or prelate in the whole of the German Empire to stand up and rebuke this blood-sodden Kaiser in the name of the God of Righteousness.

There was a time when preachers were of a different breed. In the middle of the fourth century the Roman Emperor, in a fit of anger, locked the doors of an amphitheatre and sent his soldiers in to slay the people. For three hours the slaughter went on, and seven thousand defenseless men, women, and children were butchered. Then Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, wrote a stinging letter to Theodosius. Later, the Emperor determined to go to Church in royal state. Ambrose met him at the outer porch and raised his hand in denial. 'You may not enter,' he said, in tones of thunder. 'This is no place for such as you, unless you come in deepest shame and sorrow. Go back to your palace! Your hands drip with blood! Repent! Repent! and then come; but not now.'

Surely the sequence is as inevitable as the law of cause and effect could make it: the Kaiser is what he is because the preachers are what they are; and the preachers are what they are because the professors of theology and philosophy and biblical exegesis sold themselves to the Kaiser to tear the truth and righteousness of God out of their system of thought and leave nothing but a vacant throne in heaven and earth subject to the claim of His Imperial Majesty. It is the most damnable circle of atheistic conspiracy that the ages have known. Nevertheless, the preachers of America, who had all the facts on their library shelves and in current periodic literature, never uttered an indictment loud enough to cause the male members of their churches to foozle a drive in their Sunday morning foursome at the Country Club.

Sometimes one is forced to question whether the ministry has ever really studied the life of Jesus of Nazareth. So much preaching reminds one of Chantry's criticism of a certain portrait painter who 'painted a head and left out all the brains and all the bones.' Sermons, far too often, recall to their hearers the pictures of Christ in the European galleries rather than the de-

lineation in the four Gospels; there are pathos and patience, resignation and refinement, meekness and mildness, an inexpressibly sad gentleness and a wistful, passionless yearning for affection; but the bolder features of the conqueror are washed out. No one would ever think of using the caption, 'Ye call me Master and Lord,' either above the homily or below the picture. Put any well-known portrait of Christ beside one of Cromwell, and Christ looks too much like a petted plaything ever to be the conqueror of the world; and yet, in the elements which make up courageous manhood Cromwell is a shadow compared with Christ.

Jesus was born in an age when reformers were obnoxious and in a land where prophets were unwelcome. In the matter of encrusted stolidity and conservatism other races are mercurial beside the Jews of the first century. The sacred books were closed; revelation was all reminiscence; 'the prophets are dead' — the people themselves passed the judgment. Jesus arose, saying, 'Moses said . . . but I say unto you.' It was as if some untrained laborer from Tompkins Corners were to proclaim, 'Yes, the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Supreme Court, and Congress may all agree upon that point, but I tell you they are wrong and I am right.' Probably not even a Hearst paper would give space to his words. It was a daring thing when George Fox and William Penn refused to doff their hats in church; but that was baby play by the side of Christ's insurgency when he called the Pharisees whited sepulchres and whipped the money-changers out of the sacrosanct temple. To tell the venerated leaders of his nation that they were 'vipers,' and 'tenfold the children of hell,' and that it would be 'well if a millstone were hanged about their neck and they were cast into the midst of the sea,' was not a diplomatic approach to approved thought, and likely to make the speaker's life easy and safe. Then to tell a Samaritan woman that Jerusalem, with its temple-crowned crest, was no more to God than any common swamp, and that the Father found the real worshiper wherever the soul was sincere and the heart simple, was a statement that seemed to cut all the sacred privilege right out of the ancient Hebrew religion and throw it to the dogs in the gutter.

This man, the founder of our Christian religion, with hands calloused from the use of tools, stood up before the sternest and most exclusive of religions, bedded into the proudest and stiffest of social organisms, and said, 'I will sweep it all away and give in its place a universal faith, without temple or objective sacrifice, the binding force in a republic of souls, in which any penitent may be holier than a mitred priest and the poorest waif mightier than a sceptred king.'

Did this prophet know what he was doing? No one better! From the beginning he saw the end — shame and pain and death — yet he never shortened his lash or softened the sting of his tongue. He set his face steadfastly, marched forward with eyes unafraid, and finally flung himself upon the munitions of his enemies in a great *abandon* of passion. Members of the Sanhedrim rage and strike him; he treats Herod with incommunicable contempt; he tells Pilate that all of his fancied prefectorial power is only a myth, a name; then — on to the ghastliest death that man could suffer, an end which a trifling compromise might easily have avoided. All alone he struck the pride of his people roughly in the face, cut the underpinning from beneath the popular philosophy, grappled with the superstitions which were choking the life

out of humanity, fought relentlessly the smug complacencies and the organized hypocrisies of his race, championed the poor and outcast, interpreted the misunderstood, healed the crippled and broken, protected the weak and set a check upon the cynical power of the strong, flouted the law of the Jews and the wisdom of the Greeks and the junkerism of the Romans. Calumny and hatred could not make him pause, cajolery and flattery could not make him swerve; with never a thought of himself, never a care for consequences, never a momentary eclipse of self-confidence, he went grimly forward with his work. No one has ever outranked him in manhood, heroism, fortitude.

Of course, it may be said that this is only one aspect of Jesus. Let that be granted. Jesus had a habit of occasionally appearing 'in another form.' The only point to be settled is this: that when he was in the presence of hypocrisy or cruelty or injustice or power set to an evil purpose, he was terrible in his sternness; confronted with anything which destroyed human rights, the benignant smile died from his face and the cloud of an awful anger gathered on his brow and the lightnings of holy resentment flashed from his eyes. That is why some of his followers came to speak of 'the wrath of the Lamb.' An unconscious corroboration is found in the account of the subsequent trial of Peter and John before the rulers in Jerusalem. Recovered from the confusion into which they were thrown by the death of their Master, they began to preach. Where? Right in the very arena where the tragedy had been played out a few weeks before. They took the lion by the throat while its fangs and claws were still wet with blood. Arrested, they were brought before the council. What council? The very same which had done their Master to death and which could kill them also — Annas, the High Priest, Caiaphas, John, and Alexander — the legalized gang which had violated moral, ceremonial, and statute law in committing a quasi-legal murder. Instead of cringing, fawning, apologizing, Peter and John crashed right into the court, calling its judges red-handed blunderers and butchers. Then, the record says, 'When they saw the boldness of Peter and John . . . they took notice of them that they had been with Jesus.' It was not a mere recollection of previous physical proximity, but an identification of spirit: the fearlessness, the straightforwardness, the disregard of consequences, the imperiousness, of the two apostles were exactly like the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth.

Long-established habit, gained in times of peace, may have caused the preachers of the Gospel to persist in thinking of Christ mainly as the healer, the comforter, the sympathizer. Yet even that article of faith, in its practical form, has been taken out of their hands by a lay organization — the Red Cross. Of the Christ of the metaphysical creeds and the Christ of ecclesiastical polity there is no record in the gospels to fall back upon. The uncomfortable query which is being asked of the ministry concerning its prophetic function during the thirty-two months from August, 1914, to April, 1917, is: 'Do you think that Jesus of Nazareth would have been neutral in word and thought while Germany was raping Belgium, distributing typhus germs through Siberia, instigating and guiding Turkey in the slaughter of the Armenians, tearing up treaties and rending international law, assassinating Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, shielding its soldiers during the Piave fighting with the bodies of Italian women, sinking hospital ships, and acting generally on all the highways of

the world like a carefully organized band of demented fiends? Do you think he would have remained placidly silent, absorbed in multitudinous schemes of ecclesiastical procedure? If not, then why were you so scrupulously neutral, so benignly dumb?'

It is the prevailing belief among nonsectarian scholars that Christ's chief concern was to found the Kingdom of God — or the Republic of Souls — on earth, he himself being the first citizen or the elder brother. As the first citizen, he becomes the example for all later citizens. Surely, then, the very men whose exclusive vocation it is to continue building that kingdom in this generation would be the clearest interpreters of events which were overthrowing the work accomplished so laboriously during the preceding sixty generations. Let it be conceded, once for all, that there were some men who spoke to their own congregations in accents which seemed like echoes from Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Jerusalem; let it be admitted that here and there a voice rang out from the pulpit in tones of indignation, rebuke, anguish, and pity. But it is still true, granting all the exceptions claimed, that those voices did not blend into a commanding unison which swept throughout America and stirred the soul of the nation to action. The vastest of the world's tragedies came and the Church was not its interpreter.

And when, slowly and clumsily, the people of America felt their way through the few facts upon which our declaration of war was based and came to the vital and essential considerations which drew us into the struggle, it was not the Church in its corporate form or forms, and not the ministry in its organized orders, which placed themselves at the service of our armies for social, moral, and spiritual guidance and guardianship, but a lay organization — the Young Men's Christian Association. When the Y.M.C.A. asked the people of America for thirty-five millions of dollars for work in the camps, cantonments, and training-stations at home, and for the huts among United States troops abroad, the response was more than fifty millions; in Dr. John R. Mott's words, a sum which 'greatly exceeds the united annual budgets of the Home and Foreign Missions boards of all the churches of America. It constitutes the largest offering to a Christian cause ever made at a given time in the history of Christianity.' Which only proves that the typical American is eager to follow any form of Christian leadership and cares not a rap whether it be lay or clerical. It is true that here and there a clergyman has temporarily dropped his parochial duties to work with the Young Men's Christian Association or the Knights of Columbus, and a few have become regimental chaplains; but it is equally true that the majority have not even sensed the unique strategy which the convulsed and confused world-conditions have made possible. There are ministers everywhere who are still busy building their denominational fences and feverishly staking their sectarian claims. Secretaries of boards and guilds are vociferously proclaiming that the normal work of the churches must not be interrupted for an instant; and that, though our form of government may be changed as if by a revolution, and the law of supply and demand in commerce may be abrogated, and the basic industries may be controlled or appropriated by the Administration after the pattern preached by advanced Socialism, and our young men by the million may be drafted into the army, thereby disrupting social and domestic life and upsetting the equilibrium of industry, and the bottom may fall out of the stock market,

yet — the Church must go on its accustomed way without pause or jolt or change. Though the whole world be in the crucible and every other institution on earth be in the melting-pot, yet the Christian Church must be permitted to jog along, doing what it has always done, feeling as it has always felt, and enjoying the dignity and reverence it has always claimed.

How different is all this from the spirit of a letter recently received from a layman! He is the chief editorial writer on one of the most influential daily papers in America, a man of conservative, cautious mind and not in the habit of cutting loose on any theme.

The sunny wind is blowing here in an atmosphere of twenty-five degrees. The hills look bare and purple from the window. There are whitecaps in the harbor. Last night's rain washed the snow away, and that's all to the good, to my middle-aged way of thinking.

Here is the bent of my mind this Sunday morning: The world is getting down to brass tacks. (I wonder who invented that phrase and what its original significance was.) We are cutting out all sorts of non-essentials. Daniel Willard of the War Board has emphasized the need of eliminating non-essentials if we are to win the war, but he meant physical non-essentials. We must cut out mental and spiritual non-essentials too; and we are beginning to do it to a surprising and encouraging degree. As a matter of fact, the trend was in that direction before the war; the tendency has long been toward a world-wide standardization, a universal merging or pooling in the interests of efficiency.

The one question now is autocracy versus democracy. Nothing else matters for the moment. Therefore our prejudices must go; we must give up old preferences; we cannot think provincially any longer. The doctrines we laboriously taught must be foregone. What difference does it make what the political economies say? What difference does it make what the party platforms of the last generation have declared? Every hidden hypocrisy is now revealed; every contention that was based on selfishness stands exposed; every programme of personal or factional or neighborhood greed that we clothed in a disguise of wholesomeness, which almost deceived even ourselves, disappears. Autocracy or democracy — there is our stark alternative.

We cared for certain foods and did not care for others. No matter; we shall eat what is set before us. We had our preferences in raiment. We shall take what we can get. 'The best government is that which governs least!' But now the best government is the government which lends the most effective aid to the grand alliance against Germany. We argued the relative merits and ethics of direct and indirect taxation. Now the only question is how to raise the money we need most easily and promptly.

Old obstacles break down everywhere. Nothing is sacred now — except Our Cause. Nothing can be sure of its standing in our hearts and souls except the future of human liberty. (We may go back to our prejudices by and by; there is perhaps no reason why we should not when there is time for such non-essentials.) The government has always heretofore maintained an attitude of aloofness from its thrifty citizens; it offered them nothing in the way of investments. Now its attitude toward them is one of urgent welcome; a child with twenty-five cents is free to become a creditor of the august Federal régime. Never was the government so close to its people; never, perhaps, in another sense, so far from them. But, either way, old conceptions of government are broken down. The trend is all in the direction of a weakening of tradition and form. What is the Constitution in this greatest of all crises? If it serves, we shall revere it as it is; if it does not serve, we shall amend it to suit the new duty of the new occasion. Nothing matters but the winning of the war.

We must forego our old social prejudices. We have very largely foregone them. We may like our little circle about the hearth as much as ever, and we are entitled to it; but we must not let it interfere for a moment with our larger social, national, or international obligations.

The day of the Pilgrim Fathers is over.

Like it or not, we have got to face it. New England is what we would have called till lately an alien corner of the country. It is a New Europe rather than a New England now. If we pine for an untainted Anglo-Saxon survival, we shall have to seek it among the unspoiled mountaineers of North Carolina and Tennessee. But they do not belong to the live, present-day America; they are apart from it. The main currents of the New Americanism pass them by.

Republican? Democrat? Prohibitionist or Socialist? Mere unmeaning names just now. Even American is too small for the world-emergency except as it is a synonym for liberty and democracy.

There are 168 religious denominations in the United States. There are 15 kinds of Baptists, 21 kinds of Lutherans, 12 kinds of Presbyterians, 15 kinds of Methodists. There is one religious need, one religious aspiration; it is the desire to simplify and intensify man's relations with the Eternal Power.

Wake up, America! Slough off the non-essentials. Get down to brass tacks. Live simply, think sincerely, give all you have of mind and strength to the one task before which every other task pales.

When a casual, personal letter from a layman reveals such depths and outreachings of thought and feeling, what should be the attitude of men who have been publicly ordained and are publicly supported as the spiritual interpreters of life? When the laity are thinking in loftier and wider terms than the clergy, how long will they tolerate a laggard ministry?

Within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the above letter another one of absorbing interest came from Mesopotamia. The writer is a British staff officer somewhere on the Tigris. He writes of things so weird, so heroic, so tragic, that but for a sure knowledge of his reliability they would be unbelievable. His concluding paragraph has such an unexpectedly verbal confirmation of the conviction of the New England editor, — 'only essentials count,' — that it seems as if the ends of the earth were in collusion. 'It is difficult to believe in God these days — but I do. I believe He has been good to me and mine. That and my faith in my wife and my country, are all that are worth having. You and I and other men have had many fetters broken these last few years, thank God! Because, after all, only essentials count, and I have a hold on the three real ones.'

Can the Christian ministry realize that in the midst of this disheveled and amazed world 'only essentials count'? Has the Christian ministry the courage to forsake everything, even the established habits of long years of happy peace, and settle down to a grapple with the facts which are driving deep into the souls of men? No one is asking for conservation or for construction today; no one expects that the old things, even those held most sacred, can survive in their familiar form, and no one has the audacity to think that a new structure can be built while the former one is still crashing upon his head. But men everywhere are groping for the essential things, they are demanding an immediate and a spiritual interpretation of the awful drama in which they are both voluntary and involuntary participants. They must have it or lose both reason and faith. In another letter from the same writer in Mesopotamia there occurs this sentence: 'It is sometimes hard to believe in Calvary, but the greatest proof of all is at hand. If the world is not redeemed this time, then I lay down my Bible and my faith and I'll go out of life drunk. 'Cos, thank God, when everything else is gone one can always flog one's brain to the last leap!'

Was there ever a time when the race had such a crimson commentary upon Calvary? Why not seize it boldly and use the glorious exegesis without apology, instead of dabbling in vague hy-

potheses about the moral influence of vicarious suffering? The men of Liége, of Mons, of the Marne, of the Somme, of the Yser, of the Tigris, of the Piave, have surely established forever that life is won by death. Redemption, in both a physical and a spiritual sense, has ceased to be a dogma by becoming the most thrilling fact in present-day consciousness. There are millions of families in America, proud and brave enough as they face their fellows, but with a Gethsemane in their souls, in which they wait for the interpreting word. What interest they ever had in the extreme subjectivity of religious experience has been lost in the shadows cast by grim objective realities.

Other men are asking what guaranties there are for the invincibility of truth, the inviolability of honor, and the immutability of righteousness; they see the clouds and darkness which are round about the Eternal, but they are anxious for confirmation that righteousness and justice are the habitation of his throne; they ask for evidence to supplant credence. With other things German, 'value judgments' have gone by the board. Men and women have also done with shibboleths. Democracy itself must be defined. When our administration, placed in office during the days of peace, proceeds to govern in a fashion which has more than the tang of despotism, citizens want to know what differentiates democracy from autocracy. Unless it is proved that there is a spiritual necessity in the temporary curtailment of liberties, the will of the Republic must sometimes rebel; unless the higher law of waived prerogative — 'free, yet not using your freedom' — is made apparent, there will be a sagging of the resolution which carried us into the conflict. Hence Russia needs interpretation; the socialistic idealism which became so immediately self-conscious that it changed into individual materialism, a suicidal system of land-grabbing, forgetful of collective honor or obligation or opportunity.

Such questions invade the soul. In their wake follow a thousand others: What new motive has come into our patriotism, causing our youth to spring forward with a cry of gladness to face the utmost of sacrifice? Why are even the untaught multitudes accepting limitations in food, in fuel, in their narrow pleasures, without the mutterings and murmurings which the proletariat have always considered their privilege? Why are capital and labor alike showing such unexpected docility toward the government? Why are constitutional problems, like the extension of the franchise to women and the prohibition of intoxicating liquors, making strides which even the wildest fanatic would not have predicted ten years ago? Scarcely a phase or ramification of personal, social, or industrial life but demands a new reading; the most mundane things are capable of bearing a spiritual connotation; every disparted and refracted ray of knowledge is ready to reblend into the pure white light of wisdom.

If the devotions and the discipline of the clergy have not fitted them to lead the people when these and kindred questionings are articulate and insistent, what place can the ministry expect to hold, or what vital part is it likely to play, in the cosmic rehabilitation which must follow the war? Spiritual opportunities such as those of today come but rarely in the life of the race; common and even gross men are now willing to think and act upon a lofty plane which the choicest saints and most intrepid thinkers hardly reached in days gone by; a manumitted mob has crossed the Red Sea and asks the nearest way to the Promised Land.

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE. I

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

Both Stevenson and Lamb, writing of 'Beggars,' fall into what I take to be a grave misapprehension. They both write a defense, and constitute themselves advocates. Lamb brilliantly solicits our pity for these 'pensioners on our bounty'; Stevenson, though he characteristically makes himself comrade and brother of his client, and presents the 'humbuggery' of the accused as a legitimate art, nevertheless thinks himself but too evidently of a higher order, and the better gentleman of the two. Here, and it would seem in spite of himself, are patronage and condescension.

I own such an attitude shocks me and makes me apprehensive. Were I superstitious, of a certain creed, I should cross myself to ward off calamity; or were I a Greek of the ancient times, I should certainly pour a propitiatory libation to Hermes, god of wayfarers, thieves, vagabonds, mendicants, and the like. 'Poor wretches,' indeed! 'Pensioners,' they! 'Ragamuffins! humbugs!' They, with their occult powers! *They*, mind you, needing our advocacy! I could indeed bear a different testimony.

I think I began first to know the power of the poor, and to fall under their sway, when I was certainly not more than six years old. It must have been about then that I was learning to sew. This seems to have been a profession to which I was so temperamentally disinclined that my mother, to sweeten the task, was wont during the performance of it to read to me. While I sat on a hassock at her feet scooping an unwilling perpendicular needle in and out of difficult hems, my mother would read from one of many little chapbooks and children's tracts, which were kept commonly in a flat wicker darning-basket in her wardrobe; little paper books held over from her own and her mother's childhood. They were illustrated with quaint woodcuts, and the covers of them were colored. I was allowed to choose which one was to be read.

One day — 'because the time was ripe,' I suppose — I selected a little petunia-colored one, outwardly very pleasing to my fancy. It contained the story and the pictures of a miserable beggar and a haughty and unfeeling little girl. He was in rags and reclined, from feebleness I fancy, on the pavement; she walked proudly in a full-skirted dress, strapped slippers, and pantalets. She wore a dipping leghorn with streamers. Just over this she carried a most proud parasol, just under it a nose aristocratically, it may even be said unduly, high in the air.

I think I need not dwell on the tale, save to say that it was one of the genus known as 'moral.' There was only one ending possible to the story; the triumph of humility, the downfall of pride and prosperity; swift and awful retribution falling upon her of the leghorn and pantalets. I believe they allowed her in the last picture a pallet

of straw, a ragged petticoat, bare feet, clasped hands, and a prayerful reconciliation with her Maker. The story was rendered distinctly poignant for me by the fact that I possessed a parasol of pink 'pinked silk,' which was held on Sundays and certain other occasions proudly — it also — over a leghorn with streamers which dipped back and front exactly as did the little girl's in the story. But never, never, — once I had made the acquaintance of that story, — was my nose carried haughtily under it when by chance I sighted one of that race so numerous and so ancient, so well known and so little known to us all. From that day I began to know the power of the poor.

I can remember delectable candies that I did not buy, delicious soft cocoanut sticks that I never tasted, joys that I relinquished, hopes that I deferred, for the questionable but tyrannous comfort of a penny in an alien tin cup, and the inevitable 'God bless you, little lady!' which, remembering her of the leghorn and pantalets, I knew to be of necessity more desirable than the delights I forewent.

There was an old blind man there in my home town, whom I remember very keenly. He used to go up and down, he and his dog, in front of the only caravansary the place boasted, — the Hotel Latonia, — tap-tap, tap-tapping. He had the peculiar stiff hesitating walk of the blind, the strange expectant upward tilt of the face. He wore across his shoulder a strap on which was fastened a little tin cup.

I used to see the drummers and leisurely men of a certain order, their chairs tilted back against the hotel wall, their heels in the chair-rungs, their hats on the back of their heads, their thumbs in their arm-holes, their cigars tilted indifferently to heaven, and they even cracking their jokes and slapping their knees and roaring with laughter, or perhaps yawning, perfectly unaware of the blind man, it seemed, while he passed by slowly, tap-tap, tap-tapping.

But it was never thus with me. His cane tapped, not only on the pavement, but directly on my heart. You could have heard it, had you put your ear there. It may have seemed that his eyes were turned to the sky. That was but a kind of physical delusion. I knew better. In some occult way they were searching me out and finding me. I can give you no idea of the command of the thing. Perhaps I have no need to. Your own childhood — it is not improbable — may have been under a similar dominion.

If I thought to experiment and withhold my penny, I might escape the blind man for a while; I might elude him, for instance, while the other members of the family and the guests in that old home of my childhood were gay and talkative at the supper table; or afterward, when laughter and song drowned the lesser sounds; or while I stood safe in the loved shelter of my father's arm, listening to conversations I enjoyed, even though I could not understand them; or while, in the more intimate evenings, he took his flute from its case, screwed its wonderful parts together, and, his fingers rising and falling with magic and precision on the joined wood and ivory, played 'Mary of Argyle' until I too heard the mavis singing. But later, later, when I lay alone in my bed in the nursery in the moonlight, or, if it were winter, in the waning firelight and the creeping shadows, then, *then* there came up the stairs and through the rooms the sound of the blind man's cane, tap-tap, tap-tapping. He had come for his penny. And the next time I saw him, with a chastened spirit and a sense of escape, I gave him two.

II

But my own childish subserviency to the poor did not give me so great a sense of their power as my mother's relation to them. She, it seems, was perpetually at their service. Let them but raise a hand indicating their need ever so slightly, and she moved in quick obedience, although it seemed she too must sometimes have wearied of such service. Guests were many and frequent in that old home, as I have elsewhere told; but these came either by announcement or by invitation; the poor, on the contrary, came unasked, unannounced, and exactly when they chose, as by royal prerogative. Indeed, many a time I have seen my mother excuse herself to a guest, to wait sympathetically upon a man or a woman with a basket — it might be the queen of the gypsies, with vivid memorable face; or the Wandering Jew in the very flesh; or it might be Kathleen ni Houlihan herself, all Erin looking out, haunting you, from her tragic old eyes — offering soap or laces at exorbitant prices, or other less useful wares, tendered for sale and excuse at the kitchen door.

There was one whom I especially remember — Musgrove. He was a fine marquis of a man, was Musgrove, as slender as a fiddle and with as neat a waist. He used to come to the front door and sit by the old hall clock, waiting my mother's pleasure. He had a wife and seven or nine children, and a marvelous multiplicity of woes. There was a generosity and spaciousness about the calamities of Musgrove — something mythopœic, promethean. Tragedies befell him with consistent abundance. Four or five of the seven or nine had broken their arms, almost put out their eyes, or had just escaped by a hair's breadth from permanent blanket-mortgage disability when the floor of the cottage they lived in fell through; or they had been all but carried off wholesale by measles. Once all nine, as I remember it, were poisoned *en gros* by Sunday-school-picnic ice-cream, which left the children of others untouched. Only myths were comparable. Niobe alone, and she not altogether successfully, could have matched calamities with him.

By and by Time itself, I think, wearied of Musgrove. I think my mother, sympathetic as she was, must have come to think the arrows of outrageous fortune were falling far too thick for likelihood, even on so shining a mark as Musgrove. She came from interviews with him with a kind of gentle weariness. But Musgrove, I am very sure, had an eye for the drama. He knew his exits and his entrances, and I have reason to believe no shade of feeling in my mother's face was lost upon him.

He came one day to say good-bye; his shabbiness heightened, but brightened also, by a red cravat. It was safe now, no doubt, to allow himself this gayety. He knew that my mother would be glad to hear that, through the kindness of some one nearly as kind as herself, he had been able to obtain a position in a large city. He lacked but the money to move. After that — prosperity would be his.

My mother did not deny him his chance, Musgrove himself, you see, having contrived it so that the chance was not without a certain advantage and privilege for her. So he made his fine bow, and he and his fine marquis manners were gone.

I think my mother must have missed him. I know I did. The other pensioners came as regularly as ever — the gypsy with her grimy laces; the Jew with his tins and soap; rheumatic darkies by the dozen, frankly empty-handed; the little girl with the thin legs and with the black shawl pinned over her

head and draped down over the shy and empty basket on her arm; and the old German inventor who always brought the tragedy of old and outworn hopes along with some new invention; or, at infrequent intervals, for a touch of color, there came an Italian organ-grinder, and — if the gods were good — a monkey. But there were times when I would have exchanged them all to see Musgrove again, with his fine promethean show of endurance, his incomparable assortment of unthinkable calamities.

Another, it is true, came in his place, but he was of a wholly different type. He had not the old free manner of Musgrove, yet he was strangely appealing, too. He wore a beard and was stooped and spent and submissive, a man broken by fate. He did not complain. He did not wait rather grandly by the hall clock as Musgrove had done; no, but in the kitchen, about breakfast-time, awaiting the cook's not always cordial pleasure.

In spite of my mother's sympathy, — which should certainly have made amends for any lack of it in the cook, — he had a way of slipping in and out with a little shrinking movement of his body, like the hound that does the same to escape a blow. One would have said that body and soul flinched. He limped stiffly, and seemed always to have come a little dazed from far countries.

My mother took even a very keen interest in him. This man was more difficult to reach, but by that very token seemed no doubt the more worthy. He told no wonderful tales to tax your credulity. His very reticence was moving and hard to endure; the death of nine or seven children would have been less sad. He kept coming for quite a long time. Then the day dawned — a day quite like any other, I suppose, though it should have been dark with cloudy portent — when, by some slight misstep, some trifling but old reference on his part when his mind was off its guard, my mother discovered as by a sudden lightning flash that this *was* Musgrove.

I have known some dramatic moments in my life, but I would not put this low on the list.

He seemed to know for an intense arrested instant that he had spoken a false line, that he had for a miserable moment forgotten his part. He staggered into it again with what I know now was fine courage, and managed in perfect character to get away. I can still see him as he departed, bent and submissive (having most meekly thanked my mother), and not forgetting to limp stiffly, going along under the falling leaves of the grape-arbor, in the autumn sunshine, the shadows of the stripped vines making a strange and moving pattern on his old coat as he went; nor have I failed to see him in all the years since, thus departing, — inevitably, irretrievably, — and have found my heart going many a time along with him.

My mother, and I with my hand in hers, went back into the quiet comfortable rooms of that old house. But if you suppose we went in any spirit of ascendency or righteous indignation, or justification, you are indeed mistaken. To be in the right is such an easy, such a pleasant thing; what is difficult and must be tragically difficult to endure is to be artistically, tragically in the wrong. I think it likely that my mother remembered Musgrove, as I have done, through all the years, a little as a survivor might remember one who had gone down before his eyes. It is thus, you see, that Musgrove, bent and always departing, still continues to sway others with his strange powers, as it is fitting, no doubt, that one of his rare genius should do.

III

Besides those that I have mentioned, there were two especially of that ancient race whose fortunes were bound in with my early memories.

It was upon a day when I was a little more than fourteen that I came to know them. I was alone at home, save for the maids in the house, and was reading at my ease, as I loved to do, in that old verandah that fronted the south. I remember well that the book I read was *Rasselas, or The Happy Valley.*

The verandah was deep and long. Beside it ran a brick pavement, delightful in color and texture. Over this, joining the verandah, there curved a latticed grape-arbor of most gracious lines, on which grew, in lovely profusion, a wisteria, a catawba grape vine, moonflower, and traveler's-joy. When the wisteria, like a spendthrift, had lavished all its purple blossoms, and there were left but green leaves in its treasury, then the grape bloom lifted its fragrance; and when this was spent, the traveler's joy, as though it had foreseen and saved for the event, flung forth its treasure; and when at last its every petal had fallen and nothing more remained, — for the moonflower had its own prejudice, persistently refused the demands of the sun, and would open its riches only to the moon and the night moths, — then the early autumn sun, feeling through the thinning leaves, hardly expectant, would come upon that best treasure of all, stored long, against this time, in the reddening clusters of the grapes.

All these things lent I cannot say what charm inexhaustible to that old verandah, and made it a place of abiding romance and delight. The pattern of the sunshine and of the moonlight as they fell through the lattice and the leaves, on the floor of it, are things that still haunt my memory with the sense of a lovely security, of a generous abundance, and, as it were, of the lavish inexhaustible liberality of life itself.

There, secure against interruption, I read and pondered, with the imaginative ponderings of fourteen, the strange longings of that Prince who should have been so content in the Happy Valley.

As I read, I was aware of a strange intrusion: a bent form in baggy trousers and rusty coat stooped under the weight of an old and worn harp; behind him, bent also, but by no visible burden, an old man with a violin entered the gateway of the arbor. They came very slowly and deliberately, yet without pause or uncertainty. They did not introduce themselves, being, I knew instantly, quite above such plebeian need. They asked no permission, nor solicited any tolerance. They spoke not a word. It was as if they had long outgrown the need of such earthly trivialities.

He of the rusty coat and baggy trousers, having taken a slow look at the place around, — as though to establish in his mind some mysterious identity, — let the harp slip from his shoulders to the brick pavement, adjusted it there very deliberately, and proceeded to pluck one or two of its strings with testing fingers, still looking around carefully all the while; then he adjusted his camp-stool, seated himself, pulled the worn, yet delicate and feminine, instrument toward him, so that her body lay against his shoulder, and put his hands in position to play.

The old violin, more lordly, made no concession whatever to harmony; he tuned or touched not a string, but with a really kingly gesture put his instrument in the worn hollow of his shoulder, laid his head and cheek over against it, as though lending his whole soul to

listen, raised the bow, held it for an immortal instant over the strings, and then drew out a long preliminary note — on, on, on, to the very quivering tip of the bow.

My education had not been neglected as to music. There had always been much of it in my home, where flute and voice and harp and violin and piano spoke often, and my home town was near a great musical centre, where, young as I was, I had heard the best that was to be heard. Had I been in a critical mood, I should have noted how badly the long-drawn note was drawn; I can hear still how excruciating it was, how horribly it squawked; but rendered solemn, as I was, by the strangeness of their appearance and their presence, and dimly, dimly aware of their immortal powers, it thrilled me more than I remember those of Sarasate or Ysaye to have done.

The long note at an end, without so much as a consultation of the eyes, they then began. With never a word, only with thrilling tones horribly off the key, the violin spoke, say rather wrung its hands and wailed, 'Oh, don't you remember' — ('Oh, yes; I remember!' throbbed and sobbed the harp) — 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?'

They played it all through, even to what must have been the 'slab of granite so gray,' varying all the while from one half to one tone off the key, the old violin lending his ear as attentively all the while to the voice of his instrument as if she spoke with the tongues of angels; his dim veiled eyes fixed on incalculable distances, like those of an eagle in captivity.

The old harp, on the contrary, kept his eyes lowered stubbornly on the vibrating strings; and the harp as he smote, quivered like some human thing struck upon its remembering heart. From the painfully reminiscent song they leaped without pause into that second most wailful melody in the world, —

'Ah, I have sighed to rest me,
Deep in the quiet grave,' —

and played that on to the end also.

But though to the outward eye these visitors played upon the harp and violin, how much more indeed did they play upon me! Young, and sensitive, and as yet unsounded, how, with dim compelling fingers they searched and found and struck and drew from me emotions I had never known! Old and worn and bowed with life, and weather-beaten of the world, they played there in the mottled sunlight of that romantic arbor, as might Ulysses have stood mistaken and unhonored by those who had but heard of Troy. There was to me something suddenly overwhelming in the situation. Oh, who was I, to enjoy so much, in such security; to feast upon plenty, and to know the generous liberality of life, while these, doomed to the duress of the gods, went through the world, day after day, half-starved, playing miserable memorable music fearfully off the key!

Perhaps I was intense; certainly I was young; and as certainly I had all the eager vivid imagination of youth. Moreover, this was, it should not be overlooked, my very first adventure, all my own, with the poor; my first piece of entirely independent service to those mysterious powers. Meanwhile, the divinities in disguise played on — a wild, boisterous tune it was now, set to a rollicking measure and infinitely more sad for that than the sighs of 'Trovatore,' or than sweet Alice under the stone. Bent they seemed on sounding every stop. You may think they were but a grimy pair, dull and squalid; probably embittered. I can only tell you that they invoked for me that day, as with the mournful powers of the Sybil of Cumæ, love and life and death, and joy irrevocable, and memory — these they called up to pass before me,

and bade them as they went, for one summoning moment, to reveal their faces to me.

Presently, I do not know with what dark thoughts, these two would have departed, but I remembered and begged them to stay. I flew upstairs and found my purse, and emptied it, and gave them what it held. They took it without thanks, merely as lawful tribute exacted. Again they would have departed, but I begged them still to remain. Should this ancient Zeus and Hermes be allowed to depart without bread? I disappeared into the house with a beating heart. I found bread and milk and meat. I brought these and set them out for them, and drew chairs for them. All this, too, they took for granted, with some shrewd glances at me; they shuffled their feet about under the table, bent low to their plates like hungry men, and shoveled their food into their mouths dexterously with their knives, the better, no doubt, to disguise their divinity.

While they ate, I went, with a heart troubled yet high, and gathered for them grapes that hung immortally lovely in the sun. These too they ate, with a more manifest pleasure, cleaning the bunches down to the stems; and when they had made away with all they could, slipped the remaining clusters in their pockets against a less hospitable occasion.

I remember then that they went and left me standing there in a world of dreams and speculation and adventure. They had gone as they had come; but me they left forever changed. As they departed, certain doors in my young days swung and closed mysteriously. For me the channels of life were permanently deepened. With them had departed my complacent, inexperienced attitude of mind; with them had fared forth the care-free child that I had been. This adventure all my own, conducted in my own manner, had initiated me into vast possibilities, the more impressive because but dimly seen. On me had depended for a little while these two of God knows what ancient descent. I too had begun to know and taste life. I too would begin to count my memories. Oh, strange new world! And with strange people in it!

On this world, enter, upper left stage, Leila the maid.

'O Miss Laura, honey, what you bin' doin'? Dey ain't nothin' but no-'count beggars, chile. Don't you know dey mought 'a' come indo's and carried off all de silver? Dat's just de kind would steal fum you when you war n't lookin'. I ain't right sho' now dey ain't got some o' de silver in dey pockets!' And she took savage stock of what lay on the table.

O Leila, ingenuous mind! Dearly as I loved her, how little she knew! How far she was from understanding the habits and predilections of the gods! Would they trouble, do you think, to take a silver knife or fork, who can take away the priceless riches of childhood with them? Would they pause to purloin a mere petty silver spoon, who can carry off an entire golden period of your existence, and leave you with the leaden questions and dull philosophy and heavy responsibility of older years?

I should have asked their names, that I might set these in my prayers, but I had not had presence of mind enough to do that; so, that night, while I knelt by my bed, alone in the moonlight, a very devout little girl, there stood there, shadowy in the shadows, and among my nearest and dearest, on whom I asked the Lord's blessing, the old Harp and Violin; while, with my head buried passionately in my hands, I begged Providence to have an especial care of these new friends of my heart, to bless them, to let its face shine upon them, and to give them peace.

Musical beggars! I have seen them often since, in one guise or another. Sometimes they trumpet on the trombone or cornet, or blow fearful blasts upon the French horn; I have known them to finesse upon the flute or flageolet. These differences are but inconsiderable. Always I find them equally mighty. I have thought sometimes to get past them with giving them only a great deal more than I could afford. Useless frugality! futile economy! For still they will be laying ghostly hands upon you; still will they be exacting a heavier tribute and demanding that gold and silver of the soul which, as Plato is so well aware, is how infinitely more precious. These are people of power, let appearances be what they may. You may patronize them if you like, and look upon them as the down-trodden and the dregs of existence. I am indeed not so hardy. I have read a different fate in their groups and constellations.

IV

There were other poor whose influence was potent in my childhood, but I pass them by to note but one more, of a curiously strong type, who crossed my path when I might have been about sixteen. She was a Salvation Army Major, — Major Lobley, — and she had at her heels an army of poor wretches, 'flood-sufferers.' That great river on which my home town was situate had risen and overflowed its banks, and had spread devastation. As it happened, my mother had standing idle at that time three or four small houses. Into these a large and variegated band of 'flood sufferers' was assisted to move. They came, poor things, bringing their lares and penates. One, whom I take to have been an aristocrat among them, led a mule. Among them all, like a burst of sunshine over a dark and variegated landscape, came Major Lobley and the drum. It would make a better recital, I know, if I said that she was beating it — but I am resolved to tell of things only as I remember them. The drum, however, even though silent, was to the eye sufficiently triumphant and sounding.

My acquaintance with Major Lobley began the morning after her installation. We had already, for the comfort of her clan, parted with all the available covers we could spare. She came seeking more. The maid brought me her name. I went into the parlor to receive her and to learn her errand. I take the liberty of reminding you that I was young and proud, with a traditional training and conventional pride.

In that curtained and rather sombre room, there sat Major Lobley, like a brilliant bit of sunshine. Before I knew what she was about, she was on her feet, had hold of both my hands, had kissed me on both cheeks, was holding me away from her a little, — a quick pleased gesture seen oftener on the stage than off it, — and was saying dazzlingly, 'Sister! Are you saved?'

They tell me that even the bravest at the Marne were demoralized by the use of poisonous gases and other methods of warfare unknown, even undreamed of, by them; and a like panic is said to have seized the Germans at first sight of the British armored monsters which ploughed over the ground disdainful of every obstacle, taking their own tracks with them. Major Lobley attacked me in a fashion I had never before even dreamed of. She was carrying her own tracks with her. None of my own aforethought invulnerable defenses were of the least use. She had thrown down and traversed the most ancient barriers. She had attacked me in the very intrenchments of my oldest traditions. Where were dignity, convention, pride of place, custom of behavior, and other supposedly

impregnable defenses? Where were distinctions of class, fortifications of good taste, intrenchments of haughtiness? Where were reserve and other iron and concrete and barbed-wire entanglements? I tell you, they were as though they were not! This glib inquiry about my soul routed me, demoralized me so completely that I do not even remember what I said. I only know that I fled precipitately for safety into the covert of the nearest subject. Was there anything she needed? And how could I serve her?

At this she was eager.

'Well, I'll tell you! We need another comfort. Darius needs a comfort for his mule. Darius is a good man and his soul is saved. Now could n't you lend another comfort to the Lord?'

'Yes,' said I, in what now seems to me a kind of hypnotized state. 'I think I can find another for you.' And I went myself and took it from my bed.

She received it with hallelujahs and went away beaming, assuring me as she went, and as on the authority of an ambassador, that I would certainly have my reward.

I make no apology for all this. I know well that I was the weak and routed one. I know that this gypsy from nowhere, with her lack of advantages and her Cinderella training among the ashes and dregs of life, had me at an astonishing disadvantage. I know that, while I stood by, in my futile pride, she went off unaccountably, in a spangled coach, as it were, carrying with her salvation and all the satisfaction in the world, happily possessed of the bed-covers without which I was to sleep somewhat chilly that night.

But I think it due to myself to say that this weakness on my part was not single. For weeks, months — as long as she stayed in the neighborhood — Major Lobley swayed people as by a spell. One would have sworn her drumstick was a wand. In theory, and out of her presence, we younger ones declared her presuming and impossible, but were reduced to serve her whenever she appeared. My mother and my elder sister, who were experienced and better judges, continued to give her and her thin ragged ranks daily help. Pans of biscuit, pots of soup, drifted in that northwesterly direction as by some gulf stream of sympathy which you might speculate and argue about all you liked, but whose course remained mystical and unchanged.

One point I must not fail to mention. I had worried somewhat concerning Darius's mule. There was, I knew, no shelter for him save a tiny woodshed just about half his size. I pictured him standing there with only his forequarters or hindquarters sheltered, and the rest of him the sport of the elements and the biting weather. Needless anxiety; futile concern! I might have read a different fate for him in Orion and Pleiades! Such anxiety comes of thinking too meanly of life. Darius had a better opinion of it, and it may be with better cause. Perhaps he argued that a power that was able to save his soul was perfectly well able to look after his mule; and rendered expectant by this belief, Darius's eyes saw what my less faithful ones would certainly have overlooked, namely, that the comfortable kitchen of the little house, with its sunshine and its neat wainscoting, made an ideal abiding-place for his friend. Here, therefore, positively benefiting by misfortune and like an animal in a fairy tale, the mule of Darius abode, and no doubt more comfortably than ever in his life before; and if his meals remained meagre, he was enabled to eke them out with a generous attention to the wainscoting.

You see! What can be said of a people like that, able to turn the most unlikely things to strange and immediate

uses, for all the world as the fairy godmother did the pumpkin and the mice!

Here is, I am persuaded, something ancient and inherited, and acquired not in Major Lobley's brief span; something, rather, dating back to gypsy centuries, God knows how many æons ago — something that had triumphed and ruled on countless occasions before now; some freedom, some innate self-approval; some linking, it would almost seem, of the powers of poverty with the powers of the Deity.

V

Have it as you will, the finer appearance still clings to the improvident. They give you color and incident without your asking; they scatter romance and wonder with largesse, as kings. As mere memorable characters, were not the old blind man and Musgrove and Major Lobley worth the money and the anxiety they cost us? And who will contend that Darius's tradition is not to be valued above a mere wainscoting and the cost of a few repairs?

I have long believed that Æsop needs rewriting in many instances, and very especially in that of 'The Grasshopper and the Ant.' What should be told — since Æsop's creatures are intended to exemplify human behaviors and draw human morals — is how the Grasshopper spent the winter with the Ant, and ate up all the Ant's preserves and marmalades, and fiddled nightly and gayly by the Ant's fire, and managed somehow to make the Ant feel that the privilege had been all her own, to have labored long for the benefit of so interesting and so gifted a gentleman.

I can recall from time to time, all through my childhood and girlhood, that I and mine made a kind of festival of a like circumstance, and how gladly we toiled for the benefit of that class which might be said to winter perpetually on our sympathies. I do not allude merely to tableaux, fairs, private theatricals, musicales, and the like, given for the benefit of those who neither sowed nor gathered into barns. I would be afraid to say how many times, from my early years, I was for their sake a spangled fairy, a Queen Elizabeth court dame, an 'Elaine,' white, pallid, on a barge, dead of unrequited love, a Gainsborough or Romney portrait, or a Huguenot lady parting from her lover, or a demure 'Priscilla,' or a dejected 'Mariana,' or a shaken-kneed reciter of verses, or a trembling performer on the piano. I remember that there was a huge trunk in the old attic at home given over to nothing but amateur theatrical properties. I remember coming home often from dragging, wearisome rehearsals, how tired, but happy! What fun it was to toil and practice and rehearse and labor until your little bones ached 'for the benefit of ——!'

'For the benefit of'! I tell you it is a magic phrase! I remember my mother coming home again and again — from some charitable conclave I suppose — radiant and eager, as she so often was, to announce that we were once more to be permitted to labor in response to its magic. Once, after her attendance on some missionary meeting, it was conveyed to us that we were to be allowed to dress fifty dolls 'for the benefit of' as many gregarious little grasshoppers of Senegambia, to the end that their Christmas and our own should be the happier.

It had all the air of a fine adventure. It *was* a fine adventure. I really would not have missed it. Yet unless you have dressed, let us say, thirty dolls, and know that twenty more remain naked, you can hardly guess how doll-dressmaking may hang heavy, even on the most eager fingers. I can still see them all in their pretty and varied dresses, ranged triumphant at last on

top of the old square piano, that we might behold the labor of our hands — their feet straight ahead of them, their eyes fixed, staring but noncommittal, supposedly on Senegambia. It seems to me now a gay, even though at the same time a somewhat futile, thing to have done; but turn it as you will, the true privilege was ours.

We and our forebears, you see, had in perfect innocence laid by a few stores through the generations. We had preserved and retained certain standards and comfortable customs and conveniences of living; certain traditions too of education and treasures of understanding; by which token it became our privilege to entertain and provide for those cicada souls who had followed the more romantic profession of fiddling; and that we might have our privilege to the full, we were graciously permitted to set our preserves, not merely for the swarming grasshoppers of our own land: it was vouchsafed us to sustain and supply with dolls and other delights the appealing little grasshoppers of Senegambia.

Recalling all my childhood and girlhood experience with the poor, I am led by every path of logic to believe that they have some secret power of their own — some divine right and authority by which they rule, beside which the most ancient dynasties are but tricks of evanescence, and the infallibility of the Pope a mere political exigency. The powers they wield would seem to me unique. Show me a dictatorship, empire, oligarchy, system or suzerainty, seignory or pashawlic, which presides over and possesses anything commensurate with their realm; which sways and commands anything comparable to their wide dominion!

Will you show me any other people outside of the fairy-books who can put the most fearful calamity on like a cloak and doff it at will, who can augment their families to seven or eight children overnight, and reduce them as readily to five or six the following day if it but seem to them advisable? Where outside their ranks is there any one capable of persuading you that it is a privilege to sleep cold so that some Darius you never saw or care to see shall, he and his allegorical mule, go better warmed? Who else, being neither of your kith nor kin, has such power over you that, with a mere bloodshot eye and shiver of the shoulders, they can turn your automobile, your furs, your warmth, and all your pleasant pleasures into Dead Sea apples of discomfort? Or, did any of your own class, by merely playing 'Ben Bolt,' raggedly and horribly off the key, under a grape-arbor, exercise so great a power over you that, having given him what you had, you went awed and chastened of all vanity, and set his name in your prayers that night as the Church service does the king? Are these people of rank who can do this? Or will you still cling to your aristocracies?

It is likely that I shall be accused of sentimentality. Some will say that to talk of the power of the poor is but cruel irony. If I would speak wisely and not as one of the foolish women, let me live and work among the poor, or better still, be of them. This is the only way fairly to judge them.

I am of a like opinion; and am therefore resolved to ask you to let me speak of a later time, when I myself was poor, and of the wider knowledge of the powers of the poor which that circumstance afforded me. For, in my advantageous days, I was permitted only to serve the poor, the discouraged, the improvident; later, I was promoted to be, at least in a measure, of their fellowship.

(To be continued)

NEIGHBOR HANS

BY WILFRED A. JOUBERT

I

I AM an easy-going sort of a man, and in my wanderings up and down the earth, I have had many dealings with people of many kinds and very little trouble with any of them. I had long been familiar with what it means to live in a community of mixed nationalities, and have tried it as successfully in Guiana, Venezuela, and Mexico as in New York City. So I hope that the reader will not ascribe too much of the fault to me when I recount my adventures with the emigrants of another country, which took place while I was employed as manager of a large plantation in southern Mexico.

On assuming control of this enterprise, I found myself in a sparsely settled territory, where, within a radius of ninety miles, some twenty-five Americans, and a like number of Germans, were engaged in developing a rich but wild country.

That the neighborhood should be half German seemed to me of good augury, for I had always found Germans excellent citizens of the country to which they had emigrated; and in the United States I had been accustomed to regard them as an important and reliable element of our citizenship. But I reckoned without due discrimination. The Germans I had known elsewhere were solid bourgeois — simple-minded, straightforward, and hard-working. My new neighbors, on the other hand, were Junker-born. Most of them were university men of the military caste. Their point of view, their code of ethics and of morals were as rigid and definite as they seemed prescribed and universal. In all essentials of manners, taste, and character, my Teutonic neighbors were as alike as nursery, school, university, and army life could mould them.

The history which follows consists of a few episodes culled from a somewhat rich experience. If in these pages I dwell on my business and personal dealings with a single individual, it is because Neighbor Hans, although he may have been a trifle more aggressive than many of his fellow Germans, was accurately representative of the entire group in his tenets and his methods.

When I first took charge of the Finca San Fernando, in 1909, the retiring manager gave me my first intimation of possible trouble. Neighbor Hans, he said, who controlled the abutting property of Santa Clara, had made life so unlivable for his own predecessor, an American, Pratt by name, that before two years were up, poor Pratt had returned to the States a nervous wreck; and my informant added that he himself was relinquishing the position for a far less desirable one, in order to escape 'the German plague.'

To these warnings I listened politely; but after all the years I had spent doing business with English, Irish, Scotch, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Norwegians, Chinese, Negroes, Indians, Venezuelans, and other Latin Americans, I anticipated no real difficulty with educated Germans; and in

my own mind set down both Pratt and Cook as 'poor mixers.'

For a time my forecast seemed justified. Everything started auspiciously, and one of the first calls I received was from Neighbor Hans himself, who paid his respects and expressed the hope that we should be good neighbors; for, as he added, 'Cook was never quite satisfactory, while Pratt was so utterly impossible that I could do nothing with him and finally *had* to drive him away.'

Almost my first care on taking charge of my new duties was to render myself familiar with the geography of the neighborhood. The three fincas of San Lorenzo, Santa Clara, and San Fernando were on an eight-mile trail, and were presided over respectively by Friend Cook, Neighbor Hans, and the writer. The three properties were all American in ownership, and a long-standing agreement permitted San Lorenzo and San Fernando to maintain a telephone line along the communicating trail which connected the three and which Santa Clara used, but the maintenance of which Neighbor Hans had long ago abandoned to the care of his neighbors. Quite satisfied to save himself from all difficulties of road-maintenance, Neighbor Hans was of no mind to forego the convenience of telephone communication, and he quietly attached himself to our telephone wire. When asked by what right he had tapped our wire, and if he thought it honorable to 'listen in' on our conversation as he did, his reply was my first experience with the new German *Kultur*.

'What stuff about right and honor are you talking?' exclaimed the outraged Hans. 'I will tell you what they mean. They are words for preachers to scare old women and children. Men with brains know nothing of such things. Right! What is right? Anything that is worth doing, and that an intelligent man can do, is right. If it cannot be done it is wrong! I use your wire! Why should n't I? Can you prevent it? Try it and then see whether the wire does not break out there in the woods; and I could yet make difficulties when to repair the line your men come over. Honor? What has honor to do with it? I wish the news and listen. Besides, I must know if you and Cook talk about me. I tap your wire. I listen. It is no secret. You know I do it. I tell you I do it. There is nothing dishonorable such as you talk about. Let us speak no more about nonsense. Have a cigar? Of course now you stay to dinner. Can you loan me some corn?' And so on, and so on.

As I listened to this tirade, it was hard to believe that the speaker was a German army officer, educated and highly intelligent, and withal so interesting and entertaining that one's feelings of indignation and outraged justice would become anæsthetized under the influence of his hospitality and the conviction that his attitude was wholly impersonal, and his ideas of right and wrong the result of tradition and training which left him honest — from his point of view at least.

One day I was startled to count eighty oxen being driven across my land, and headed into a much-prized bridle-path which led nowhere except to a newly cultivated area. The oxen belonged to Neighbor Hans, and his men informed my courier that they were bound for the 'señor's' mahogany camp down the river. Puzzled as to how Neighbor Hans could reach his camp through my jungle, and angry at this lawless invasion of my territory, I ordered my horse and rode forth to investigate. My indignation may be imagined when I discovered that my favorite trail had been reduced to a hog-wallow, and that many of the new

plantings had been trampled down and destroyed. Words fail to express my feelings, however, when I followed the destroying host to an old trail which led to the river, and found branching therefrom a new, and to me unknown, trail paralleling the river. This had been cut for a mile through my jungle to a point where the oxen could be forded to the Hans camp on the opposite bank. By dropping down stream in canoes it had been a simple matter to enter our unused river-trail and cut the new road without detection.

When told of my discovery, my major-domo was as surprised as I had been, and assured me that he had given permission neither to cut the road nor for Neighbor Hans to drive the oxen across our land.

When I had composed myself somewhat, I rode over to Santa Clara, where, as usual, I was cordially welcomed by Neighbor Hans. Proceeding at once to the object of my visit, I inquired by what right he cut roads on my land, why he drove his oxen across my property without permission, whether he knew that my bridle-path had been ruined and much of the new cultivation destroyed, and what he proposed to do about it. By this time I was pretty well excited and doubtless spoke with a good deal of emphasis.

In reply, Neighbor Hans delivered himself as follows: 'I am sorry, old man, that you excite yourself about these matters, and hope that you have no idea to make trouble, for then it might be unpleasant for us both. I regret your new road is spoiled, but you should know so many oxen must destroy any road such as yours; that is to be expected. Had you made your road of stone then it could not have happened. But I know stone construction would have been difficult and expensive, so I blame you not at all for that. I have to use the road again to return my oxen, and then you can make the road back again, for I have not to use it soon again, I think. It is bad that so many new cultivation was destroyed, but so few men could not control so many oxen. I should have sent more but could not spare them. Why did you not help with your men and save some damage? You see, after all, it was much your fault. Permission to cross your land? I can't follow you about the country asking permission for all I do. You were at Monte Cristo when I cut the river-road. I did n't know when you would return, and I can't hold my business while you pleasure yourself with trips about the country. Did you send me word last night you were back, then I could ask you for the permission; but how was I to know you were back? Now tell me that.

'Why did n't I ask your major-domo? Now I know you are not serious. Ask you. Yes. But ask your major-domo, my inferior — that is to laugh! Why should I build a road on my side when you have one already on your side? My men told me they cut no trees of value, so there can be no question of damages, so try not to be unreasonable. It seems sometimes like you much wanted to make difficulties, but take my advice. It is so much better that we live together as friends, no? Of course you now stay to dinner. I have some excellent Rhine wine just by last German boat, or do you prefer some real German beer? Better we try both. José, bring Señor Joubert the cigars, also remember he sits at table. And now everything is so nicely arranged I show you the latest German battleship in a picture by last mail. England's superiority now is only' — and so forth.

During a period of reconstruction, when my living quarters were reduced to two rooms for all purposes, Neighbor

Hans rode over to inform me that he expected visitors, and as it would crowd him uncomfortably to provide sleeping accommodations for his guests, he had decided to have some of them spend their nights with me. Knowing the disordered condition of my abode, he had come to advise me so that I might have time to prepare. Of course they would spend their days with him, and equally of course he would entertain them, though they might require some attention in the morning should they have been up late the night before, ha, ha!

I laughed also, it was so excruciatingly funny both in presentation and contemplation — and the naïve manner in which he invited himself to take possession of my house on behalf of his friends even added a touch of pathos to the situation. Viewing my dismantled and cramped quarters, I felt obliged to decline his proposition. I even expressed my refusal in a manner quite distinct and emphatic. But what is a Yankee right against a Junker desire?

Some days later Neighbor Hans called to inform me that his friends were due to arrive on a certain day, and that we had better look to our arrangements. He displayed great annoyance and much vexation of spirit when I recalled my former positive refusal to run my place as a hotel annex to Santa Clara. He curtly informed me that it was now too late to enter into further discussion, for his friends had already started. He then proceeded to instruct me as to the removal of certain goods and chattels to other places, explaining how I could convert my office into temporary sleeping-quarters by taking out the safe and by sundry other expedients which were so simple as to be self-evident.

With true Junker efficiency he had not neglected his information bureau through a personally conducted spy-system, and was well informed regarding the movements and possessions of his neighbors. He frequently stopped my boats as they passed his landing, and made an inventory of their cargo. He now told me how many cots, hammocks, and blankets there were on the place, and rapidly arranged their disposition. He considerately consigned me to a hammock, leaving my good American bed for the use of a stout friend who would thereby be rendered quite comfortable.

While he was thus regulating my affairs with military precision and to his own satisfaction, I stood there gasping, strangling my manhood in an endeavor to have peace at any price. Indeed, I was so occupied controlling my temper that, before I felt it safe to speak, he had jumped on his horse with a 'So long, old man, I'll be over to-morrow and see if you have everything in order,' and was riding away when I came to myself. Rushing through the woods, I headed off Neighbor Hans with a torrent of words that gushed forth in a steady stream under the pressure of feelings long held in restraint. It was the best and worst job of its kind I had ever done. From amid a profusion of variegated and picturesque phrases with which a life of walking up and down the earth had provided me, the listener could glean these prosaic statements of fact. 'You are not the German Emperor; and if you are, this is n't Germany; and if it is, I'm not a German but an American, and I'll not stand for more German arrogance. I'm going to run my own affairs in my own way, and when I wish to entertain your friends I'll invite them myself. If you or your friends land on that riverbank and start for my house in the face of my refusal to have you here, I'll take my Winchester and shoot you full of holes!'

Neighbor Hans dismounted. He

stood looking at me in astonishment, as if I had gone crazy on the spot, and ejaculated between my spasms, 'What's the matter, old man? I never saw you like this before. Calm yourself. You must be mad.'

When I finally subsided from lack of breath, he said, 'I will see you when you are calm, and if it is trouble you seek, I will accommodate you with much pleasure. I assure you I can furnish plenty. If in doubt, you can ask Pratt.'

'Well,' I retorted, 'trouble is the last thing I want; but if it comes, I'll try to meet it, and if I can't handle it, my successor will be a quick-fingered bad man from Texas.'

Hans made no reply, but flung himself into his saddle, and rode off.

When I had calmed down, I felt a bit ashamed of my own loss of temper, and wrote him an apology for the language I had used, making it plain, however, that I was not receding from my determination to remain master of my own affairs. He made no reply, nor did his friends appear. They were, as I afterwards learned, headed off by a spcial courier.

Recalling the fate of Pratt and the troubles of Cook, I now expected reprisals. Cattle might mysteriously die, fence-wires be cut and cattle get loose, bridges unexpectedly collapse, trees be felled across the trails, telephone wires be constantly cut down, the river-channel closed to navigation by cunningly arranged obstructions, and I might be continually in the saddle answering summonses of distant tribunals, getting free from one trumped-up charge only to meet another. These devices and many more had been employed against Pratt and others. A peaceful American, who fights fair if he has to fight at all, is at a great disadvantage in defending himself against a petty war of frightfulness.

II

As the days passed, however, with no signs of trouble, my feeling of apprehension gradually wore away, and I settled down to the enjoyment of the first undisturbed tranquillity and freedom I had enjoyed since entering the zone of German influence. Neighbor Hans had been an almost daily visitor, seeking accommodation of one kind or another; and so accustomed had he become to depending upon San Fernando for aid in every difficulty, that I took it for granted that he had given up all thought of open war. My time and work had been constantly interrupted in meeting his appeals for assistance, and from annoyance these continuous requests had become a serious nuisance. Accommodation grew to be imposition, and with my increasing reluctance, his requests became demands. Yet the one and only time that I had asked a favor of Hans it had been abruptly refused.

My greatest source of difficulty was the care of a telephone line running to the Finca Santa Felicia, ten miles distant, where Friend Russell maintained an independent wire in connection with the other American fincas along the road, thus bringing my ranch into communication with Agua Fria, our nearest town, twenty miles distant. To secure through connection, all the managers on the route must be summoned from field or office; and of course it was expected that this would be done only under very special circumstances. Ordinarily, messages were expected to be relayed at convenience, the matter being a pure courtesy extended by one neighbor to another. All the Anglo-Saxon managers were scrupulous in their use of this privilege, but Neighbor Hans who maintained not one bridge, not a mile of road or rod of wire, held himself superior to all constraint what-

soever, and would call for Agua Fria on the telephone when and as often as he wished. Many and many a time Neighbor Hans has favored me with an entire day at my farm, trying to get into communication with his friends in Agua Fria. On such occasions my only possible occupation was the entertainment of Neighbor Hans, and it was during these periods that I was regaled with prophecies of the rapid approach of 'the Day,' when England should be crushed.

'To the English people,' remarked Neighbor Hans, 'we shall show no mercy. It is for the English officers only we have respect, for they are gentlemen like the Germans.'

The crushing of England was an obsession with him, but sometimes he wandered further afield, and it was evident that this was but the first step in a grander scheme. The calculating brutality of the way he talked made me uncomfortable, and sometimes I felt half sick that an educated and apparently normal human being could harbor such thoughts and ambitions. At times I protested that the destruction of Great Britain would remove a great factor in human progress and the spread of civilization, and he would reply, 'It makes no difference what she has done in the past, now she must be destroyed.'

Once, when I argued that the intelligent German masses, especially the Socialists who were so strong in Germany, would oppose a war so criminal, he laughed, and looking at me in a pitying way said, 'Old man, sometimes I admire your innocence, but again you are so simple. In the States I have seen those big headlines of your yellow press. We have that same type now already in every printing shop in Germany. When we declare war, we have the papers come out in big print like your American papers, telling of Germany attacked, and calling upon the people to defend their homes and Fatherland from thieves and murderers. Then in twenty-four hours there are no more Socialists, but all are Germans, Germans in the army, fighting a hated enemy. I tell you, war comes; it comes. And it comes in not more than three years.'

Well, it was the convenience of that telephone line to Agua Fria which at last brought Neighbor Hans to resume 'friendly relations' following our little difficulty. His demeanor toward me had undergone a complete transformation. He knocked at the door, entered only upon my invitation, inquired if I was busy and if he might use the telephone. I knew, however, that this considerate attitude was but temporary, and merely because he had decided that it was not in his interest to bring about an open breach at that time. Then ensued such a daily use of the telephone that my friends advised me that it must cease or the privilege would be withdrawn. When I finally mentioned this to Neighbor Hans, he exclaimed, 'Ah, so, now I understand. Tell your friends I must talk with my friends. If this is not longer permitted, I take it as an unfriendly act and know what to do. They had better think it over. Better, perhaps, I see them myself and talk about it.'

And so, in addition to a nuisance now become chronic, I could see another crisis approaching. To avoid this I deliberately neglected the line; but Neighbor Hans, ignoring the hint, began to complain of its condition, and commented sharply on my poor management. He even rode over the line, and was good enough to report to me where it required attention. Coming in from the fields one day, I found him sitting in my office with the instrument in pieces, overhauling the batteries in an endeavor to discover why the instru-

ment did not work, as repeated ringing had brought no response from Santa Felicia. I did not find it necessary to tell him that neither Santa Felicia nor any other station would answer again the old signals, still conspicuously posted beside the instrument.

Then happened the event for which I had so long waited. A violent storm laid low nearly two miles of wire, which I gathered in. The line became a thing of the past, and I went back to mounted messengers, requiring at times three days for a round trip to town. Neighbor Hans complained, cajoled, threatened, and in a final appeal went so far as to offer to contribute 'something' toward the restoration of the line; but on the plea of economy I steadfastly refused to consider its rehabilitation. With the passage of time, he became reconciled to the situation, and this issue was safely passed. Peace at any price! Had I refused him the use of the line, or had I removed the wire without nature's aid, he would have considered it a *casus belli*.

About this time Neighbor Hans took a trip to Agua Fria, accompanied by his titled German wife and boy. To avoid the Santa Felicia trail, rendered almost impassable by heavy rains, he selected the longer but better San Isidro road, a property presided over by Neighbor Wilhelm. Now Neighbor Wilhelm and Neighbor Hans, though both were Germans, were not friends; and when Wilhelm saw Hans and his party riding down his road, he waxed wroth and ordered the trail closed against their return. Holding up a woman and a small boy in a jungle country, with hours of détour over difficult and dangerous trails, and long distances between habitations, is not a brave and gallant act; but then, when two 'cultured' Germans are not on friendly terms, women and children have no right to go abroad. It was not Neighbor Wilhelm's fault, any more than it was the fault of Von Tirpitz that women and children sailed on the Lusitania. It was unfortunate, it is true, but certainly no fair-minded person could find fault with Wilhelm because a lady of considerable charm and attainments had married his enemy, Hans.

Well, to continue, I was returning from Agua Fria at the time, and as it turned out, I was the goat that was caught in the trap. In the depth of the jungle, where a steep-sided and deep arroyo could be crossed only by a narrow bridge, some trees had been felled, completely blocking the bridge. It was fortunate that at that particular point there happened to be no very large trees susceptible of being used as a barricade; but, as things were, in order to avoid a five-hour détour, my horse-boy and I spent two hours with our machetes cutting a passage for our mounts. As for Hans, word reached him, and consequently he brought his family home by another route.

A few days after this incident I complained to Neighbor Wilhelm that it did not seem fair, just to spite one individual, to close so important a trail against his other neighbors. He answered that his honor would not permit him to allow Neighbor Hans to come on his property, and if others suffered in consequence, he was sorry, but he could not help it.

This is a truthful history which I am setting down; but if the reader should ever chance to be the welcome guest of this most genial host, and have an opportunity to enjoy the conversation of this experienced, traveled, and educated man, he will say, 'It is impossible; Herr Wilhelm never could do such things. He is a gentleman. Either that man Joubert is not telling the truth or it is another Wilhelm that he has in mind.'

But, reader, I assure you that it is the same Wilhelm, as it is the same Hans.

To appreciate the incident which I have just related, it must be understood that it was not only custom, but a matter of pride, for each property-owner to maintain a good communication trail across his land, connecting with the trails maintained by his neighbors; for it was only by such coöperation that travel over large sections of the country was possible. The exceptions to this rule were the Germans of university-military caste, who, in petty spite against their neighbors, repeatedly obstructed trails and resorted to other harassing methods, in order to have revenge on some enemy, real or imaginary. Among the Americans no enmities existed, while the Germans were divided into jealous groups. This was fortunate for us, for, had the Germans pulled together, it would have been difficult for an American to remain in the district, unless he was willing to submit to German domination.

Still another incident may prove illustrative. One day, while hunting, Friend Cook came upon some fresh mahogany stumps. Following a timber trail newly made, he came to the river, where, to his amazement, he saw some twenty logs all rafted to float away. Making inquiry, he discovered almost immediately that the cutting and rafting had been done by employees of Neighbor Hans, who at the time happened to be working mahogany. Fortified in his proofs by a government survey, Friend Cook called upon Neighbor Hans for satisfaction and settlement. He found him in great spirits, and inclined to be satirical; but as soon as Friend Cook had made the purpose of his visit painfully clear, then Neighbor Hans grew insolently indignant at both charge and claim. When, however, Cook placed an embargo on the logs, Hans was glad to sign an agreement, promising to pay a ridiculously small and merely nominal stumpage fee. Good-natured Neighbor Cook, desiring only to have the moral ascendency in the dispute, waived his right to the logs and the value thereof, in order to avoid a troublesome fight which might delay his departure to the States, where he was impatient to go to visit his sick wife.

A few days later, when Friend Cook had started northward, Neighbor Hans rode across my place on his way home from down river. He dismounted and came up to the house in a noticeably bad humor. With a brief greeting he burst forth with, 'It seems your friend Cook looks for trouble. He will get plenty, you may be sure of that! Takes me for a fool, huh! I will show him something. While my men work he sleeps in his house. Why does he not watch his land? Does he think I follow my men and look where they go? How can I tell whether they go on his place or not? No, I look out for my own land, not for my neighbor's. That is their affair. I have troubles enough of my own, without taking on other people's. It is his mistake and not mine if his trees are cut down. Now you tell him for me I pay him not one red cent for those logs. Last night I float the logs down stream to another jurisdiction, and that paper I sign no longer has value. I sign it to fool him.[1] Now he will find out what kind of man I am. He makes a mistake to fight Hans. I will show him.'[2]

[1] A thesis since officially indorsed by the Chancellor of the German Empire.

[2] By virtue of measures inaugurated by telegraph on the part of Neighbor Hans, Friend Cook was held up by the authorities at the port of departure. Before the officials could satisfy themselves that no reason existed for detaining Cook, he had been put to considerable expense and trouble, including a long and vexatious delay. — The Author.

That night I had a good deal to think about, and a few days later, seeking sympathy I rode over to Finca Santa Felicia, and laid my trials before Friend Russell. But, instead of commiseration, my host turned on me. 'As a friend,' said he, 'I advise you not to repeat to others what you have just told me; for if you do, you will lose the respect of every man in this section. I cannot understand it. I supposed you were a man of spirit. Why, I'd like to see anybody put anything like that over on me.'

That was all the satisfaction I got on that day; but shortly afterwards, Neighbor Hans passed my home, riding a horse which bore a curious resemblance to that of Friend Russell. I remarked on the likeness to Hans, who promptly admitted that it was Russell's horse, which he had been 'obliged to borrow,' as his own mount had gone lame when he reached Santa Felicia.

A week later Friend Russell came in on a mule, making hasty inquiry as to whether I had seen his horse. I informed him that Neighbor Hans had ridden it through the week before. Russell looked at me with an expression which gave me entertainment. 'Hans,' he ejaculated, 'has one big nerve.'

'Where is the nerve?' I asked, as blandly as you please; 'you lent him the horse, did n't you?'

'Lent nothin',' snorted Russell; 'Hans took my horse from the corral and left his lame one. I knew nothing of it till I went for my horse and found it gone. My men saw Hans take it, but supposed I had given him permission. That's what I call nerve. He might have sent it back anyway. I'm going after it, and if you hear any noise over yonder it's me doing things.'

And Friend Russell disappeared on his mule in the direction of Santa Clara. It was late in the afternoon when he returned, riding his horse and leading the mule. Hans had explained that, being short of help, he could not send the animal back at once, and besides he had had to use it to visit his own property, a three days' trip into the *campo*.

'Well, what did you say to him Russell?'

'Oh, I did n't say much,' replied Russell; 'you see, I was right glad to get my horse back, and besides he opened up some of that old Rhine-wine stuff and treated me pretty white, and though I felt rather sore, I thought I'd better let it go at that.'

'Well,' said I, 'let me advise you as a friend never to repeat that happening to any one about here, as you might lose their respect. By Jove! I'm surprised. I thought you were a man of courage. *I'd like to see any one put anything like that over on me.*'

Such were these neighbors, university-taught and army-bred. When the newspapers of early August, 1914, reached me and I read with horror of the invasion of Belgium, my hands dropped to my lap, and I exclaimed aloud, 'Neighbor Hans is loose in Europe, too!'

CHERRY VALLEY

BY KATHERINE MAYO

I

THIS was early in the force's history — so early that as yet no sub-station of State Police had ever been planted in Washington County.

Captain Pitcher, commanding 'A' Troop, was now about to place one there, and, in reviewing the territory, had selected Burgettstown as the location for the new outpost. Burgettstown, close to the Ohio line, lies some sixty miles from the troop's home barracks.

Sergeant Charles Jacobs, late 3rd United States Cavalry, Private Gjertsen, late corporal of United States Marines, and two other troopers, composed the new detail. On sending the men off, the captain made them a farewell speech. That speech, for him, was a long one, yet every word of it carved its indelible mark.

'You men have to make good in that county. You are going to establish a name for the force. Do your full duty. Get what you go for. Keep every act above criticism. And *never "start anything" first.*'

Burgettstown is a typical farming community — quiet, orderly, prosperous, and as vulnerable as an oyster without its shell. The constable of Burgettstown was seventy years old, and, although far from well-preserved, his quavering strength might yet have sufficed for all the home-bred needs of the bailiwick. But, as it happened, the real needs of Burgettstown were not home-bred at all.

There was Cherry Valley, for example, only four short miles away.

Cherry Valley was the central point in a circle of mining plants. It possessed their one and only store — a company store; it had some places of dubious amusement. It had also a large and bad negro element, mingled with that sort of white stock that will so mingle.

Cherry Valley, by its own proud word, was a 'tough proposition,' and from its toughness emanated a considerable part of Burgettstown's woes. They ranged from chicken-stealing and drunken Sunday sprees to the firing of haystacks and barns, thefts of crops, and attacks upon women in lonely places. And no local means of protection with which Burgettstown was endowed operated against them in the slightest degree.

Yet these things had become so much a part of Burgettstown's daily life as to be accepted more or less like the weather that Providence is pleased to send, on a par with the discipline of a world of travail and sojourning, to be borne with resignation and to be taken as they came.

Burgettstown, as yet, had no personal knowledge of the power and purpose of a State Police, and in so far as it substituted surmise for experience, its surmise ran that the force must be simply a new-fangled avenue of graft, a creation of costly, arrogant uselessness. The farmers, therefore, in their farmers' skepticism as to all new things, held aloof and looked askance.

And so it happened that the first

applicant for help to call at the substation door was a very humble one indeed. It was a harmless old negro, who, by some mischance, had incurred the wrath of one of the black bullies of the Cherry Valley gang. The bully had promised to kill this white-polled ancient on sight, and, as he habitually 'toted a gun,' he was likely to carry out his threat at their first meeting.

'Certainly ain't gwine to be no meetin' if I sees him first,' the old man declared with conviction; 'but I cyan't have eyes all round my head at once, an' I cyan't rest nights tryin' to keep 'em so. If you could help me, boss, I certainly would be thankful. Nobody else won't, not in dis world! I'se begged 'em all.'

He had sworn out a warrant for the apprehension of his persecutor, and had taken the warrant to the constable, in due and proper course. But the constable, honest gray-beard that he was, feigned no ability to serve that writ. He knew that the burly black rascal would at best snatch it out of his hand and tear it up before his face, and that he would be lucky to escape merely with ridicule and without bodily injury. So the constable had flatly refused the attempt. The patient old negro had then plodded back to the squire.

'Dis here writ — please, sah, constable say he won't serve it. What I gwine to do next?'

'Don't know. Guess there ain't anything to do next,' opined the squire.

'But, squire, I'se *too* afraid! Dat man gwine to kill me, sure!'

'Well, then, I guess you'd better move away from here. Go some place where he won't find you. That would be my idea.'

The suppliant stood for a moment silent, with hanging head. Then, with a sigh, he started down the path from the squire's door. Perhaps something in the humble dejection of the figure touched the justice slightly. Perhaps he suddenly remembered that this man could wield a whitewash brush a little bit better than any one else in the borough, and that in haying time he came in handily.

'Look here, you!' he shouted down the path, 'there's those State Police just come to town. I don't reckon they 'll do anything for you, but it could n't hurt to walk over and ask 'em before you pack up. Your time ain't worth much, anyhow.'

'Certainly we will serve this warrant,' said Sergeant Jacobs, having read the writ. 'Why not?'

The old negro could scarcely credit his ears. 'But — but Cherry Valley's an awful wicked place, and Cherry Valley fights by de bunch. Razors — and knives — an' every kind of gun.'

'Now, uncle, don't you fret. Go along home and eat your dinner in peace. We'll take care of you. Leave Cherry Valley to us.'

The old man stared, while his lips moved. He seemed to be repeating the words to himself, savoring them one by one. Slowly his heart shone through his wrinkled mask, translated. Fifty years had rolled away. Once more he stood in a world that he knew —among 'real white folks' at home. He clasped his knotted hands while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

'O master! master, *dear!*' he sobbed and laughed together, falling unconsciously upon the long-hushed name. 'D-don't let 'em hurt you over there. Don't let 'em harm one lil' hair of yo' precious haid! Dis nigger ain't wuth it!'

'May de Lord forgive me!' he said again, as he watched the sergeant and Private Gjertsen ride out of sight, down the Cherry Valley road. 'May de Lord have mercy on my sinful soul! I certainly did think He done called all his old-time peoples home!'

It was a Saturday afternoon — the afternoon of pay-day. The gangs had gathered in Cherry Valley, and the weekly trouble was already afoot. Men and women had been drinking heavily, quarrels were progressing, ugly combinations had formed. As the two troopers rode down the street, a cloud of hostile questions surrounded them. Who were they? Why had they come?

Their uniform was unknown here, their name and purpose were almost as strange. But they looked like men claiming authority, and Cherry Valley in theory denied authority utterly. In the concrete it had never seen it — knew it not at all.

Sergeant Jacobs glanced in at the windows of the company store as they passed. The windows were filled with lowering faces, among them some that were American and of the better sort.

Said the sergeant to Trooper Gjertsen, —

'I'll wager we have n't a friend in the whole village — Americans, foreigners, negroes, every one of them is ready to fight.'

They rode on a few yards farther, coming to a house on whose porch a stalwart negro lounged.

'As we're strangers everywhere, we may as well begin here,' remarked the sergeant, dismounting.

They tied their horses and entered.

Within the thick squalor of the place some fifteen or twenty negroes were playing poker and drinking. To the query of the sergeant they answered, with surly scowls, that the man he sought was not in that house.

Satisfying themselves that this was probably true, the troopers proceeded to another and yet other negro abodes, still with a like result. Everywhere the same surly quasi-insolence, the same hostile withholding of all information, suggestions, or help.

Finally they approached a house at whose front door a slatternly white woman sat, while a little mulatto girl stood on the back porch. In some vague way the two suggested a guard.

'We'll try this place,' said Sergeant Jacobs. 'I'll take the front door, Gjertsen. You go to the rear.'

Both officers asked the seeming sentries whether the negro named in the warrant was within the house. Both received a defiant 'No!' Then they entered, from their respective sides, and together made a thorough search of the ground floor. The search proved barren. The troopers mounted to the second and only remaining floor. Here also their hunt revealed nothing. Disappointed, they descended the stairs, and were about leaving the house, when an indefinable shade on the face of the white woman made them pause.

'Are you quite sure that this man is not in the house?'

'Sure? Of course I'm sure!' the woman snapped back.

The sergeant looked her square in the eye, long and steadily. 'I'll just go up and have another glance,' he began.

'Can't you take a lady's word, then, you coward, you —' And she babbled off, like a hot geyser, into a torrent of mud.

'And I'll bring him down with me in a moment,' concluded the sergeant imperturbably, his foot on the stair.

'There's just this one place left, and he must be in it,' Sergeant Jacobs was saying, a moment later.

He stood before the chimney-breast in the rear chamber, gazing at the chimney-hole. In point of size that hole might conceivably have admitted the body of a man. But it was stuffed tight with old blankets and gunny-sacks, to keep the wind away, and the blankets and gunny-sacks were gray with a season's dust.

'If he's in there, they've done it well!' exclaimed Gjertsen.

They had, indeed, done it with talent. Fine white coal-ash, scattered over the hastily arranged cloths and then fanned off to avoid unnatural surplus, suggested an inference that might easily deceive. But when the two officers had jerked the last obstructing gunny-sack out of that chimney-hole the view that rewarded them comprised one large splay-foot.

They got him down, sooty and perspiring, and very wroth. They searched him for arms and found that he had turned his gun and razor over to the woman before making his ascent. At first he was confused, but as he breathed less creosote he grew more threatening and bold.

'We'll handcuff this man,' said the sergeant.

As the irons clicked fast, the woman burst out again into railings. 'Tin soldiers!' she screamed, and launched into her malodorous vocabulary.

II

Meanwhile, a mob of no mean dimensions had assembled around the house. It numbered several hundred persons, chiefly negroes and foreign miners, with the negroes everywhere well to the fore. Sergeant Jacobs, with a practiced glance, estimated its temper and its probable trend of thought, Much, as he well knew, depended on the justice of that quick estimate. His object was, first, to get his prisoner out of Cherry Valley and over to the Burgettstown jail without harm to the man; and, second but not less, to avoid any outbreak and consequent birth of ill feeling on the part of the crowd itself.

'Got to make good in that county,' Captain Pitcher had said. 'You are going to establish a name for the force.'

And back in the first days, when all the force were recruits together, had not the major himself impressed upon his troopers, one and all, —

'In making an arrest you may use no force beyond the minimum necessary.'

That crowd, then, must not be allowed to conceive ideas that would necessitate violence.

'They will centre at first on the horses,' the sergeant theorized to himself. ''I'll amuse them with the horses while Gjertsen gets ahead with the man. 'Gjertsen,' he said, 'remain dismounted and start away with the prisoner. I'll follow you.'

Sergeant Jacobs killed as much time as he could in untying the two mounts. The crowd looked on, intent, sullen, and muttering. At last one in the front rank shouted, —

'What are you taking this man away for?'

'Why do you ask?' responded the officer.

'I got a right to know. He lives here. I demand to know.'

The speaker was a blue-black giant with a mouth like a collapsible megaphone. His manner was truculent.

'If you want to find out,' coolly replied the sergeant, 'come down to the squire's office by and by. Then you can hear all about it.'

The murmurs of the negroes swelled, bordered on abuse. The sergeant faced around.

'I am an officer of the State Police,' said he, very sharply and distinctly. 'Remember that you are permitted to show no disrespect and to use no bad language concerning the uniform of the State of Pennsylvania, which I wear.'

As yet they guessed but dimly of what he spoke. The meaning had still to be proved to them. But something in his bearing gave them pause, nevertheless.

With all their lawless ill-will, with all their old impunity, with all their

swarming numbers, they hesitated and held back in the presence of this one stranger. In the crowd there were a hundred young men of far more than the sergeant's weight, men of ox-like strength, bred to blood and violence. A sheriff's posse, however well armed, would have been their half-holiday joy. But this solitary figure now confronting them diffused some unknown influence — was as strange as if it had descended from Mars. The uniform, color of a thunder-cloud, severe as if cast in steel, suggesting a power somewhere unseen; the body that moulded the uniform, lithe, clean-muscled, hard, suggested an iron discipline that itself is power; the face, clear-cut, lean, quick, with dark, live eyes, faithfully promising surprise to whoever should go too far — all these contributed their parts. The crowd held back.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Jacobs, watching the progress of his comrade, saw him safely turn the corner of the street. In a moment more he would be passing the Coal Company's store. 'There,' thought the sergeant, 'we shall certainly get backing. The superintendent will come out with his men.'

Leading the horses, and at a deliberate pace, not to excite the mob, he moved on to rejoin Gjertsen.

They passed the company store. It was crowded with the very people on whom officers of the State should have been able to count for staunch support. But not a man of them came forth. Instead, they hung in the windows and doors, with jeers on their faces, voicing grotesque solicitude as to the fate of 'tin soldiers' in Cherry Valley — betting on the number of pieces into which they would be dissected before the hour was done.

The two officers paid no heed — kept straight on their homeward course. The manacled negro walked before them. The crowd, bunched dark and swollen, like swarming bees, hung buzzing where the sergeant had left it.

'I guess we're all right now,' said Gjertsen.

'We'll mount in a moment,' the sergeant assented.

But at this the prisoner, who had so far submitted, sullenly dumb, aroused himself to dispute his fate.

'I ain't goin' to walk to Burgettstown,' he announced. 'If you want me to go to Burgettstown, you got to take me in a rig.'

'Keep right along going. We can't get any conveyance here. A four-mile walk won't hurt anybody,' answered the sergeant good-naturedly.

The fellow slouched on for a few yards, obedient though glowering. But he had caught his cue. His aim now was to communicate it to his timorous friends behind.

'By Moses, I ain't — goin' — on!' he bellowed; and stopped short in his tracks.

'Go *on*,' said the sergeant.

The prisoner obeyed once more. But he had gained a moment's time, and time was all that was needed for his policy to take effect. This also the troopers appreciated.

Another rod or two, and then the black played his trump card. He flung himself flat on the ground. 'I won't walk no fo' miles for nobody!' he howled. 'I won't walk no fo' miles for nobody on earth! Yah! Yah! Yah!'

Trooper Gjertsen jerked him upright. It was not too easily done, for the fellow made himself a dead, disjointed, flaccid mass. Yet done it was, and quickly, for such a job. Meanwhile Sergeant Jacobs held the horses, and kept a corner of his eye on the crowd.

The crowd was moving at last. The big blue-black spokesman, leading it, was coming on at a dead run. By the posture of his hand, the sergeant thought that he was holding concealed

a revolver. Therefore, interposing himself between Private Gjertsen with his captive and the oncoming giant, and holding the horses with his left arm as a man holds a shield, he awaited the moment. It came. He saw that the negro's hands were empty — and that he was making for the prisoner first.

'Here,' shouted the new arrival, at the top of his bull-like lungs, 'you don't *have* to go with these men. *They* don't have no authority here. They *can't* take you, I say.'

From the rapidly nearing crowd rose an inarticulate howl of applause.

Sergeant Jacobs, enveloped in calm, proceeded like a methodical nurse with an infant lunatic. Without difficulty or seeming exertion, he encircled the big negro with his grip, pinning the two flapping arms tight to the body.

He had dropped the horses. Apache, he knew, would stand alone, like the friend and brother that he was, in the hour of need.

'Take the cuff off that other fellow's right hand, Gjertsen. Snap it on this one's left. — So! There's a pair of love-birds for you! —Now, you two, you are *not* going to start a riot. *March!*'

The thing was done so quickly, so unexpectedly, that it had the effect of a stroke of fate. The big bold leader, the dare-devil spokesman, had been plucked like a wayside weed. In an instant it was over. Shame sat upon him. His place of glory could know him no more.

Where the leader had fallen so desperately, would the crew rush in and dare? It parleyed. It hesitated.

But the two burly blacks were not yet subdued. 'We'll have our rights!' bellowed the giant, a sea-lawyer ashore. 'You're *obliged* to give us transportation.'

'Transpo'tation! Transpo'tation!' howled the other. 'We want transpo'tation!'

'You can't compel us to walk. It's against the law.'

Said Sergeant Jacobs, 'You'll walk or be dragged.'

Then each trooper pulled his hitching-strap from his saddle, each fastened a strap to a negro's unmanacled wrist, and mounted.

'Start up,' ordered the sergeant.

The blacks came to their feet with sprawling haste. Handcuffed together like Siamese twins, and with their free hands lariated by a taut line, they had no choice.

'Well — I guess we'll walk,' growled one.

'Until you're done guessing and are quite sure of it, you'll walk as you are,' the sergeant replied.

They plunged on for a few yards, between the two horses.

'Please, sir, won't you *kindly* allow us to walk in front of the horses in the natural way, *if* you please, sir!'

It was the big spokesman this time, his insolence suddenly gone.

As Gjertsen unfastened the straps, the sergeant looked back. The crowd, so shortly before on the ragged verge of an outbreak that would have put enmity between the people and the force in that valley for years to come — that crowd of hostile hundreds was melting away. No more fight was left in it. It was thinking. It was going home. It was almost won to a laugh.

'I believe the major would like that,' Sergeant Jacobs murmured.

'I think Captain Pitcher would say it's a right start,' Gjertsen elaborated. 'But there were moments —'

'There were,' the sergeant concurred.

The march ended at the squire's office door.

'Now, what about the other man?' asked the justice, having disposed of the subject of the first arrest.

'In his case,' responded the sergeant,

'we ask for a considerable penalty. These are our first arrests in Washington County. We intend to be fair, square, and not too severe. But this man tried his best to cause a riot in resistance to the execution of the Law. We do not intend to encourage such enterprise.'

'I'll give him four months,' said the squire.

Later, the prisoner begged that he might speak to Sergeant Jacobs alone.

'Cap'n,' said he, 'squire's given me four months. But before I go away, I want to explain to you that I did n't know you was a State Police officer. Did n't know what a State Police officer is. I came up from Virginny, I did. I thought you was just like all the militia down there — just tin soldiers that nobody don't mind. An', cap'n, I want to ask your pardon before I go away, because, when I get out, Cherry Valley ain't no place for me *unless you know I'm your man.*'

'Marse Sergeant Jacobs' man, indeed!' snorted old Uncle White-wool when he heard the tale. He had already attached himself, body, soul, and lonely heart, to his new hero, and had endowed him with all the attributes of long ago. 'Marse Sergeant Jacobs don't have no use fo' *dat* common new trash! I'se de onlies' nigger he tolerate 'bout his pusson. My name is Jacobs, sah, if you please. I'se changed it to suit de occasion.'

Such was the introduction of the State Police to Washington County; and the sub-station details, one after another over a long period, followed a good start. But at last came a day when the 'economy' of the State Legislature so operated that Burgettstown sub-station must be withdrawn for lack of funds to sustain its Spartan cost; and then was afforded a gauge of the real feeling of the farmers toward the force. That thinly populated region sent in a petition signed by nearly four thousand persons, urgently protesting against the withdrawal of the devoted friends and protectors without whose presence they scarcely now knew how to live.

FROM SEA TO MOUNTAIN-TOP IN MALAYSIA

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

With a frantic dab of my butterfly-net I scooped up a big sea-snake banded with scarlet and blue, writhing and striving to stand on his flat tail and climb out. The Chinaboy who manœuvred the sampan against the tide screamed, '*Uler laut! Uler bisa!*' and even my Eurasian collector did not look happy at the approaching bagful of poisonous snake.

Like an extremely unsteady Colossus of Rhodes, I stood astride the bow, facing the racing tide, and now and then dipped up treasures which were borne toward me. This was an Alice-in-Wonderland inversion of my im-

agined first day in the Malay Peninsula. I had pictured mountainous jungles with their buffalo-like sladangs, with tigers and peacocks, and with gayly garbed Malays in sarong and kris. Here I was, close to shore, but marooned by red tape for a day and a night. Even the quarantine officials could find no fault with my going zoölogizing off the steamer, and so, greatly to the edification of the passengers and crew, I spent hours in scooping weird things from the swift tide.

Aside from their scientific interest, our catches were marvels of beautiful color. There were jelly-fish of opalescent silver, scalloped with sepia, alive with medusa locks — a tangle of writhing, stinging strands. To a touch of the hand these were like burning nettles; the slightest contact with any worm or crab meant death; and yet, in our glass jars, swimming in and out of the terrible tresses, were little fish, some silvery pink, others glowing with a sheen of coppery gold. Immune from paralysis and death, these small, communal creatures not only were fearless of the tentacles, but subsisted on the prey of the jelly-fish, living their whole lives as parasitic guests, unbidden, yet protected and fed by their involuntary hosts. Iridescent, feathery-footed sea-worms, pale green sea-snakes, blue translucent shrimps — all came to our net; and when the sun sank, I dabbled for phosphorescent creatures of strange forms and unknown names. With the water reflecting the tarnished silver of a lop-sided moon, I finally climbed on board, and the Chinaboy steward refused to make up my berth until the sea-snakes were safe in the alcohol tanks.

Before I turned in, I went to my favorite spot, the very point of the bow, and watched the brilliant phosphorescence. The anchor-chains of the steamer, and the stern, and even my face high above the water, were brightly lighted by the baleful, greenish wave which ever rolled outward, driven by the onrushing tide; and overhead the green glow of the great tail of Halley's comet, sicklied by the moonlight, seemed also to partake of the phosphorescent illumination. Far up in the peak of the steamer's bow, hidden in some rusty crevice, a cricket chirped strongly, continuously, and shrilly — a tiny passenger who had sung at intervals all the way from Calcutta. He had paid no fare, and to-night he might, if he chose, defy the quarantine which kept me so impatiently immured. He would spread his wings and fly ashore to this strange region so many hundreds of miles south of the low marshes of the Hoogly.

My second day in Malaysia was almost spoiled by an attempt to eat a durian. Eating a durian, or, as in my case, essaying to do so, is an experience not soon lost to memory. Its achievement must be productive of a noticeable growth of *ego*. I often think how I should enjoy being able casually to boast, 'I have eaten durians in the East,' or, 'This tastes as good as a durian.' The durian has a powerful personality. It is large and green, not unlike a breadfruit, and it is covered with unpleasant spikes. But these, I am told, are no deterrent to the man or beast who has once acquired the durian habit — who, by complete suppression or mortification of the organs of smell, has succeeded in swallowing even a section of the fruit. It grows on tall trees, and natives will sit for days waiting for a ripening durian to drop. White children, once immune, prefer it to all other fruit; tigers will approach close to Malay villages, risking their lives to vary their carnivorous diet with a mouthful of durian.

If simplicity in diction indicates strength, I will state tersely that the

durian has an odor. In deference to passengers who are not durianivorous, Lascars are forbidden to bring the fruit on any tourist steamer. Yet if a stoker in the deepest coal-bunker has broken the rule and smuggled one on board, his brother on the lookout in the crow's-nest will soon know and become envious. With rotten eggs as a basis, if one adds sour milk and lusty Limburger cheese *ad lib.*, an extremely unpleasant mixture may be produced. It quite fails, however, as an adequate simile to durian. The odor and taste of durian are unique, unparalleled, and they did not pass from my mind during my second Malaysian day. I am at a loss to explain why durian is not the favorite food of vultures and the exclusive preoccupation in life of burying beetles.

As thoroughly as my first day in Malaysia had been circumscribed by quarantine and salt-water, so was my second hectored by kindness. Within tantalizing sight of distant jungles, conscious of the calls of strange birds and the scent of wild blossoms, I had perforce to make my manners to courteous officials who, with their wives, left nothing of entertainment undone. Over beautiful roads I was swiftly motored to a most interesting laboratory for the study of tropical disease. Here were yardfuls of most amusing-looking fowls, all apparently in the last stage of intoxication. They staggered about, stepping on their own toes, and looking as mortified as it is possible for hens to look. As a matter of fact, they were temporarily paralyzed by a diet of polished rice. A change to the unhusked rice, rich in phosphorus, would at once restore health. The condition corresponded in all particulars to beriberi, the disease so common among the rice-eating Malays.

From the laboratory I sped through the dust to a wonderful botanical garden, one which had been accorded heedful care for many years, with great trees and palms, luxuriant tropical shrubs, and giant Malayan orchids with flower-stalks seven feet in length. Here magpie robins and drongos, ground doves and bulbuls, nested or sang, and here all seemed peaceful. And yet the very sense of undisturbed rest, of balance and permanence, was fraught with a deep sense of unreality. Within a month this entire valley was to be dammed and filled to the brim with reservoir water, and all these lakes and drives, the arbors and elaborate flower-beds, the palms with their birds' nests, and the myriads of other contented homes, would be buried many yards deep in cool, fresh water. The impending doom of all plants and all sedentary animal life was intensely oppressive. It was far more ominous than the presage of a disastrous storm, infinitely more portentous than the approach of a northern winter. To the imagination it was as appalling as the onrush of an overwhelming forest fire.

The only observation which remains in my memory was strange enough to be significant of the abnormal fate of these beautiful gardens. I saw a young duckling killed and partly pulled under, and when I looked carefully into the troubled waters I was astonished to see that the bird had been slain by an insect, one of those great water-bugs which in the States are commonly known as 'electric-light' or 'kissing' bugs. The powerful insect had submarined up and driven its beak deep into the breast of the duckling, which had died after a few futile struggles.

From this valley of the shadow I was hurried on to the usual country club and clock-golf and tea, and then the inevitable formal dinner. Not until the exhausting day was at last at an end did I realize the splendid spirit of hospitality which prompted it, and

I knew that I should duplicate the experience whenever any of these rare-souled English folk found their way to New York, around on the opposite side of the planet.

Late in the evening I walked through the native quarter of the town of Kwala Lumpur. Then for the first time I began to appreciate how completely the Chinese are elbowing the Malays to the wall. The latter are excellent syces and grooms, but in all other capacities one thinks only of Mongolians.

Even at this late hour one tiny photographer's shop was open, with the proprietor, a short but clean-limbed young Chinaboy, squatted just within. His eyes were narrowest of slits, his pipe with its microscopic bowl was held lightly between his teeth. He might have been fast asleep. But at the first indication of my hesitancy, of my prospective interest, Chinaboy rose swiftly, his pipe vanished, and his eyes opened to ovals. Smilingly I was wished 'Goodleevling.'

II

In days to come Chinaboy did work for me and did it well, and I was the richer for knowing him, for watching his quiet assurance, his unassuming dignity. But best of all was his story, which was narrated with insight and imagination by the wife of a government official. It is a tale which is duplicated daily, perhaps hourly, wherever Malay and Chinese come into contact — a tale of the quiet usurpation, by thrift and steadiness of purpose, of almost every field of endeavor by these patient Mongolians.

Not many months before, in this very street, Anggun Ana, photographer, kept a tiny shop — ugly, untidy, built of rough boards as are most Malay shops, and not particularly cleanly within. In every way it resembled its owner, except that Anggun Ana was not ugly. A lazy man is always good-natured, and no good-natured person is really ugly.

On his counter lay an untouched order. It was a hard job of films of assorted sizes, and he did not like it. For two hours Anggun Ana sat in the doorway wondering whether to begin work on them the next morning or the morning after.

'Am velly good Chinaboy,' said a liquid voice in his ear, rousing him from a doze. 'Can dust, sleep floors, eat velly little.' Chinaboy, neatly clad in a faded smock and a braided queue, stood before Anggun Ana and made a low bow, which tickled the pride of the Malay. 'Am velly good boy,' insisted the small Mongolian, explaining that he would work for his rice and a place to sleep.

Anggun Ana considered the applicant with patronizing outward gravity and inward jubilation. After the prolonged haggling which the East demands before the consummation of the smallest bargain, he engaged him at his own terms, — one bowl of rice a day, — conveying the impression that he was thereby doing Chinaboy an immeasurable favor. The latter seemed to have no word with which to express his gratitude. Slowly and earnestly, three times, with many bows, he said, 'Muchee 'blige!'

Chinaboy, apprentice, attended punctiliously to business for Anggun Ana, photographer. He swept, dusted, cooked, and studied the inner mysteries of photography, while his master dozed in the shade. At night he slept under the counter, with his ever more faded blue smock, which he had washed before nightfall, spread out on the line to dry. Chinaboy omitted no detail of duty, wasted no time in play, won the approval of his master, and

held himself in constant readiness for the opportunity which an optimistic mind always knows is just ahead.

One day, six months later, an Englishman brought in some films — a large order which must be done at once. Anggun Ana had gone to the corner to buy some sweet cakes. The Englishman suggested that Chinaboy go search for his master immediately. But the latter shrugged his shoulders, gathered the films in his apron and said, 'Can do,' with such modesty and assurance that the Englishman agreed to the bargain.

The films and prints were delivered at the hotel two hours before the appointed time, with no mistakes and the work well done. A few more tourists dropped into Anggun Ana's shop in the next two months. Each time the proprietor was out and Chinaboy did the work — and kept the money.

Then one night a new little bandbox of a shop budded off from the godown across the street. Chinaboy had graduated from his apprenticeship. He had moved up to the grade of proprietor, as his brightly painted and incorrectly spelled sign indicated. His shop was clean, always clean, and tidy, and orders were executed promptly even when Chinaboy had to work all night to finish them. Into a black lacquer box trickled a thin, yet surely swelling stream of money. On the day the box was filled, Chinaboy walked across the street and bought out Anggun Ana at his own price, just as months before he had bargained to work at his own price.

Anggun Ana is now attached to a planter's ménage and sleeps near the horses. Chinaboy has moved down to the corner opposite the hotel and employs three assistants, none of them Malays.

Thus the steady, quiet, unyielding conquest of Malaysia is being carried forward by Chinaboys — first immigrants, later apprentices, and at last proprietors. They come from an overcrowded, impoverished land which only reluctantly yields its increase. They are trained to industry, tenacity, and thrift. Before their attack the good-natured, slow-moving, indolent Malay goes down to quiet, certain defeat.

In my short evening's walk I had abundant opportunity to observe the lesser, subtle workings which in due time will effect racial distribution in all the Far East. People were dominant in my mind; the jungle was for the morrow.

Three hours of intensive effort the next morning set various people and official departments in motion, perfecting arrangements for the trip into the interior. When I had given it sufficient impetus, I turned the matter over to competent hands, Aladdin's and others, and made my way as speedily as I could to the nearest jungle. I could hope only for a short plunge to-day, and on the advice of a bronzed planter whose love of the wilderness shone in his eyes when I told of my coming trip, I motored out to a *bukit*, or mountain, in which were some interesting limestone caves.

My day with these caves was unforgettable. Gulliver and Alice and Seumas might have accompanied me and would not have been bored, so strange were the great caverns. Even the approach held something of mystery, for while they were etched into the base of a high precipitous mountain, this was invisible until one stood suddenly before it. After passing along roads beaded with thatched coolie huts and little Chinese shops, the purring motor turned into a lane-like path and I drove past all the rubber trees in the world — thousands and thousands of them. Like the rows of pulque plants on the Mexican uplands, the trunks of the rubber trees seemed to revolve as I

passed, like the spokes of some gigantic horizontal wheel. Then we stopped suddenly, and looking up I saw a great cliff looming high overhead. It was clothed in green, except where it was out at elbow with patches of raw, white limestone. Before I left the car, a strong scent — unpleasant, exciting, and entirely strange — was wafted down on some current of air from the cave.

A stiff climb of a hundred yards brought me to the mouth of the dark cave — a great, gaping, black hole, the edges draped with graceful vines. I entered and, after going a hundred feet, looked back and saw an exquisite bit of the tropical landscape: palms, distant blue mountains, and white clouds framed in the jet-black jagged aperture.

The great height was overwhelming; the graceful, dome-like summit of the cavern stretched up and up into the very vitals of the mountain. Then I plunged into darkness and lighted my electric searchlight, which seemed at first the merest bit of light ray. On and on I went, and at last, far in the distance, perceived a faint glimmer from high overhead. A rustling sound at my feet drew my light downward, and there were untold thousands of great brown cockroaches, all striving to bury themselves out of sight in the soft, sawdust-like flooring, the century-old guano of the bats. I had to go with great care, for huge jagged rocks and deformed stalagmites obstructed the path in every direction.

I reached the rift in the lofty roof, and the glare blinded me for the moment, although it was tempered with a tracery veil of green. I had already begun to adapt myself to the everlasting darkness. At my feet the light fell softened, diluted with a subterranean twilight. In the centre of this part of the cave, directly under the cleft in the roof, was a curious, gigantic stalagmite, still forming from the constant dripping, two hundred feet overhead — a stalagmite of great size and extreme irregularity. The first casual glance showed it vividly to the eye as two weird, unnamable beasts struggling with each other. No feature or limb was distinct, and yet the suggestiveness of the whole was irresistible. Virile with the strength of a Rodin, the lime-saturated water had splashed it into visibility, depositing the swell of muscles and the tracery of veins through all the passing years, to the musical tapping of the falling drops. And in all the great extent of the passage of the cavern, the statue had been brought into being in the only spot where it would be visible by the light of the outer world. My eyes were probably the first to perceive and appreciate the remarkable resemblance to a work of art carefully planned and elaborately executed by the genius of man.

For a long time I sat here, finding the odor of the bats less pungent than elsewhere, and here I watched the ghostly creatures dash past. From the inky darkness of some hidden fissure they dropped almost to my face; then, with a whip of their leathery wings, they turned and vanished in the dark cavern ahead. The noise their wings made was incredibly loud; sometimes a purring, as fifty small ones whirred past together; then a sharp singing, and finally an astonishing whistling twang as a single giant bat twisted and flickered on his frightened way.

Another sound was the musical, hollow dripping of slowly falling drops on some thin resonant bit of stone, a metronome marking the passing of inky black hours and years and centuries; for in this cavern there are no days. Every noise I made, whether of voice or footfall, was taken up and magnified and passed upward from ledge to ledge,

until it reached the roof and returned again to me. It was changed, however, — wholly altered; for it seemed that no sound of healthy creature could remain pure in this dim, durable darkness, the sepulchre of unburied bats, the underworld of hateful, bleached things, of sunless, hopeless blackness. The obscurity seemed, by reason of its uninterrupted ages of persistence, to have condensed, the ebony air to have liquefied. There was no twilight of imagination, inspired by knowledge of coming day. Only quiet, eternal night.

From the black gulf ahead came, now and then, low distant mumblings, mingled with the shrill squeaks of the bats, and into this vocal void I now plunged, with the searchlight playing at my feet to avoid tripping and falling. I found that I had entered a veritable Dante's Inferno, and pictured to myself some still more dreadful 'round' as presently to open out ahead. The sighing, gibbering, squeaking spirits or devils were there in multitudes, brushing my face or fighting among themselves as they clung to the slippery fissures high, high overhead. More than once my light led me down a small, blind side lane, into which I stumbled as far as possible. At the end of one such corridor was a roundish hole leading irregularly downward, far beyond the rays of my light. Another contracted very slowly, until the damp walls touched my head and sides and I drew nervously back, glad to escape from the sense of suffocation — as if the walls were actually closing about me, inevitably, irrevocably.

Every stone I overturned revealed numbers of tall, slender spirals — the homes of dark-loving snails; and ever the roaches in their myriads hurried away from my light. Then I came upon tragedy — fitly staged in this black hell. A commotion on the black mould directed me to where a poor bat had recently fallen, having by some accident broken its shoulder, and lay, like fallen Lucifer, gnashing its teeth and helplessly turning from side to side. More than this, two horrible gnomes fled at my approach — a long, sinuous serpent, white from its generations of life within the cave, and a huge centipede, pale, translucent green, sinister as death itself. I shuddered as I beheld this ghastly tableau, serpent and centipede both emblematic of poisonous death, preparing to feast upon a yet living bat, devil-winged and devil-faced.

The predatory ones escaped me, though I wanted the snake. I put the bat out of his misery, his evil squeaking rage at fate remaining undiminished to the very last breath. On his nose were the great leaves of skin which aided him in dodging the obstacles in his path of darkness — organs which must have failed him for a fatal moment.

Farther on I turned sharp corners and wound my path around strange angles, disturbing unending hosts of bats and finding many recently dead, together with unnumbered skeletons half buried in the guano. Now and then a centipede fled from my tiny pencil of light, and once I broke open a nest of stinging ants, blind but ferocious, which attacked me and made me flee for several yards headlong, heedless of bruising, jagged obstacles.

Then my feet sank suddenly in ooze and water, and, flashing the light ahead, I saw it reflected from the ripples of an underground river flowing with no more than a murmur out of one yawning hole into the opposite wall of the cavern, mysterious as the Styx. Beyond this I might not pass. The current was swift and it was far over my depth. I had no wish to be swept deep into the bowels of these mighty Malay mountains, although the Nibe-

lungs might well have chosen such a place for their labors.

III

From Kwala Lumpur to Kwala Kubu is only a few miles by an energetic little railway, which lurches and pitches sideways, but in spite of this never ceases to advance. The time passed quickly as I chugged and jerked over the rails the next day, for I had two antithetical diversions. I could look out of the window and instantly yield to the hypnotic spell of the revolving wheel of the rubber trees, rendered more pastel and potent by the intervening mist of driving rain. Or, consulting my bethumbed handbook of Malay, I could mumble, '*Buleh kasi habis kasut itu?*' One sentence I omitted, making no effort to learn: '*Pergi ka pasar beli buah durian satu biji*,' which, being translated, is, 'Go to the market and buy me a durian!'

When I alighted at the forlorn, drenched little station I called out to Aladdin, '*Panggil kuli tiga orang !*'

He smiled, and three coolies were summoned at once, and over me crept the glow which such pseudo-linguistic ability ever brings to one who is altogether without natural talent in this direction.

In the dâk-bungalow at Kwala Kubu, the Chinaboy *chowkidar*, queue in pocket, shod in shoes of silent felt, served my breakfast. I was at last on the threshold of a strange expedition in a land to which no letter ever came correctly addressed, so unknown was it to the outside world. At this moment the strangest thing in sight was my breakfast. It consisted chiefly of tins of tiny Mongolian finches,—hummingbirds in size, squabs in taste,—canned a dozen to a tin.

As I devoured the pitiful little birds, bones and all, I looked up at the great Malay mountain-range, the backbone of the finger peninsula which stretches southward from Siam to within sight of the *bund* of Singapore itself. Mountains, so the Malays say, are the wall of the world, shutting out great winds and beasts of prey. And they believe that a strange race — the Yajuj — are forever striving to bore through, and when they succeed, then will come the end of all things. The great limestone caves scattered throughout the mountains are places where the Yajuj have attempted and failed. There is nothing impossible or unbelievable in all this, when one comes to know Malay mountains in all their weirdness.

At this moment, across the high range, there wandered slowly through the jungle pheasants, giant ocellated argus — pheasants never yet seen alive by a white man. I knew that somewhere in that great unexplored tumble of mountains they lived, and it was to find them and their kindred that I had come half round the world. But now I had no time to think of them or of possible means of discovering them, for Aladdin, super-servant, rushed up as fast as his newly donned Malay sarong skirt would permit, and breathlessly announced, 'Sahib, lorry ready.' So I had to don my pith topee and regretfully leave three squablets swimming in their butter sauce; for the motor-lorry was wheezing and spitting, and His Majesty's mail waits for no one.

Thus I made my ascent to the summit of the great mountain range, amid a continuous whirl of choking dust which quite obliterated the scenery. I might have imagined myself caught up in a cloud, as worthy biblical characters were wont to be, only I am sure they were spared the odor of burning oil and rubber, and their ears were not assailed with a syncopated obstruction in the brake mechanism which, before

the end of the trip, vied with the efforts and effect of any brain-fever bird.

When we emerged from our cloud and excavated our eyes we found a wonderland, a little rose-covered dâk cottage with an immaculately saronged Singhalese in attendance, and tiffin of curry and tea. This was Semangko Pass — the Darjeeling and the Simla of the Malay Peninsula.

Semangko Pass struck deep into memory as the most beautiful of the tropical mountains of the East where I strove to match my senses against those of the jungle pheasants. The dâk was perched on a little flat saddle at the very crest of the ridge, at less than three thousand feet above the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. On all sides the sharp-toothed mountains rose still higher, steep but jungle-clad, cutting the sky into all sorts of irregular bits of glory.

The days were wonderful, and the alternations of sun and wind were as exciting as the discovery of the strange Malayan beasts and birds. The sun rose softly — no breeze moved cloud or leaf, and even the light came at first moderately, indirectly, reflected from the higher peaks, or heliographed from the mirror of a half-hidden, distant waterfall. In early afternoon — one never knew just when — the faintest of breezes sifted down and blurred the lacery of tree-fern shadows. The wind was cool and soon strengthened, and by night the air was surging violently through the gap, siphoned from the cold summits down to the hot, humid valleys.

Day after day one reawakened to the sense of tropical surroundings from a conviction of a northern autumn, with the wind full of swirling leaves and the fronds soughing with the same sad cadence as the needles of scented pines of the northland.

The first night I listened to this strange sound of wind in the eaves of the bungalow, and the moans of the engineer's fever-stricken little baby, brought here for relief from the hot coast. And then I slept, and was awakened by the distant, faint chorus of *wa-was*, the long-handed gibbons, a sound as thrilling, as full of age-hidden memory meaning as the morning chant of the red howlers in the South American jungles.

The liana-draped trunks and the majestic jungle trees were the finest in all the East, second only to those of Amazonia, but the tree-ferns were beyond words — tall, graceful, with great unfolding fronds half-clenched, swathed in wool of richest foxy-red. Here, in this maze of mountain jungle, through its autumnal days and its wild, tropic nights, lived two splendid races of birds. One was the bronze-tailed peacock pheasant, the other the giant ocellated argus. Both were a challenge to my utmost effort. Neither had been seen by a white man; of neither had we any facts of home or courtship or food or foe.

So in khaki and moccasins, with gun and glasses and compass, I stepped into the filmy shadows of fern-fronds drooping high above my head, and essayed to awaken my senses from the dulling erosion with which hotels and formal dinners, railways and motors had overlaid them. Never have I encountered more worthy antagonists, and I was proud in the end to be able to record one victory and one drawn battle. I found the peacock pheasants. The ocellated argus I heard and trapped, but the sight of a living bird awaits a better woodsman than I.

The Selangor side of the pass seemed to be pheasantless, so I worked chiefly to the East, in Pahang itself. I climbed the steep, upsloping jungle to an elevation of nearly forty-five hundred feet, creeping laboriously through bamboo

tangles or holding on to long liana guy-ropes, along precipitous, pathless banks. Sometimes the going was so heartbreakingly rough that I progressed only a mile in a half-day's tramp.

It was on one of these trips that I scored victory and saw the first bronze-tails. Late one afternoon I reached a steep land-slip which, a few months before, had carried away a wide swath of jungle, leaving the disintegrated rock exposed or decorated with the new-sprouted plumes of yellow green bamboo. I had had a long, tiresome tramp, and was two miles from camp, across a deep, dark valley. At the edge of an open glade, sheltered by dense bamboos and close to the crest of a sharp ridge, I waited for an hour or longer — a lucky hour as it proved. After removing the usual unpleasant collection of leeches, I sat quietly and watched the jungle life about me. A single tall tree leaned far out over the great earthen scar, its roots half exposed, soon to loosen and end its century of growth in an ignominious slide to the tangle far below.

From the topmost branches several bronzed drongos were flycatching and uttering their loud chattering song. A sudden *whoof! whoof!* of wings sounded close overhead and four heavy-pinioned hornbills alighted awkwardly, each striking its hollow anvil in turn, the air fairly ringing with the deep metallic sound. Then one of the birds discovered me, and the four swept off again with outstretched necks and a roar of wings.

Ten minutes later a tupaia, or tree-shrew, ran out along a dead bamboo stem and began to pull off the sheaths, poking his sharp nose under them, presumably after insects. A second appeared and thereupon ensued a fight of the fiercest character. At first it was a pursuit, the two flying along bamboos, up tree-trunks, and even leaping three feet or more through the air. They closed at last on a branch and the fur flew from the mass of twisting limbs and bodies. Then over they went, separated in mid-air, and each stretched out his four legs to the fullest extent. Close to me they dropped, both landing on the great fronds of a tree-fern. They caught hold, rested panting a moment, and then vanished.

Hardly had they gone when a distant movement caught my eye and I looked intently along the ridge. There, in full view, were three bronze-tailed pheasants, apparently looking directly at me, although a screen of bamboo leaves intervened. I soon saw that the sudden fall of the tupaias was what had attracted their attention. As I watched, two others appeared. They remained in sight about four minutes. One of the old birds never stirred from the spot on which I first caught sight of him, — head raised, alertly turning now this way, now that. The others moved about, stepping daintily and high. Two scratched for a while in the rain-washed gravel, one of them soon turning its attention to a clump of yellow flowers, picking the blossoms and swallowing them eagerly.

One of the adult birds stepped into a spot of full sunlight, the last which penetrated the foliage from the setting sun, and for a moment fluffed out every feather. The wings were lowered, the tail spread, and thus for a full minute did the splendid bird do homage to the last rays of the sun. The gray head and breast were alive with the tiny white spots which showed as living sparks in the sunlight. Each feather of the rich rufous upper plumage seemed consciously aglow through its individual eye, as if it could see itself reflected in the gorgeous mirrors of the tail. These long tapering feathers were spread apart and their surfaces

changed from green to violet, then to purple and back to emerald again as the angle shifted. I fairly held my breath for fear of putting an end to the rare display. At last the sun's rays died away, and simultaneously the bird's tail closed and hid the iridescent glory of the feathers. With low clucks the little covey walked slowly into a fern tangle. I hastened to the crest of the ridge, but neither saw nor heard anything more of the birds, though I could look far down into the damp, dark depths of the ravine, through a maze of bamboo columns and feathery fronds.

From a great distance came the base and treble of the wa-was, rising in wild, rollicking cadence. A fraying end of cloud-mist drifted past, warning me that a storm was brewing; and the shrill, metallic ring of the six-o'clock bees marked the swift approach of dusk. I knew that the wild creatures of the night were waking all about me, from the tiny civets which would soon start out in search of mice and insects, to the black leopard, whose roar I had heard the night before and whose fresh track I would pass on the way to camp. Once I was startled by a sudden rush and squeak, but it was only a spiny-haired rat fleeing from some unknown danger. The darkness settled down as I reached my hammock, emphasizing the many spicy jungle odors and ushering a wind which rattled the bamboos and shook every loosened leaf to the ground.

IV

It is difficult to write of the great ocellated argus pheasant because of the indescribable marvel of itself and its life. Its myriad-eyed wing feathers, its complex courtship display, its secret dancing-ground in the heart of the jungle — all set it apart as a bird superlative and distinguished. In its great specialization of pattern and habit it has achieved a position perhaps furthest from its lizard-bird ancestry. Wary as it was, and much rarer than the giant gray argus, I made out to patch together a fairly satisfactory life-history from bits gleaned here and there — a deserted nest, a dancing-ground, a freshly trapped bird. Thrice my relations with it verged upon intimacy, when I just missed seeing it. And the very failure, the suspense never wholly to be lifted, impressed the details more vividly on my mind.

Once I watched — as always, alone — by a clearing which I supposed to belong to a gray argus; but after an hour, an ocellated argus pheasant approached, coming nearly within sight and then circling warily about. As I sat quietly amid the swaying stems of bamboos and the trembling fronds of tree-ferns, babblers in families, and small birds in loose flocks of several species occasionally passed, on their twittering, fly-catching paths of life. It was late afternoon and the creatures of the jungle were making the most of the last hours of daylight. Gaudily colored squirrels leaped overhead, and now and then a tree-shrew pushed his sharp muzzle around a neighboring trunk and stared at me, but unaccountably did not give the alarm. Close to me a bee-eater — lilac-fronted, flame-breasted — swooped after the dancing gnats. Long-tailed drongos were courting a small, unornamented female — three of them swooping about her at one time. As they flew and dipped and volplaned, the two round feather-racket tail-tips swept after them, apparently wholly unconnected by any physical bond. Two cock broadbills fought continually, with constant enthusiam and equal discretion. In the rare intervals between their long-continued bouts both repaired to the upper air, high above the forest, for refreshment, and there

soared about, for all the world like diminutive vultures, now and then dashing sideways after an insect. Small green parrakeets quartered the pheasant's clearing again and again, and a pair of giant, sombre-hued woodpeckers, bigger than ivorybills, hammered vigorously, sending down chips upon the cleared arena.

All these voices and sounds seemed to show that there was no danger near; the usual life of the jungle was undisturbed; but the pheasant knew better. I had neglected some little precaution, and some stray strand of suspicious evidence had warned the bird that all was scarcely well. The woodpeckers might hammer and the drongos scream, but he was conscious of a something which drew a dead-line about his arena. He called, but half-heartedly, and after a reconnaissance he returned to some unknown covert. I could not let him know that I had no gun and that a half-hour's watch of his unconscious jungle life was all for which I hoped.

Another time only a transient physical disability prevented me from seeing one of these birds. An ocellated pheasant had been calling at dusk, and on my way back to camp I turned aside and followed a narrow game-trail to a stream. A loud rustle made me crouch low, but the animal, whatever it was, made its way off. I waited for five minutes and then the call of the great bird rang out directly behind me. So loud was it, I thought at first it came from overhead. Then a second time, and my ears rightly oriented it as a few yards behind. The light was failing. In a few minutes it would be dark, and I could hear the bird moving. I was hidden by a barrier of scrub. I attempted to leap to my feet and turned as I rose; but instead I merely fell awkwardly backward. Both of my feet were paralyzed, asleep, and would not support me. A second effort succeeded and I saw the swaying stems close together behind the fleeing bird, but never a glimpse even of a tail-feather.

My third experience was the most thrilling of all. Along the central Malayan range of mountains, on the Pahang side, rise innumerable little streams, mere rills at first, which soon gain in volume, rill added to rill, until a good-sized brook bubbles over the rocks and slides smoothly over fallen bamboo stems. Wading and splashing along these stream-beds is by far the most convenient means of exploring this region. Often the sides of the ravines are so precipitous that it is impossible to pass across or along them.

For two nights I had slung my hammock from the giant grasses beside one of these tiny Pahang tributaries and had listened to a new sound. At frequent intervals, for a half-hour at a time, the loud call would ring out. It was almost the call of the great gray argus, but there was a strange intonation which attracted my attention at once. I realized at last that it was the evening call of the Malayan ocellated argus pheasant. While I never heard the calls of both species in the same evening, yet the difference was very marked. There was a muffled resonance about the cry of the ocellated bird which the cry of the other lacked; it sounded fully as loud, but was without that penetrating quality which carried the tones of the argus through fern and bamboo, over ravines and jungle slopes, to such great distances. It was more harmonious, less harsh.

Disregarding the rumors of tigers and black leopards, I crept through the jungle in the dead of night, the damp mist rising thickly from the reeking ground about me, and the white trunks of the jungle trees looming up like ghosts. I made my course by compass and broken lianas and laid it by the

occasional wild scream of the bird. Finally I seemed to be approaching. Nearer and nearer sounded the call, appearing almost as if the bird were walking toward me. Then my electric search-light showed an impenetrable tangle of rotan and thorn-palms — a maze of myriad recurved hooks. Even in bright daylight one might not pass through this without laboriously cutting a trail, foot by foot.

So here I waited, crouched at the foot of a clump of lofty bamboos, my light shut off, and realizing as never before, the mystery of a tropical jungle at night. A quarter of a mile away, the magnificent bird was calling at intervals, from just some such place as I was in. When my eyes recovered from the glare of the light, I found that the jungle was far from dark. The night was moonless and not a glimmer of star came through the thick foliage overhead. But a thousand shapes of twig and leaf shone dimly with the steady dull blue-green phosphorus glow of fox-fire.

Once a firefly passed through the bamboos — a mere shooting star amid all these terrestrial constellations. The mould beneath my feet might change to peat, or, in future ages, to coal, but even then the alchemy of fire would be needed to awaken the imprisoned light. Here, from plants still erect, which were blossoming but a short month ago, a thousand gleams shone forth, defying the blackness of night.

Some small animal passed to windward of me, sniffed, and fled at full speed. The wings of a bat or other flying creature whistled near, while ever the resonant call of the ocellated bird rang out, mocking my helplessness. The firefly could make its way through tangle and thorns to the very spot where the bird stood. The small four-footed creature of the night could creep noiselessly over dried bamboo sheaths until his little eyes marked the swelling throat of the calling pheasant. But here was I, with a powerful electric light, with the most penetrating of night-glasses, with knowledge of savage woodlore, and with human reasoning power; and yet with feet shod with noise, with clothing to catch on every thorn — a hollow mockery of a 'lord of creation'!

Again the bird called, and I interpreted its message. The law of compensation! I was helpless to reach it, I was degenerate indeed in the activities of the primitive jungle-folk, but I thrilled at the mysteries of the nocturnal life. My pulse leaped at the wild call — not from a carnivore's desire for food, or from the startled terror of the lesser wilderness people, but because of the human-born thirst for knowledge, from the delights of the imagination which are for man alone.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. VI

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

(It may not necessarily be a misfortune, but it is something of a dilemma, that, as he approaches the end of his task, the present chronicler should be confronted by an unexplainable blank in his field-notes. The temptation to substitute invention for fact is strong, but must be resisted. Perhaps, to the attentive reader of the earlier chapters, the gap in the narrative will not present insuperable difficulties.)

. . . 'Not at all,' said Latimer, 'there is, very emphatically, such a thing as the glory of war. If you know where to look for it.'

'To be sure,' said Dawson wearily. 'The romance of war; the spirit of sacrifice; a nation rising as one man to the call of duty. There's as much romance to a battle nowadays as to a coat-and-pants factory.'

Latimer looked at Margaret and kept himself in hand.

'I agree,' he said sweetly. 'But that is enough, is n't it? Our contemporary magazine literature is aglow with the romance of Business. There is the Romance of Standard Oil and the Romance of Bethlehem Steel and the Romance of the Western Union and of the United States Biscuit Company. By which people mean the romance of very big things that were once very small. On the score of bigness there is something to be said for the war.'

'Big? Yes,' laughed Dawson. 'Twenty million men up to their waists in the mud, challenging vermin and pneumonia for a cause they know nothing about.'

'Well, perhaps,' said Latimer. 'Assume that there is as little flaming enthusiasm in this war as there was, let us say, in the French Revolution or the Crusades or the battle of Marathon. Let us admit that the Idea, Duty, Liberty, Country, and all that sort of thing exist mainly in the newspapers which stir up war, and in the sculptors and painters who commemorate it. Probably the farmer of '76 did not march to battle with quite the glow depicted in The Spirit of '76; the French Revolutionary armies were undoubtedly conscripted; and the Crusades were nourished largely by a spirit of boredom and the hope of plunder. Let us admit that at all times the generality of men have been patriots because they have had to be. I will go so far even as to say that Mr. Dawson's Social Revolution will be brought about by a popular army of indifferents and illiterates and cowards around a nucleus of red-blooded, two-fisted men who love the excitement of the thing, and they in turn led by a few men who know what they are about.'

'That is rather hard on Dawson,' grinned Manning. 'And what is more, I don't believe you mean it.'

'Besides,' interrupted Hartmann, 'I want to get into New York before midnight.'

'I mean it very seriously within the limitations of the argument imposed upon me by Mr. Dawson,' said Latimer. 'That is, if there is no glory in the

present war, then there has never been glory and never will be. Can't you see, my dear Manning, how absurd it is to argue that there has been romance in the past and will be in the future, but that there is none to-day just because we are too close to the reek of the trenches, the mud, the pain, the monotony that drives men mad, and the ignoble tricks of the diplomats? War close at hand has always been like that; and not only war. What were the wire-pullings and ignoble bargains, I wonder, that preceded Constantine's conversion to Christianity? What was the process of petty bookkeeping and bribe-giving that preceded the sailing of three small vessels from the harbor of Palos in 1492? What were the intrigues and the hypocrisies and egotisms that ushered in the first performance of *Tristan?* Either there is no glory to life at any time, or there is glory to life at all times: to the men who are now twisting with rheumatism and vermin around Verdun as to the men who hungered and scoffed and dragged their gangrened limbs under the banner of Joan of Arc. I don't believe that the Maid of Orleans's soldiers were any more holy or ardent than Joffre's men.'

'I don't quite understand,' said Margaret, falling into the give and take of the scene. 'Do you or don't you believe that the soldiers to-day are inspired by an idea?'

'Not consciously, my dear, so far as the great majority is concerned. It is only afterwards that the formula-maker looks over the facts and discovers that on the Somme or in the Carpathians half a million men gave their lives for an idea. It is not for the idea of Fatherland or Democracy that most of them stand in trenches, thinking only of food and sleep, pumping their rifles at an unseen foe whom they do not hate except as the cause that keeps them up to the waist in water and without food and sleep. They do it as a matter of course.'

'Exactly,' cried Dawson. 'Just as before the war they shoveled coal or piled manure or posted up ledgers as a matter of course. Where is the glory in that?'

'Only the glory that abides in fidelity to the job,' said Latimer. 'That is the glory which attaches to the great mass of mankind in peace and in war. The more you make war mechanical, the more you reduce it to the technique of a biscuit-factory or a coat-and-pants factory, by that much more you emphasize the essential glory of the common man's instinct for seeing a job through. The glory of war stands out when you think of war, not as romance or duty or sacrifice or idea, but as Work. Bill and Tommy and Jean and Hans in the trenches may curse at the diplomats who have brought them into the mess, grumble at the officers who lead them into death-traps, at the commissariat that underfeeds them, at the orderlies who come too late with their stretchers and morphine; but that is precisely the same way in which a man responds to his employer, his foreman, and his grocer and butcher, in peace-time. Few of us, in the normal life, relish the particular job set for us, but the job as a whole is something which will not admit of question. Suppose we do ask the men in the trenches why they are fighting and they cannot tell us why. What then? They are fighting because for the time being war is Work.'

'Latimer,' said Hartmann, 'I will now proceed outside to look over the car and I will sound the horn three times at five-minute intervals. After the third plast, I debart.'

He shook hands with Manning and went out.

'If you wish,' said Latimer to Manning, 'you may say that this is the tragedy as well as the glory of war; that

men who would rather build are ordered to burn, men who would rather sow and reap are ordered to lay waste, men who would rather create are ordered to destroy. But whatever may be the spiritual condition of the men on top who issue the orders, there can be no doubt about the men who obey orders. It is the passion for work — misdirected, perverted, betrayed; but the passion is there. Precisely because war has been bereft of its glow, its adventure, its variety, and has been reduced to a monotone of mud and blood and suffering, it is a tribute to the spirit that will bend to the task. As between the man who says, "I die for France," and the man who says, "It's in the day's work," it is the latter who expresses the higher and more permanent sentiment.'

'To be sure,' sneered Dawson; 'the dignity of labor.'

II

Latimer got to his feet with a lurch and strode close to Dawson. His face was flushed and his breath came in little puffs from his distended nostrils. Margaret jumped up, as much in alarm for Latimer as for Dawson. But it was not to be assault and battery except in a legal sense. Latimer's heavy hand fell upon Dawson's shoulder and forced that slender youth deep into his chair.

'Young man,' said Latimer, 'we may as well have it out now and for all. Listen to me.'

'But I assure you I have no quarrel with you, Dr. Latimer,' cried the frightened young iconoclast. 'Nothing except honest intellectual differences.'

For all her anxiety Margaret had to turn away and smile.

'For some time,' said Latimer, 'I have, more or less consecutively, tried to classify you, Mr. Dawson. I have tried to place you as socialist, æsthete, anarchist, pagan, reformer, progressive, and have found it difficult to decide upon the exact category. But now I have it. You are essentially none of the things I have mentioned, Mr. Dawson. You are just a puppy.'

'Hello!' said Manning; and he fell to packing tobacco into his pipe at top speed.

'That,' said Dawson with a forced smile, 'is one of the privileges which old age formerly was supposed to possess. As a substitute for reason, calling names is a traditional mode of attack.'

He tried to rise from the chair, but that solid hand pressed him down.

'Listen to me,' said Latimer. 'I am going to presume a little further on this privilege you have mentioned. I am going to tell you why and how you are a puppy. This you are, not in your individual character, which I find rather attractive, but to the extent that you are the victim of an all too common attitude.'

The first blare of the auto horn was hailed with silent relief by all but one in the room. It might interrupt a state of tension which was growing painful. Latimer alone failed to hear Hartmann's signal.

'Now the outstanding attribute of the puppy psychology,' said Latimer, 'is its lack of piety for all things, including itself. I do not, for instance, ask you to reverence me or the things I believe in. But I might ask you not to slur the things you yourself profess to believe in. Take this Dignity of Labor.'

'There is nothing to take,' said Dawson.

'That was the meaning of your sneer,' said Latimer. 'You meant that it was a shoddy badge of honor, devised by the oppressors of labor to soothe the oppressed. You meant that we underpay the workman in wages and make it up in dignity. You meant that we speak of the dignity of labor while we, of the upper classes, would do almost

anything in the world but labor. You meant that in our hearts we consider the workingman a footless idiot, and that we see no dignity in his stunted figure, or his rags, or in his meek submission to injustice.'

'You have stated it admirably, Dr. Latimer,' said Dawson.

'Let me tell you, now,' said Latimer, 'what the effect has been upon me of much reading in the literature of the wrongs of labor. And it is this: no exploiter of labor, in his inmost heart, has ever thought concerning the workingmen the disgusting, degrading things which are the commonplaces of your conversation and your oratory.'

'Too harsh, too harsh!' said Manning.

'The simple truth,' cried Latimer. 'Unquestionably you have meant well, but there are the facts. Long before there was a "social conscience" in this country, you will recall, Manning, that the newspaper cartoonist had his type of Labor just as he had his type for Capital and Uncle Sam and Liberty, and what not. And how was Labor represented? As a splendid male, of thews and muscle, bare-armed, with leather apron and sledge-hammer, a figure the Greeks would have loved. This type of labor survives — in the capitalist press. But when your Radical and Socialist friends of Labor draw a cartoon, it is of a slave and a defective, a semi-Caliban. And when you begin to elaborate on your picture, good heavens, what is there that you have not said about the worker in the way of calumny! In order to drive home your case against the capitalist system, you have not hesitated — My dear Dawson, do you know what you have behaved like? Like the ingenious people who make a living by bringing accident suits against street-railway corporations. You are the fake doctors who swear to fictitious damage suffered by the plaintiff — backbone permanently wrenched, eyesight affected, nervous system shattered, in addition to that undeniable twisted ankle.'

'That is just what exploitation has done for the worker,' said Dawson.

'Never as bad as you would make it out, my dear fellow. Say that we of the capitalist classes had our reason for speaking of the dignity of the laborer: still we did assign him a quality. You speak of him as a brute. We spoke of the laborer in his cottage. With you he never has a home, but a den; with you the worker is a slum-dweller. We used to draw chromos of the worker on Saturday night, with the children at his knee. You deny him the capacity for playing the father and the husband — because he is overworked, to be sure, but you deny him his humanity just the same. Strange, is n't it? that good old mossbacks like our ancient ballad-writers should have written of jolly millers on the Dee; that a fine crusted Whig like Macaulay should thrill to sturdy butchers who rush from the stall with cleaver in hand to hew down thrones and tyrants; that a cavalier like Walter Scott should have been fascinated by the gay apprentice lads of the mediæval towns; but that you, the champions of labor, should always be speaking of the laborer as a mean, joyless, abject, soulless, appetiteless brute.'

'This is what the factory system has done for the free workers of former days,' said Dawson.

'Go to the head of the class, my boy. You have said your lesson perfectly,' smiled Latimer. 'But you know it is all nonsense, this chatter about the whir of the wheels and the monotony of the factory and the worker reduced to a cog in the machine. Do you really think that the peasant in the field, that slow, patient ox, gets more of the joy out of life, more variety, more human excitement, than your factory-worker?

Do you believe that the men and women who broke their backs over the spinning wheels, in the old cottages, had more freedom, more leisure, more creative impulse than your cotton operatives of to-day? Why are the young men and women crowding from the country into the towns? Is it for the gray life of the factory, or is it for the movies? My dear young man, there is more of the joy of life and more of health in the city-worker to-day than the workers have known at any time in the history of labor. But it is a big subject and does not concern me at present.'

The auto horn outside broke into a fury of protest. Manning walked to the window and with his arms semaphored to Hartmann for a few moments' indulgence.

'The plain fact is, of course, that your labor champions, with the best intentions in the world, have blackened the character of labor. What have you done for the women of the workers? This: in order to drive home your plea for minimum wages, for shorter hours, — just and inevitable, I feel, — you have not been ashamed to create the impression that every daughter of the workers is a potential recruit, a probable recruit, for prostitution; and some of your most ardent friends of the working-class have gone so far as to say that they do not blame the working-girl who sells herself in order to purchase the comforts which society has denied her. Pah!'

'Easily verifiable by statistics,' said Dawson.

'Ladimer!' shouted Hartmann, looming up in the doorway: 'is it your indention dot I perish of aboblexy on the open highway? Come!'

'Away with your nasty formulas of the slum-dwellers! The father brutalized by toil; the mother incapable of affection and service to her children; the boy destined to grow up a criminal; the girl destined to walk the streets! I doubt if for the sake of your good intentions it will ever be forgiven you that you have degraded the worker to a position his worst oppressor has not assigned him. And the horror of it is in the magnificent opportunity you have missed!

'Ladimer,' wailed Hartmann.

'What an argument you might have made of it! You might have said, "Look: in the face of exhausting labor, of continuous anxiety about livelihood, of the permanent menace of ill health and old age, see how strong the worker is, how cheery, how capable of the elemental joys of parenthood, neighborliness, charity, unselfish devotion to the common interest! You might have shown that, whereas business is a combat in which friend does not spare friend, and brother brother, the unionized worker will not hesitate to endure starvation in defense of his class interests. And then you should have said, "If this treasure of fine manhood and clean womanhood can persist in spite of our iniquitous economic system, what would not the worker become if he received his due?" Instead of denying the dignity of labor you should have enhanced it, exaggerated it, and made it the title for greater claims and greater privileges. Everything, Dawson, can be forgiven except the sin against the spirit; against the spirit of the working masses whom you have reduced to slum-dwellers and candidates for the brothel. Pah! Good-bye, Manning. I will write you. Good-bye, Margaret,' — and he bent his lips to hers. 'Good-bye, Dawson. Home, Hartmann.'

(*The End*)

ONE OF THEM. II

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

I

Two weeks later, I had got strong enough to go to work. As I did not want to work in the presence of my former employer, I did not return there.

One of Clara's friends, a cutter, took me up to the place where he was employed. It also was a non-union shop. There were quite a number of shops that remained unorganized, the workers refusing to go down, trusting the bosses' promise to better their conditions without the help of the Union; like sheep led by wolves, who make them believe that the shepherd deprives them of liberty; that he does not allow them to run in the spacious fields and gather the best grass for themselves; that without the shepherd they would enjoy more freedom. The foolish sheep, influenced by the wolves, would run away from the shepherd, only to be eaten by the hungry wolves who had purposely led them away from protection. They perished — victims of their own stupidity.

It was the height of the season, labor was scarce, the boss was obliged to grant all the union conditions, in order to prevent his workers from leaving his place. The system in that shop was very different from that in my first place. Later I learned that each shop has its own system. I felt like a beginner again.

The forelady, Yetta, bless her heart, was a kind and gentle person. She gave me all the necessary instructions, so that I got used to the work quickly. Week-work prevailed in the place. I expected to get seven dollars a week to start with; but how great was my astonishment when in my pay envelope I found ten dollars! Destiny seemed to play with me. I was so happy that evening when I brought my pay home. Breathlessly, I ran to break the news to Clara, and holding the envelope tight in my hand, told her to guess how much. She could not guess. The highest she could think of was eight; but when I placed the envelope near her eyes, she shouted with joy, —

'Here, here! You are a regular dressmaker already!'

'Why, how dare you think otherwise?' I answered in the same tone.

It was not the money that made me feel so happy, it was my worth that I thought of. I could not have expected to get ten dollars a week after having only a few weeks' experience. My former boss, claiming to be a good friend of mine when I made five dollars a week, used to remind me that he did not think that I was worth even that much. Though a friend, he took advantage of a learner, as nearly every other manufacturer does.

Now that I was able to make ends meet more easily, my mind was at peace again. I began to think of my home and decided to send for my younger brother, a physically strong-built lad of eighteen. He, I thought, having a good trade, will soon be able to earn money, and both of us will help the rest of the family. Here again my

friend Clara! She gave me a loan of fifty dollars, on payments of three dollars a week. The money I sent home for my brother's ticket. I went on improving in my work from day to day. Very shortly afterwards I was employed in the sample-room to work on samples from time to time, and so I became a sample-maker.

Things once more went on smoothly. The strength of youth conquered. My cheerfulness returned. Again I went among my friends, entertaining them with song and infecting them with my joyousness. Even in the shop I felt happy. My neighbors were very kind and gentle, each one helping the other out of difficulties in her work.

At lunch-time I was always among the workers; very few would go out to lunch. Bologna, *salome*, corned beef, the Italian's egg-plant fried in a lot of olive oil — all spread such a mixed, unpleasant smell over the shop. The few girls at my table would sit together, exchanging food with each other — a cherry chocolate for an apple, a piece of orange for a banana, a corned-beef sandwich for some whitefish, and many other varieties. I would take part in the conversation, but I never shared in the exchange of food. Their kind offerings to me I refused, for I had nothing to give in return. My lunch consisted of either a cheese sandwich and milk, or an egg and milk. The pint of milk I bought every morning had to be used up, so I had a small bottle and would always bring the rest of the milk for my lunch.

'No wonder you are so white, living on milk so exclusively,' they would often tease me.

I told them that I liked nothing else, though often their pickles and smoked delicacies would awaken a sharp appetite in me.

Their conversation, very different from the vulgarities of the girls in the sweater shop, was much pleasanter. Very little talk about 'fellers,' swell evening pumps, lace petticoats that the six dollar wage-earners were constantly discussing, in the sweater shop. Here we talked about questions of the day, world-happenings, music, art, literature, and trade questions. One fault I found with them — their indifference to being members of the Dress-and-Waist-Makers' Union. They would belong, they all agreed, if they worked in a union shop; but they would not trouble to unionize this shop.

Now that I was provided with work again, I had time to think a little of myself. It was a long time that I had not had any kind of recreation. Before, I had not had any money, and then I was too busy to think of it. I longed so much for a good opera or drama, for they were the only places where my mind felt at ease. As food was necessary for my stomach hunger, music and drama were necessary for my mental hunger. Not being able to see or hear of our world's masterpieces, I had to find satisfaction in reading them. My fantasia would often stage such wonderful sceneries, that when I happened to see the thing after I read it, I would often feel disappointed, for the impersonation on the stage would be much poorer than in my imagination.

At that time the Century Opera Company gave operas at popular prices. When I had my last debt paid up to my friend, Clara, I at once went to the Opera House, securing tickets for five dollars at twenty-five cents each, so that I was provided with opera tickets for the next few weeks. I had also secured tickets for the Manhattan Opera Company, where the world's greatest dancer, Pavlova, danced at that time. For Caruso I paid the highest prices. He would often cost me a few lunches and dinners that I saved from, in order to have enough money

for a standing ticket. Sometimes I would go right from work, without any dinner, to stand in line for general admission. If it happened to rain, my dress would be soaked through and through, and with wet clothes I would stand through the performance, changing from foot to foot, while there were often plenty of empty seats in the orchestra. Very often I would pay with a cold the next day. But the magic of the music was so great, that I forgot my cold as soon as it was over, and went again when I had another opportunity.

The opera house was the only place where I envied the rich. I did not envy their expensive clothes, nor their many valuable, useless diamonds; I envied their comfortable chairs, which were reserved for them, standing the most of the time during the performance empty. They would more often come in the second act, and leave the house at the beginning of the last; some of them would yawn all through the performance. Of course, the greater part of the audience sat listening to the opera with great pleasure. But many sat as if fulfilling a duty in listening to the music.

Besides the theatre, I also attended the different lectures about modern literature that I was so fond of. My favorite authors were Ibsen, Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Prshebishevsky, Gorky, Andreev, and many others.

At home, in Russia, I always had time enough to read. In the small town where I lived, there was no library. There was a small unimportant library in the public school, but only for the scholars, not for the public. With the exception of the cities, where there were good libraries, the government thought it unnecessary to install libraries. Our town was big enough to keep two *monopol* (stores of vodka), — that drink being a cause of ruin to the people, — but not for a library to enlighten the people's minds.

A group of us young girls and boys got together, and with our own money, after a long time of hard struggle, created a small library, hoping to increase it from time to time. Not being able to get a permit from the government, we had to keep it in secret. But the chief of police soon learned of it. He immediately made a visit, searching for forbidden literature. The result of his visit was the destruction of our library, at that time two hundred roubles' worth, and the arrest of many of our members. The worst thing of all was, that he sold our books, obtained through such hardship, to his officers, for ten, fifteen cents a book, and we could never get them back. We were left without any literature at all. This was only a part of the many discouraging experiences I had in my native home, Russia.

Russia! How hateful the word sounds to me! The ignorance in which Russia is keeping her people, the many obstacles she puts in the way of my nation, particularly the limitations of the civil rights for us, the desolation of our lives, and private ownership, that Russia is practicing so often, lights a fire of hate for her in our hearts, that burns for a lifetime.

When our library was destroyed, we began to think of some other way of getting literature, for we could not get along without it.

Many of us began to subscribe to weekly magazines, which gave very good classics as premiums in addition to the magazine. Some subscribed for the monthly magazine, *The Modern World*, in which many of the modern writers participated. A few of us had friends in the city, who supplied them with books through the mail. We would mostly read and discuss together. That helped us in widening

our ideas and understanding of what we read. If any one happened to visit the city, he or she would attend as many lectures as possible; also the theatre; and they would come home with a supply of impressions, — with the criticism of the lectures and performances, — and share it with the rest, who sat at home waiting impatiently for literary, dramatical, and musical news. Hard as it was for us to get what we wanted, still we succeeded in reading all the best classics, Russian and foreign as well, also a great deal of the modern literature. Our teachers,[1] who mostly came from the city, would be astonished at our wide knowledge in the literary world. As a matter of fact, we, who met with such hardship in getting literature, knew much more than most of the city students, who had the privilege of the best libraries.

Since I left home, I have done very little reading. The struggle for my existence, the worry about work, the trouble in the shops which I passed through, occupied my mind and time.

Now that I was more or less economically better off, I gave myself up entirely to reading. I often visited the Public Library. I was not used to get everything as easily as I could get it in the New York Library, and it made me feel happy. If there is anything to pay this city credit for, that is her libraries and museums of art and history.

Two evenings in the week I went to the Opera, the rest of the evenings I spent either in attending lectures, or reading, or at union meetings. But that did not satisfy me. I realized that it was necessary for me to study the English language. I also realized that the shop was no place for me. The shop as it is under the present system is good for no human being to work in, for it does not comply with the human necessities.

It is not only the experience of my own trade I speak of. I come in contact with people who work at all kinds of trades, and each one's life is worse than the other's. I saw no future for me sitting in the shop. It is impossible to lead a decent, comfortable living, such as a human being is entitled to, for the earnings they get at the present time. In order to get some better kind of a profession, I had to study English. But how was I to do it? After work, I felt too tired to study. I made several attempts to do it, but had to stop it as soon as I began, for I was not strong enough to stand a day's work and an evening of study.

My friend Clara accompanied me to the theatre — to the last bench of the family circle, so high that the people on the stage looked like dwarfs. Here we sat silently waiting for the music to start. My friend Clara made several attempts to raise a conversation, but I tried to avoid it; it was hard for me to talk. I was tired of telling her the same old stories over and over. She more or less made peace with her surroundings; economically she was much better off; as an expert dressmaker she worked in a steady private establishment, for a decent salary. Besides the work, she found satisfaction in belonging to different clubs, while I got tired of those clubs. They were too dry for me. Her spiritual development was on a much smaller scale than mine, and she would easily be inspired by things that did not interest me at all. My temper was a more revolutionary one, and I was more sensitive.

'You must learn to take things easy,' she would say.

'No, Clara, you are wrong; would the people not take life so easy, we would have a much better world than

[1] We had private teachers, for as I have already mentioned, we were not admitted into the educational institutions. — THE AUTHOR.

such as we have now,' were my arguments to her.

At last the music started. I was all transformed into attention. I bathed my soul in the wonderful sounds of the music, trying to wash off the heavy melancholy that possessed me, and kept on gnawing, gnawing my heart and soul.

Who has once heard that opera surely remembers the sweet music and beautiful words of the aria from the third act in *Tosca:* —

> The stars were twinkling —
> Everything around was asleep;
> Absorbed in thoughts alone I wandered.
>
> Oh, wonderful wink,
> Oh, celestial happiness,
> As a wonderful dream all passed away —

and so on. I felt a thousand angels dancing around me when the world's greatest artist, Caruso, began the aria in his wonderful voice. How I wished it would never end! How I dreaded to be brought back to thoughts of my present miserable life! On our way home, I was very silent. I thought of the successful artists whose early life I read about; who knows — perhaps if I would once have a chance to show my abilities — I had a good soprano voice — but I immediately caught myself on that daring thought.

But I am very emotional. Many people at home in Russia would advise me to select a stage career; myself, I had the highest wish to become an actress, but my parents would not listen to it — they had the worst opinion of an actress; they saw no art in it.

Being in New York, I often thought of it, but I was afraid to try, for I knew nobody who could give me an introduction to the stage, and I, not knowing the English language, could not succeed in trying all alone without anybody's help.

'I am growing impatient to walk with you all the way home so quietly; say something: how did you like the opera?'

My friend Clara was used to have me share my inspirations with her as soon as we walked out of the Opera House; sometimes she would walk with me for hours, listening to my conversation about music, drama, and art in general. I had nothing to say; I felt too pessimistical.

II

Although the conditions in my shop were just as good as in the best union shops, and we had everything except the recognition of the Union, still, I was anxious to have it organized. I confess, it was puzzling to me, at first, why the boss objected to his people joining the Union. As long as union conditions prevailed in the shop, why not allow the workers to belong where they would? Some of the members in the shop were union members. On my question, why they did not have the shop organized, they would answer me carelessly, 'We should worry so long as we have union conditions.' I suffered by their ignorant answers. I recalled the thousands of young girls who had so bitterly fought their fight only a few weeks before, and I argued with my co-workers.

'Don't you know that we have got everything just because so many thousands of girls fought for it? You yourselves stated that the standards were much lower here before the general strike was called. You only got increases when the girls in the other shops won them. Do you think that our boss, no matter how kind he is, would reduce four hours a week, if it were not for the strike? We workers must all do our share. It is not fair to stay aside and let others fight and spend their money to keep up an or-

ganization when we all get the good benefits from it. There must be reasons why the boss does not want a union shop. I am not criticizing our boss, I admit that he is a fair man; but don't you know that for the desire of making more money, the bosses, even the best of them, will exploit their workers to the utmost. That is why we must be organized, so that we can stand up against them. In unity is our strength. We must belong to a union, in order to protect ourselves against the ruling hand of capitalism.'

But the workers cared to know next to nothing about it. Some of the girls would answer me rudely, —

'You better shut up; if you don't, you will get fired. There was another girl in the shop and she tried to agitate for the Union and she was discharged.'

I would often talk to Clara about my desire to organize the shop. She also warned me not to do it. 'The dull season is approaching; you have not any money saved up to face it, so what will you do in case you are fired?'

But I could not rest. I felt like a criminal, to work in a trade that is organized, and not belong to the ranks. I could not have imagined that there still were so many people who did not understand the value of organization. But I soon found the reason why.

As a rule, a worker in a shop brings up his or her friends or relatives; that friend or relative another friend, and so on; so that, in most cases, the shop contains workers who are closely related to each other. The consequence is, that, if one seems to be misinformed about unionism, all of them get the same idea. If one of them is warned by the boss to keep away from union people, mostly all of them obey him.

Particularly among Italians, the bringing up of friends is practiced. Realizing that with lack of knowledge of the trade-union movement, I could help very little to make them see my point of yiew, I decided to report to the Union, hoping that they would send some one to unionize the place.

When I went to the office of the Union, I saw the head organizer, and told him about my shop. He appeared to be interested, and explained that the organizers were only too glad to help out those who wanted to be helped; that for years they had been trying to enlighten the workers' minds, to awaken them to self-consciousness and help them organize into a union.

'Without a union, the bosses drove their workers like slaves, they did not fear the individual; if any one protested, he or she would be heartlessly thrown out of the shop. But when a protest comes from all the workers, not only from one shop, but from all shops equally, the bosses must listen to them and treat them justly; if they do not, then the workers strike. It is very sad to admit that there are still workers who do not care how they are treated. Instead of demanding their rights, they keep trying schemes to win the bosses' favor in order to get a dollar raise.'

He spoke the truth. There are many workers who would do anything, even injure a fellow worker, in order to get a raise.

Somehow my boss learned that I had complained to the Union. Any one else in my place would have been fired without explanation; but I worked for ten dollars a week, and worked mostly on samples, while a samplemaker's minimum wage was fourteen dollars. That is why the boss first tried to speak to me and warn me.

In the morning, when I came to work, the designer, a very gentle woman, always previously welcoming me with a smile, seemed to be angry.

'Why, Lizzie, I am surprised with you, such a sensible girl as I thought you, to act so silly.'

I guessed what she was at, but said, 'What is the matter?' acting as if I knew nothing.

'Tell me, are you dissatisfied with your position? Is there anything wrong with this place?'

'No,' I answered, 'I'm satisfied and I think the place is all right.'

'Then what is the sense in going to the damn Union?'

'"Damn Union"! How dare you?' I wanted to reply, but I controlled myself.

'Well,' I said, 'I see no harm in it.'

'It is for your sake I warn you. I'm only a friend to you. Don't you know that the leaders of the Union only care for your money; they do not do a thing for you. They are grafters, that is all they are.'

I smiled again. Poor soul, she was so sure of what she said.

In the meantime, the boss came in, called me aside, and with the authority of a professor, he began to lecture me.

'Look here, little girl, I'm a man who is fair and square as possible. I always treat my workers as good as I can. Everybody is pleased with their positions; are not you? Did I not try to give you all chances for advancement?'

'Yes, you did, and it was very nice of you; but you did not raise me in accordance with my advancement,' I answered.

'Oh, you'll get a raise next season. You don't expect me to raise you the first season? But to the point: you have no idea what grafters the leaders are. There has been no strike which has not been sold by them. They get the poor working-people's money, and use it for their own benefit. Now, I am sorry for my own people. Why should they waste their money earned through hard labor? The Union is only a bluff, there is nothing to it, it is no use for the workers. Now, if you want to be a sensible girl, do your work, do not mix in others' business. You can stay here, and I'll raise you a dollar a week when next season begins; now I can't. You see the dull season is coming already. Another week, and there will be very little work to do.'

I thanked him for his kindness and sat down to work. Now I understood why people in that shop feared the Union. They were fed with the same kind of lectures continually. No wonder they had the idea of Unionism in general, as a place where the workers were cheated. How was I to change their minds? How was I to explain to them that this was only a trick of the bosses to poison the workers' minds? Later, when I worked in other shops, I heard the same story told to the workers by the bosses.

In order to learn the accomplishments of our unions in the last strike, I went and joined the Union. In the shops where a high grade of dresses are made, the season often ends at the beginning of April. On the coming Saturday, at one o'clock, the boss informed his workers that, on account of the approaching dull times, he was compelled to reduce their wages two or three dollars a week, demanding however the same full week's work.

What were the workers to do? Here they were like sheep led away by a wolf from the shepherd. They had listened to the boss when he promised them all they desired, in order to keep them from the Union; and now, when the busy season was over, he took advantage of the workers who had no union to protect them, and reduced their wages, being sure that in the dull season they would stay for less.

Did the workers at last realize it? Some did, and left the place: those who remained were too ignorant to realize it.

When I came on Monday to work,

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everything seemed so different. No more the former gentleness; the foreman was more particular about the work, more exacting in his demands. It was slower, so he had more time to watch everything. Even the nice Yetta was not so gentle, but I knew it was not her fault. She had to obey the instructions of the boss.

The first of May was approaching. The Union made all preparations for a grand march.

The first of May had two meanings for me. As a schoolteacher at home, I always celebrated that day by going off to the woods, with my pupils, and merrily spent the day in songs and games, that celebration having for its sole reason the greeting of the best day of spring. And so sweet were the memories of those bygone days!

The second more important meaning was the 'International Labor Holiday.' I decided to stop work, even if the boss should try to compel me to work. In vain did I try to inspire my co-workers with the significance of the First of May. They refused to give up a day's wages for such a sentimentality.

The day fell on Thursday, a bright warm spring day. The many thousands of young girls, in uniforms of white waists with red collars, all in line, were ready to march on. The sun illuminated their pale but happy faces as they walked through the avenues and streets. Looking up at the skyscrapers where they slaved all year, their shiny eyes would gleam with pride and hope, as if they would speak and warn the world, 'Behold you who keep us in the darkness, no more are we to slave for you! Together we stand now, men, women, creators of wealth, and together we shall stand to fight for our rights!'

I kept my holiday, joined a small separate division of girls who gathered from different non-union shops and, like myself, perhaps risked their jobs for observing the holiday. I spent the rest of the day happily with my friends. But for that day I paid with many, many miserable weeks that followed.

The sun's rays, creeping into my tiny room on the top floor, joyfully played on my face when I awoke early the next morning. I lay in bed, leisurely stretching and relaxing my poor legs, tired from marching. I was still full of the events of yesterday. My heart beat with warmth as I lay enjoying my sun-bath. The clock struck seven; time to get ready for work!

Humming a favorite Russian song, I quickly dressed, took my ordinary breakfast, a roll and a cup of milk which seemed so tasteful that morning, and down I marched to the shop. It was a glorious morning. The little buds on the trees in Madison Square were just opening up into beautiful bloom and spread such a pleasant fragrance around. The small fountain in the centre bubbled, bubbled, splashing out right and left. I stopped for a moment to welcome the cold sprinkle on my face.

The great mass of workers who were passing by all seemed light-hearted. It was the beautiful morning, the warm sun, the awakening of the green, that spread the good humor on their faces.

I liked the world and wanted to greet everybody and everything, 'Good morning, good morning!' — 'A fine morning!' — 'A glorious morning!' — 'Well, how did you like the march?' — 'Was it not splendid?' — 'Indeed, it was wonderful!' was heard all around as the workers met on their way to the shops.

'Good morning,' said I merrily to the foreman, who happened to be the first to meet me when I entered the shop.

'Good morning,' came an angry sound from his nose.

'It is too nice a morning to be angry,' I teased the foreman.

'If you think that you can make a living on nice mornings or May holidays, why do you come to the shop?' he asked severely.

I understood that something was wrong, and that my good humor would not gain the foreman's favor, so I quietly went over to my machine, and bent my head over my work.

Meanwhile, the girls began to fill up their places at the machines. Some would stop near me, while passing, and ask how the march looked.

'It cost me a day's wages to know, and I think that it is too expensive to tell,' was my reply to all of them.

'Good morning, Miss Union-lady.'

I jumped up, instinctively feeling that it was I who was addressed.

A sudden laughter spread over the shop from the workers, much amused by that greeting.

On the other side of the table stood the boss, calling me angrily. With a sudden foreboding of some evil happening, I walked over to him.

'Look here, miss, you know that I think that you are too smart for my place.'

'What is it?' I interrupted.

'What is it? Just as if you did n't know! I don't want you to make trouble in my shop. What business have you to bother my workers? You made some of them stop from work when I was in a rush to finish out a lot of dresses.'

'Why, you complain all the time that there was nothing to do and your workers sit idle. How did you happen to have such a rush all of a sudden?'

'Oh, you get on my nerve! I am not going to stand it any longer,' he said disgustedly, and walked away.

On Saturday, I received my pay and was discharged. So I lost my job for celebrating the first of May.

Now that I had to look for another job, I made up my mind to get a place only in a union shop. I thought that in the union shops the bosses just carry out every clause agreed to in the Protocol; but I soon found out that the workers had to fight for every bit that was coming to them according to the agreement.

The dull season had already begun, and it was not easy to find a job. Those who had their shops kept their positions: no new help was needed. In the shops where a cheap line of dresses or waists were made, the busy season lasts until July. I might be able to get a place on a cheap line of dresses. I had worked on a good line of dresses, that require more skill and care; I could expect to earn but little on the cheaper grades where speed was required more than skill.

At that time some members of the Coöperative League had kept — and still keep, a few apartments together. I learned from the people who lived there that it cost very cheap. As I had not enough money to live on, I moved into their coöperative house. Indeed, the expenses were small: $3.50 per month for a room, — two people in each, — and $2.50 per week for two meals a day, mornings and evenings.

Reeking with sweat, my head aching from the July heat, I wandered around until I found myself on a bench at Riverside Drive. The thought that I had to go out early in the morning to look for another position, and fearing that I might strike a job similar to my previous ones, made me so unhappy that I felt I could much easier jump into the Hudson than look for any more work; and work I had got to get, for I was so short in money that I hardly had enough for the little expenses we had in the coöperation. It was for the last six weeks that I had no more than two scanty meals a day. I had to provide

for carfare and could not spare a dime for a lunch. Now my younger brother was soon to come from Russia. I had to provide something for him when he comes.

The sun already hid her last golden rays. Twilight set upon the Hudson. I still sat on a bench and had no notion to move. It was a very warm evening. Everything around was so beautiful! It seemed to me a paradise-like, in comparison with my room, where the air was so choking in the July month. Boats — all kinds of them — swam up and down the river. The noise of the motor-boats allured me to the waters; it made me feel homesick. There on the river surrounded by willow trees we would row and sing. Sometimes our happy young voices would be heard for miles and appreciated by the old folks, who sat resting peacefully on the benches near their homes. How sweet those days passed! Now I sit here broken-hearted, disappointed, and tired out.

'Life, life — O Happiness, where is thy sweetness!' murmured I, in such mortal anguish for life. A heavy melancholy took possession of me and dragged me, dragged me down to the waters where the many little fires of the Palisades took their evening dips in the dark, quiet waves of the Hudson River. I forgot everything. The choking shops, my home, everything passed away. I saw the spacious river below, I saw the graceful trees around me, and I was a little happy. Would not my stomach remind me of hunger, I would not have thought of leaving the park, so comfortable. I had had nothing to eat since early morning, and made my way towards home.

I walked along Riverside, looking into the windows of the colossal hotels and beautiful private palaces. No light was seen in any of them. The places were left by the people for their summer resorts. It's a pity that such comfortable houses were empty the most of the year. Their dwellers flew around the country, from one resort to another to spend their time. They never worried for their to-morrow's bread, they never feared to lose their jobs, they never wandered in the parks with hungry stomachs. They had people, thousands of people, somewhere in mines, or factories, or stores, who starved for them, who hammered the gold for them. The only worry those dwellers have is how to spend the gold created by such hard labor of so many thousands of people, who part with their happiness and so often with their lives for the pleasure of those few idlers, who spend their life in continuous vacations and eternal luxury. How many people of the East Side, how many families of the cooped tenement-houses, enjoy these comfortable dwellings and lovely air of the Riverside Park and Hudson River?

Thought I, here the houses stood all locked up, of no use to anybody. They would only reopen for a month or so, when their landlord happens to come from Europe to make preparations for the next journey. Oh, how unfair, how unfair the present system of life is! thought I. Here am I, who want to work, who would gladly sell her hands for a decent wage, but gets nothing, and those who never think of work have too much.

Did I envy the rich that evening? Oh, no! I hated them, I hated them; for to me they seemed worse than highway robbers — robbers who fear nobody in the world, who rule the world with their iron power.

Two years in the golden country! What did I accomplish? A weak stomach, headaches every other day, a paler face, inflamed eyes, and my nose — my nose began also to complain. It wanted a doctor and I could not afford to pay

any doctor bills. To a dispensary I had no time to go, and I would not, even if time I had, for they ignored the patient there too much. One dollar made a world of difference. For a dollar the doctor would gently open the door for the patient, would offer a thousand of smiles, take his time, and examine the patient thoroughly. In the dispensary one has to waste some time and all day to get his turn; and when at last one gets the chance to see the doctor, the latter treats him so indignantly and sends such looks, that it makes one feel as though one did not come to the doctor for advice but to spoil his good moods.

If my mother only could know, if she could only know! But never should she know! It is enough for her, when she had to part with us. As she wrote once to me, 'Another child left, another wound in mother's heart! Oh, where are my children, my little birds? Was mother's nest too small for them? Oh, if I only was a free bird now, if I only had wings, I would fly, fly, through night and day, through storm and sunshine, through oceans and forests and find my children, who left mother to find a better life, to build better nests. For so many years I struggled; in the long stormy winter nights, I watched over you, cherished you. With my tears and prayers to God I obtained your lives when death stood many a time at your bedside, waiting for mother to give you up. Never did I give you up. You were my pride, you were my light in the dark life of my struggle against poverty. And you gave up mother so easily! You left your home with no regret! You left your mother to her tears! Oh, where are you now? Are you happy, are you warm, are you fed? If I could only embrace you once more, feel you near my wounded heart! Other people have the pleasure to hear you talk, to hear you laugh, to hear you sing! Are you still singing, my little daughter, or was your voice forgotten under the heavy burden of the new life?'

That letter made me hysterical for a few hours when I first received it, and long afterwards whenever I reread it, I could not control myself from crying. There is so much tragedy in each word of that letter. The tragedy of all the Jewish mothers, whose children escape from where they suffer. They escape from the Russian brutality, from the Galician poverty. The youth do not want to bow their heads as the parents do, to stand for so much misery. Oh, so much! Youth wants life, happiness. In the hunt for a better, more free life, they part with their dear parents; they part full of hope to be reunited in a better land in better circumstances. But more often the hopes are crushed, the lives are broken. Not all are able to reunite, and they remain parted far, far away from one another. The eternal anxiety for one another tears their hearts and souls in pieces. Neither the children in America nor the parents in the foreign lands can ever be happy when they are parted.

'Never should she know!' I repeated to myself; and to comfort her I immediately sat down to write a letter to my mother.

'Much beloved Mother, — First of all I want to inform you that I am in perfect health and happiness, wishing to hear the same from you.' Here I stopped. 'Wishing to hear the same from you?' Goodness, I surely do not wish to curse my mother! I tore the letter.

But what shall I tell her? What shall I write to her about? I started another one.

'My best of best Mothers, — With delight I read your last letter. I was so happy to learn that everything at home is in order. Please, mother, don't

cry. It worries me terribly. We are not dead, we are alive. We'll try our very best to have you all with us in the nearest future. Oh, how happy I shall be when I'll have you all with us. Sorrow will be forgotten and the guardian angels will spread their wings over us and watch over our happiness, and never, never again will we part! Tell the children that I will answer their letters some other time. Nathan's poem, which he dedicated to me, was very hearty, but I don't like his grammar in it. This was always his weak part. Tell him to pay more attention to the Russian grammar. You know, mother, I do think that he is an able little fellow. He is only sixteen now, and if he has good opportunities, he'll make success.

'With pride you tell me mother that little Eva is my double — that physically and mentally she resembles me. I want to hope that she should be much better than I have been and more successful.

'How is Sarah? Is she diligent in her studies? Is Dora stronger now than she was? Have you any letters from Israel, or he writes only when he needs money? Poor fellow, for two more years he must serve his country.'

He serves the country which rejected all his applications to enter any educational institution. His highest ambition since childhood was to enter a school of fine arts. The little portraits that he painted were very promising, but as a Jew only one in a thousand could ever have a chance to enter such schools, and mostly those who had the money; so that he, my brother Israel, never realized his wish. At present, when I write these lines, he is back home from the war with a wounded leg.

'Please, mother, send me his address. I want to write a letter to him. About us you should not worry. We are all right.

'My best regards to all the children and father — to him I'll write tomorrow. I have so much to tell him! Our correspondence discussions were stopped for quite a long time, and I want to begin again. Is he still working so hard?

'Mother dear, take care of yourself, father and children. Yours with love,

'LEEZA.'

(To be concluded)

TO N. S., WHO DIED IN BATTLE

I KNEW you glad to go; I envied you.
To pour the glory of your young life forth
In one libation — what more happy lot?
Be spared the slow, sad drip of dreams and hopes,
Of loves and memories, that leaves us dry
And bitter, seared and bleared with creeping age —
Who would not die in battle? Life cut short?
Nay, blossomed in a moment, rich with fruit,
Blossom and fruit together, which the years
Might never ripen, uneventful years
Of nursery-gardening one small, precious self,
Which seeds and dies and none knows why it was.

I knew you glad to go; you knew not why —
The sting of high adventure in your blood,
The salt of danger savoring nights and days;
And in your heart the wave of some unknown
Deep feeling shared with comrades, that bore you on
The tideways that the coward never knows,
Nor he who hoards his life for his own ends.

O happy boy, you have not lost your years!
You lived them through and through in those brief days
When you stood facing death. They are not lost:
They rushed together as the waters rush
From many sources; you had all in one.

You filled your little cup with all experience,
And drank the golden foam, and left the dregs,
And tossed the cup away. Why should we mourn
Your happiness? You burned clear flame, while he

Who treads the endless march of dusty years
Grows blind and choked with dust before he dies,
And dying goes back to the primal dust,
And has not lived so long in those long years
As you in your few, vibrant golden months
When like a spendthrift you gave all you were.

LOYALTY ONCE MORE

BY L. P. JACKS

I

I AM writing this article on the first anniversary of the death of Josiah Royce — 'the philosopher of loyalty.' He was my teacher and a personal friend deeply beloved. For many years we saw each other only at rare intervals, but whenever we met, we seemed to take up our friendship from the point we had reached on the last occasion. Towards the end of his life, in 1913, we were together for two months, in Oxford. Day by day we talked of 'loyalty' and of the 'great community'; or, rather, he talked, for my part was mainly that of the listener. But I said enough to show that I agreed with him, not perhaps in the form he gave to his arguments, but in the aim to which his thought was directed and in the motive which inspired him. He knew that essentially we were of one heart in the matter, and almost the last thing he said to me was a kind of charge. 'Since you believe in loyalty,' he said, 'push it, make it known, give it currency.' I answered that I would, and this article, written on the anniversary of his death, is part of the fulfillment of my promise.

Loyalty, as I understand it, is not merely a philosophical conception, but a spirit, a temper, and a power. It is the secret of human fellowship and gives driving force to human ideals. You may see it at work in families and in groups of friends, where, without written law and almost without conscious design, men and women coöperate in a strenuous, fruitful, happy life, trusting each other and cheerfully making good each other's defects.

Loyalty has no 'definite programme,' and yet it is the mother of all the programmes that lead to good results. When it is absent, ideals are barren; they degenerate into themes for eloquence, they become literary properties, they are the stock-in-trade of talking men, they provoke wordy quarrels and end in phrasemongery and cant. Only when loyalty is present can we say that good ideas rule the world, or indeed that they have any chance of ruling it. The wisest scheme that was ever devised for insuring or enforcing an improvement in human affairs would founder inevitably unless the parties to it were loyal. A single traitor might wreck it or convert it to his own ends. All progress

rests on the willing consent of loyal hearts.

There is vastly more loyalty in the world than there was when Royce laid down his pen. During the last three years, and during the last year especially, the stars in their courses have been fighting for his doctrine. They are the 'great allies' of truth. There are moments when events come over to the side of the prophet, when history takes up his cause, and then it is, and not till then, that his ideas begin their march to victory. What cannot be effected by a generation, or a century, of propaganda, may be effected in a few years by a turn of events. The stir that propaganda makes, the war of argument to which it gives rise, is, alas, no measure of its success, and many great ideas have produced literatures but have not changed the minds of men.

Power is needed to give effect to the simplest and most obvious of moral truths; and this power, which mere argument can never generate (though we think it can), may arise quite suddenly from conjunction in the world's affairs or from great deeds nobly done. This has actually happened to the idea in which Royce summed up the teaching of a lifetime. Loyalty has acquired an immense accession of power as a working force in human life. It has been born in millions of hearts which never before had felt the inspiration of a great cause, and it has deepened its roots in hearts that were loyal already. It has expanded to a new scale and won a new loftiness. At this moment the growth of loyalty is the most promising thing in the world. It contains the seeds of a thousand spontaneous reformations. We have more to hope from it than from any one, or all, of the schemes, plans, and programmes for the 'reconstruction of society' which have poured from the study and the press during the last three years. Without loyalty not one of them will succeed. With loyalty many of them are superfluous. But no one whose eyes are open to what is going on will despair. Loyalty is growing, and nothing could give us a fairer promise of a general resurrection in the better tendencies of human life.

Two leagues of nations, each on a greater scale than any of which history bears record, have come into existence. It is true they have been formed for the purpose of fighting one another — a seemingly sinister fact. And yet I can recall one or two instances of lifelong friendship that had their origin in precisely that manner! But let us leave that aside for the moment. Looking at the two groups in turn, we see in each of them a breaking-down of the walls of division between nation and nation. Each of them represents an association of mankind, far from complete, it is true, yet closer in texture and wider in compass than the boldest dreamer would have thought possible ten years ago. Viewed on its human side, is it not an astonishing and portentous thing that Americans, British, Russians, French, Italians, Japanese, to be counted in their total by hundreds of millions, should find themselves associated in a common purpose, and learning through that purpose to understand, to respect, to trust, and, if I may venture the word, to love one another?

Great as the political significance of this fact undoubtedly is, its psychological importance is vastly greater. As a contribution to the growth of sympathy, of the broadmindedness which teaches men to take a generous view of each other's merits, to respect each other's rights, and to make allowance for each other's idiosyncracies, who can doubt that we have, in this alone, a real advance in the education of the human race? And of course the same thing has been happening on the other side.

Whichever group we consider, we see within it the breaking down of misunderstandings and suspicions, and therewith an immense growth in the capacity of men for acting together, for bearing great burdens in common, for combining effort on a unitary aim; all of which, translated into human terms, means the growth of loyalty and mutual trust in the coöperating elements. Beginning in the widest circles of national or international life, the change is slowly working its way inward to private character and giving to every man among us a new consciousness of his part as a citizen of the world, as a member of 'the great community.' It is changes like these that give *power* to moral ideas, power such as propaganda can never create.

But here we are confronted with the sinister fact to which I have alluded, that the two groups, however each may be united in itself, are arrayed against one another in the fiercest of opposition. I am glad to embrace the difficulty at this point, for though it takes us from the sure ground of history on to the dangerous ground of prediction or guesswork, no question could be better fitted to give us an insight into what loyalty is and into the manner of its working.

I confess that I have little faith in any kind of verbal or literary propaganda for reconciling the belligerent groups. I doubt if it were possible even for the voice of an angel to preach their enmity into friendship. Nothing that we can *say* will bring this thing to pass. But I have a great and assured faith in the working out of certain psychological tendencies which are deeply rooted in the excellent part of human nature; and I think we can count with certainty on these tendencies being greatly helped by the march of events. Oppositions, when pushed to the extremest point, develop the principles of their own reconciliation. This is what has actually happened under our eyes.

It is as certain as anything can be in this world, that great revulsions of feeling will take place in both camps on the conclusion of the war. There are tolerant men in both — at least we may assume that there are; but I greatly doubt if the most tolerant man on either side would find in his present feeling toward the enemy a true index of what his state of mind will be a few years hence. It is, however, among the intolerant, among those who have been blinded by hatred, — and we know pretty well where these are to be found, — that the revulsion will be most strongly marked.

As to the length of time that these changes may take, much will depend on the precise form in which the war comes to an end — that last act of the drama on which the curtain has yet to rise. We can conceive an ending for the war which would lead to a greater embitterment of human relations than any we have witnessed heretofore. The war has settled down into a definite contest between good and evil; and if evil were suffered to triumph, it is impossible to paint the moral depression that would fall upon the civilized world, or the sinister passions that would haunt mankind during the coming years. In that event 'the hope of the great community' would be set back for generations.

None of us can say that this is impossible; though I think it in the last degree unlikely. But even if the worst were to come to the worst, the war has already produced conditions which sooner or later would turn the victory of evil into its defeat. At the present moment, no form of military triumph is possible to Germany which would enable her to fulfill any of the evil dreams with which she entered upon the conflict. Her victory would leave

her faced with problems which she could not solve, and before which she would inevitably fall.

II

When the war is over the civilized world will have upon its shoulders an economic burden which, when we seek to express it in figures, may well appal the stoutest heart. Exhausted credit, depleted resources, reduced man-power, shortage of food-supplies, will be universal. Great communities have been scattered and disorganized, cities have been devastated, fertile regions turned into deserts, ships sent to the bottom of the sea. Millions of homes have lost their breadwinners and are mourning their dead. In this condition the world will find itself faced with the burden of economic tasks so enormous that centuries will hardly suffice to liquidate them. The robbers who set out to sack the world's treasure-house will find that the treasures have sadly diminished.

Viewing the burden in its purely economic aspect, there is one condition and one condition only on which it can be borne by the communities to whose lot it has fallen. *It can be borne if, and only if, they unite in bearing it.* The nations of the civilized world will have to make their choice, and to make it quickly, between peace, friendship, coöperation on the one hand, and economic ruin on the other. Nothing short of an immense effort, continued through many years, and to which every one of the belligerents must be a coöperant party, will suffice to avert the disaster which now threatens mankind. If we imagine that effort made, made on a world-wide scale and in a spirit of loyal union by all the parties concerned to make it, the result would be an enormous accession of economic power, and we can well believe that in its presence the difficulty would be overcome. If we imagine the contrary conditions, each nation fighting for its own hand economically, or the world divided into two groups, in which the present military war is prolonged into an economic war, with the attendant wastage and destructiveness, our hopes of recovery must be correspondingly diminished and the extreme case must vanish altogether.

There is a disposition in many quarters to treat the economic problem on a national basis, or, at least, on a group basis. But I am convinced that a strict consideration of its nature will reveal it as a world-problem which can only be solved internationally. The United States possesses peculiar advantages which may seem to give exemption from the extreme form of the peril, but it may well be doubted if these, great as they are, would make America a real exception to the rest of the world. So far as the other belligerents are concerned, the case is quite clear. They will be confronted with economic conditions which they cannot meet without each other's aid. They must choose, as I have said, between coöperation and ruin. The task is so great that nothing short of a combined international effort can accomplish it. 'Goodwill or downfall' must be the motto of them all.

And not only must loyal coöperation be the law among the nations in their totality. It must be equally the law among the various groups, classes, parties, and individuals in each of the nations concerned. In the immensely difficult conditions that await us *after* the war we shall find a new application for the lesson we have learned *during* the war — the lesson of working and enduring together, the weak not shrinking from their share, the strong willingly accepting more than falls to them on a counting of heads. Sacrifice and effort will be demanded all round, and that on a scale yet greater than that to which the war has accustomed us.

Everything depends on the response. If by one means or another capital and labor can be brought to an accommodation, if classes can be induced to sink their jealousies and suspicions, and if we can all make up our minds to pull *together*, then we shall assuredly pull *through* and pull through triumphantly. We shall then look back on this war as having taught us the lesson that brought us at last to our senses; and good will come out of evil. But if the old misunderstandings still flourish, if our industrial life is to repeat the old process of wasting its best energies on internal strife, I see nothing but confusion and defeat in store for industrial civilization. In all these matters we have come to the parting of the ways. We must either change our temper and our methods, or we must perish.

Now, mere propaganda will never induce us to undertake so vast a reformation. Words such as I am writing now, even if they possessed a thousandfold the little force they have, would never induce us to do it. But that which words and propaganda cannot effect is often, as I have said, forced upon mankind by the march of events. It is these things that will compel us to make our choice. And for my part I cannot doubt that the choice will be rightly made — not all at once, of course, not without sharp reminders additional to those we already have, but in the long run and inevitably, and perhaps sooner than present indications seem to warrant.

The capacity for acting together which the war has revealed in each group of belligerent nations is so remarkable that we may well expect that it will develop still further and achieve the last result of a world-wide coöperation. I anticipate that the next development of the coöperative spirit will take this form. Under pressure of mighty and, let us hope, beneficent, forces which act from beyond our control, it will start as a movement toward the unity of nations, toward closer relations in the family of mankind as a whole. Beginning thus as a world-movement and working from the circumference inwards, it will profoundly modify the ethos and internal structure of each individual state. The *spirit* of coöperation — vastly more important than the letter — will thus be let loose; it will be introduced into the general atmosphere of human life, and slowly but surely the attitude of classes, parties, and individuals to one another will fall into harmony with its promptings.

There is another consideration which goes far to confirm these hopes. Let us remember once more the human character of our problem. Like theology, progress is ultimately an affair of the heart. It is not to be measured by the social theories in circulation, by what is being currently thought or said about society, or by the actual laws that are in existence or under contemplation in consequence of these theories. Its true measure is the degree of *good fellowship*, of mutual trust and respect, which exists between nation and nation, between man and man. We advance just in so far as we learn to take pleasure in each other's existence; which is almost as much as to say that progress should be measured, not by the laws that we make, but by the laws that we can do without. The truly progressive society is not that which makes good laws to prevent bad men hurting their neighbors; it is the society in which such laws are less needed with the lapse of time; in which men behave themselves decently to one another, not because the police compel them so to do, but because they have no idea of doing anything else — the very keynote of 'loyalty.'

Such, I take it, is the true ideal of democracy. It is an ideal of good-will.

It is the fellowship of faithful souls; where common sense, good temper and kind feeling do the work of law. Its ultimate roots are in the human heart.

Can we foresee any progress on these lines as likely to issue from the present state of the world? I think we can. True, the signs of the moment are adverse; at least, many of them are. Hate rides the wind. But we need to look deeper. It is precisely when we think of the part that hate is now playing in the relations of mankind, that we have the best ground for predicting strong revulsions of feeling in the near future.

The economic burden is by no means the only fact from which we may draw the hint of a coming fellowship. In the course of the war ten million men have been slain, the population of a flourishing state, and Mr. Gerard has told us that if their bodies were placed in a double row they would reach from New York to San Francisco. Surely we may predict that, when this and all that it implies is contemplated in the calmer times that are to come, those ten million dead will become a sacred possession common to all the belligerents. Shall we not say hereafter that every one of the ten million was a partner with every other in performing a great act of 'atonement' for the human race? Royce at least would have said so, and I think we may take it that he was a true prophet.

The American people can hardly be strangers to this thought. Has not their own history made them familiar with it? I know not what remnants of bitterness may still survive, but is there not a point of view from which the patriotic American, as he looks back on the Civil War, loses all sense of distinction between the men who fell for the cause that triumphed and the men who fell for the cause that failed? Are they not *all* America's dead? Is not their faithfuless a common heritage? May not the North say to the South and the South to the North, 'Thy dead are mine, and my dead are thine. They bore the chastisement of our common peace and even by their stripes we are healed.'

I do not despair of living to see the day when, in the capital of each belligerent country, and in its great cities, monuments will be erected to the mighty host of the fallen, *on which no distinction will be drawn between friend and foe.* Round them will be gathered the men and women of all nations. 'We suffered together, we bore the same sorrows, we made the same sacrifice, we paid the same price.' From some such simple confession, now impossible perhaps, but by no means impossible in the great revulsion of feeling that is sure to follow, the 'hope of the great community' will be brought one stage nearer to its realization.

On these grounds I cannot but believe, in spite of the surrounding darkness, that the stars in their courses are fighting for the ideas which Royce left with us. Such a monument as I have described in the last paragraph would be also, I conceive, the most fitting monument of my friend; and where could it stand so well as on American soil? We all know what Royce thought of the war, of the cause at stake, and of his country's destiny, now so splendidly fulfilled. We all know where, beyond the issues of the war, his heart was fixed. His memory would be honored by a monument which should thus embody his deepest thought. Is it inconceivable that we who were his friends or disciples may one day combine in erecting some tablet or piece of stone, on which he who taught us to believe in the great community and the millions who died to make it real may be commemorated together?

WHY TEACH?

BY ROBERT M. GAY

It is hard to convince a business man that college teaching is work. My business friends, although they may envy me for nothing else, envy me for what they are pleased to call my leisure. One of them, who sat behind a window in a bank and with nicely modulated hauteur regarded those who approached, never failed to congratulate me on my spare time. Even though my deposits and withdrawals did not seriously affect the yearly reports of his institution, he could unbend to me as one softens toward a care-free child. I was one who lived apart from the machinery of business, supplying it, as it were, an occasional meagre drop of oil — one to be protected from the flying spokes and pistons. 'Naughty, naughty,' he seemed to say; 'must n't touch!' when I ventured a remark on the condition of the 'street.'

Not very many college professors ever looked in at his *grille;* I guessed this, and therefore did not begrudge him his patronizing airs and graces. In his eyes I was a learned infant, not the less in need of a nurse because I was too old to have one. I took his advice in good part and let him bask in my atmosphere — not exactly paradisiacal, but in some degree supramundane or interlunar (not to say mildly lunatic). He had never been at college himself and his ideas of college professors were ingenuous. I think that he pictured me as one likely to boil my watch and time it with an egg, or to pat my own child's head on the street and say, 'Whose little boy are you?' He had many such stories, always of college professors, and he enjoyed them so much that I gave him several others. This made him still more glad to see me; for a tired business man likes to have something to chuckle over during his hours of recuperation.

I was especially interested in his notions of my employment. I had once told him that I taught twelve hours a week, and his arithmetical brain instantly fell to figuring. After a minute or so, he whistled softly.

'Gee!' said he; 'leaving out Saturdays and Sundays, that makes only two and two-fifths hours a day! And do you mean to tell me they pay you good money for that?'

'But that is n't all I do,' said I.

'No, of course not,' he assented delicately: 'you have to read up.'

'Yes.'

'But even so, after a year or two you must know your subject pretty well, and then —'

He paused with a faraway look on his face, as of one who was gazing on and on and on through interminable vistas of leisure.

It would have been too bad to disturb his dream, and I left him. When I appeared a month later, however, his first words were, —

'Did you say twelve hours?'

'Yes,' I returned; 'but you remember I told you that that is not all I do.'

'No, of course,' he agreed reluctantly; 'I've thought since that you have to write your lectures.'

'I never write lectures,' said I. 'I don't believe in it.'

'Holy cat!' said he.

The man behind me coughed significantly and poked me in the back. I moved on once more, and left my friend the teller shaking his head over me.

At my next visit he was very arch.

'You're not overworking, I hope,' said he.

'No more than usual,' I replied.

He took this for humor and laughed.

'I suppose,' he continued, 'that if you professors worked like us business men, you'd all be dead in a month.'

'Yes, possibly,' said I, 'but not of overwork.'

And once more I left him, this time to puzzle over my occult remark. What he made of it I do not know.

When my business friends think that they know me well enough, they invariably quote Bernard Shaw to the effect that 'those who can, do; those who can't, teach.' They except present company, of course, for they have no desire to hurt my feelings; yet they really cannot resist the quotation. I am not sensitive, probably because I have not the business man's admiration for doing (in all senses). I realize, too, that Shaw's apothegm might read with equal truth or falsity if, instead of 'teach,' the last member was 'preach' or 'talk' or 'write,' all of which verbs express Mr. Shaw's own specialties; and to turn the point of a jest against the jester is always cheering.

It is the lack of practical advantages and material rewards that makes the business man dubious of teaching as a profession. In any practical sense it certainly is the most futile of professions. Possibly the business man, contemplating himself as one product of teaching, catches a hint of the futility — But that is neither here nor there; commonly enough, at any rate, he cannot see why any human being should pursue a vocation the results of which are so impalpable. A physician cures diseases and makes money; a lawyer wins cases and makes money; even a clergyman, although he makes little money, secures conversions and fills churches; but what, what does a college professor do?

I am inclined to echo the query. I do not know what he does. There are many obvious answers, of course. He educates, whatever that may mean; he passes on the accumulated information of the race — at least, he tries to do so, though perhaps he and his clan, when all is said and done, remain the sole carriers of most of it. He may be popular with his students, but is as liable to be unpopular or to be merely tolerated. He earns little money. All things considered, is it any wonder if the practical man, looking over the professor's rewards and recompenses, seizes on his vacations — that is, the time he spends in *not* practicing his profession — as the most tangible?

Here and there a teacher frankly admits that he teaches chiefly for the vacations; and it would be affectation for any of us to pretend that we do not like holidays, even though they may be one cause why, during the rest of the year, we work at all hours of day and night, and seldom have time for the business man's slender solace of thinking how tired he is. They can hardly serve, however, as a sufficient initial inducement for becoming a teacher.

Most teachers, I suppose, wonder at times why they are teachers. When they are despondent, they say that it is because one dark day they began; when they are sentimental, they say that it is because the profession is altruistic; when they are cynical, they say that it is because one must pay one's bills. There are so many pleasant professions which they might have entered. The grocery business, for

instance, has always seemed attractive to me. Think how well one could study human nature across the counter, and how richly one could catch the 'local color' of the neighborhood. Weighing out sugar, too, might count as a contemplative man's recreation, and measuring spices and condiments from the corners of the world would give a fillip to fancy. Even better would be the old-book business, despite its mustiness and dustiness, because of the opportunity it would afford for unmethodical reading — the only kind worth anything. To dip into bundle after bundle of old books, taking them as they chanced to be brought in and without an inkling of the contents, would be even better than browsing in a library.

My interest in these pursuits has been only now and then acute, or at most has been of the nature of an intermittent fever; my desire to be a farmer threatens to become chronic. I have observed, in fact, that all college professors dream of some day becoming farmers; some wishing to grow potatoes, some pickles, some pigs, some peaches, some pigeons. Each has his specialty 'in Spain.' Mine is strawberries and raspberries, chiefly, although chickens and apples are not far behind.

I used to subscribe to the *Rural New Yorker* and the *Farm Journal*, but they were so scornful of 'farming on paper' that I had to give them up. Farming on paper is really rare sport. I have planned entire farms, drawing them neatly on paper, with dotted lines to show the rows of berries and crosses to indicate trees. I have planted my crops, and cultivated them, harvested them, marketed them — always at a surprising profit, and without a moment's worry about weather, caterpillars, birds, or beetles. My hens have all laid two hundred eggs a year; my berries have all sold for twenty-five cents a box. Not a cow ever had hoof-and-mouth disease; not a pig ever had cholera. My farm was always situated on a New Hampshire mountain-side, overlooking lakes and rivers and sunsets. A soil which in reality produces blueberries and sweet fern, where it does not extrude rocks, on my farm is a foot in depth, as soft and moist as brown sugar, and fertile as an English meadow.

In view of such inducements to enter other vocations, I am surprised myself that I have continued to teach. There must be something that keeps me at it, and I can only conclude that I do keep at it because I like it, because it is good fun. Not all my brethren seem to find it fun, or, if they do, they 'take their pleasure sadly'; but perhaps they are weightier people than I. If they have convinced themselves of recompenses in the profession that I cannot discern, I will not begrudge them.

To the business man the idea that one can enjoy teaching is novel. Perhaps his memory of his school-days is not rosy, but full of irksomeness. Get him to talk about his teachers, and he usually begins with Mr. X, who 'flunked' him, continues with Mr. Y, who was a victim of his tricks, and ends with Mr. Z, who was an ignoramus ignominiously unveiled. Obviously, no man who taught him could be happy; *ergo*, all teachers are disappointed men or incapables or pedants. The logic is shaky, but popular. Whatever the premises, the conclusion is that teaching is not a man's work.

This observation leads me to another that we will consider parenthetic. It is that the favorite fiction of teachers is the reverse of that of the general run of men. Both imaginatively embroider their youth; but the latter usually convince themselves that they were much lazier and wilder boys than they really were, while the former even more

strangely delude themselves into thinking that they were much more diligent and studious.

To return to our subject, the answers to the question how to be happy though teaching are many. If one is a propagandist, one may look upon the classroom as a forum in which to promulgate socialism or sex-antagonism or social service or love of poetry or agnosticism. If one is a moralist, these may not seem equally valuable to the recipients; but in that case one can be very happy combatting the views of one's errant or erring colleagues. Since, following Emerson's law of compensation, Nature has seen to it that there shall be no lack of moralists in the profession, all perhaps works out well in the end. If one is utilitarian, one may make efficiency an idol and devise the neatest systems of gauging intelligence, regulating study-hours, composing syllabuses, and imposing quizzes, until recitations proceed with the pressure and dispatch of an engine-room, and the product can be measured in kilowatts and foot-pounds. If one is a sentimentalist, it is pleasant to study the personalities of one's students, encourage their advances, listen to their spiritual histories, and mingle one's sighs with theirs, or even one's tears. Once more, if one is lazy or is endowed with a strong sense of professorial dignity, one may deliver lectures with the impersonality of an oracle; as who should say, 'Take it or leave it; I have spoken. But ask me no questions, and do not speak to me on the street.'

These are all workable conceptions of teaching, but they are all complicated and burdensome. Perhaps even here 'it is the lazy man who takes the most trouble,' for in this modern democratic world nothing is harder to achieve than aloofness; but the others all seem to me to suffer from the teacher's special complaint, hypertrophied conscience, an enlarged sense of duty. This is an insidious disease aggravated by faculty meetings, educational magazines and conventions, college presidents, and pedagogical cant. The Psalmist had it in mind when he wrote, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.' The cure of bad cases is difficult; when the disease is advanced, alleviation is hopeless. Would we 'cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart, therein the patient must minister to himself.'

We have in this world all kinds of organizations for making bad people good and good people better, but I know of none for making too-good people — well, let us say, normal. We have all known people who would have been greatly benefited by an occasional 'spree,' with perhaps a night in jail, but whom no one is courageous enough to corrupt. It is not their fault that they are so good: all the forces of their social circle work to make them more respectable.

Analogously, all the forces of the educational world conspire to make us teachers more conscientious — a good deal as if a well-meaning friend, wishing to help Sinbad the Sailor, had filled the pockets of the Old Man of the Sea with cobblestones. This may be good homœopathy, but, as we have seen, in these cases the patient must minister unto himself. Now, the business man has long since recognized the value of mottoes and maxims, and hangs them, neatly printed and illuminated, wherever he can see them often. Seeing 'Do it now,' and 'Have you said "Thank you" and "Good-day"?' and 'Close the door softly,' a hundred times a day, he sometimes remembers to do it now, and say 'Thank you,' and close the door without banging. Similarly, I suggest that we teachers adopt a few maxims to serve as palliatives or alteratives for conscientious hypertrophy, such as,

'Beware detail,' or, 'No matter what you teach, the student will learn something else,' or, 'Hammer essentials,' or, 'Teach for twenty years hence.'

Time has a magic sieve which works as does no sieve known to the tea-merchant or the ash-sifter. If you are sifting bird-shot and bullets, you can prophesy which will pass through and which will not; but the sieve of Time, which we call 'memory,' has a disconcerting way of retaining the little and releasing the big quite as often as of acting as a normal sieve. Perhaps it is because little things have become crystallized while the big things are still amorphous, liquid. If they are so, it is the teacher's fault: he has taught pettily, not largely; he has hammered details, not essentials, and has taught for to-day, not for twenty years hence.

It is amusing what things we remember from our own teachers: from one, an anecdote; from another, a scrap of information; from another, a point of view; from another, a conviction; and, sad to relate, from many, nothing. They talked to us, let their personalities play upon us, advised us, scolded, bored, cajoled. Undoubtedly, the sum of their influence went to make us different from what we should have been without it; yet often the last thing we remember about them is the facts they taught us. The one who made us work hardest may be the least remembered, and the one through whose classes we dozed and dreamed may be speaking to us clearly still.

There is nothing depressing for the teacher in this. I suppose that it can all be summed up in a maxim or two more: 'A little man never really taught a large subject'; 'A teacher is as big as the man inside him'; 'In teaching, as in art, there is no good work without joy.' I should like to develop each of them at length, but the impulse to do so probably has its source in conscientiousness. Let us 'beware detail.'

THE CASE FOR HUMILITY

BY R. K. HACK

I

During the last year, there has been a sharp revival of interest in educational reform. Everything which we thought was safely tied has broken loose from its moorings; and it is natural that we should be in desperate search of guidance in those fields of activity which promise us some measure of control over our future. I do not wish to suggest that there is any shortage of guides; on the contrary, they are presenting themselves in abundance, and they are all perfectly confident that they know precisely what we must do in order to guarantee that the next generation shall be well educated. But I do wish to suggest that there are at least two difficulties which prevent us from accepting their guidance. Not only are they at war among themselves concerning the way in which we should go, but they have failed to achieve the

humility which is indispensable to genuine reform.

We have only to recall the recent literature of the subject in order to be convinced that these difficulties are real. Our experts are divided into two rival classes; and they are spending more energy in the pursuit of dialectical victories than in the search for truth. This battle of the experts has of course its amusing side; and we have been familiar with it for centuries under the name of the battle of Ancients and Moderns. But the public is growing weary of being amused. We want guidance; and instead of giving us what we want, such men as Mr. Abraham Flexner and Professor Shorey are exchanging eloquent abuse. That is the first difficulty; and it is serious enough. But if it becomes manifest that neither party to this quarrel has taken the trouble to found his programme of reform upon a confession of wrongdoing, then we shall have to request their resignation as guides, reduce them to the ranks, and proceed to think for ourselves.

Now, it is notorious that a confession of sin is not worth much unless it is personal, unless it is made by the man or the party or the nation that committed the sin. It does not require much humility to confess the sins which some one else has committed. And the Humanists and the Moderns are both engaged in the delightful task of confessing each other's sins. Examine Mr. Flexner, who is a typical Modern, and you will find that his writings are one long denunciation of the way in which Latin and Greek and mathematics and history are taught. Current teaching, says Mr. Flexner, is an abominable failure; and so is everything which is connected with it, subjects, schedule, and teachers — all these Mr. Flexner would have us throw away as rubbish. Afterwards, Mr. Flexner would have us set up a shining new school, in which there are to be only new subjects, new methods, and new teachers; but we must not allow this part of the programme to distract our attention from the negative and abolitionary section. It may for a moment appear that the Modern is making a genuine confession of wrongdoing; but only for a moment. Fortunately there is a simple and sure test which we can apply to him.

Mr. Flexner and his fellow Moderns never by any accident begin their 'confessions' by saying, '*We* have done wrong'; on the contrary, they always begin by enlarging upon the blackness of the sins which the Humanists have committed. And that is not a sign of humility; that is not a doctrine which is calculated to awaken us to a sense of our own failings. We are only too willing to listen to accusations which are brought, not against ourselves, but against some third party. We know that something indeed is wrong. Here is a world in chaos; and our need was never more bitter that the next generation of men should have more control over themselves and their destiny than we have attained. And in the face of these facts the Moderns come and proclaim to us that the trouble lies, not with us, but with the Humanists! The future will be secure, if only we will make the Humanists serve as the scapegoats of the present; and so the Modern, with the lash of his derisive satire, bids us drive from the City of Learning all the old and evil 'traditional' subjects, Latin and Greek, history and literature, and with the subjects those who are engaged in teaching them.

The Modern, therefore, is proudly confessing the sins of the Humanists; and the fact that some of the sins are real and others imaginary is no reason why we should accept the Modern as our guide to a better education. The Modern not only fails to point out to us

wherein we have erred: he does not even know that we have erred. He is literally telling us to reform by sinning harder; and to a world which has for ages suffered from the blind tendency of men to worship power and wealth for their own sake, a world whose chiefest sins are abuse of power, tyranny, and greed, — in the very midst of a war in which science and industry have at man's bidding been combined into a single instrument for the destruction of men, — the Modern proclaims that the proper thing to do is to make the education of the future exclusively scientific and industrial. That is Reform — with a vengeance!

Until the brain of the Modern is stung sufficiently awake for him to realize that science and industry are not divine, being supreme over man, but are mere tools which man has made for his own service and which, like every tool, are susceptible of abuse, the Modern will continue not to deserve his reputation as an expert in education. He is so busy confessing the sins of the Humanist that he has lost all contact with the world about him. His doctrine sounded plausible enough in the years before the war; but to-day that gospel of the nineteenth century has an odd and pathetic ring. For how many years have men fought and suffered and died in the naïve faith that science would make them whole! Science, of course, is knowledge; and knowledge is not virtue. But what a terrible price we are paying for that simple lesson! And it would be ridiculous, if it were not tragic, that Mr. Flexner and his fellow worshipers of science should always be insisting that they and their doctrines are peculiarly modern. They were modern, in the last century; but they withered, let us hope forever, in 1914.

Before the Modern departs to the ranks, let us recall his one virtue. It can scarcely be called an intellectual virtue, but it is none the less precious on that account. The Modern does at least believe that our education is susceptible of improvement; and the realization of this fact is an indispensable preliminary to reform.

II

Now let us turn to the Humanists. Let me say at once that I have the utmost sympathy with what the Humanist represents. It is the business of the Humanist to understand and to interpret the record of man's spiritual achievement, as it is presented in history and art and literature; and there is no nobler business than that, and none which ought to be a surer guaranty that the men who follow it should be able to give the public expert advice upon educational reform.

But unfortunately the Humanists have contracted a habit of never appearing in public except to damn the Modern. They confess the sins of the Modern with fully as much delight as the Modern confesses theirs; but we have seen reason to believe that this game of vicarious confession has been unduly prolonged. The Humanists must bear their share of the guilt. You cannot help a man to reform simply by telling him that you will be quite contented if he does not become any worse than he is now. And that is just what the Humanists are always doing; for their conception of reform is negative. They have been attacked so often by the Modern that they have come to associate the very idea of reform with the specific 'reform' which the Modern proposes. And because the Modern proposes to reform by abolishing humanism along with the Humanist, the Humanist very naturally — and very foolishly — dreads reform just as a child might shrink from eating bread if he

were constantly told that bread would poison him.

Examine Professor Shorey's brilliant essay 'The Assault on Humanism,' and you will see that Professor Shorey is not unlike such a child. His essay is an excellent piece of polemic. He ruins all the so-called facts and figures and arguments presented by Mr. Flexner; and then he sits down in the midst of the wreckage and exults because another reform is dead. His choicest epithets are reserved for those who are silly enough to believe that any intentional improvement in education is possible. All such people are 'impatient revolutionaries'; and they have always had the incredible folly of thinking that education, as it is, is a 'no less unsatisfactory and bungling makeshift than marriage, government, the distribution of property, or life itself.' In other words, Professor Shorey feels that it is just as stupid to believe that education is susceptible of improvement as it is to believe that the institution of marriage, government, the distribution of property, and life are also susceptible of improvement. And yet, if Professor Shorey is right, the human race is in a bad way, and we are doomed to perish with our sins upon us. If we cannot help ourselves, then surely the gods will not help us.

The only gleam of hope which Professor Shorey allows to penetrate is his reminder — addressed to the 'disdainful Humanist' — that 'these crudities are inseparable from the wasteful process of human evolution, and that the final outcome of agitation is sometimes a good unforeseen by the agitator.' Now, it may be all very well for the lower animals to put their faith in evolution and the passage of time, though I doubt if the lower animals find the results much to their liking. But surely the 'disdainful Humanist' goes too far when he ventures to give such advice to men. Let us have less disdain, and more humanism. It is not the summit of wisdom to deride all reform merely because Mr. Flexner is called a 'reformer'; and the policy of obstruction, which has too often been practiced by the Humanists, will prove, if they adhere to it, fatal both to them and to humanism. Change is sure to come, in education as in everything else; and the only question for the Humanist and the public is whether these changes shall be made in accordance with an intelligent plan or by the Mr. Flexners of this world. The Humanist therefore must abandon his complacency, which is a hard task, and set about the construction of an intelligent scheme of reform, which is a still harder task. But he may lighten these labors by reflecting that the alternative is suicide.

III

We have now examined the two principal classes of educational experts, and we have found that they are engaged in a stupid and distracting quarrel. Each of them is vaguely aware that our system of education is imperfect; but what remedy has either one of them to propose? The Humanist advises us to let things alone; and in so doing he forgets that neither humanism nor common sense has anything to say in praise of men who have let things alone. It would be difficult to imagine a remedy more frivolous, if it were not for the Moderns, who have surmounted the difficulty, and who advise us to sever our bonds with the past and to worship science and industry. The very magnitude of their error sheds some light upon the direction in which we must search for the truth; and it is the direction of the search which really matters, inasmuch as the absolute truth is and will remain inaccessible, and all that we can hope for is an

approximation. Let us therefore avoid condemning the Moderns and their proposals as useless. Their utility as a warning cannot be exaggerated.

The Modern is still dreaming. To every one except the Modern, it has become plain that science and industry are not panaceas. All men, except the Modern, are aware that knowledge is not virtue, and that our science, which has endowed us with vast powers over nature, has signally failed to enable us to control ourselves. This is the confession of sin which we must prefix to any scheme of reform: *though masters of the world, we are not masters of ourselves.* And therefore the problem of education is essentially the same as the problem of government: how shall men subdue their own desires and turn them into the channels of right action? If it is possible to discover some of the reasons why we have failed in this effort to attain self-mastery, then it will also be possible to suggest what new demands we must make of education, and in what ways the system that has broken down must be amended.

Fortunately there is no need to resort to abstruse metaphysical argument. The catastrophe which has overtaken the world has its origin in a sort of absent-mindedness; and it is precisely like the lesser catastrophes which penalize absent-mindedness in the individual. Between the ridiculous errors of action which we find in all the anecdotes of absent-minded men, and the tragic criminality which characterizes the actions of a Prussian autocrat, lies a kinship too close to be denied. Between the philosopher who walks with one foot in the gutter and the nation which invaded Belgium there are indeed many differences, but in this one respect they are alike: *they do not know what they are doing.* The Germans believed that they were so acting as to secure for themselves a glorious and happy future; and the vast interval between their belief and the fact is the measure of their absent-mindedness.

Transpose and heighten the maladjustment of consciousness to action which makes the philosopher laughable; intoxicate a nation with power, drug it with self-worship, drill it into insensibility; and you will produce a nation which is far less aware of what it is doing than was the philosopher. But absent-mindedness which is so transposed and heightened becomes no laughing matter; and the maladjustment of consciousness to action which, on the lower plane, endangered only the individual, may, if it spreads through a whole nation or body of nations, endanger the world. In the present crisis, when hatred runs high, it is fatally easy to believe that Germany was the only nation which was thus infected. But the truth is that the rest of the western world was suffering from the same malady.

Examine the record of the nineteenth century, of the epoch which closed three years ago, and you will find that it is a record of increasing absent-mindedness on the part of men and nations who imagined that they were doing one thing but who were actually engaged in doing something else. They imagined that they were making the future secure by their feverish activity; they imagined that they had only to devote themselves to science and to industry in order to be happy. But, as a matter of fact, the whole tendency of their activity was to make the future insecure; and their blind faith in science and industry is being repaid by the unspeakable misery of war. The relation between their former faith and their present misery is plainly one of cause and effect. How should a world which thought that it was already saved pay attention to what it was doing? Since men believed in automatic progress, it

was only natural that they should abandon themselves to the task of multiplying wealth and power in every form, and that they should cease to inquire whether these vast new powers were likely to be well and wisely employed. It was only natural that they should come to regard Germany, which was first in science and industry, as a model nation. But there is one respect in which their faith in automatic progress is startlingly unnatural. It is easy to comprehend the results of their faith. But how could their faith be so profound? How could an age which boasted of its knowledge of the past fail so completely to profit by human experience?

The nineteenth century failed because it refused to make the incessantly renewed effort of attention to past and present, the effort which is the price of consciousness; and the extent of its failure is measured in the most positive manner by the shock of the awakening in 1914. We are familiar enough with the fate which overtakes a man who fails to make this effort of attention to past and present; we say of him that he is incapable of learning by experience. But what shall excuse our folly if we refuse to apply this familiar lesson to the nineteenth century?

No power on earth or in heaven can save men from making mistakes. But there does exist a power which can save men, *if they will but make the effort to use it*, from making the same mistake over and over again. In the case of the individual, we call that power memory; and we say that in memory is stored the past experience of the individual. But we are always forgetting that the mere storage of past experience in memory does not in the slightest degree guarantee that the individual will not repeat the mistake he has already made, and therefore does not guarantee his self-control and his mastery over the impulse of the moment. On the contrary, it is notorious that all his memory and his experience will go for nothing, unless he puts forth an effort of voluntary attention. Without that effort to understand his past, to grasp it, and to carry it with him so that it may illuminate the decisions which life forces him to make in the present, he cannot be free and he cannot be master of himself; and just in the proportion that he relaxes that effort, he loses his hold upon his past experience and upon his humanity, and sinks back into an existence like that of the lower animals, bestial, dominated no longer by his own spirit, but unconscious, the slave of instinct and of impulse, mechanically carrying out activities of whose direction and tendency he is unaware.

Such was the fate of the nineteenth century. Lulled into a false security, it lost its hold upon the past experience of the human race; and men abandoned their minds to the oldest of all delusions — to the belief that the possession of power is the sufficient pledge of a happy and virtuous future. Under the influence of this delusion, they divinized every form of power; but most of all, they worshiped science and industry, in the blind assurance that science and industry would save the world. And thus they made once more an ancient and deadly error. How ancient an error this is, and how often men and nations have succumbed to it, it would be impossible to say. History, which is the memory of the race, records the irretrievable ruin which has overtaken those men and those nations; but the men of the nineteenth century suffered all the precious experience which is implicit in history to go to waste, and they relaxed the effort to comprehend and to vivify the past, until in the later decades before the war men came to regard the study of the past as frivo-

lous and unpractical, and under the cover of this mad delusion began to expel the study of the past from its last strongholds in school and college.

IV

What then must we do if we would win some measure of control over ourselves? There is no easy way. The price of this control is an intense and painful effort of attention to past and present, a struggle to pluck ourselves out of the pit of unconsciousness into which we had fallen. Our first need is to get rid of complacency, and to substitute for it a humble recognition of our vices of thought and action. Faith in science and industry has survived the war; and we must shake ourselves free from the lying 'philosophies' and the evil systems which that faith has begotten. This means, of course, that we must accomplish a conversion of our whole attitude. In regard to government, such a conversion is already taking place, in thought as well as in fact; and the philosophies of the state which were fashionable a few years ago are rapidly crumbling.

But in regard to education, the first moves have yet to be made. Here are Mr. Flexner and his associates, still bound, as if enchanted, within the limits of the old delusion. We must leave them to their fetish-worship, for they are probably incurable.

But what shall we say of the current educational practice and theory, upon which Mr. Flexner made so violent an assault? Is it so good that it deserves to go unchanged? Shall we join Professor Shorey and the Humanists, and abandon it to the lovingkindness of evolution?

The changes which a genuine conversion demands of us will indeed be radical. Education has during the last century become more and more a drill designed to produce power; but we must make of it a path to freedom and to self-control. Instruction in science will be a part of our plan, and a necessary part. But the greatest failure of our educational system, the weak point toward which we must direct our energies, is not the instruction in science, is not the instruction in history and literature and the humanities in general, although there are abundant and serious defects in that instruction. The weak point is the very fact that *we have relied upon instruction to produce educated men.* We want, that is to say, a certain result, in the shape of men who are free and self-controlled; and we have been attempting to get that result by a complicated mechanism of instruction and drill. The tragic absurdity of such a process consists in the attempt to treat living human beings as if they were so much matter, and as if any mechanical process could take the place, in a student's mind, of that prolonged and constantly renewed effort which must be furnished from within by each student for himself. Look at the history of education during these last decades, and you will find it a record of innumerable alterations in curriculum and in methods of instruction. Every one of these alterations has been designed to perfect the working of the machine and so to afford an absolute guaranty that the product would be correspondingly improved. But it was inevitable that failure should result from every alteration which was based upon such a mechanical philosophy; and so our colleges struggled on, enmeshing themselves still more deeply with each new attempt, trying one device after another, and constructing a hierarchy of administration whose sole function was to keep the clumsy machine, somehow or other, going.

The truth is that no mechanism of instruction will produce the result

which we desire. It is obvious that the faith in such a mechanical process is next of kin to the faith in science which blurred the minds and perverted the purposes of men; and if we are capable of learning by experience, we shall remake our whole system of education in the light of a principle which is not new, but which is in fact as old as civilization. This principle teaches that freedom and self-control must be won by each man for himself; and the installation of this principle in the heart of our educational system will mean that hereafter the chief emphasis will be placed upon learning and not upon instruction, upon the effort of the student *to acquire and to understand* and not upon the ways and means by which facts are presented to him.

This effort to acquire and to understand is aborted by our present system, as life is always aborted by mechanism. We are commonly told that the American student suffers from every intellectual vice: he refuses to think for himself, has no interest in intellectual pursuits, crams his lessons by sheer force of memory, and shakes off his apathy only to devote himself to the frenzied diversions of sport or of social ambition. As a statement of fact about the American student, this is not altogether untrue; but as an accusation implying that the student is responsible for these defects, this is addressed to the wrong quarter.

To what sort of an intellectual world is the American student introduced? He attends a specified number of classes each week; he is compelled to memorize the facts and theories contained in the lectures and in the assigned reading; and at the end of about four months he is compelled to take an examination on the subject-matter of the several courses which he is following. If he passes the examinations, he has automatically deposited to his credit in the college 'office' a fixed mathematical fraction of the degree to which he aspires. To obtain the degree, he has only to repeat the same process through four years. In different colleges, this process is varied in many ways; but in all colleges, the requirements are complicated, and in all colleges they are so designed as to prevent the student from obtaining the degree without having undergone a certain minimum amount of instruction.

It is not at all marvelous that such a system fosters the very apathy which it was intended to prevent. Now, if we adhere to our principle, we shall indeed realize that no system will produce educated and self-controlled men; but we shall also realize that the least that we can do is to insure that the system shall be, not a hindrance, but an aid to the attainment of that difficult end. Lectures and curricula and examinations we must have; but the knife must cut away the countless entanglements which we have so thoughtlessly built up. To mention one point only, scores and hundreds of courses are offered each year; and all fields of learning have thus been split into sections and sub-sections. The degree, as we know, is awarded to a student when he has 'passed' some sixteen of these fragmentary courses. What chance has such a student to put forth the effort of attention to past and present on which his self-mastery depends? His time is frittered away in the performance of petty fractional tasks; the whole weight of the system encourages him to memorize, and his occasional attempts to add understanding to memory are baffled by the apparent lack of relation between one series of facts and another.

Worst of all is what happens to the student when he approaches the study of the past. We have seen what critical importance must be attached to such study, provided that it consists in an

attempt to grasp the experience of the past and to make it one with our own experience; and we know therefore that the calling of the Humanist is a high and difficult calling. How then has the Humanist — the teacher of history and of literature, of Latin and Greek and philosophy — fulfilled his duty of interpretation of the past?

It must be said that the Humanist has every reason to practice the virtue of humility, and to set about mending his ways. Little by little, the worship of science and the methods of quantitative analysis and of external measurement have spread throughout the humane disciplines and have sapped their vitality. The past is the record of the struggle of the human spirit to win dominion over external nature and to win dominion over itself. The history of man's relations to external nature is therefore but a portion of that record; and it is not the more important portion. Keenly interested as we must be in the history of science, it is the other half of the record which is of first importance; and it is the function of the Humanist to deal with the other half, to tell the story of the human spirit in its strife for self-mastery. And since that story has not been one of unbroken progress, since the victories won have always been incomplete, and since the failures have stained the world with blood and suffering, it becomes the duty of the Humanist to take account of the failures as well as of the victories, to show us how men have slipped into unconsciousness and barbarism as well as how men have sometimes achieved a partial vision and a partial liberty. For human life continues, and the failures of which men have been guilty in the past are our failures also.

But during the last century humanism has been perverted by the almost universal worship of science; and the quantitative methods which have served men so admirably in the measurement of matter have been imported into the study of art and literature, history and philosophy. These methods, misnamed scientific, are no more capable of dealing with the human spirit and its history than a bayonet is capable of 'civilizing' the man into whom it is thrust. They assassinate the spirit, and leave only the body behind. In the majority of our histories, and even in the study of art and literature, these methods have done their perfect work; and in place of the living organism, they have given us a huge body of dead facts, linked together by a facile determinism, or restored to a semblance of life by some mad and private thesis of the author. So, for example, Mommsen turned his history of the Roman Republic into a glorification of absolute military monarchy; and his genius cannot blind us to the fact that he thus lent his genius to the service of evil. So, for example, the 'scientific' students of Homer seized upon two immortal poems, analyzed them into distorted and writhing fragments, and then assured a naïve world that these fragments had no author. There would be no end to the accumulation of such folly, if the Humanists were to continue the employment of such methods; and it would be a waste of time to enumerate examples. The libraries are full of examples; and under them the history of the human spirit is buried.

We shall therefore say to the Humanist that he has misconceived his duty. He should be the last of men to preach a gospel of quietism; he should be the last of men to obstruct change, provided that it be made in the direction of self-control. For change in that direction is always accompanied by an effort to understand the past, and such change is of the very essence of humanism.

It is the lack of that effort, it is the

blind contempt of the past, which, united with the worship of science, stamps the proposals of Mr. Flexner as an assault upon liberty; and it is quite true that educational 'reform' of that sort would be a disaster.

But it is also true that genuine reform is desperately needed; and before our educational system can furnish us the help that it should, the Humanist must learn to practice humility, to abandon his faith in the mechanical and quantitative methods which belong to science, and to set about the task of reinstating the past in the present. If the Humanist will do his part, he will not be always on the defensive against the attacks of the materialist; instead, he will fight for a positive end, the primacy of the human spirit. Otherwise, the humane disciplines will perish one by one; since it is not Latin and Greek alone which are now in danger, but our whole understanding of the past.

THE MILITARY GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM.

I

THE entry of the British troops into Palestine has brought the war into a country which has probably been more fought over than any country in the world. If Palestine had not had greater fame as the Holy Land, its geography might well serve as a textbook for the complete history of military strategy and tactics, so interesting have been the combinations of forces that have met on its few roads and in its narrow valleys, so long and varied the story of its battlefields. The geography of Palestine has been exhaustively treated from almost every point of view save that from which the writer approaches it in this paper. Now that Palestine has become one of the campaigns of the war and that not the least important, it may be interesting to gather up some of the leading facts in its long military history which throw light on the present campaign and on the political future of the country.

A great advantage which a writer on the geography of Palestine has is that he is dealing with names of men and places that are, to English-speaking people at any rate, as familiar as the figures of his own history, and the names and places of his own country. The United States, indeed, largely owing no doubt to the great part that Puritanism played in its early history, has borrowed very freely from the Bible for its own place-names. It has three Jerusalems and nineteen Salems, two Bethanys, ten Bethels, two Bethlehems, three or four Zions, two Shilohs, six Hebrons, and five Carmels. These are trivial instances, but they show how close the place-names in Palestine have lain to American sentiment and they make of its geography almost a home subject. Some it will offend as a sort of desecration to associate these place-names with the mili-

tary jargon of this war; but more, it is hoped, will find their reading of Biblical history enriched by a new touch of realism and modernity.

Every geographer has pointed out that Palestine is arranged in longitudinal sections, — a coast plain, a hill country which is a prolongation of the Lebanon to the south, the deep depression of the Jordan Valley, and the hills east of Jordan. Between the coast and the blue hills of Moab across Jordan is a distance of barely more than one hundred miles, but in that switchback of a country you pass through every variety of climate. On the coast at Gaza you are really in Egypt, for the sea here is a backwater of the Nile, and the Syrian coast plain is a prolongation of the Nile Delta. From the plain you rise through rolling downs broken by narrow passes, the scene of so much fighting in the early history of Israel and in the Crusades, up the steep wall of the Judæan plateau, stony and barren for the most part, but with here and there a deep pocket of good land, down into the depression of the Jordan Valley, the deepest trench to be found anywhere in the world; and across Jordan are the highlands of Moab and Gilead, where you get keen frosts in winter and fresh heather-scented winds in summer.

From the south side there are only two ways in which Palestine has ever been invaded: one, 'the way of the Philistines' along the coast from Egypt, which is also the way of Sir Archibald Murray and General Allenby; the other, the way from east of Jordan, which was the way of the Israelites when they entered the country, and, later, of the Arabs. When the Israelites crossed Jordan near Jericho, they found the great wall of Judæa straight ahead of them; and for hundreds of years afterwards, until the time of David, they were never able to scale it. They trickled into Judæa by devious paths, and lost their individuality among the tribes of the country. The main body found their way into Samaria, and failing to gain access to the maritime plain, turned north and poured across the plain of Esdraelon into the hills of Galilee.

The whole history of the Old Testament Israelite is the story of the separation of the northern tribes in Galilee from their brethren in Samaria, and of the establishment in Judæa, at Jerusalem, of a new Jewish kingdom markedly different in character from the kingdom of the north: exclusive where it was tolerant and facile, and theocratic and spiritual, whereas the kingdom of the north was secular and material. The reasons for this difference were mainly geographical. Judæa was separated, not only from the rest of the world, but from the rest of Palestine, by deep ravines and difficult passes; it is the natural keep of the castle, and the same causes that made it so difficult for the early Israelites to capture it, made it later the citadel alike of the narrowest bigotry and of the purest faith. The rest of Israel lay more open to the world; and between Galilee and Samaria ran the great highway of commerce and war in the ancient Semitic world.

This road entered Palestine from the east near Beth Shan, followed the wide plain of Esdraelon which breaks the continuity of the Palestine Lebanon, crossed the hills by a low pass near Megiddo, and so became the coast road to Egypt. This great highway is the most important single fact in the history of Palestine. The Eastern gate at Beth Shan was never in their whole history in secure possession of the Israelites, but always stood wide open to invasion. This was the way by which Gideon's Midianites came, and later the Assyrians.

At the sea end of the plain there is another gate near Acre. This was the gate that Egypt held when Sisera, Egypt's 'prancing proconsul,' oppressed the Israelites under Deborah and Barak, by his Canaanitish levies in Galilee. This is the gate that Napoleon tried in vain to close from the sea during his invasion of Palestine. 'If it had not been for Djezzar I should have been Emperor of the East,' said Napoleon. Later in life, Djezzar and the Turks, thanks to the assistance of the English under Sir Sydney Smith, held the gate against all the French attacks, and Napoleon, afraid of leaving it open to a descent from the sea, of which since the battle of the Nile the British had undisputed command, had to abandon his schemes of conquest and beat a retreat to Egypt. Neither was this gate ever in possession of the Israelites.

A third gate into Palestine was at the south end of the Philistine plain at Gaza, and right through Jewish history, down to the time of the Maccabees, an enemy was always in possession at Gaza too.

Thus you had a great trunk road traversing Palestine; and the three principal points in it — the eastern end at Beth Shan, the southern end at Gaza, and a middle bastion in the neighborhood of Acre — were always in the possession of enemies. The Israelites of the Old Testament lived overlooking the bridge between Asia and Africa, and not a single point of vantage on that bridge belonged to them. This was the great cause of their political failure. From the southern end of the bridge came the Egyptian invader, from the eastern end the Assyrians; and the history of the Israelites on either side of the road is the history of a people flooded out of their valleys as the tide of invasion rushed in from either end, and forced them to take refuge in their hills, and then returning to the lowlands as the floods subsided.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if there had been no Philistines between the Israelites and the sea, and the ancient Jewish kingdom had become a maritime state. There is no word for a port in ancient classical Hebrew, and though the Israelites once or twice in their history touched the sea, it was only for a brief period. Despite the Song of Deborah, Dan did not 'remain in his ships'; perhaps she was only sneering at maritime ambitions which were destined never to be realized. Joppa was never Jewish until Sion Maccabæus took it at the end of the second century B.C. 'He took Joppa for an haven and made an entrance to the isles of the sea' — an exultant phrase that reveals the tardy satisfaction of an age-long ambition. Julius Cæsar, always pro-Jewish, allowed the Jews to keep Joppa, but there was of course no maritime future for them under the Romans.

If the Jews of the Old Testament had had Joppa, the history of the world might well have been different. The sea favors the small nations and enables them to play a bigger part in the history of the world than they could otherwise do. The Jews might have become a colonizing people like the Phœnicians, and have carried over the seas the political independence, which, imprisoned as it was on land, was crushed to death between the great military empires. They might even have fought against Rome side by side with Carthage, have turned the scale in favor of their ally, and have made the Mediterranean a great Semitic lake. In that case the great Mediterranean empire of the Saracens would have been anticipated by fifteen hundred years. The Jews of the northern kingdom, always more easygoing and less spiritual in nature than the Jews of Judæa, would have given their stamp to the national char-

acter, Palestine would not have been the head of the religious world, and the Jews might have acquired secular greatness at the cost of their fame in religious history.

Yet it is a hard fate for the Jews always to have been compelled to obtain religious fame at the expense of secular misery, and it is no wonder that they should have revolted against always being impaled on the horns of this dilemma. The modern Zionist movement is almost purely secular in its inspiration. It desires a distinctively Jewish culture in Palestine, but it has cut itself loose forever from the ideas of theocracy which Judæa imposed upon the country. If Jewish Palestine is ever to have a great secular future it must have access to the sea and command of it, if not in its own right, at any rate by the proxy of the protecting power.

II

The long wars, then, between the Israelites and the Philistines may be regarded as a struggle, in which the Israelites are almost invariably beaten, for the fresh air of the sea. The ambition of the Philistines was to get possession of the whole road between Egypt and the Syrian desert. The most famous of their battles — that on Mount Gilboa in which Saul and Jonathan fell — was fought right at the eastern end of the Plain of Esdraelon, and Saul's body was fastened to the walls of Beth Shan, which, as we have seen, is the eastern gate of the plain. Clearly the Philistines had all but succeeded in their ambition to cut Palestine in two, by their occupation of the great trunk road. And although the rise of Judæa under David restored the unity of Palestine, it was broken after Solomon's death by the division of Palestine into the northern and southern kingdoms — a division which was permanent, for it corresponded with two contrasting national ideals, of material success and of spiritual purity, of easy tolerance and of narrow formalistic orthodoxy, of the Sadducees and of the Pharisees. As a general rule, the northern kingdom, after Syria had been conquered by Assyria, leaned on Egypt, the southern kingdom on Assyria, the political principle being to be friends with next door but one; just as, in the Balkans, Serbia leaned on Russia for protection against her neighbor Austria, and Bulgaria on Austria because Austria was not her neighbor.

Whether from lack of enterprise or from policy Egypt in Biblical times never realized her opportunities in Palestine. The oldest letters in history — the Tel Anarna tablets — are full of complaints from the feudatory kings of Canaan about Egypt's refusal to protect them against marauders from the desert, including among these the Israelites themselves. Egypt often overran Palestine, but she never maintained her rule there; and when an enemy came, her friends in Palestine were left to look after themselves, like the Bedouin tribes on the Sinai frontiers in this war, when we retired to the Canal before the Turkish invaders. Yet there can be no doubt that, if Napoleon was right a hundred years ago in regarding Gaza as the key of Palestine and of Egypt too, the construction of the Canal, the railway (the great conqueror of the desert), and the aeroplane have vastly strengthened this view. The Sinai Desert, never impassable, is now, given time and command of industrial resources, hardly a serious obstacle. Some rectification of the Egyptian frontier there will have to be after this war, and the only question is, whether the frontier should be withdrawn from El Arish toward the Canal, or whether it should be extended so as

to include Palestine. It is hardly conceivable that the British should withdraw from the Egyptian frontier to the Canal after a campaign in which they have been successful; and if the frontier is to be changed it is much more likely to be moved forward so as to include the maritime plain and the plateau of Judæa.

There is a school of thought in Great Britain which is prepared to go much further than this. It is argued that under modern conditions of warfare there is no real security for Egypt unless the protecting power is also the protecting power in Palestine. But such an extension of military responsibilities in itself is highly distasteful, not merely to Liberals, whose traditional policy it is to oppose any changes that would involve the country in foreign complications, but also to many Imperialists and Conservatives, who dislike the addition of fresh protectorates which are unsuited to form part of an Imperial Union.

For this and for other reasons, the idea of annexing Palestine has, in certain unofficial quarters, sought to ally itself with Zionism, and it is maintained that by settling the Jews in the country, and reviving the old Jewish state, Great Britain could at one and the same time greatly strengthen her most dangerous land frontier in Egypt and render a service to humanity by removing its oldest national grievance. A society has been formed, with its headquarters at Manchester, which runs a magazine called *Palestine*, to promote these ideas, and which has had a *succès d'estime*. The British government has not yet fully disclosed its official policy, but undoubtedly this new alliance between Zionist ideals and British interests in the East is gaining ground and may have a profound effect on international policy. In consenting to this alliance, Zionists are of course thinking of the interests of Jewry, not primarily of the British Empire, for they are an international and not a national organization; but it is interesting that they should at present see in Great Britain their best hope of realizing their national ideals and should aspire to the status of a British dominion as that which gives most promise of its early fulfillment.

But circumstances of course may change, and one suggestion which has been put forward is that Palestine should be internationalized and that the best international managing trustee would be the United States, precisely because it is remote and has no selfish interests to serve. However that may be, it is curious to find this thousand-year-old problem of the relations between Egypt and Palestine still persistently awaiting its solution.

The maritime plain, which, in the hands of the Philistines baffled the ancient Jewish ambitions toward the sea, is valuable because it gives access to Esdraelon. To many, Jerusalem is the capital and centre of the country, but in fact it lies apart from the best and most valuable districts. There is no country in the world at once so open to invasion and yet so plenteously provided with strong places. Judæa toward the sea is protected, first by a sheer wall of hills, and then, in front of that, by a range of downs known as the Shephelah, crossed by few narrow and difficult passes. It was in these passes that the great historic battles of Palestine's history took place. The most famous of them all is Ajalon, just north of the route now taken by the railway from Joppa. It was here that Joshua bade the sun stand still so that he might have longer light to smite his enemies. It was up this valley that the Philistines pressed when their invasion made a crisis in the history of Israel which led to the establishment of the

monarchy. Here Judas Maccabæus won his greatest victories over the Greeks, and here Saladin and Cœur de Lion fought their battles.

Gisart, of the Crusaders, is the Gezer where David smote the Philistines; and here, too, just before the final cataclysm at Jerusalem, the Jews won a startling victory over Cestius Gallus, the Roman general. A second pass, the Vale of Sorek, which the railway from Joppa to Jerusalem follows, was the scene of many of Samson's exploits, and the recurrent battlefield of Ebenezer was in this valley. In the next valley, coming south, David killed Goliath, and further south still is the valley in which Sennacherib's army was stricken by the plague and came to grief. This last is the Wadi el Bizair, running across the hills from Hebron to Ashdod, and it was by this valley that the Turks in the last engagement in Palestine rushed down the reinforcements which saved Gaza for a time from the British attack.

The Hebrew prophets, who preached a policy of splendid isolation from the quarrels of Egypt and Assyria, were undoubtedly right if we accept their point of view in secular politics, which was conceived in the narrow selfish interests of the southern kingdom and its maintenance as a citadel of the pure faith. So difficult is Jerusalem to approach, that it would have been quite possible for the southern kingdom if it had pursued a strictly prudential policy, to maintain itself in isolation almost indefinitely. In his wars with the Greeks, Judas Maccabæus never had more than a mere fraction of the people actively on his side, but he managed to hold these difficult passes with the merest handful of men; and when he was finally beaten it was by a characteristically clever manœuvre of the Greeks, who marched right round the mountain walls of Judæa and slipped into the country by a pass in the south-western corner.

Napoleon very characteristically cut all these difficulties in his Egyptian campaign. He advanced northward along the shore, taking Gaza and Joppa on the way, crossed the hills at the low and easy pass of Megiddo into Esdraelon, threw out one detachment on his left to seize Haifa and besiege Acre, and then boldly advanced into the hills of Galilee, defeating the Turks under Mount Tabor. He entered Palestine in the second week of February, 1799; was at Gaza in the third week and at Joppa in the fourth week; began the siege of Acre on March 5; seized Safed in Galilee on March 31; and was ready for the Turks at Tabor at the end of April. Had he captured Acre and secured himself against the descent from the sea, there is no doubt that he would have kept Palestine. Holding the great trunk road from Gaza to Beth Shan, he had only to wait until Jerusalem, isolated from its supports, surrendered. The calculations of Vespasian and Titus seem to have been much the same, for they thought by occupying the great trunk roads to compel the surrender of Jerusalem and avoid the necessity of a siege.

Since this paper was written the world has learned with profound emotion of the capture of Jerusalem by Allied forces under General Allenby, who succeeded Sir A. Murray as commander-in-chief in Palestine. Having taken Beersheba and Bethlehem to the south, he reduced the port of Gaza which had successfully resisted Murray in the spring. Joppa soon fell, and Allenby, marching eastward into the hills, threatened Jerusalem from the north-west, while the force at Bethlehem, working to the northeast, completed the isolation of the Holy City, which was evacuated by the Turks and entered by the Allies in December, 1917.

III

Unless Palestine remains under the sovereignty of the Turk, — and after all that has happened that seems exceedingly unlikely, — its most probable future is as the home of the revived Jewish state — a state, which, in its governing principles of polity, will have far more in common with the old northern kingdom than with the narrow theocracy of Judæa. Arrangements would have to be made for the custody of the Holy Places, of which there are many, both Christian and Mohammedan, and only a Jewish state whose ideas have been strained of everything resembling religious bigotry, could, with fairness to other creeds, be set up in Palestine. About that there is not likely to be very much difficulty, for the Jewish character, in its long period of adversity, has lost its ancient religious intolerance, and indeed its besetting sin now is a too great adaptability and a too ready assimilation to other civilizations.

More serious, however, than the religious difficulties are the conditions under which the new Jewish state might be expected to become strong and self-supporting, whether as a dominion of the British Empire, or as an American territory (for this alternative should not, in the opinion of many Englishmen, be left entirely out of account), or as an internationalized state under the guaranty of a league of nations such as President Wilson contemplates. One of the conditions of progress which has already been discussed in this paper, is access to the sea such as the ancient Jewish state never had. The whole of the coast of Palestine as far north as Carmel, and including both sides of the great bay to the north of Carmel, Haifa, and Acre, would clearly have to be Jewish. The coast northward from Acre is cut off from Palestine by the range of the Lebanon, and is essentially a part of Syria rather than of Palestine. If the ancient glories of Tyre and Sidon, and of Antioch, are revived, it will be, not by a Jewish state, but by the power that holds Syria, and the maritime aspirations of the new Jewish state will be satisfied by the possession of Haifa and the ports of the Philistine plain, and by an outlet at the head of the gulf of Akbar, the old Ezion-Gaber to which King Solomon sent his ships.

But quite as important to the future of the Jewish state as access to the sea is a strong natural frontier to the north and a foothold east of the Jordan. The natural frontier of Palestine on the north is the old Dan, the modern Baneas, where the Leontes and the Upper Jordan are separated by the towering ridge of the Lebanon range. Baneas is the key of Upper Palestine, because it commands the only entry from the north. The Egyptian Ptolemies won Palestine from Syria at Gaza. Antiochus of Syria won it back from them near Baneas. The Franks and Saracens contended for it fiercely in the days of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem and an expedition sent by Louis, in the Ninth Crusade, after conquering all the Jordan Valley, had to withdraw because it failed to conquer Baneas. In possession of Baneas, the Jews, if they abandoned, as they should, all pretensions to the Syrian coast north of Acre, would have a natural frontier in the great range of the Lebanon and command of the only entrance from the north.

There are two military causes of the failure alike of the ancient Jewish kingdom and later of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. One is the failure to establish this natural frontier on the north, and the other the failure either to hold Damascus themselves or to keep it in the hands of a friendly power. All was

well with the Kingdom of Israel so long as it was on friendly terms with Damascus. But when Damascus fell to Assyria, Palestine too succumbed to the military depotism. Precisely the same thing happened to the Latin kingdom. Damascus in the hands of friends made a splendid bulwark, but its fall to the Turks was the beginning of the end of the Latin rule. Damascus is to the north what Gaza is to the south — the port of the Syrian Desert as Gaza is of the Sinai Desert; and it is most desirable, in the settlement of the northern frontier which follows the war, that the Jewish state should not only be firmly established on the hills of Upper Galilee as far north as Baneas, but should have friends at Damascus, which may be in the hands of the Arabs, but more probably will fall to the lot of the French.

If the arrangements in Galilee are satisfactory, we can imagine the Jewish state falling heir to the economic advantages which the Germans hope to secure by the project of the Bagdad railway. This railway was to drain the trade and wealth of Mesopotamia, — which under wise rule is destined to have a future as great as its past, — to the north and Constantinople. In the future this trade may be diverted through Galilee, along the 'way of the sea,' to Haifa. It is not generally realized how great a part Galilee played in the life of the Jews. Constantly overrun in Old Testament times, the Jews of Galilee were outside the main stream of national history. Later, it was the seat of an opulent Greek civilization, which the Maccabees missed no opportunity of ravaging; but when the great rebellion came under Nero, it was the Jews of Galilee who offered the most obstinate resistance from their mountain fastnesses, and sent the most gallant contingent to the defense of Jerusalem.

The rule of the Romans, who built roads to secure free communication from end to end of the land, brought about a greater degree of unity among the Jews than they had ever known before; and perhaps the Jewish rebellion was not the mad outburst of fanaticism that it is usually supposed to have been. Indeed, had the Jews been able to establish a working alliance with the Parthians, there is no reason why they should not have thrown off the Roman yoke. Nearly a century later, when the second great rebellion took place while Trajan was campaigning in Mesopotamia, it was the descendants of the Jewish exiles in Babylon who offered the fiercest resistance to his arms. With better organization, the Jews were numerous enough and able enough to do in the East what the Arabs did later. The Arabs, in fact, stepped into the shoes of Jews massacred by the Romans, just as the Turks later stepped into the shoes of the Arabs massacred by the Mongol invaders. In these later and tragic chapters of Jewish history under the Romans, Galilee, not Jerusalem, was the headquarters of Jewish nationalism; and Galilee, not Jerusalem, will be the great commercial and economic centre of any new Jewish state.

All the more important, therefore, is it that any new Jewish state should have room enough in Galilee to move freely, and a friend at Damascus who will give her a footing on the great inland sea of the Syrian Desert, the Mediterranean of the Semitic world, with rich and prosperous Semitic communities, Arab and Jewish, dwelling round its shores.

THE RETURN OF MR. SQUEM

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

'A GOOD-LOOKER and a high hooker!' This was the verdict of Mr. Squem upon Miss Cynthia Browne.

Professor William Emory Browne had been asked down to the country-house of his widower brother, on the ocean, to dine and stay the night, and his niece had written him to bring any one he liked.

The professor had at once thought of Mr. Squem, traveling representative of the Mercury Rubber-Tire Company, to whom he was indebted for services openhandedly rendered in a pinch — a railway accident. 'Just the way to recognize him,' thought the professor, and was rather comfortable. Indeed, reflecting upon the opportunity thus opened to Mr. Squem, he almost glowed. Behind was the feeling — a bit zestful — that in this way he would be exhibiting to his brother's household a unique and quite amusing person — providing the party with an experience. A singular blend of motives, which Mr. Squem could not possibly have understood.

Professor Browne's brother had come into the world and lived in the world with just one object — to make a million dollars. This he had done, and there seemed nothing more to say. Yes, one thing more: he had fathered Cynthia, now a girl of twenty-two, with the ghost of a soul-starved mother — who, in common with everything else, had stood aside for the million dollars — looking out of her eyes. The brother, the brother's daughter, and a Mr. Dudley Ledgerwood, were the people whom Professor Browne invited Mr. Squem to the country-house to meet — and to amuse.

Mr. Squem arrived in state, bearing a large suit-case and a hat-box, the latter's maiden appearance, though it had been a treasured possession for five years. The house and its scale impressed him, and particularly a fountain — copy of Verrocchio's Boy with the Dolphin — well placed before the main entrance; but he could not help feeling a certain bareness, not to say meagreness, in the room to which he was conducted by the very correct maid. True, Tony's Seven Chair Sanitary Shaving Parlor was not more immaculate, and if he knew a good bed, there it was; but the room lacked in color-warmth, — Mr. Squem thought of his own green carpet and red walls,— there were but three wall pictures, and they most unstriking, and the mantel was destitute of such decorative bric-à-brac, picked up at Atlantic City and elsewhere, as the guest loved. Mr. Squem noted these limitations, then adjured himself to 'quit knocking,' and proceeded to dress for dinner. He was the only one who did, the butler excepted, the three other gentlemen being in light summer clothes.

Miss Cynthia greeted him with frank cordiality; rarely had his 'pleased to meet you' received so warming a comeback. She was a thoroughbred — her features, her carriage, her total, persuaded Mr. Squem of that. Yes, a thoroughbred — a good-looker and a high-hooker! Her father came out of his million-dollar grave long enough to

assure the visitor that he was welcome, and then ceased to exist, and Mr. Dudley Ledgerwood bowed faintly, looking over Mr. Squem's head.

This Mr. Ledgerwood was a life-weary person of thirty-five, with the bored expression of one permanently waiting for a train. He seemed chronically tired, but not so tired as certain who encountered him. He had trained a really capable mind upon things which he was certain were affected by very few. He wrote — always from a quite Olympian standpoint — occasional reviews of books for magazines of limited circulation, and was suspected of having dark designs upon a Book of his own. He was bare of any convictions, their place being taken by a passion for being — different. So his life went in dissatisfiedly sniffing things. His thoughts were not intentionally other people's thoughts, or his ways, where he could help it, their ways. A mysterious providence had given him considerable money.

The dinner struck Mr. Squem as an all-right thing and function, although simpler than at some hotels he knew, and he wondered a bit that there was no orchestra. They had scarcely finished the soup before Professor Browne, thinking it time for the entertainment to begin, remarked, —

'Mr. Squem, though an active man of affairs, is no stranger to liberal culture. Perhaps he will tell you about his Universal History.'

'No good,' said Mr. Squem with decision, '*no* good! You see,' — he frankly took in the company, — 'I only got as far as the sixth grade — and you know you feel that, when you begin to shuck the day coach for the Pullman and have your clothes built for you and hang out at four-per hotels. You sure do. Something is n't there. I felt it after I got to giving sixty straight for a sack-suit, and after I got my car — some car, believe *me!* Well, I was telling the professor here how maybe I could put it there — the thing that was n't — by chewing up a thirty-five dollar Universal History I bought — something elegant and classy. But it was no go — no go. I want to tell you I lit into that thing for fair — loaded up on the pyramids and the Monroe Doctrine and radium and a lot of other things. But it did n't put over what was n't there, — not one little bit, — and I kept on getting up against people who made me feel it. So I say it was no good, — relish an olive, Miss Browne? — I give it to the Home for the Friendless.'

'Lamentable!' said Mr. Ledgerwood. 'Really' —

A diversion came at this point, the punctilious butler for the first recorded time spilling something. It was mushroom sauce, and a very little trickled down the left and right arms of Mr. Squem and Mr. Ledgerwood, seated side by side. The latter bent upon the man a look which might have penetrated armor-plate. He was extremely irritated and let it be seen. Not so Mr. Squem.

'Whoa, George!' — he beamed reassuringly upon the unhappy butler. 'I'm no Lillian Russell. No milk-baths for me!'

Miss Cynthia instantly covered up.

'So sorry,' she said, 'so very sorry!' And then hurriedly; 'Oh, I do so thank you, Mr. Ledgerwood, for the picture — my note was the poorest thing. Will you try to know what a satisfaction it is, and what a prize to own? I'm going to have it brought — my uncle must see it. You'll envy me,' she added to Professor Browne.

Then there was borne in, and placed for all to see, such a painting as Mr. Squem had never in all his days, outside a junk-shop, beheld; a copy of the Recanati Annunciation of Lorenzo Lotto; exceedingly old and dingy, and

with blisters here and there —a fearful wreck, in a woefully tarnished frame! Why was it there?

'Well enough,' said Mr. Ledgerwood with languor, as candles were shifted here and there before the canvas, 'and by way of being early — fairly early. Of course it's been "comforted" a bit. The vehicle is reasonably clear, with something of the original's subtle qualities of tint.' (He had cribbed this phrasing from Mr. Berenson.) 'The lights and shadows, too, are treated with — ah, genuine science, as there. Does the cat here at all suggest the lion of the Hamburg St. Jerome, Professor Browne?'

Professor Browne was — as Mr. Ledgerwood devoutly hoped would be the case — unable to say, and further conversation permitted a display of impressive connoisseurship — worth giving a picture for any day. At length the professor turned to the silent and still astonished Mr. Squem.

'What do you think of the picture?' he asked. 'How does it appeal to you?'

What Mr. Squem really thought, and what he had for some moments been affirming to himself, was that the whole thing was enough to make a man swallow his tonsils. What he said, surveying the cat affrighted at the angel, was, —

'Some scared pussy!'

A silence followed, which at length pricked him to a sense of his guest's duty. 'Just been out to Denver,' he said, 'over the Q. First time in years. It's a spry burg, and no shrinking violet, either. Something happened to me there once.'

'Tell us about it,' urged Professor Browne with ringmaster's readiness.

'Well, you see it was this way — no spinach for me, thanks. I was on my first long trip. Had n't been west of Pittsburg before, and I never hope for a ride like that again. Gee! those brush-balls rolling over the prairie — hundreds and hundreds of 'em rolling and rolling! Spookish things. And the wooden-toothpick fence-posts — miles and miles of *them*. Then old Pike's looming up, not twenty minutes off, you'd bet; near enough to spit on, you'd say, but staying there, just staying there, for hours! A Denver man in the seat ahead says, "I *thought* it would make your jaw drop on your wishbone" — and he was right. It was great!'

'*Hæc olim*,' volunteered Mr. Ledgerwood, with a touch of chill.

'We did n't stop at that place,' said Mr. Squem. 'It was an express. Well, I went into the diner an hour this side of Denver, — anything I can reach you, Mr. Browne? — and when I'd squared for my meal, do you know, I had just sixty-seven cents left? Sixty-seven cents, — and I did n't know a soul in Colorado, — not a soul! Figured I'd be about three days too soon to find a draft from the house, and my only baggage was one of these bird-size grips. Well, I took a hack at the station for White's Palace Hotel, — it hurt me fifty cents, — and I stood up at the green-marble counter and hancocked the register and asked for my mail. Nothing doing, as I supposed. No mail. So there I was, a right smart from home, as they say in Baltimore, with nothing I could put up for my board and nobody in the state I could strike for a dollar. They'd had an awful pest of hotel dead-beats, too, with smooth stories, just before — and *me* there, with seventeen cents!'

'What a situation!' said Miss Browne. 'But surely there was the telegraph.'

'Nobody was taking any chances on collect-wires East,' said Mr. Squem. 'They'd as soon set up mileage to Chicago. *That* would have meant a swift kick. As I said, others had been

there before me, and some of them were doing time right then.'

'What *did* you do?' Miss Cynthia was keen with the question.

'I went and bought a shave,' said Mr. Squem. 'I needed it. While the mahogany brother was mowing me, — it was a tonsorial parlor I was in, not a shop, — he says, "You need a hair-cut," and I says, "I need the *price*," — and told him all about it. "Why," he says, "you look good to me. Have the hair-cut, and this shave, too, on the place, till you get your letter. Sure, that's all right."'

Mr. Squem fingered his demi-tasse a moment, then said slowly, —

'That coon was sure an answer to prayer; I *was* up against it. He'll never know what he did for me, but I've never forgot him. I've been giving twenty-five a year to Shiloh Baptist Church ever since. Well, I had the hair-cut, and a sea-foam, too, and got out of the chair and let him chalk it up. I wanted to celebrate some way, for my nerve was back, so I went to the bar and got a grown person's drink. It was fifteen cents, and I had two cents left. Then I leaned down by the bar and dropped the two cents in a spittoon and went broke.'

Miss Cynthia's eyes snapped.

'Then,' continued Mr. Squem, 'I walked straight up to the hotel desk, as independent as a hog on ice, — excuse me, Miss Browne, — and says to the lady-cashier, "Ten dollars, please, and charge to Room 17."'

'Aplomb!' interjected Mr. Ledgerwood.

'No, not a plum,' said Mr. Squem, 'a peach. She was a peach. She pushed the ten right across. Seemed kind of sorry I had n't made it ten more. I did, two days later, and it came just as easy. She sensed the confidence in me, see — the ginger that barber put there. I never could have done it without him. On the fourth day my draft came and I was on Easy Street.'

Mr. Ledgerwood had not enjoyed this narrative in the least, and the less because Miss Cynthia evidently had. She was not merely amused: she was positively — it seemed to him almost admiringly — interested. Said he, with an access of sourness, —

'*Chacun à son goût.* Traveling about in that happy-go-lucky way — with insufficient funds — smells of the *canaille.* It has a suggestion of vagrancy.'

'You mean I was going too short?' inquired Mr. Squem innocently. 'Well, just that morning I'd had a twenty-dollar yellow-back pinned to my undershirt, — excuse me, Miss Browne, — but I met a man on the train, — selling on commission he was, and business had been bum, — who'd been wired to come home to a mighty sick kid, and he had n't the money to get there. His mileage was out and he was going to be put off. So I had to unpin the twenty.'

Miss Cynthia leaned forward. 'That was *dear* of you!' she said impulsively.

Mr. Squem looked puzzled. 'Had to do it, of course,' he said. 'Anybody would.'

As the party rose from the table, he left a silver dollar at his place. He thought it might be helpful to the other man in evening clothes.

There were two hours on the porch in the summer-night quiet, to the accompaniment of some excellent cigars of Mr. Squem's providing. He had brought them along and insisted that they be tried. 'Yours are no good,' he jocularly informed the host. Professor Browne made some further effort to display his protégé, but Mr. Squem had noticed that the master of the house was treated as a sort of necessary furniture, and to the astonishment of the other two men actually succeeded in thawing him out and getting him

alive. It was a great surprise, and infinitely warming to Professor Browne's brother; and to Miss Cynthia it seemed a kind of beautiful miracle. She could not remember when she had seen her father's *eyes* light up or heard him laugh, and it made a catch in her throat.

As the evening wore on, she sat down at the piano in the open-doored room and began to play. Mr. Ledgerwood and Professor Browne continued an earnest discussion of some problem connected with Renaissance Art, but Mr. Squem fell silent before the music stealing to the porch from within. It was of a type unfamiliar to him, and he was sure it would not whistle. Under other conditions, it is doubtful if he could have held it music at all; but there was something in it, as things were, which strangely moved him, and there was an effect and a concord within, which, as it was not maimed by any attempted expression, made the spindling spiritual experience of Dudley Ledgerwood show as mockery indeed.

Mr. Squem sat on the edge of his bed in the twelve-dollar silk pajamas which he had bought expressly for this occasion, and, as he preluded sleep with a cigarette, thought about the stage of the evening and the persons of the play.

'Some swell shack,' he soliloquized. 'That big hall, — and the kid in the front yard squeezing the mackerel, — such things cost real money. But then, no dress-suits; and that ratty old picture — of all the cold gravy! — That man with the cocoanut whiskers,' — thus he recalled Mr. Ledgerwood, — 'he's some sour brother, but then he's sick. That's easy; he's a sick man. Professor Browne is the best ever. Let me do all the talking and hugged the wall; took a back-seat himself. George, *I* got to do more of that! That brother of his, poor duffer! All he needs is somebody to fuss over him and wake him up. Miss Cynthia!' — he hesitated, unwilling now to apply the complimentary phrase of some hours before. 'All to the good,' he sighed, and the music that would n't whistle was back with him. He surveyed himself at full length in a mirror door. 'It is n't there,' he said, 'not there!' And then again, 'All to the good!'

In another part of the house the butler showed a maid the silver dollar, which some way seemed to him more than money — seemed to have properties lacking in money.

'He is n't a gentleman,' he said; 'of course, not at all a gentleman. But he's all right — all *right!*'

In the drawing-room Miss Cynthia addressed Mr. Ledgerwood. 'Oh, I know,' she said, 'any one would say I was impossible if I were put in a story — or else that I'm one of the kind who run away with the chauffeur. But I've met a gentleman at last, — I don't care what you say, — a gentleman at last. You remember in *The Flight of the Duchess*, —

> So all that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
> This Duke would fain know that he was, without being it.

I've been thinking of that all the evening. Don't you see, — can't you see, Mr. Ledgerwood, — that we've had something *real* here to-night — that one of the old Dukes has been here?'

And then —

'No one can be a gentleman and feel being so. I've known the kind who feel being so. Mr. Squem does n't, — and he's a gentleman!'

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I AM all alone in the room.
The evening stretches before me
Like a road all delicate gloom
Till it reaches the midnight's gate.
And I hear his step on the path,
And his questioning whistle, low
At the door as I hurry to meet him.

He will ask, 'Are the doors all locked?
Is the fire made safe on the hearth?
And she — is she sound asleep?'

I shall say, 'Yes, the doors are locked,
And the ashes are white as the frost:
Only a few red eyes
To stare at the empty room.
And she is all sound asleep,
Up there where the silence sings,
And the curtains stir in the cold.'

He will ask, 'And what did you do
While I have been gone so long?
So long! Four hours or five!'

I shall say, 'There was nothing I did. —
I mended that sleeve of your coat.
And I made her a little white hood
Of the furry pieces I found
Up in the garret to-day.
She shall wear it to play in the snow,
Like a little white bear — and shall laugh,
And tumble, and crystals of stars
Shall shine on her cheeks and hair. —

It was nothing I did. — I thought
You would never come home again!'

Then he will laugh out, low,
Being fond of my folly, perhaps;
And softly and hand in hand
We shall creep upstairs in the dusk,
To look at her, lying asleep:
Our little gold bird in her nest;
The wonderful bird who flew in
At the window our Life flung wide.
(How should we have chosen her,
Had we seen them all in a row,
The unborn vague little souls,
All wings and tremulous hands?
How should we have chosen her,
Made like a star to shine,
Made like a bird to fly,
Out of a drop of our blood,
And earth, and fire, and God?)

Then we shall go to sleep,
Glad. —
O God, did you know
When you moulded men out of clay,
Urging them up and up
Through the endless circles of change,
Travail and turmoil and death,
Many would curse you down,
Many would live all gray
With their faces flat like a mask?
But there would be some, O God,
Crying to you each night,
'I am so glad! so glad!
I am so rich and gay!
How shall I thank you, God?'

Was that one thing you knew
When you smiled and found it was good:
The curious teeming earth
That grew like a child at your hand?
Ah, you might smile, for that! —

I am all alone in the room.
The books and the pictures peer,
Dumb old friends, from the dark.
The wind goes high on the hills,
And my fire leaps out, being proud.
The terrier, down on the hearth,
Twitches and barks in his sleep,
Soft little foolish barks,
More like a dream than a dog —

I will mend the sleeve of that coat,
All ragged — and make her the hood,
Furry, and white, for the snow.
She shall tumble and laugh. —
Oh, I think,
Though a thousand rivers of grief
Flood over my head, — though a hill
Of horror lie on my breast, —
Something will sing, 'Be glad!
You have had all your heart's desire:
The unknown things that you asked
When you lay awake in the nights,
Alone, and searching the dark
For the secret wonder of life.
You have had them (can you forget?),
The ancient beautiful things!' . . .

How long he is gone! And yet
It is only an hour or two. . . .

Oh, I am so happy! My eyes
Are troubled with tears.
Did you know,
O God, they would be like this,
Your ancient beautiful things?
Are there more? Are there more — out there? —
O God, are there always more?

KEEPING SCHOOL UNDER FIRE

BY OCTAVE FORSANT

I

Was I well- or ill-advised to open schools in a city which was almost daily castigated by shells? At the outset this experiment was judged diversely. I reopened certain schools at Rheims because, the city not having been evacuated, there were still many children there. I considered that, so long as there were pupils, even if no more than a hundred, there ought to be schools, not only to enable them to continue their studies, but to protect them against the dangers of the street. This was the twofold result sought, and attained: not only did the bombardments find not a single victim, either among the staff or among the children entrusted to our care, while so many other children were killed in the streets; but also, amazing as it may appear, the teaching yielded abundant fruit.

To secure our ends it was necessary to give the teachers very careful instructions, the execution of which I myself superintended. The most important were the following: —

To the Masters of Schools at the Front

'The "notice to parents" which accompanies this is to be posted on the door of the school, and must be read to every parent when the pupil is registered. The recesses will be as short as possible (5 to 10 minutes), and there will be no inter-class games. The children must never stand about in groups in front of the school. In case of an alarm they are to be assembled on the lower floors, preferably in the cellar, where they must be kept until the danger has passed. If the bombardment should begin at the hour of dismissal, the children must be kept in school until it has come to an end, whatever the hour. Lastly, I remind the teachers that it is their duty always to set the example of self-possession, and to do their best to reassure both pupils and families, to prevent over-excitement, and forestall anything like a panic. In case anything unusual happens, I must be informed instantly.

It is very important to have a lighted lamp always at the entrance to the cellar; to have the pupils drilled two or three times in going down into the cellar; and never to admit to the classes more pupils than the place can accommodate.

Almost all of these schools were closed and reopened several times under the threat of the German guns, especially during 1915, when the systematic bombardments of the city sometimes raged for several hours. Some of them, which were not more than 1200 to 1500 metres from the enemy lines, demanded a particularly careful oversight. The sessions were held in cellars. These were veritable 'schools of war,' and for that reason I called them by the names of our military heroes. Thus we had the 'Joffre' and 'Manoury' and 'Dubail' and 'Albert I' schools. The others, which were not so near the enemy as these, but still were within 3000 or 4000 metres, were carried on in the regular buildings.

The underground classes were installed in champagne cellars, that is to say, in immense passages dug in the chalk, whose ramifications were some-

times several kilometres in length. These offered almost absolute security, while indispensable hygienic conditions were complied with: the required number of cubic feet of air-space; sufficient ventilation by means of holes bored at regular intervals in the ceiling and communicating with the outer air; temperature always uniform and high enough (55° to 57°). The furniture and teaching paraphernalia were in all cases supplied by the nearest public school; powerful kerosene lamps — for electricity, and even gas, have been lacking in Rheims for three years — attached to the ceilings by the municipal authorities, furnished the necessary light. Manifestly, this was not all that could be desired, but it was enough to enable the children to work in safety. Although, on visiting these places of refuge in broad daylight, one was at first impressed by the dimness of the light, nevertheless the eye soon became used to it, and the effect was that of an evening in a village school.

Would you like some more precise details? Let us take, first, the Joffre School, in the cellars of the German firm of Mumm, which is to-day under sequestration. It is protected by three courses of reinforced cement and a thick ceiling of mortar and earth. Of the immense apartment nine or ten metres wide by forty long in which it is installed, it occupies only a portion about twenty metres in length, and is walled off from the vacant space by a double row of casks piled one on another. Within the school-room the three classes are separated from each other by partitions made of champagne cases, and to prevent dampness and increase the light the walls have been sheathed with straw matting covered with light paper. All these details give the visitor no chance to forget for an instant that he is in a champagne town.

To brighten these catacombs, each mistress decorated her class-room as best she could with the slender material available in a half-destroyed city. On the teacher's desk were flowers or green plants according to the season; on the walls, excellent engravings of military subjects, with a sheaf of the flags of the Allies; and, directly in front of the pupils, portraits of our great military leaders, with the national standard draped above them. On the floor above, the greater part of the storeroom is used for a cantonment, and the rest as a play-room for the children.

Established in substantially the same way, the Manoury School, down to August, 1916, occupied three immense 'tunnels,' four metres below the surface, in the Pommery warehouse; one for the school-room proper, one for recreation, and one for gymnastic exercises. The mistress herself always lived in the cellars, where, indeed, all her pupils and their families had their quarters also, for the enemy lines were so near (1200 metres) that it was impracticable to take pupils from outside. She had contrived an 'apartment' for herself in a small passageway not far from the schoolroom, and there she lived for two long years, going out very rarely; a severe experience, from which her health suffered greatly.

The Dubail School was not precisely a 'cellar' school, as it was installed in a room at the rear of a basement storeroom, protected by three courses of reinforced cement, and by heaps of dirt piled about it. It was lighted, rather insufficiently, by eight small air-holes, fifty centimetres wide, and had direct access to three cellars, one over the other, the lowest of which was not less than twelve metres below ground. The school consisted of a large room, some sixty metres by twenty, about three and a half metres below the ground level, and separated by a black canvas partition from the cantonment along-

side. The four classes occupied each a corner, and, thanks to the excellent discipline, the four teachers did not interfere at all with one another.

After descending the twenty steps of the dark stairway leading to the basement where the boys' school of Fléchambault is situated, you found yourself in a small room containing some sixteen to eighteen cubic metres, low-studded and so poorly lighted by a single narrow air-slit, that the children farthest from the opening could barely see to write. In the corner at the right an iron folding-bed served as a desk by day, and by night as a couch for the teacher. This was one of our most unsatisfactory establishments, and I had consented to the choice only because the district was frequently under bombardment, and the regular school-building had been hit. The most important matter of all was the protection of the children.

The organization of the schools which were carried on in their own buildings had no extraordinary features except that certain of them, as the Anquetil mothers' school and the mixed schools in the rue du Ruisselet and Place Bétheny, were held in the only rooms available in localities more or less exposed to the bombardment and sometimes half-demolished.

The active life of these swarms of children in close proximity to heaps of ruins, under the constant threat of the German guns, could not fail to create a profound impression on the visitor. As for the children themselves, the situation did not excite them in the least; for a long while they had not given a thought to it, any more than they thought of the danger of going through the streets of Rheims, where they played as soon as school was dismissed.

These schools were so satisfactory to the families of Rheims that we were obliged to take in, not only the children of those who had sought refuge in the cellars, — for whose benefit they were originally opened, — but also pupils from without, who came sometimes from a considerable distance, without thought of the danger. Indeed, the universal indifference to the risk involved — and also, I must say, a relative diminution of the activity of the enemy artillery — led me, at the end of 1915, to open such other schools in the usual quarters, as could still be utilized. The registration of these sixteen schools, which contained thirty-six classes, rose to almost 2000 children, 1500 of whom attended regularly.

II

The 'Journal' kept by each of the principals will give an idea of the diversified life in these establishments. For example, here are a few extracts from a record kept by Mademoiselle Philippe, who was at the head of the Joffre School.

'*February* 19, 1915. — Plainly they are aiming at this quarter in particular. Five persons were killed yesterday afternoon in rue du Champ de Mars close by, which has been so maltreated these last two days. On my way to school I pass great splashes of blood; the wall of the cemetery is spattered with blood and with pieces of human brains! . . . I was somewhat prepared for this ghastly sight. I had braced my nerves in anticipation; but it goes beyond all that I had imagined! Mesdemoiselles Charpentier and Schmidt, my assistants, soon arrived, completely upset by what they had seen. I have given them leave of absence for the afternoon. Madame Labarre and I will look after everything to-day; to-morrow is a day of rest for everybody.

'24th. — From noon to one o'clock the Laon faubourg was bombarded; Mlles. Charpentier and Schmidt, who

live there, cannot come; I keep the classes going, with Madame Labarre's help.

'26th. — I have just been through one of the most intensely exciting moments of my life. Just as the children were dismissed, an aeroplane under fire passed over the house. It is a not uncommon incident, but this evening I was restless and nervous. I put on my coat hastily and left the school at a rapid pace. I had hardly reached the cemetery when I heard a lugubrious hissing sound, followed by the *boum! crac!* that we know so well. I did not even turn my head, but ran across Place du Boulingrin and arrived at my baker's on rue de Mars all of a tremble. On the way I saw the clerks at Mauroy's laughing and joking on the street, deeply interested in the gait of a young horse which they were trotting up and down as if death were not hovering close by. I stopped a few moments. I heard nothing more, so I went on. But I had not reached the Hôtel de Ville when another bomb, then another, flew hissing over my head. I thought that it was all up with me! Such a dreadful explosion! A piece of the shell fell so near me that I thought I was hit. I rushed to the Hôtel de Ville, where I recovered myself and was driven back in a cab. . . . I am utterly exhausted. [Mademoiselle Philippe lived in the Paris faubourg, three quarters of an hour's walk from the school.]

'*March* 2. — A terrible bombardment during the night. This morning the centre of the city is on fire. No school; there are almost no scholars. I have made up my mind to live in the cellar beside my school.

'3d. — At half-past eleven I was lunching in the store-room on the first floor, as usual, when I heard a terrific explosion. I went down to the floor below, where a young soldier, surrounded by the employés of the house and several of his comrades, was polishing his shoes as calmly as you please. I learned there that a shell had just fallen on the building, near the concierge's box. Another explosion, followed by groans and heartrending cries of "Mamma! mamma!" Alas! children have been wounded. Where? It is n't in our store-room. We rush to the cellar where the school is, but the key has been taken away, and for several minutes — such long minutes! — we wait in an agony of suspense for that key, which cannot be found. And all the time those pitiful cries — "Mamma! mamma!" Through the door I see two soldiers carrying a wounded little girl. . . .

'Here is the key at last! Soldiers and workmen rush into our class-rooms, while the shells keep raining down. Soon a man arrives with his head and hands bandaged. The poor fellow, who has been temporarily deafened by the explosion, is looking everywhere for his eldest son — whom he will never see again! There are two dead, two fine young men of nineteen, intelligent and fearless, who laughed at the danger. The shell fell in the vat-rooms, bursting a reservoir. The rescuers had to take the dead bodies out of the water, so mutilated that their parents will not be allowed to see them. . . . Two families are cruelly stricken. In one the son is killed, the father, mother, and little daughter (one of my pupils) wounded. In the other, one son killed, the father wounded. I am in the most painful state of anxiety concerning some of my pupils who live in the Bétheny district and may not have had time to reach their homes during the lull. At last, as it has become quiet once more, I start for home in a cab. Certainly I shall move in here to-morrow.

'4th. — Many fewer pupils: three from outside did not come, although, luckily enough, not one of them was

hit; on the other hand, the employés are dazed with fright; the families that live in the building hesitate even to send their children across the courtyard. Yesterday's experience terrified everybody. The servant who came to put up a bed for me in my own school-room was almost killed as he crossed the courtyard. He brought us two huge fragments of a shell that fell near the lantern, without injuring anybody. A sleepless night. I heard innumerable noises, and in the last fortnight my nerves have been put to a severe test.

'5th. — The staff is complete this morning — Mlles. Charpentier and Schmidt also will live in the cellars. Hereafter my school-room is, by turns, kitchen, dining-room, and bed-room. At night they put two beds beside mine, for my two fellow teachers.

'10th. — We have received, by the kindness of a territorial, a package of chocolate from the school-children of Fouësnant [Finisterre], accompanied by a very pleasant letter. We distributed it among the children, who were very much pleased. One of them undertakes to reply to their little Breton comrades.

'16th. — A case of cerebro-spinal meningitis having appeared in the refugees' quarters, I am closing the school.' [On the 18th all the refugees had moved out.]

III

The Dubail School was no less severely tried. Not only did more than a hundred shells fall in its immediate neighborhood, but three damaged the building itself, and two actually fell in the school-room, although we had no fatal results to deplore, since the children were got out on time. The first, a 210, fell on March 6, 1915, a Saturday, at five minutes to nine in the morning, when the children and their teachers were assembled in the upper store-room ready to go down into the school-room; and the second on March 27, 1916, just as they were all going down into the cellar. There were also some other happenings not less noteworthy, as appears from the following extracts from the 'Journal' of the principal.

'*Monday, February* 8, 1915. — This is the opening day of the school, as announced by the only two newspapers still published in Rheims. This morning, some time before the hour fixed, a number of mothers were on hand with their children, in the store-room on the ground floor. The children were of all ages from four to twelve years, and very clean and neat. Some of them had even dressed up as they used to on the opening day. All those little creatures, who bow to the teachers on their arrival with such a radiant air, seem overjoyed to be at school again with their little comrades after such a long holiday. That is a good augury for their future assiduity and work. I have registered some new names, —I am up to seventy-six now, — and the parents have gone away after kissing the little ones they have placed in our charge.

'We all go down into the cellar. Assisted by my under-teachers, I go through a rapid examination in order to divide the pupils into three classes; and the lessons begin.

'How impressive it was — that first session in cellars less than two kilometres from the enemy lines, while from time to time shells passed whistling over our heads, to fall some distance beyond, hammering away at the city with a sinister rending crash which we shall never forget! Supplied with copy-books of all sorts and with old books often lacking several pages, all the children set to work with zeal.

'It was a lovely day. The sparse beams of the winter's sun which filtered through the ventilators in that

part of the room where I was, made a melancholy contrast to the yellowish light of the kerosene lamps set in the dark corners. And during the dictation exercise of the larger children, my thoughts strayed back to our fine school-rooms of the days before the war — so large and so pretty, above all, so healthy, with light and air pouring in in floods. What a change! To think that those 'bandits,' in order to force their *Kultur* on us, condemn us to burrow underground thus, with our poor children who cannot help themselves! And I thought: if a shell should fall on the building, what should we do with all these children? How terribly frightened they would be! And I — should I be self-controlled enough to prevent a panic? Yes, I simply *must!*

'Meanwhile the little children of the kindergarten stared with wide-open, startled eyes, but kept very quiet on their benches, apparently not at all at home. Thus discipline was easily maintained on that first day of school! Everybody worked with zest; and four hours of teaching pass very quickly. Really one would have thought that they were conscious of the part they had to play, of their duty — those little darlings who seemed to defy the German close by, following the example of their fathers who flout him in the trenches. With such children France cannot perish.

I had this afternoon 106 scholars (63 boys and 43 girls), and I am told there will be more to morrow. All goes well.

'*Tuesday, July* 20. — Children present, 174. This day will remain in memory as one of the most memorable of the dreadful time through which we are passing. For an hour and a half after midday, the district about the Dubail School was subjected to a most violent bombardment by large shells. It had been unusually quiet during the morning. Suddenly, just when we were least expecting it, there came a characteristic caterwauling, followed almost instantly by a tremendous explosion, while the square near by was filled with smoke, and fragments, large and small, of the deadly missiles fell in showers. My neighbor Floquet's house was hit. There was a general *sauve-qui-peut.*

Zzz! Another shell bursts thirty metres beyond, in the middle of the square. People hurry back to their homes and I go hastily down to my school-room in the basement. The shells are raining down on all sides, and for one full hour there is a frightful uproar throughout the city. A shell falls on the garden of the school and the last panes of glass in the last ventilator which had any left are shattered; the floor all about us is strewn with bits of glass. Since we are huddled together in the centre of the room no one is hit. At last, about half-past one, all is quiet again; we go out and learn that about fifty shells have fallen within a very short distance. No one was killed, most fortunately; but two persons coming from the bakery with their loaves were struck by fragments; one was severely wounded in the hand.

'About two o'clock the children begin to arrive, although explicit orders have been given that on days of violent bombardment the sessions are to be suspended. But they know that I am here, and as the bombardment ceased an hour ago, they want to tell me the news. "Madame, the Floquet bakery is destroyed," says one. "Leroy's mamma had a finger cut off," says another. "They seem to have struck the whole Dieu-Lumière quarter," adds a third. But there are few victims. The teachers who live near by soon arrive, and we begin the session in spite of all. There are 139 present. "Well, children, I want you now to describe in writing the bombardment we just had.

Tell all that you know, all that you saw or heard, and don't leave out anything." This evening I shall have an abundant harvest of information — and of information taken from life.

'*Sunday, July* 31. — In order to bring the school-year, filled with such tragic incidents, to a fitting close, it had been decided to hold a private reunion somewhere, in some well-sheltered place. But where? We did not know yet, but in some carefully selected spot, to which all the teachers would be summoned, with delegations of the children, and their parents if they wished to attend. Dr. Langlet, the mayor, and M. Forsant,[1] inspector of schools, decided that it should be held at the Dubail School. Up on the higher ground of the third district, if the shells come while we are there, we shall be able to await in a safe place the end of the shower.

'At half after nine on July 31, the 332d day of the bombardment, every child donned his or her holiday attire; sheafs of flags in the Allies' colors stood against the pillars and in the corners of the store-room; in the centre were the benches reserved for the delegations from the other schools; and at the entrance an unpretentious platform was arranged for some fifteen distinguished guests. The *poilus* of the nearest cantonment had turned to, with such hearty good-will, to assist me in making my preparation. Fathers all of them, those good territorials.

'The official motors arrive and the inspector receives the guests at the entrance to the school. As they start down the wooden staircase leading to the school-room, I give the signal for the first song, and 250 children's voices manfully strike up the Marseillaise. The whole roomful is on its feet with uncovered heads; it is a most impressive moment, when one reflects that we are not 2000 metres from the Boches! The slow, sweet rhythm of the second stanza, —

Amour sacré de la Patrie,

makes a profound impression; and the third, —

Nous entrerons dans la carrière, —

brings tears to many eyes. Enthusiastic applause, then, silence. The mayor is on his feet. In words of extreme gravity, throbbing with repressed emotion, Dr. Langlet congratulates the little children on their courage and their application, congratulates also their teachers, men and women, and pays tribute to the memory of those teachers of Rheims, whose names he recalls, who have given their lives for France. In conclusion he expresses his confidence in the destiny of the nation, and the hope that we shall soon see the sacred soil of our country freed from the pollution of the foreign foe.

'He is vehemently applauded, and the distribution begins. In addition to books, each pupil receives a diploma in recognition of his courageous assiduity.

'*Saturday, December* 4. — This morning, about a quarter to nine, I had nearly reached the school, when a shell whistled by and fell on the boulevard not far away. I called in all the pupils who were there, and we went down into the school-room. The teachers arrive, then more children in rapid succession, all out of breath; it seems that the shell landed in the centre of the square. The lessons continue nevertheless, although sometimes disturbed by the hissing of shells passing over. About ten o'clock the reports come nearer; I order the writing lesson stopped and collect the children on the staircase. At two o'clock, before dismissing them, I go up to the store-room. What a tumult! Courageous parents come running in to fetch their children, and I learn from them that bombs are falling on the

[1] The author of this paper.

boulevards and the streets near by. That is just where most of our pupils live. What is to be done? I turn over to the parents the children they have come for, but those who are left behind are unhappy: they cry, and want to go home. At last we persuade them to be patient and comfort them as best we can.

'How slowly the hands move! Half-past eleven — twelve! We are still waiting for the end of this horrible bombardment; we can't think of leaving. Half-past twelve — quarter to one. How long shall we be obliged to stay like this? There are a hundred or more children here, of all ages — and there is no way to keep them quiet. The larger ones, very excited, say insistently, "Madame, I want to go home, I'm too hungry. We've seen many worse ones than this, madame," The little children, too, are overexcited and nervous; I must put an end to it; in any case the bombardment is growing less and less violent. I have the children arranged in groups, according to the streets where they live, and place each teacher in charge of those who live in her neighborhood; I myself take the children from the Barbâtre and the neighboring streets. I tell them all that there will be no afternoon session, and give the following instructions: not on any condition to go along the boulevard; to go as fast as possible through the streets, and if they hear the hissing of a shell to lie flat on the ground. The groups are to start five minutes apart. Our children are calmer now; they understand me, and, in general, they realize the gravity of the situation.

'I set out with my group. I cannot deny that I am a bit anxious. The children press close to my side, hang on my arms, and stoop over from time to time when the shells whistle in the distance. Luckily, I get rid of them one by one all along the road, and on rue Montlaurent I deliver the last ones at their homes. What a relief!

'*Friday, January* 7, 1916. — Present, 255 pupils. To-day the session has been far out of the ordinary course. When they enter the school-room the children's curiosity is keenly aroused by two large chests. About half-past ten I have the chests opened and take out a number of little blue, green, and yellow bags which are placed on my desk in packages. All eyes question me. The children have seen similar bags hanging from the soldiers' belts, but surely these can't be for them! I distribute them among the children, who open them and find in each a pad and a pair of glasses. "Why, yes! that's just what the soldiers have!" They exchange conjectures and are unanimous in saying that the pad has a very bad smell. "But how can we use the things?" — "Attention! all watch closely. See: I put the pad over my nose and mouth; I pass the strings behind my head, bring them round in front, and tie them tight. Then I put the glasses on over it."

'After this there is little of the aspect of a school. The pupils laugh frantically and climb on the tables to see me better. I must look very comical for even the teachers have hard work to keep sober. I remove my mask. "It's your turn now, my dears; come on." And they go through the performance several times to be able to execute it well and quickly.

'*Monday, March* 27. — The session begins as usual, at half-past eight; I am giving a lesson in oral arithmetic, when all of a sudden my assistants, who have remained above, come rushing down to the stairway, crying, "The bombardment is close by!" — "Bring your children down instantly," is my reply. I am not greatly excited because of the frequency of the bombardments, which

very seldom reached the school. But suddenly a terrific noise deafens us: two shells have fallen on a house at the corner of the square, close by. The little ones begin to tremble and cry. Aided by my teachers, I quickly form them in groups — encouraging them the while — in order to take them down into the cellar. We have hardly begun to go down when we hear above our heads a tremendous crash, mingled with the noise of shattered glass. Another shell has fallen on the building, penetrating the first two concrete layers and smashing all the windows. The children who are a little way behind are terrified and begin to shriek; some soldiers who have taken refuge with us take them in their arms and quickly carry them down. The older ones, whom I am leading, remain perfectly calm; they go down quietly. Below we gather them all about us and comfort the most timid. When they see that they are safe, they soon grow quiet. But a few small girls keep on sobbing. I go up to them. "You must n't cry any more: you're out of danger now." But holding me, one by the apron, another by the hand, they say, "Mamma will be killed, madame! there is n't any cellar in our house." — "Papa was working in the square, madame! Suppose he did n't have time to run away?" — "Don't be afraid, children," I reply, kissing them; "your papa and your mamma won't be kilied; they will be able to reach some safe place. Your mamma will come to fetch you in a moment; it will soon be all over." My assistants meanwhile are comforting others.

'Our stay in the cellar lasted two hours. It seemed to us extraordinarily long. So far as most of the children were concerned, it was a surprise; and it ended by amusing them; they would have liked to go upstairs to see what was going on. Some of them talked with the soldiers, who gave them bread which they calmly set about eating. At last, about twenty minutes past two, hearing nothing more, I went to make sure that the danger was at an end. Some parents hurried in to get their children, and thanked us for taking them where they were safe. The pupils quickly came up two by two, each of the older ones leading a little one. I formed them in line, and each of us took charge of a group. Then I dismissed them for the afternoon.

'Despite the intense emotion we had undergone, we were very happy to have been able to take care of our dear charges. As for our unfortunate quarter, it was in even more deplorable case than ever: not a house uninjured! and I heard it said that there had been several victims.'

The result of the investigations that I made shows that during the thirty months that the schools were open, thirty-seven shells fell upon the school buildings and two of them went through the roof, — luckily while the children were absent, — into the rooms where the sessions were held every day. More than a thousand projectiles of all calibres fell within a space of less than 100 metres from the schools, in which space they killed seventy-six grown persons and eight children who never attended school. *Not a single teacher or pupil was wounded.*

(Next month the pupils will tell their stories.)

HIGH ADVENTURE. IV

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

SOMEWHERE to the north of Paris, in the *zone des armées*, there is a village, known to all aviators in the French service as G.D.E. It is the dépôt through which pilots who have completed their training at the aviation schools pass on their way to the front; and it is here that I again take up this journal of aerial adventure.

We are in lodgings, Drew and I, at the Hôtel de la Bonne Rencontre, which belies its name in the most villainous fashion. An inn at Rochester, in the days of Henry the Fourth, must have been a fair match for it; and yet there is something to commend it other than its convenience to the flying field. Since the early days of the Escadrille Lafayette, many Americans have lodged here while awaiting their orders for active service. As I write, J. B. is asleep in a bed which has done service for a long line of them. It is for this reason that he chose it, in preference to one in a much better state of repair which he might have had. And he has made plans for its purchase after the war. Madame Rodel is to keep careful record of all its American occupants, just as she has done in the past. She is pledged not to repair it beyond the bare necessity which its uses as a bed may require — an injunction which it was hardly necessary to lay upon her, judging by the other furniture in our apartment. Drew is not sentimental, but he sometimes carries sentiment to extremities which appear to me absurd.

When I attempt to define, even to myself, the charm of our adventures thus far, I find it impossible. How, then, make it real to others? To tell of aerial adventure, which is so gloriously new, one needs a new language — or, at least, a parcel of new adjectives, sparkling with bright and vivid meaning, as crisp and fresh as just-minted banknotes. They should have no taint of flatness or insipidity. They should show not the faintest trace of wear. With them, one might hope now and then to startle the imagination, and to set it running in channels which are strange and delightful to it. For there is something new under the sun — aerial adventure; and the most lively and unjaded fancy may at first need direction toward the realization of this astounding fact. Soon it will have a literature of its own — of prose and poetry, of fiction, biography, memoirs; of history which will read like romance. The essayists will turn to it with joy. The poets will discover new aspects of beauty which have been hidden from them through the ages; and as men's experience 'in the wide fields of air' increases, epic material which will tax their most splendid powers.

This brings me sadly back to my own purpose, which is, despite many wistful longings of a more ambitious nature, to write a plain tale of the adventures of two members — prospective up to this point — of the Escadrille Lafayette. To go back to some of those earlier ones, when we were making our first cross-country flights,

I remember them now with a delight which at the time was not unmixed with other emotions. Indeed, an aviator, and a fledgling aviator in particular, often runs the whole gamut of human feeling during a single flight. I did, in the course of half an hour, reaching the high C of acute panic as I came tumbling out of the first cloud of my aerial experience. Fortunately, in the air the sense of equilibrium usually compels one to do the right thing; and so, after some desperate handling of my 'broom-stick,' as the control is called, which governs *ailerons* and elevating planes, I soon had the horizons nicely adjusted again.

What a relief it was! I shut down my motor and commenced a more gradual descent; for I was lost, of course, and it seemed to be wiser to land and make inquiries, than to go cruising over half of France looking for one picturesque old town among hundreds of such. There were at least a dozen within view. Some of them were a three-hours' walk distant from each other. But in the air! I was free to go whither I would and swiftly.

After leisurely deliberation I selected one surrounded by wide fields which appeared to be as level as a floor. But, as I descended, the landscape widened, billowing into hills and folding into valleys. By sheer good luck, nothing more, I made a landing without accident. My Caudron barely missed colliding with a hedge of fruit trees, rolled down a long incline, and stopped not ten feet short of a small stream. The experience taught me the folly of choosing landing ground from high altitudes. I need not have landed, of course; but I was then so much an amateur that the buffeting of various currents of air near the ground awed me into it, come what might. The village was out of sight over the crest of the hill. However, thinking that some one must have seen me, I decided to await developments where I was.

Very soon I heard a shrill, jubilant shout. A boy of eight or ten years was running along the ridge as fast as he could go. Outlined against the sky, he reminded me of silhouettes I had seen in Paris shops, of children dancing, the very embodiment of joy in movement. He turned and waved to some one behind, whom I could not see, then came on again, stopping a short distance away, and looking at me with an air of awe, which, having been a small boy myself, I was able to understand and appreciate. I said, 'Bonjour, mon petit,' as cordially as I could; but he just stood there and gazed without saying a word.

Then the others began to appear: scores of children, and old men as well, and women of all ages, some with babies in their arms, and young girls. The whole village came, I am sure. I was mightily impressed by a haleness in the old men and women, which one rarely sees in America. Some of them were evidently well over seventy, and yet, with one or two exceptions, they had healthy complexions, clear eyes, and sound limbs. As for the young girls, many of them were exceptionally pretty; and the children were sturdy youngsters, not the wan, thin-legged little creatures one sees in Paris. In fact, all of these people appeared to belong to a different race from that of the Parisians — to come from finer, more vigorous stock.

They were very curious, but equally courteous, and stood in a large circle around my machine, waiting for me to make my wishes known. For several minutes, I pretended to be busy attending to dials and valves inside the car. While trying to screw my courage up to the point of making a verbless explanation of my difficulty, some one pushed through the crowd, and, to my

great relief, began speaking to me. It was monsieur the mayor. As best I could, I explained that I had lost my way and had found it necessary to come down for the purpose of making inquiries. I knew that it was awful French, but hoped that it would be intelligible, in part at least. However, the mayor understood not a word, and I knew by the curious expression in his eyes that he must be wondering from what weird province I hailed. After a moment's thought he said, 'Vous êtes Anglais, monsieur?' with a smile of very real pleasure. I said, 'Non, monsieur, Américain.'

That magic word! What potency it has in France — the more so at that time, perhaps, for America had placed herself definitely on the side of the Allies only a very short time before. Frankly, I did enjoy that moment. I might have had the village for the asking. I willingly accepted the rôle of ambassador of the American people. Had it not been for the language barrier, I think I would have made a speech, for I felt the generous spirit of Uncle Sam prompting me to give those fathers and mothers, whose husbands and sons were at the front, the promise of our unqualified support. I wanted to tell them that we were with them now, not only in sympathy, but with all our resources in men and guns and ships and aircraft. Alas! this was impossible. Instead, I gave each one of an army of small boys the privilege of sitting in the pilot's seat, and showed them how to manage the controls.

The astonishing thing to me was, that while this village was not twenty kilometres off the much-frequented air route between C—— and R——, mine was the first aeroplane which most of them had seen. During long months at various aviation schools I had grown accustomed to thinking that aircraft were as familiar a sight to others as to us. And yet here was a village not far distant from several aviation schools, where a pilot was looked upon with wonder. To have an American aviator drop down upon them was an event, even in the history of that ancient village. To have been that aviator — well, it was an unforgettable experience, coming as it did so opportunely with America's entry into the war. I shall always have it in the background of memory, and, if health and fortune hold good, it will be one of the pleasantest of many pleasant tales I shall have in store for my grandchildren.

However, it is not their potentialities as memories which endear these adventures of ours now. Rather, it is their contrast to any that we have known before. We are always comparing this new life with the old, so different in every respect as to seem a separate existence, almost a previous incarnation.

Having been set right about my course, I pushed my biplane to more level ground, with the willing help of all the boys, started my motor, and was away again. Their cheers were so shrill and hearty that they reached me even above the roar of the motor. As a lad in a small, middle-western town, I have known the rapture of holding to a balloon guy-rope at a country fair, until the world's most famous aeronaut shouted, 'Let 'er go, boys!' and swung off into space. I kept his memory green until I had passed the first age of hero-worship. I know that every youngster in a small village in central France will so keep mine. Such fame is the only kind worth having.

A flight of fifteen minutes brought me within sight of the large white circle which marks the landing field at R——. J. B. had not yet arrived. This was a great disappointment, for we had planned a race home. I was anxious about him, too, for I knew that the godfather

of all adventurers can be very stern at times, particularly with his aerial god-children. I waited an hour, and then decided to go on alone. The weather having cleared, the opportunity was too favorable to be lost.

The cloud-formations were the most remarkable that I had ever seen. I flew around and over and under them, watching at close quarters the play of light and shade over their great billowing folds. Sometimes I skirted them so closely that the current of air from my propeller raveled out fragments of shining vapor, which streamed into the clear spaces like wisps of filmy silk. I knew that I ought to be savoring this experience, but for some reason I could not. One usually pays for a fine mood by a sudden and unaccountable change of feeling which shades off into a kind of dull, colorless depression.

I passed a twin-motor Caudron going in the opposite direction. It was fantastically painted — the wings a bright yellow and the circular hoods over the two motors a fiery red. As it approached, it looked like some prehistoric bird with great ravenous eyes. The thing startled me, not so much because of its weird appearance, as by the mere fact of its being there. Strangely enough, for a moment it seemed impossible that I should meet another *avion*. Despite a long apprenticeship in aviation, in these days when one's mind has only begun to grasp the fact that the mastery of the air has been accomplished, the sudden presentation of a bit of evidence sometimes shocks it into a moment of amazement bordering on incredulity.

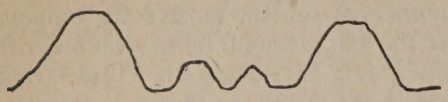
As I watched the big biplane pass, it was with relief that I became conscious of a feeling of loneliness. I remembered what J. B. had said that morning. There *was* something unpleasant in that isolation, something to make one look longingly down to earth; to make one wonder whether we shall ever feel really at home in the air. I, too, longed for the sound of human voices, and all that I heard was the roar of the motor and the swish of the wind through wires and struts — sounds which have no human quality in them, and are no more companionable than the lapping of the waves would be to a man adrift on a raft in mid-ocean. Underlying this feeling, and, no doubt, in part responsible for it, was the knowledge of the fallibility of that seemingly perfect mechanism which rode so steadily through the air; of the quick response which that ingenious arrangement of inanimate matter would make to an eternal, inexorable law, if a few frail wires should part; of the equally quick, but less phlegmatic response of another fallible mechanism, capable of registering horror, capable, it is said, of passing its past life in review in the space of a few seconds, and then — capable of becoming equally inanimate matter.

Luckily nothing of this sort happened, and the feeling of loneliness passed the moment I came in sight of the long rows of barracks, the hangars and machine-shops of the aviation school. My joy when I saw them can be appreciated in full only by fellow aviators who remember the end of their own first long flight. I had been away for years. I would not have been surprised to find great changes. If the brevet monitor had come hobbling out to meet me holding an ear-trumpet in his palsied hand, the sight would have been quite in keeping with my own sense of the lapse of time. However, he approached with his ancient, springy, businesslike step, as I climbed down from my machine. I swallowed to clear the passage to my ears, and heard him say, 'Alors, ça va?' in a most disappointingly perfunctory tone of voice.

I nodded.

'Where's your biograph?'

My biograph! It is the altitude-registering instrument which also marks, on a cross-lined chart, the time consumed on each lap of an aerial voyage. My card should have shown four neat outlines in ink, something like this —



one for each stage of my journey, including the forced landing when I had lost my way. But alas! having started the mechanism going on leaving A——, I had then forgotten all about it, so that it had gone on running while my machine was on the ground, as well as during the time it was in the air. The result was a sketch of a magnificent mountain-range, which might have been drawn by the futurist son, age five, of a futurist artist. Silently I handed over the instrument. The monitor looked at it, and then at me, without comment. But there is an international language of facial expression, and his said, unmistakably, 'You poor, simple prune! You choice sample of mouldy American cheese!'

J. B. did not return until the following afternoon. After leaving me over C——, he had blown out two spark-plugs. For a while he limped along on six cylinders, then landed in a field three kilometres from the nearest town. His French, which is worse, if that is possible, than mine, aroused the suspicions of a sturdy patriot farmer who collared him as a possible German spy. Under a bodyguard of two peasants armed with hoes, he was marched to a neighboring château. And then, I should think, he must have had another historical illusion, this time with a French revolutionary setting. He says not, however. All his faculties were concentrated on enjoying this unusual adventure; and he was wondering what the outcome of it would be.

At the château he met a fine old gentleman who spoke English with that nicety of utterance which only a cultivated Frenchman can achieve. He had no difficulty in clearing himself. Then he had dinner in a great hall hung with armor and hunting trophies, was shown to a chamber half as large as the lounge at the Harvard Club, and slept in a bed which he got into by means of a ladder of carved oak. This is a mere outline. Out of regard for J. B.'s opinions about the sanctities of his own personal adventures, I refrain from giving further details.

Our final triangle was completed uneventfully. J. B.'s motor behaved splendidly; I remembered my biograph at every stage of the journey, and we were at home again within three hours. We did our altitude tests and were then no longer *élèves-pilotes* but *pilotes-aviateurs*. By reason of this distinction, we passed from the rank of soldier of the second class to that of corporal. We hurried to the tailor's, where the wings and star insignia were sewn on our collars and our corporal's stripes on our sleeves. For we were proud, as every aviator is proud, who reaches the end of his apprenticeship and enters into the dignity of breveted military pilot.

II

Six months have passed since I made the last entry in my journal. J. B. was asleep in his historic bed, and I was sitting at a rickety table, writing by candle-light, stopping now and then to listen to the mutter of guns on the Aisne front. It was only at night that we could hear them, and then not often, the very ghost of sound, as faint as the beating of the pulses in one's ears. That was a May evening, and now it is late in November. I arrived at the Gare du Nord only a few hours ago.

Never before have I come to Paris with so keen a sense of the joy of living. I walked down rue Lafayette, then through rue de Provence and rue du Havre, to a little hotel in the vicinity of the Gare St. Lazare. Under ordinary circumstances not one of these streets, or the people in them, would have appeared particularly interesting; but on this occasion it was the finest walk of my life. I saw everything with the enchanted eyes of the *permissionnaire*, and sniffed the odors of roasting chestnuts, of restaurants, of shops, and of people, never so keenly aware of their numberless variety.

After dinner I walked out on the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place de la République, through the maze of narrow streets, to the river, and over Pont Neuf to Notre Dame. I was amazed that the enchantment which Hugo gives it for me should have lost none of its old potency, after coming direct from the tremendous realities of modern warfare. If he were writing this journal, what a story it would be! I ought to give it up, but that second self which is always urging one to do impossible things, keeps saying, 'Of course it's absurd. I grant you that you're not big enough for the job. But don't be too ambitious. Remember what you started in to do: "Simple narrative — two members — Escadrille Lafayette." Tell it as it falls out of your pen. Who asks you to do more than that?'

It will be necessary to pass rapidly over the period between the day when we received our *brevets militaires* and that on which we started for the front. The event which bulked largest to us was, of course, the departure on active service. Preceding it, and next in importance, was the last phase of our training and the culmination of it all at the School of Acrobacy. Preliminary to our work there, we had a six-weeks course of instruction, first on the twin-motor Caudron and then on various types of the Nieuport biplane. We thought the Caudron a magnificent machine. We liked the steady throb of its powerful motors, the enormous spread of its wings, the slow, ponderous way it had of answering to the controls. It was our business to take officer observers for long trips about the country while they made photographs, spotted dummy batteries, and perfected themselves in the wireless code.

At that time the Caudron had almost passed its period of usefulness at the front, and there was a prospect of our being transferred to the yet larger and more powerful Léotard, a three-passenger biplane carrying two machine-gunners besides the pilot, and from three to five machine-guns. This appealed to us mightily. J. B. was always talking of the time when he would command not only a machine, but also a 'gang of men.' However, being Americans, and recruited for a particular combat corps which flies only single-seater *avions de chasse*, we eventually followed the usual course of training for such pilots. We passed in turn to the Nieuport biplane, which compares in speed and grace with these larger craft, as the flight of a swallow with the movements of a great lazy buzzard. And now the Nieuport has been surpassed, and almost entirely supplanted, by the Spad of 140, 180, 200, and 230 horse-power, and we have transferred our allegiance to each in turn, marveling at the restless genius of the French in motor- and aircraft-construction.

At last we were ready for acrobacy. I will not give a detailed account of these trials by means of which one's ability as a combat pilot is most severely tested. This belongs in the pages of a textbook rather than in those of a journal of this kind. But to us, who were to undergo the ordeal, —

for it is an ordeal for the young pilot, — our typewritten notes on acrobacy read like the pages of a fascinating romance. A year or two ago these aerial manœuvres would have been thought impossible. Now we were all to do them as a matter of routine training.

The worst of it was, that our civilian pursuits offered no criterion on which to base forecasts of our ability as acrobats. There was J. B., for example. He knew a mixed metaphor when he saw one, for he had had wide experience with them as an English instructor at a New England prep. school. But he had never done a barrel turn, or anything resembling it. How was he to know what his reaction would be to this bewildering manœuvre, a series of rapid, horizontal, corkscrew turns? And to what use could I put my fading knowledge of Massachusetts statutes, dealing with neglect and non-support of family, in that exciting moment when, for the first time, I should be whirling earthward in a spinning nose-dive? Accidents and fatalities were most frequent at the school of acrobacy for the reason that one could not know, beforehand, whether he would be able to keep his head, and do the right thing at the right moment, with the earth gone mad, spinning like a top, standing on one rim, turning upside down.

In the end we all mastered it after a fashion, for the tests are by no means so difficult of accomplishment as they appear to be. Up to this time, November 28, 1917, there has been but one American killed at it in French schools. We were not all good acrobats. One must have a knack for it which many of us will never be able to acquire. The French have it in larger proportion than do we Americans. I can think of no sight more pleasing than that of a Spad in the air, under the control of a skillful French pilot. Swallows perch in envious silence on the chimney-pots, and the crows caw in sullen despair from the hedgerows.

At G.D.E., while awaiting our call to the front, we perfected ourselves in these manœuvres, and practiced them in combat and group flying. There, the restraints of the schools were removed, for we were supposed to be accomplished pilots. We flew when, and in what manner, we liked. Sometimes we went out in large formations, for a long flight; sometimes, in groups of two or three, we made sham attacks on villages, or trains, or motor-convoys on the roads.

It was forbidden to fly over Paris, and for this reason we took all the more delight in doing it. J. B. and I saw it in all its moods: in the haze of early morning, at midday when the air had been washed clean by spring rain, in the soft light of afternoon — domes, theatres, temples, spires, streets, parks, the river, bridges, all of it spread out in a magnificent panorama. We would circle over Montmartre, Neuilly, the Bois, St. Cloud, the Latin Quarter, and then full speed homeward, listening anxiously to the sound of our motors until we spiraled safely down over our aerodrome. Our monitor would smile knowingly when he looked at the essence-gauge, but he never asked questions. He is one of many Frenchmen whom we shall always remember with gratitude.

We learned the songs of all motors, the peculiarities and uses of all types of French *avions*, pushers and tractors, single motor and bi-motor, monoplace, biplace and triplace, monoplane and biplane. And we mingled with the pilots of all these many kinds of aircraft. They were arriving and departing by every train, for G.D.E. is the dépôt for old pilots from the front, transferring from one branch of aviation to another, as well as for new ones fresh from the schools. In our talks with them, we

became convinced that the air-service is forming its traditions and developing a new type of mind. It even has an odor, as peculiar to itself as the smell of the sea to a ship. There are those who say that it is only a compound of burnt castor oil and gasoline. One might, with no more truth, call the odor of a ship a mixture of tar and stale cooking. But let it pass. It will be all things to all men, I am conscious of it as I write, for it gets into one's clothing, one's hair, one's very blood; but if I should attempt to analyze it, to say what it is to me, some of my fellow aviators would be sure to say, 'Nobody home.'

We were as happy during those days at G.D.E. as any one has the right to be. Our whole duty was to fly, and never was the voice of Duty heard more gladly. It was hard to keep in mind the stern purpose behind this seeming indulgence. At times I remembered Drew's warning that we were military pilots and had no right to forget the seriousness of the work before us. But he himself often forgot it for days together. War on the earth may be reasonable and natural, but in the air, it seems the most senseless folly. How is an airman, who has just learned a new meaning for the joy of life, to reconcile himself to the insane business of killing a fellow aviator who has just learned it, too? This was a question which we sometimes put to ourselves in purely Arcadian moments. But I would not have it believed that we did not answer it, or that we were two silly sentimentalists who either lived or cared to live in a fool's paradise. We would have been shamed into answering it as we ought, from a feeling of obligation if for no weightier reason. Our training represented a costly investment on the part of a government which was fighting for its existence. We knew that returns were expected from it, and were never so glad as on the day when we were asked to begin payments.

I was sitting at our two-legged table, writing up my *carnet de vol.* Suzanne, the maid-of-all-work at the Bonne Rencontre, was sweeping a passageway along the centre of the room, telling me, as she worked, about her family. She was ticking off on her fingers, the names of her brothers and sisters, when Drew put his head through the doorway.

'Il y a Pierre,' said Suzanne.

'We're posted!' said J. B.

'Et Hélène,' she continued.

I shall never know the names of the others.

(*To be continued*)

A MAYOR IN ALSACE

BY DANIEL BLUMENTHAL

I

THE question of Alsace-Lorraine cannot be thrust aside at the time of the general settlement of accounts to which the future peace congress will have to give its attention.

The war did not break out over Alsace-Lorraine, but nothing is more certain than that the brutal treatment of which France was the victim, at Germany's hands, in 1871, had had its influence on the policy of the whole world in the matter of armaments. All the nations said to themselves that what had happened to France might well be their own fate to-morrow, if they neglected to take the precautionary defensive measures, that were demanded against an empire which, as Germany did, aspired to the hegemony of the world, and of which war had been, from time immemorial, the national industry.

The only claim of right — and that was nullified by being founded on violence — on which Germany has relied, down to the present time, to justify her occupation of Alsace-Lorraine, depends upon the treaty of Frankfort (1871). As Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in the first days of August, 1914, tore up this document, together with divers other 'scraps of paper,' Alsace-Lorraine should be restored to France without the necessity of any previous retrocession on Germany's part.

The restoration of those provinces to France, unconditionally, is moreover the only solution that will fulfill the unchanging aspirations of their native population, which forms the vast majority of the present inhabitants — 1,500,000 out of 1,900,000.

The native Alsace-Lorrainers, with very few exceptions, have always given evidence of their immovable attachment to the French fatherland, and of their inextinguishable hatred of Germany. There are two principal reasons for this: the community of ideas and feelings with France, and Germany's inability to stamp out that frame of mind and to assimilate the population to *Deutschthum*, to germanize it by means of the procedure suggested by the famous *Kultur*.

We must remember that the Alsatians and Lorrainers have always been extremely independent in character, permeated with principles of justice and equality; and that they saw in the establishment and consolidation of the Third Republic the means of realizing their democratic longings.

It was at that moment that they were torn from their fatherland, to be incorporated by force in a detested enemy state, where autocratic government was the essential condition of prosperity in its militaristic policy. And even then they were not to enjoy the rights — albeit closely restricted — of German subjects. They were placed under an exceptional régime: instead of being German citizens, or, at least, German subjects, they became mere objects of domination.

That is why Germany was destined to fail lamentably in all her efforts to

amalgamate Alsace-Lorraine with Germany: the gulf between the native population and the immigrants became wider and wider; and we may say that the new generation was more bitterly opposed to the new masters than the generation of 1871 had been.

In the different constitutions which the German Empire bestowed, one after another, upon the 'Reichsland,' there was no change in the essential features which characterize to this day German domination in Alsace-Lorraine. The King of Prussia, who, in the capacity of German Emperor, possesses the executive power, is the most important factor in the legislative power — which is contrary to every modern conception of a well-governed state according to the principle of separation of powers.

The democratic forms with which Germany delighted to mask the autocratic substance of her institutions never deceived anybody in Alsace-Lorraine, where political progress had made much greater strides since the great Revolution than in Germanic countries.

The present constitution of Alsace-Lorraine, which goes back to 1911, provides for a parliament consisting of a first and second chamber. Now, the first chamber is so made up that the Emperor is always sure of an overwhelming majority. He can name half of the members, and among the other half there are persons whose functions necessarily make them dependent on the government.

To pass a law, the assent of both chambers and the Emperor is required, so that the latter has two votes to one in the legislative deliberations.

All the proposed laws concerning Alsace-Lorraine are first submitted to the Prussian ministry, which gives its opinion thereon from the standpoint of the interest of Prussia. Only when that interest is fully protected, can a law be passed in Alsace-Lorraine.

Germany has chosen to lay great stress on the concession of three votes to Alsace-Lorraine in the Federal Council; but these three votes must, according to the constitution, receive their instructions from the Statthalter, who is an official appointed by the Emperor and may be removed by him at any moment. So that these votes are absolutely at the disposal of the King of Prussia, German Emperor.

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, with his customary cynical frankness, has not hesitated to emphasize this dependence upon the King of Prussia of Alsace-Lorraine's representatives in the Bundesrat. Being questioned in the Prussian parliament concerning the danger of the grant by the Empire of this representation, the Chancellor declared explicitly that that danger did not exist because the Emperor controlled the votes.

When I, in my turn, took the liberty of interpellating the government of Alsace-Lorraine concerning this assertion of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Bulach, the Secretary of State, replied in the first place that he did not know whether the assertion was accurately reported by the press; and when, a few days later, I laid before the First Chamber the official report of the Prussian Assembly, in which the Chancellor had made his declaration, poor Herr von Bulach could think of no other reply than, 'There must be some mistake.' But, despite my urgent and repeated questions, he was very careful to do nothing to clear up the alleged mistake.

The tension between the people and the government became greater after it was perceived that the new constitution was in reality only a vulgar fraud.

A few incidents soon made it plain that the gulf between the sentiments of the Germans and those of the Alsace-

Lorrainers, far from being filled, was growing wider and wider.

The 'Sporting Club of Lorraine,' an association of young native Lorrainers, had drawn down upon itself the thunders of the police of Metz by the French cut of its uniforms, and by its songs, which were altogether devoid of patriotic German spirit.

On the pretext that a concert, given to invited guests only, was in reality a public meeting, the police rushed into the hall. As a result of the dispersion of the assemblage there was a procession through the city, a clash with the military guard, prosecutions and convictions for alleged sedition.

At the hearing in the police court of Metz, where I had the honor of defending Alexis Samain, it was proved beyond dispute that the only individual who really was guilty of an act of rebellion was not a member of the society in question, but a German immigrant, an ex-convict, who, seeing a commotion in the street, had instantly joined the crowd in order to take an active part against the troops.

The club was dissolved by a decree of the prefecture of Metz confirmed by the Imperial Council of Strasburg, contrary to the law concerning the liberty of associations.

With the same contempt for the laws, the government proceeded to dissolve the club called 'The Memory of Alsace-Lorraine,' whose purpose was to keep in order the graves of the French soldiers buried on the territory of the 'Reichsland.'

At Colmar, which has always been a very active centre of political life, the antagonism between the government and the people became more and more pronounced.

When, in 1910, it became evident that the new constitution with which they proposed to favor us would not be approved by the country, the government proceeded to abolish the Delegation of Alsace-Lorraine, the only parliamentary representative of the two provinces. On the very evening of this act of violence, I summoned a number of my colleagues in the Delegation to meet at the Hôtel de France at Strasburg, where we laid the foundations of a new party, the 'National Union,' which should unite all Alsatians and Lorrainers in a common effort to crush the Prussian autocracy. The centre of activity of this party was at Colmar, where the Abbé Wetterlé and the lamented Preiss and myself immediately opened the campaign, being opposed by the government with all the means at its disposal.

The first meeting that we held at Colmar was marked by disturbances, the disorder being fomented by government agents. The municipal police of Colmar, of which I had always, by agreement with the municipal council, declined to yield control to the state, was headed by the mayor,[1] whereas in the other three large cities — Strasburg, Mulhausen, and Metz — the police was in the hands of the government. Thus at Colmar there was this abnormal situation, that the commissioner of police was at the same time an official of the Sûreté Générale, subject to the orders of the prefect, and a municipal official who received his instructions from the mayor.

The commissioner at this time was a Lorrainer, a most worthy man, who performed his duties with scrupulous exactitude, and fell a victim to his honesty. Among his other functions was that of playing the spy — a painful task which I did nothing to make easier for him. After the above-mentioned meeting of the National Union, the prefect tried to extort false testimony from him by inducing him to say, contrary to the truth, that I had made an

[1] The author was Mayor of Colmar.

improper use of the municipal police by putting it at the service of a political party.

The commissioner was removed, but I gave him a place in the municipal service, from which, however, he was expelled by the present mayor, who is a Boche of the worst sort.

At about the same time, we had at Colmar the notorious suits against Hansi the cartoonist and Abbé Wetterlé, for alleged insult to the manager of the Lycée at Colmar, who had been Hansi's model in his famous cartoon on Professor Knatschke. Preiss and myself, as counsel, took part in the defense, which the accused had urged us to undertake, and, by agreement with our clients, and at their request, we attacked the whole régime.

The political atmosphere was heavily charged. Whenever a society, singing, or instrumental, or gymnastic, returned from a competition in which it had taken part in France, the other societies of the city acted as escort, and the German agents had occasion every time to report the display of ribbons in the French colors, French flags, and clothes of French cut.

Whatever came from France was subjected to a meticulous surveillance, and I well remember the tragi-comic story of the arrest of the occupants of an automobile coming from France and flying French flags. The inquiry showed that the owner, who was in the car at the time, was no other than a German lieutenant colonel on the way from Schlucht to his home at Munich.

A performance of the *Daughter of the Regiment* in the theatre at Colmar gave rise to an interminable investigation, because a spy reported the appearance on the stage of an alleged French flag which was said to have aroused suspicious enthusiasm among the audience.

The so-called Grafenstaden affair marked another stage in the government's hostility to the people. On the pretext that the manager of the Alsatian Société des Constructions Mécaniques had manifested anti-German sentiments, the government demanded his dismissal, under the threat of causing the withdrawal of the orders for locomotives which that company received regularly from the Prussian railways.

The government seized the opportunity to demand, in general, that those establishments in Alsace-Lorraine having natives of the provinces among their employés and their directors should make room for Germans in their undertakings.

Acting in concert with the above-named company, I took this matter before the First Chamber, to protest against the illegal interference of the government in private business. The result of my intervention was an interpellation in the Second Chamber, which ended with a vote of censure against the government.

Finally, there came the Saverne [Zabern] affair, which covered Germany with disgrace and ridicule. Every one knows that extraordinary story, which resulted in the replacement of the entire government of Alsace-Lorraine by Prussians utterly devoid of any spirit of fair dealing toward the oppressed people of the 'Reichsland.'

A young lieutenant of the 99th Regiment of Infantry, one Baron von Foerstner, belonging to the garrison of Saverne, was in the habit of insulting the Alsatian recruits by calling them '*Wackes*.' One day he said, in the course of a lesson in drilling, 'I'll give ten marks to any one who knocks down one of these dirty *Wackes*'; and a subaltern standing by added, 'I'll give three marks more out of my pocket.'

These opprobrious words were soon generally known, and there followed a period of excitement among the whole population of the town, which was one

of the most peaceable in Alsace. The lieutenant, whenever he went out, was followed by a crowd, mostly of young men, who hooted at him and hissed him as soon as he appeared. Being recognized one day in the village of Dettweiler, as he passed through with his company, he ordered his men to charge the crowd, which was expressing its antipathy to him, and finally displayed his courage on the person of an unlucky lame cobbler, who could not run away, by striking him over the head with his sword.

At Saverne, Colonel von Reuter had at once taken the lieutenant's side, and began by treating the town as if it were in a state of siege, arresting without discrimination everybody who happened to be on the street, including even German officials, among others a judge and a prosecuting attorney, and confining them in the cellar under the barracks.

There was a trial, acquittal of the guilty officers, interpellation in the Reichstag, and censure of the government; but, as always happens, the Reichstag, after an outburst of independence, ended by submitting, by a majority, to the militaristic caste, and the result was that the despised German civilians and soldiers combined to deal the Alsatians still harder blows.

In the last fortnight of July, 1914, the excitement in Alsace-Lorraine was intense. There were unusual movements of troops — summonings of reservists, and strange manœuvres in the neighborhood of Strasburg. The authorities published unofficial notes, seeking to create a belief that they were simply military manœuvres of the sort that are regularly held at that season of the year.

At Strasburg, it was customary, after guard-mounting, for the band to play on Place Kléber. Contrary to all precedent, there was nothing now to be heard but patriotic hymns and war-songs, which the mob of German immigrants sang with fervor. In the public halls there were noisy all-night manifestations on the part of the same class of the inhabitants.

At Colmar it was observed that the families of officers and public functionaries were preparing to move.

II

On July 31, going to the mayor's office about four o'clock, I heard the newsboys crying out the declaration of the imminence of war. I had no sooner reached my office than I received a call from several soldiers who brought placards from the general commanding the district, in which it was said that the Emperor had proclaimed the imminence of war. The military authorities claimed to exercise civil powers. There followed a series of instructions for the mayors, conceived in a domineering tone to which we were not accustomed from the civil authorities, although they were not distinguished for the amenity of their methods. Among other things, it was said that no one was allowed to ride in a motor-car, and I was ordered, as my most urgent present duty, to see to it that all the pigeons in Colmar were killed, and to be present in person at their execution.

I ordered the proclamations to be placarded and devoted myself to settling the most important current matters, being frequently interrupted by members of the Municipal Council and by friends seeking information and my opinion on the state of affairs.

While I was thus engaged I received a message from the prefect, informing me that Geheimer Justizrat Diefenbach, counsellor of the Court of Appeal of Colmar, had been appointed Mayor of the city by Staathalter von Dallwitz. I at once sent for him and turned every-

thing over to him. He expressed a desire to have a talk with me the next day, so that he might speedily be posted as to municipal affairs.

I took leave of some of the officials of the mayoralty and of several friends, saying that I should probably see them the next morning. Then I went out, with my two daughters, and walked toward the railway station along the main street of the city. At that time, we were occupying a villa at Les Trois Épis in the Valley of Munster, and we intended to return thither.

On the way we saw anxious faces on every side, and I could read on the features of many of my compatriots this significant question, 'What are you doing here still?' I knew — indeed, it was notorious — that I was at the head of the famous blacklist of suspicious persons who were to be arrested in the event of mobilization. Now, mobilization was imminent. The Germans were standing about in groups and seemed decidedly uneasy. The way in which they looked at me was wholly unsympathetic.

My children and I decided to try to reach Switzerland, and we agreed to meet at the Hotel de l'Univers at Bâle in case we should be separated *en route*. I sent for railway tickets for Bâle, but I soon learned that the next train would not start for several hours and that we could not be sure of its reaching Bâle.

The order forbidding riding in motor-cars was not as yet known throughout the city, so that I was able to use that means of locomotion without attracting attention. I set out, with my two daughters, and ordered the chauffeur to drive us to the woodland inn of Le Neuland, an unfrequented neighborhood. Before we reached that point I told the chauffeur to drive on toward the Rhine. We arrived after an uneventful journey at the gates of the town of Neubreisach, about seventeen kilometres from Colmar. There we were stopped by a sentry, who informed us that nobody was allowed to pass in motors.

After a brief consultation with my daughters, we decided that I should try to make my way through the Grand Duchy of Baden while they endeavored to reach the rendezvous by way of Alsace.

I walked into Neubreisach, while my daughters turned back toward Colmar in the motor.

I had taken but a few steps, when I was overtaken by a soldier from the guard-post, who informed me that his chief had ordered him to take me before the officer commanding the place because my having tried to drive through in a motor-car had a suspicious look.

On the way back, one of my acquaintances in Neubreisach said to me that, if it was a matter of establishing my identity, he would gladly put himself at my disposal as a witness. I thanked him and begged him not to think of anything of the sort.

Arrived at the post, I was shown into a room where an elderly general was glued to a telephone which rang incessantly. Holding the receiver in his hand, being greatly agitated by his unforeseen task, — the manifold demands of the service due to the imminence of war, — he ordered everybody out of his office. Thereupon the soldier who had brought me in took me to a guard-room where there were numerous soldiers and a row of camp-beds. I had been there above an hour when I heard a subaltern say to my keeper, 'Why, you ought to tell the general that this gentleman is still here.'

The soldier did not seem overjoyed by the prospect of confronting anew the general's ill-humor. But still he had no choice but to carry out the order, and after a few moments he took me before the general, stating as the cause of my

arrest the fact that I had tried to pass through the town in a motor-car.

Thereupon ensued a scene which, today, looked at from a distance, seems to me genuinely farcical. The following colloquy took place between the general and myself: —

'Don't you know that it is n't permissible to pass in a motor-car without a special permit from the proper authority?'

'Why, general, I have no desire to pass in a motor-car.'

Thereupon the general looked at the soldier with a questioning expression. The soldier, evidently frightened and unaccustomed to come in direct contact with a general, stood open-mouthed.

'Where do you wish to go?' asked the general.

'To Fribourg.'

'What are you going there for?'

'To look after my business.'

'But you can't go in a motor-car.'

'Why, general, I have no motor-car.'

Again the general looked at the soldier, who continued to hold his mouth open without uttering a word. This same thing was repeated at least ten times. The general kept on asking questions of one sort or another, which inevitably ended with, 'But you can't go in a motor-car,' and my reply, 'But I don't want to go in a motor-car.'

At last the general shouted at me in an excited tone, almost in a passion, —

'But what do you want then?'

'To go to the railway station,' I replied.

With that, he turned to the soldier and ordered him to escort me to the station.

'Thanks, general,' I said; and I went out with the soldier.

Amid the numberless questions that that excellent commandant at Neubreisach asked me, obsessed as he was by the motor-car question, he had forgotten to ask who I was.

When we reached the station I learned that the departure of trains for Fribourg was uncertain; whereupon I said to my companion in a tone of command, 'The general ordered you to escort me to the station; the train will not start for several hours; I have all the information I need, and you can go.'

And he went.

As I knew that there would be no train for Fribourg for a long while, I gave my friend time to disappear, then left the station myself and set out on foot for Altbreisach, a few kilometres from Neubreisach, on the other side of the Rhine, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. On the way I witnessed again and again the pitiful spectacle of the requisition of horses, which were unharnessed from the carts of the peasants who stood by in despair at the loss of their beasts. Automobiles without number, carrying officers of the General Staff, passed us at full speed.

On the bridge over the Rhine I was stopped by a patrol who demanded my identification papers. I offered a visiting-card printed in German type, which mentioned only the fact that I was a lawyer. The head of the patrol saluted me courteously and let me pass unmolested.

Arrived at Altbreisach, I sought shelter in a small inn, to await the time when the next train was supposed to start. After another long wait at the station, I finally took a train for Fribourg. In the compartment that I set out to enter in the first place, I saw some officers' wives from Colmar who knew me well. I drew back instantly and took my seat in a third-class compartment, where, mingled with reservists, I finally arrived at the station at Fribourg. Thanks to the delay in the running of trains, I was in time to secure a seat there in the last train from Berlin to Bâle.

We had barely started when the

trainmen announced that the train would not go as far as Bâle, but certainly would go as far as Leopoldshöhe, a station on the Baden frontier. There, in the middle of the night and in very bad weather, everybody had to leave the train; the travelers' baggage — of which I had none whatever — was thrown out onto the platform, and it was announced that no one could cross the frontier without a special permit from the military officer in command at the station.

The travelers, notably a number of women, remonstrated vigorously, for there are no hotels in Leopoldshöhe — not even a sizable inn. As I walked about I noticed a group of people speaking the dialect of Bâle. I heard a woman exclaim, 'I must go home, I have a sick child!' and another lament, 'What will my husband say if I don't come home!' At last a voice shouted, 'I know the way to Bâle and I am going.' I joined this group, without a word, and we started, guided by the Bâle people.

After walking about half a kilometre we were halted by a patrol consisting of a sub-lieutenant and a subaltern, who, revolver in hand, called out, 'Halt!' They declared that we must go back, that no one could pass without a special permit.

A tall fellow claiming to be an Austrian exhibited some papers, but the officer replied that he was not talking of papers of that sort, but of a special permit issued by the military commandant of the station of Leopoldshöhe.

The women began to remonstrate, and the lieutenant, who was very nervous, perhaps not feeling very sure of his ground, finally went his way with his companion, saying, 'Go on, for heaven's sake! but you won't get very far all the same, for you'll run foul of the advanced posts.'

We kept on and met, a short distance away, a young man from Bâle on his way to Leopoldshöhe, who said, —

'You would do better to go back to Leopoldshöhe, for they would n't let me enter Bâle after six o'clock.'

The party went forward, none the less, but we were soon stopped again by a sentry. We halted, but the women, who were not accustomed to the manual of arms, continued to move about. Thereupon the soldier exclaimed, word for word, 'If any one moves again, he'll get a bullet in his belly.' With that the pretended Austrian said to him, 'You don't understand your instructions at all; the least you can do is to send for an officer.'

The soldier followed his advice; he went away and returned a moment later with a subaltern who took us to a small house which, I afterwards learned, was the custom-house, and which sits almost astride the German-Swiss frontier.

Access to the house was gained by two staircases going up to a platform; on one side was Germany, on the other Switzerland. On the platform stood a young lieutenant, with a cigarette between his lips, smiling and contemplating with satisfaction some two-score men who were encamped before the house.

No one could cross the frontier except by going up one staircase and down the other, after passing across the platform, because a wire fence barred the way everywhere else.

Everybody began to talk at once, and I made out little more than that there was small chance of getting through. While I was standing in front of the little house, a soldier from Colmar accosted me. I pressed his hand and put my finger to my lip. He understood and carried the conversation no further.

Thereupon I determined, in order to clear up the situation, to enter into a

parley. I went up on the platform and said to the officer, in good German, —

'You can readily understand, lieutenant, that persons who left Bâle this morning to attend to their affairs at Fribourg could not know that they would have to have permits in order to return at six o'clock in the evening.'

The lieutenant said, very courteously, 'Why, that is plain enough,' and motioned for us to pass.

The rest of the party came behind me. While I was going down the stairs, another soldier — not the one I just mentioned — said to those nearest him, 'I say, there's the Mayor of Colmar.'

I do not know whether the lieutenant heard this remark, or whether, even if he did, it meant anything to him; but I felt tremendously relieved when I saw, a few steps away, a Swiss customs officer, who directed us to a place near at hand where we should find a tramway running to Bâle.

About one o'clock in the morning, I arrived safe and sound at the Hôtel de l'Univers, where I saw at least five hundred persons denied admission. I found a little corner in the hall, and I recognized many people from Mulhausen and its neighborhood.

I was worrying over the fate of my children, when, about two in the morning, I heard my older daughter's voice in front of the hotel. I rushed out and found both of my daughters and my young son — who is to-day a volunteer in the French army — overseeing the unloading of their baggage which some men from Saint-Louis (a German frontier station) had brought in barrows.

After I had installed my little family in such quarters as I could find, I had them tell me of their exodus from Alsace.

On leaving the gates of Neubreisach my daughters had returned at full speed to Colmar, and had driven thence, in the same motor, to our villa at Les Trois-Épis. There they found my son, who, by a truly providential chance, had returned that very evening from the department of Le Bas-Rhin where the school that he attended had been closed a few days before the regular holidays on account of the disturbed condition of affairs. They hastily put together some few effects, found by great good fortune a second chauffeur, and started for Bâle by way of Alsace. The young man was dressed so that he might pass for a girl.

They arrived without accident, if not without incident, at St. Louis, where travel by motor was still forbidden, but where many persons crossed the frontier that evening without papers. The motor was stopped several times on the road, but the travelers were taken for members of officers' families intending to take refuge in Switzerland.

While I was waiting for my children at the hotel, I was much diverted by the conversation of a gentleman who came and told me his grievances.

'Don't you suppose,' he said to me, trembling with excitement, 'that it's possible to find an automobile here to cross the frontier? I am a colonel on the retired list, but I am named as commandant at Altona in case of mobilization; and if I'm not there the second day after the promulgation of the order of mobilization, I don't know what will happen to me.'

I pretended to sympathize with him in his perilous plight. 'But after all, colonel,' I said, 'you have a right to be in Switzerland, and if you are kept away by the physical impossibility of being on the spot at the appointed time, your superiors will understand perfectly that it's not your fault.'

'Ah, mein Herr,' he exclaimed, 'you don't know the military men!'

'Oh, yes, I do know them!' I replied. 'Besides, I beg you to believe that there are some people who, as a conse-

quence of what is happening now, may find themselves in a more delicate position than yours. Your case does n't seem to me alarming.'

But he was inconsolable, and I could hardly conceal my satisfaction at the discomfiture of that Teuton who had missed his appointment. I have no knowledge of what became of him.

As for myself, I know that the next morning seven men, under a commissioner of police, appeared at my then abode with the purpose of arresting me. It is needless to say that they went away empty-handed.

Later, I learned from the German newspapers that I had been shot; and a fortnight later still, just as I was starting for Paris, I read in a German journal at Berne that I was interned in the fortress of Rastadt in Baden.

I have not told everything, either concerning the events of the last years before the war, or concerning the incidents of my departure from Colmar, because I am bound to maintain some reserve on account of certain persons who are still under the yoke of the enemy. But all that I have told, I lived through, saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears.

Since I left Colmar the information that I have received through Switzerland has been very indefinite, and I cannot hope to learn the truth previous to the entry of the French and Allied troops into the annexed provinces, of which we hold thus far only a small portion. I know that my property has been seized, that I have been made the object of numerous prosecutions each of which involves the capital penalty, and that they have done me the honor to declare that I have forfeited my German citizenship.

But I know, also, that now Alsace-Lorraine forms a part of the French *patrie*, and that the accused are the ones who will, at no distant day, rise up as accusers, and will demand, aye, and obtain, that justice be done on their executioners.

THE CLUE

BY WILLIAM TOWNSEND PORTER

May 24, 1917.

THIS afternoon, at three o'clock, the French began to prepare for storming the crest of Mont Blond. In an hour the Germans made up their mind that an assault was intended. The artillery fire, which had been continuous before, now swelled to a torrent. Each side placed a barrage. The German barrage covered our slope and the little valley between us and the top of the next hill. Between four o'clock and midnight, more than 10,000 heavy shells fell within a radius of a thousand feet from our cave. I took the count from time to time with my watch.

We were driven at once into our deeper refuge. The little stuffy hole was packed with men, knee to knee: stretcher-bearers, surgeons, my orderly, and myself. The three surgeons played baccarat. I sat on the edge of

a plank and watched the game. We had an acetylene light. The shells fell all around, shaking the place and repeatedly putting out the light. The noise was remarkable. The air was filled with screams, hisses, and loud reports, followed by the slide of masses of earth. Many shells were so close that a strong push of hot gas was felt. At six o'clock the Moroccans took the ridge by storm. At midnight the bombardment slackened but did not cease.

With the dawn the wounded came in a stream, and were laid in the upper room. The wounds were of all sorts. The worst was a completely crushed jaw, in a man with a dozen slighter wounds. One man had a hole through the temple into the brain — a hole two inches long and half an inch wide. Another had a smashed leg, a bad head, and in the thigh a wound the size of a small orange.

I watched the blood-pressure carefully. Imagine a cellar with a plank floor covered with clay an eighth of an inch deep. A horrible tub full of bloody dressings. Two stretchers on the floor. Ten men in a space 10 by 12 feet, shoulder to shoulder. Two candles. Sandbag walls. The roof so low that I am always hitting my helmet against the beams. The air thick with the smell of blood, sweat, alcohol, iodine, vomit. Everywhere a smear of clay — the chalky clay of Champagne. The continuous scream, roar, crash of shells. A rain of small stones, dirt, pieces of steel. Every few seconds a profound trembling, as a shell strikes closer. Four men passing bandages and iodine in the half-light, over backs, under arms. The cries of the wounded. The litter of bloody garments. The fresh cases, obliged to lie outside, under the fire, until the room is cleared. The *brancardiers*, bent under the load of the stretcher, slouching off with the dressed wounded. The dawn, the failing moon, the thick vapors and acrid stench of the barrage. The blasted hillsides smoking under the continual rain of death. Countless fresh shell-holes all around us. The graves reopened.

They are bringing down the dead. They lie sprawling on the slope just below us, half sewed up in burlap, like pieces of spoiled meat.

Such was the battle for the crest — a 'minor operation' in this great war, but an excellent example of the most violent artillery fire. The blood-pressure remained normal, not only in the unwounded men, but also in the wounded. As it happened, there were among them no fractured thighs and no case of multiple wounds through the subcutaneous fat.

May 25. To-day two or three rather elderly soldiers came in, with the plea that they were sick. The doctor, who has a soft full beard, large brown eyes, and a very gentle manner, said, 'You are not sick. You are only tired. But all the world is tired here.'

During the evening, one of our own shells fell short. It struck squarely in our own trenches near the crest of Mont Haut. Immediately up went two rockets, each with three green flares, meaning 'Great Jerusalem! Lift your nose.' Thus admonished, the humiliated seventy-five raised its muzzle and the next shell fell over the ridge.

May 26. Just before daybreak there was drum-fire — continuous roars from all the batteries. This lasted two hours. I got up and crawled into the upper cave, but was at once driven down again. After the fire slackened, I went out — about two feet out — and Gérard prepared my toilet — a shave and face-wash. I have not had any of my clothes off during the last three days and nights. After shaving, I went out to brush my teeth. The air was clear and brisk, the sun not fully risen. To stand on the open slope of the hill, in

the keen wind of dawn, under fire, and use a tooth-brush, was really exhilarating. It was the first time I have ever enjoyed brushing my teeth.

At nine o'clock we put a barrage on Fritz. At this he quite lost his temper. The noise was awful. Naturally, we went 'down' again. But his rage lasted only a short time. Then Gérard came to tell me there would be a Mass in the lower cave. 'Is there a priest among you?' I asked. 'Yes,' replied Gérard, 'we have two ones; the both very brave.'

The Mass was a touching ceremony. The early Christians worshiped thus in the catacombs of Rome. A very small portable altar had been placed at the end of the tiny passage. Two candles burned upon the altar. The men stood elbow to elbow or kneeled in the bunks — martyrs not yet dead. The priest was a private in the infantry. Over his dirty uniform of horizon blue — the faded symbol of worldly hope — he had drawn the vestments of the Church that teaches Hope eternal and unsoiled. His grave strong face was lighted with sincerity and faith. The clear word of promise and of consolation mingled with the roar of German shells, beasts seeking whom they might devour.

About ten o'clock, the major turned up to fetch me to dinner, or *déjeuner*, at Headquarters. It was to be my farewell to Mont Blond. He had a great stereoscopic camera, with which he took my picture standing at the mouth of the cave. Then we went off, with Gérard and another orderly to carry my things. The major has a quick and almost jaunty walk. In ten minutes we arrived at the *poste*.

An officer went with me up to the observatory, a pit in the chalk on the top of the hill. The breeze was fresh, the sunshine delicious, and the view very extensive. Behind us, the slopes of Mont Blond and Mont Haut, smoking with shells, white with craters, trenches, and dust. In front, the plain of Châlons, green and smiling, with the spire of a church, and the villages of Mourmelon-le-Petit and le Grand. To the right, the Montagne de Rheims, with Épernay and its vineyards. After that diabolical cave all this was very sweet to me. I dozed in the sun, when suddenly a soldier, who was digging near us, threw down his tool, and with a warning cry rushed under cover. We jumped for our lives. An aeroplane sailed over us, half a mile up.

> A hawk is hovering in the sky —
> To stay at home is best.

After a delightful hour we returned to the gallery for lunch. It was quite a feast. There was one white plate, produced in my honor. The rest ate the whole meal out of one aluminium porringer apiece. It is useful to eat each course clean, to scour the porringer with bread, and then to eat the scourings.

After an excellent meal, I set out for Mourmelon-le-Petit. Two officers went a little way with me. It was hard to part with such kind friends. For success with these people there are three points to be observed: to be perfectly brave, to be always smiling and gay, and to be enchanted with your bed, your food, the dirt — in short, with everything. Fortunately, I do not mind shelling; few men do.

The walk across the plain to the Farm of Constantine, where the motor-ambulances wait, was not unpleasant, though a battery of seventy-fives directly *en face* made a deafening racket. The ambulance driver, an Englishman, worn, prematurely gray-haired, covered with dust, had lived for years at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and knew my friends there well. He was very cross about the gas-shells; he could not see to drive with his mask on. After a

dazzling, dirty ride, we reached the *ambulance de triage* at Mourmelon-le-Petit. Here are brought all the wounded from the *postes de secours* at our immediate front. It will be a good place to try the respiration method for the treatment of shock.

May 27. Mourmelon is a small village, justly called 'le Petit.' Its glaring streets are white with lime-dust, which indeed lies everywhere. The dirt is quite inconceivable. The ambulance consists of a number of old barracks in a walled compound. On my arrival, the médecin chef gave me a very kind welcome. He is a bacteriologist by profession, and before the war was Assistant Director of the Pasteur Institute in China, where he had met my colleague, Dr. Strong, during the pneumonic plague.

I sleep alone in a small ward. My ward has five beds, a wooden floor thick with dirt of all descriptions, and painted canvas walls. Naturally the furniture is crude. But what a delight to strip once more and to bathe in clear cold water — about one quart! Last night I slept hard, but to-day I feel the strain of the terrible scenes that I have been through. Our *popote*, or mess, is excellent.

After supper, the médecin chef and I took a long walk over the Field of Châlons. It is a green almost level expanse, traversed here and there by roads lined with trees. The sun had set, the air was cool and luminous. The cannonade seemed for the first time without sinister meaning. The plain was covered with small shell-holes. In the distance, on rising ground, against the horizon, galloped a train of limbers bearing ammunition for the insatiable cannon.

May 28. I am very tired. The glare, the dust, the endless stream of broken men, — ten thousand passed here in the last six weeks; one hundred and sixty-five last night between midnight and 6 A.M., — the necessarily great inadequacy of treatment — all this, added to my reaction from the sickening scenes on Mont Blond, is depressing enough. I have had to think to-day. That was a bore.

The respiratory machine has undergone a transformation. It is now, in fact, a tomato-can with a tube ending in a rubber mouthpiece. It has been cut in two and each half shoves over a collar of tin, so that it may be drawn out like an accordion. The patient is to breathe in and out of this can, filling it with the carbon dioxide he exhales. As the gas increases, so will his respiration. To wash the can with fresh air, the two halves are pulled apart. Nothing could be simpler.

This hospital is a *triage*. It sorts the wounded. Those who can be moved are sent in suitable lots to Châlons and elsewhere. One hospital specializes in abdominal wounds, another in fractures, and so on. Only the most mangled are treated here. The cases of shock are among them.

To-day I was presented to General X——, one of the high command hereabouts. He is a man about five feet seven, slim, fit, handsome uniform, great star on his breast, intelligent, courteous. He was pleased at my having been in the barrage; he said it had been a very severe action — *acharné*.

Our médecin chef is very kind — much interested in my physiology and helps me with everything himself — says he is at my disposition day and night. But it is an awful load; there are such numbers of these battered fragments, and I know so little. It wrings the soul. A fine young officer came in to-day — shell in the abdomen.

I wish I were at home with you. I shall never be able to get these sights and sounds out of my mind, or the smell of rotting flesh out of my nose.

May 29. To-day, the chief and I tried an experiment on a *blessé* with multiple shell-wounds and very low blood-pressure. It was a failure. The respiration was not increased, and the blood-pressure was not raised. Neither was the chief's opinion of the method, though he was much too wise to be skeptical. My spirits were not elevated by the occurrence. Last night I was very tired. Indeed, I am tired to-day also. My bed is next a great ward filled with wounded, only a canvas wall between. Promptly at daybreak one of these sufferers begins to call, 'Garçon! Garçon!' The monotonous, feeble, penetrating wail rises with clock-like regularity every few moments until broad daylight. There are no nurses here, only ignorant *poilus*.

This afternoon I got a soldier as subject and tried the machine in the presence of several deeply attentive officers. Nothing doing. The breathing remained almost calm. Immense shrugs from all beholders. I do not see why it should work on animals and not on men. They brought me another man, a finely built youth, and intelligent. Another failure. This time the shrugs were so *exaltés* that I thought the spectators would put out their tongues at me. Then the soldier said, 'But, monsieur le major, my nose is still open.'

O clever youth! Inspired young man! The officer whose duty it was to stand guard at the nose had put the clip too high up. Ten hands reach the recalcitrant organ. I look to see the nose pulled off. But no. It successfully resists. This time it is stopped for sure. The youth announces thickly that he can breathe only through his mouth. The instrument is now applied to the mouth. Listening to the artery, I get for a base measurement a clear *bruit* just above the minimum normal blood-pressure. '*Commencez!*' I cry. Off we go. In fifty seconds, he is pumping merrily. The heart bounds. The blood-pressure goes up. Three cheers for *les États-Unis*. Bring back the first rebel. *His* nose is closed this time. It is all but squashed flat. Again a success. *Voila! C'est fini*. Profuse thanks to the *experimentés*. Conclusion: another triumphal demonstration that men are like dogs.

May 30. It remains now only to get a couple of smashed thighs with low blood-pressure. It is practically certain that we shall have a rise also with them. They may come in any minute. It is very calm to-day. No cannonade to speak of. This morning the Boches dropped three shells on the railway station about two minutes from here. But their aim was good; they did not hit us. Just above me is a hole in the roof through which a shell fell a few weeks ago. A fragment sailed out the front door, narrowly missing the médecin chef.

This waiting is slow work. I am writing in the big *pavillon de réception*. It was a soldiers' theatre. It is here that the sorting takes place. On the dirt floor, near my feet, lies a soldier on a stretcher. He has had a heavy thump on the chest and breathes with difficulty. Between us is a great brazier, half-full of red-hot coke. The air is keen to-day. Tea is to be served for me at four o'clock. As I speak English, they fear I should die without my tea. I wave my hands, but it is no use. After our dinner, we drink a hot decoction of the blossoms of the lime tree. They firmly believe that it helps the digestion. Who can refute it! The connection between faith and peristalsis is too strong to be denied.

The chief regrets that there are no women here. He thinks they would help the service. They would no doubt teach these *poilus* how to wash. Such dirt! The chief has lent me a clothes-brush. 'It is for the horse,' he explains,

'but I believe the brush for the horse is better for man than the brush of the shops.' *Mon avis:* I shall need a curry-comb soon.

May 31. To-day there were several cases of shock. I tried the respiratory machine. It did not work. All the muscles of these poor creatures were relaxed. Their lips would not close on the rubber mouthpiece. I am off for Paris to-morrow, to have made a frame enclosed in a kind of bag. The patient's head will go inside and carbon-dioxide gas will pass into the chamber from a pressure cylinder. The bag will be tied round the neck. The new device will have two advantages. First, the patient will have nothing to do but to breathe; he need not close his lips on a respiration tube. Second, the treatment need not be interrupted to wash out the apparatus with fresh air. There will be plenty of carbon dioxide and a hole can be left in the chamber, through which the patient will be able to get all the oxygen he needs. But probably, by the time that this apparatus has been made and tested, the fighting in this region will have quieted down, and it will then be necessary for me to go elsewhere.

My stay at the Massif de Moronvillers has been very profitable. I have demonstrated that the blood-pressure is not altered by a barrage fire said to be as violent as the worst in the great drive at Verdun. Further, I have myself examined more than a thousand wounded. Save a few wounds of the abdomen, in which the blood-vessels or their nerves in that great vascular region were probably directly injured, there has been no case of shock except after shell-fractures of the thigh and after multiple wounds through the subcutaneous fat. In these, closure of the capillaries by fat-globules is known to take place. This is strong support for my discovery that shock may be produced in animals by injecting fat into the veins.

As might have been expected, the making of the new apparatus in Paris in war-time was a slow business. When it was finished, I tested it at the Collége de France in the laboratory of my kind friend, Professor Gley. It worked very well. A wire frame covered with a thin caoutchouc bag enclosed the head. Carbon-dioxide gas passed into this bag from a pressure cylinder controlled by a regulating valve. On its way, the gas bubbled through a flask half filled with water. The rate of passage could be told by counting the bubbles. When the inspired air contained about three per cent of carbon dioxide, the subject's respiration was doubled and the blood-pressure was plainly greater. Sufficient fresh air was obtained through an opening in the bag.

By this time the fighting at the Massif de Moronvillers had sunk to the habitual offensive; there were no longer enough wounded at Mourmelon-le-Petit. As only one in a hundred casualties has shock, I needed at least one hundred wounded a day. Since the point at which attacks might be made could not be foretold, it was necessary to obtain carte blanche to go anywhere on the French front. For this I went to Grand General Headquarters at Compiègne.

I felt at home at Compiègne. Months before, the French government had made me consulting physiologist to the Carrel Hospital there. I walked again in the wonderful beechen forest. I stood upon the terrace of the Château, where Napoleon's Austrian bride had looked amazed along the entrancing vista, cut in one night through miles of billowing green by her all-powerful spouse. Compiègne fell to the Huns when the wave of invasion rolled over northern France. But they did not

harm the place. It was the Kaiser's plan, it is believed, to receive upon the celebrated terrace the submission of the dignitaries of France. Instead, one fateful day, during the battle of the Marne, there came over the wire words pregnant with the fate of civilization: 'Foch has pierced our centre. Fall back at once.'

In my former days at Compiègne, the great Château had been a sleepy place, almost deserted. It was now the seat of Grand General Headquarters. No doubt it would be profoundly altered. There would be many guards, a stream of officers coming and going, a crowd of automobiles, a rush of aides bearing messages. To my astonishment, it was scarcely changed. This centre of perhaps the greatest intellectual activity in the world was as quiet almost as the grave. A lonely sentinel guarded the iron gates. A single limousine stood within the court; the chauffeur drowsed in the warm June sun.

Madame C—— and I were admitted to a tiny room, economically boarded off from one of the salons. Presently a soldier led us up the ancient stairway to the third floor, where we traversed interminable corridors paved with brick. We passed door after door, each of which bore a white paper stating the name and business of the inhabitant. We met not a soul.

Finally, we arrived at the door we sought. We found within a pleasant officer at a large desk. He might have been writing his memoirs, so easy and good-natured was he. I stated my case, while my benevolent companion made signs behind my back that I was some kind of rare bird. Even the good are full of guile. The officer did not penetrate this aura. Next day I received a magic square of blue paper, giving me full powers and requiring every French officer to further my researches.

Returning to the Ministry of War, at Paris, on the Boulevard St. Germain, I obtained an order of transport, providing free passage and all civilities on the railways. A message was telephoned to the front, ordering a limousine and an officer to meet me at a certain station. The next day I departed, in the company of an enormous cylinder of carbon-dioxide gas. I reached a station near Soissons, where I was most politely conveyed to Division Headquarters. Here the general brought out a map on which were marked the *postes de secours*, the sorting hospitals, and other administrative details. Soon I found myself just behind the Chemin des Dames, welcomed by a friendly médecin chef, in private life Professor of Surgery at the University of Marseilles.

June 24. This is a hill country. The road to the Ambulance crosses a fold in one of these hills. On the left is a cliff, separated from the road by a narrow strip of ground holding a single line of low stone houses. On the right, a few others cling to the slope. It is Vauxtin. Below the village is a little valley containing barracks and stables. Beyond it the road rises to a rounded summit on which are the great tents of the hospital. It is almost a motor-ambulance. There are electric-light generators mounted upon an auto truck. There is an automobile dove-cote, with homing pigeons. The tents, with the exception of those used for operating-rooms, have dirt floors. There is good air, much sunshine, a wide view, a large and competent staff. The surgical results are excellent.

The staff sleep in the village — in caves dug in the cliff. I live in a house. It has a small courtyard, shut from the road by a wall. There is a wide gateway, closed by iron doors. Upon this yard open sheds in which are cows, swine, poultry, pigs, and rabbits. In

the centre is a dunghill, a pool of liquid manure, and several indolent open drains. My room has a dirty brick floor, dirty walls with great cobwebs, and a dirty duvet, of a color once red. The sheets are coarse but clean. There is no soap-dish, no towel, no anything but a small, battered tin basin and a rusty tin water-can. The door will not lock, or even latch. Two dogs, three cats, and all the chickens, wander at intervals through the manure and into the chamber of the interesting stranger. The cats find the duvet comforting.

I am writing on our mess-table in the adjoining courtyard. We eat in the open, protected from rain by some flimsy tarred paper. Near my bench is a rabbit-hutch. Two large and fluffy hens, each with many chicks, are trying to teach me how to manage a family. I should be more interested if they would show me how it is that my family manages me. The proprietors of this court are a wrinkled, leathery couple who are evidently moved by the example of the prudent Noah; they seem to have at least one pair of each species of animal indigenous to these parts. Their owners think that, pending the arrival of the flood, it would be a waste of energy to clean the court. Our supper consisted of onion soup, omelette soufflé, hash in slabs, green peas, lettuce salad, confiture, toasted war-bread, and coffee.

At ten o'clock, the apparatus was tried on the médecin chef. If he does not complain, the soldiers will not. The experiment goes smoothly and the chief is entirely comfortable.

June 25. It is nine o'clock, and I am sitting at the door of my shock tent, writing on my knee. I was called at 5.45 A.M. and worked without food till 1 P.M. Then an hour for dinner, and after this more work till 8 P.M. Then supper and a pipe, and here I am.

We have had five cases of shock. Three recovered; one was hopeless from the start; and the fifth could not be treated — constant vomiting and hemorrhage. A day full of dreadful sights. The battles here are fiercely fought; there are more than ten German divisions on our immediate front. The carbon-dioxide treatment is undoubtedly an advantage. Probably it is of considerable advantage. Just how much, can be determined only after many observations. But at least a forward step has been taken.

Yesterday I went for a walk to the end of our plateau, separated by a few miles from the Chemin des Dames. It was dusk. The flashes of the guns, the flares, and the smoke-clouds were all visible. Many years ago, the ladies of the French court had villas there and used to drive along the Chemin des Dames to get the view from the long, high ridge.

We had a grand lunch to-day. Tuffier and his aide were guests. The smoke from the green wood of the cook's fire mercifully deadened our capacity to smell his stove five feet away and the manure-pool ten feet away. After all, the rich agricultural aroma of rabbit and of cow is not so bad. The wrinkled peasants, proprietors of this demesne, enjoy these ancestral odors.

> Pomona loved the straw-built shed,
> Warm with the breath of kine.

The old dame has stolen out to catch a glimpse of the great surgeon. She stands with bared head before a plastered wall, on which a vine has drawn a pattern of classic beauty.

The lunch is interesting. An officer tells us his experience at Verdun. He might be describing the barrage on Mont Blond. I am comforted. He at least will know that I have spoken truth. Our feast had reached the cheese, eaten in the hope that its sharp

savor may correct our earlier excesses, when the air fills with a series of loud bangs mixed with the barking of pom-poms. A Boche is trying to hit the barracks and stables down the slope of the hill. Last week sixteen horses were killed by a single bomb. This time the aviator is missing his mark. His bombs are falling at the edge of the low cliff above our heads. Our party leaves more or less hastily for the shelters under the cliff. The sensible ones run. Tuffier and I walk. After a minute or two we conclude that our German friend has done, and we sit down again. Our waiter fetches a jagged piece of steel which had struck about four feet from the plank on which rest my poor old bones at meal-time. I have saved the piece for daughter. But don't be alarmed. This is a quiet enough place. All the hills are bearing haycocks. The fields are poorly cared for, naturally, but there seems, nevertheless, much precious fodder.

Last night it rained, but to-day has been fine and cool. I hated to spend the long, sunny hours in an intolerably hot little room over the remains of what was once a whole man. The wounded are so patient, poor dears.

June 27. After writing you yesterday, I went almost at once to bed. It was still light. The cows and the chickens were at rest, but the peasants were cackling and soldiers and ambulances were constantly passing my open window. This window is three feet above an open drain at the side of the road. Nevertheless, I was soon asleep — fortunately, because at two o'clock a rattle at the shutter and a hoarse voice called me to a shock case. I dressed hurriedly and stumbled up the dark hill to the ambulance. I found the surgeons just bandaging the stump of an amputated thigh. The man was pulseless. The head surgeon turned him over to me — they always do: the more desperate the case, the more pleased they are to bestow him on some one else. The man was taken to my tent and all the surgeons stood by to see what would happen. He was placed head down on a sloping table. Six large electric lights were arranged between him and his blanket. The mask was put over his head and the carbon dioxide turned on. In three minutes his pulse reappeared. Every one was much pleased.

I am anxious to get back to Paris to try out a new idea, an electrical method for raising the blood-pressure.

It is not my purpose to give an account of the busy weeks that followed and the long series of experiments in the laboratories of the Collége de France. The harvest was, as usual, a pennyworth of new truth in an intolerable deal of disappointment.

In August, I sailed for my own country, bearing with me the certainty that the carbon-dioxide respiration treatment of shock was at least of some advantage.

The voyage home was exciting. It was given chiefly to playing chess with a submarine officer. He maintained the high traditions of the United States Navy. I was usually beaten.

(*The End*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE AUTHOR AS CRITIC

UNDER cover of the blessed anonymity of the Contributor's Club, I hope to have space to say something which touches me nearly. I have that to say which cannot be signed. Yet I distinctly want to say it.

I spent certain years of my youth in an academic post where it was not only my privilege, but my duty, to sit in the seat of the scornful. It was my business, that is, to recommend to the young of my own sex such authors and works as seemed, to my slightly greater experience of literature, worth while. I was paid a living wage for being a highbrow. And I was a highbrow: so completely one that I could with impunity confess to the most frivolous undergraduate my keen delight in a good detective story. It was perfectly well known that I took an equally keen delight in seventeenth-century prose.

Now the miles are many between me and Arcadia. I no longer occupy that academic post. I am no longer paid for being a highbrow. It is not of the slightest official importance what I think, either of Hooker or of Maurice Leblanc. Of course, I did not know, when I was there, that it was Arcadia. Arcadia is always a place that you have left. Let me explain why I now know that, in truth, it was.

While I was being a critic at so many hours a day, I could say what I thought. In fact, the more literature one scorned, the better highbrow one was. Oh, Academe *is* Arcadia! I was free to admit that I did not consider Thomas Hardy absolutely first-rate, because we all knew what 'first-rate' meant. It meant first-rate, from the point of view, as nearly as we could get it, of Time itself. I might point out to a class the value of De Quincey's prose, and at the same time condemn some of his more obvious artificialities. I could say that Thackeray was a snob — and prove it. I could give it as my opinion that Mr. Chesterton was usually very clever, sometimes very silly, often very illogical. I was at perfect liberty to denounce the literary product of the day — for a highbrow is not supposed to be very enthusiastic about his contemporaries. And certainly no one expected me to like the things in the magazines. Yes, it was Arcadia.

Now I had naïvely supposed that, imperfect though one's own perceptions and judgments may be, one's right to standards as rigid as one can make them was unassailable. Such is not, I find, the case.

A few years ago, I began to 'write' — worse, to publish. I have, since I began, published quite a bit of stuff of my own. It did not occur to me, when I blithely began, that, because my own work was being printed, I must straightway give up the privilege of saying what I honestly felt about other people's work. Why, because I write plays myself, — I do not write plays, — should it be forbidden me to say that I do not personally enjoy seeing the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw? Why, because I write verse myself, — I do not write verse, — is it unpardonable of me to say that I do not care for the irregular margins of Miss Amy Lowell? Yet so it is. The moment one 'writes' one's self, one must not presume to criticize any one else who writes. Not

so much, either, because of manners, as because an author is not supposed to utter a word about any work of art save one that he can obviously better himself. That is: unless my own novels are as good as Paul Bourget's, I may not say that Paul Bourget is second-rate — even though, in the same breath, I make myself clear by saying that Balzac is first-rate. It may never have occurred to me that my own novels were anything like so good as Paul Bourget's; but every one will say that I think they are better. Every one will at once leap to compare my work with his, to the great detriment of mine. In other words, you must give up your standards, if you are going to write anything yourself — or else keep the silence of the grave about them.

I have had bitter experience. I know whereof I speak. Because I once — in answer to earnest solicitation — ventured to express my opinion about a certain author (my opinion appeared in print) I was deluged with attack. Editorials, letters to the newspapers, anonymous letters addressed to me personally. The burden of them all was: did I think that my insignificant product could be matched with the work of that great man? My own insignificant product had never occurred to me in that connection. I judged him, as I supposed any enlightened person did, from what I knew about the achievements of the great masters in his *genre*. In a class-room, it would have been a simple duty to attack him, if discussion of him had come up. But because I 'write,' I have lost all claim to my fastidiousness.

Yet we all listen to critics, and some of us take some of them seriously. And very few of our most famous critics do creative work of their own. There is no reason to suppose that, if they took to novel- or verse- or play-writing, they would be any better at it than Sainte-Beuve, let us say, or Jules Lemaître, at their 'creative' work. Matthew Arnold wrote good poetry; but he did not write so good poetry as Shelley or Byron or Wordsworth, all of whom he freely criticized. Ought he and these other gentlemen to have held their critical tongues forever because they wrote, themselves, second-rate fiction and poetry and plays? No sane person really thinks so; for any sane person knows that the greatest critical acuteness does not necessarily involve the least creative ability — that the two things are quite separate. We cannot silence all our critics because we suspect that they could not write as good novels, say, as the novelists they criticize.

Now, it is very easy to say that each had better stick to his own *métier* — let the critic criticize and the author write. As a rule, that would not be such a bad thing — though we should lose if we applied it, retrospectively, to Dante, for example, or Ben Jonson. But in just one way the rule would be certain to work perniciously. For whether or not the possession of a rigid literary standard tremendously improves the creative work of an author, it is certain that the lack of literary standards is, in the end, bad for our authors. The public seems to take it as an assertion of arrogance that a poet or a novelist should have a poor opinion of the product of any other poet or novelist. In fact, if X says of Y that he is not so great as Shakespeare, people leap to the conclusion that X considers himself as great as Shakespeare, and proceed to sit on him. And unless X is Mr. Bernard Shaw, they are probably mistaken in their conclusion.

Nothing makes more for humility than to keep the great works constantly in one's mind; just as nothing makes more for conscientious work on one's own part. That fact is assumed in Arcadia-Academe; that is why Arcadia-

Academe is such bad preparation for the market-place. In Arcadia we assumed — over-optimistically, no doubt — that all writing folk were doing their best — perfectly conscious, meanwhile, that there were infinite grades of goodness in their heterogeneous achievement. And certainly it never occurred to any of us that it could ever conceivably be our duty, if we ourselves came to 'write,' to criticize our fellow toilers any less rigidly than we did ourselves. It would not, perhaps, be the best manners for a novelist to spend all his leisure time in pouring insults on the heads of other novelists, even on the assumption that he deserved his own insults equally with them. But the present public attitude amounts to muzzling.

Surely it is not right that a man who is working hard at writing should be expected to abandon forever all his critical sense about writing in general. For it is not merely uttering the criticism that people object to: they object to its being mentally made. And I feel sure that it would be better for us all if we had things out, on the basis of common intellectual standards, in the Arcadian — the academic — spirit. It is inconceivable to me that, if any one wrote an essay on my work (I certainly do not expect that any one ever will), he should be rigid with me only in case he had never himself written my kind of thing, but should lay himself out in meaningless and dishonest flattery, if he had happened to print a few pages, himself, in the *genre* that I affect.

It is strange that an editor ever asks an author to write him a literary essay. But it is one of the seven wonders of the world that an author ever does it.

THE PERILS OF TELEPATHY

The present period is marked by an increasing distrust of science. We are waking up to the fact that some of the fairest provinces of uncertainty are threatened by the invasion of accurate knowledge. The encroachments of scientific exactness upon guesswork are so insidious, that unless we strengthen our defenses in time, we may lose some of our trustiest strongholds. We have been used to view one spot as well nigh impregnable to clear understanding, and that spot is our own self. For a good many æons we have lived along comfortably, each in a sturdy tower, divining each other's interior only by fallible peepholes, and communicating, when we care to communicate, by means of safe little subterfuges called words. We have been reasonably secure from approach by earth, air, or sea. The whole fabric of society is built on the assumption that we can never get at each other, never really know what our next-door neighbor is up to.

It is about time that some one noticed that science is plotting a descent upon this pleasant privacy. If we flatter ourselves that we are going to be allowed to think our own thoughts in isolation, it is high time that we listened to some of the threatening voices that go unheeded. I quote one such, which advocates introducing to this mortal scene the chief inconvenience incident to post-mundane existence.

'One could communicate with extraordinary swiftness and ease by imagination alone. Talk soul to soul, as it were. It is a simple trick and can be practiced between human beings while on earth, and is indeed the best form of conversation.'

Do we actually fail to perceive the audacity of the menace implied? The mere indecorousness of naked sincerity is the least of the evils that telepathy will let loose upon us. Courtesy could not exist in a world where people perfectly understood each other. Our manners are none too good as it is, but how the beast and the boor in all of us

would break forth if never controlled by the effort to appear more polite than we feel! If the thoughts, for example, of guest and host were utterly undressed, the one before the other, how long would the gentle amenities of hospitality survive? Who would have the courage to go to a dinner if he had to endure the clatter of people's thoughts about him pounding their way into his brain? Yet in the passage just quoted telepathy is actually advocated as a practice to be encouraged! Fortunately most of us are still so clumsy at it that we are not ready to forego the use of the tongue when we wish to speak; yet at times we are so shortsighted as to deprecate the use of words. Let us, rather, cheerfully continue not to understand each other, mindful how much worse off we should be if we *did* understand.

Although telepathy has not yet come into popular social usage, we occasionally meet people not ashamed to exhibit it as an accomplishment. Such people are most discouraging to conversation. When a person knows what we are going to say before we say it, the effort of expression seems futile; the racy epithet, the felicitous phrase go unspoken. There would presently be no *bons mots* to be quoted; life would not be enlivened by the twinkling passage of repartee, that light rebound of thought and word, striking against surfaces they cannot pierce. When there are no walls for talk to knock against, and no gates to be opened or shut to other people's penetration, the art of conversation will die, and social intercourse be reduced to a fatuous smirking at each other's faces — or perhaps to a fierce clawing of them, when the thoughts of all hearts shall be revealed.

The universal employment of telepathic communication would do away with another prerogative of society, the right to gossip. In our present imperfect means of knowledge, everybody presents a different aspect to everybody else. To gossip is to bring forward for discussion all the data each observer has gathered; it is a comparison of various angles of misunderstanding tending to diffuse unenlightenment and thus to protect the person under examination from an intrusively accurate analysis. Now, if his soul were presented in the same crystalline fidelity to each of us, he himself would neither enjoy privacy of spirit, nor we our game of guessing.

If telepathy were once established as being what its advocates claim, 'the best form of conversation,' several established arts, several enjoyable diversions, would fall into immediate desuetude. Novels and plays would cease to be written. Romance and drama are constructed on the assumption that we can never really know one another's thoughts, combined with the illusion that we *can* if we try. We go to the play, we go to the book, because we delight to observe the infinite permutations and combinations of impact arising from the truth that people cannot read each other's purposes. If the puppets on the stage — the playhouse stage and the world stage equally — all knew each other's intentions, there would immediately result, for the actors, the paralysis of the plot, and for the audience, all the boredom of omniscience. It is because none of us can tell where other people want to go that we bump into them. Telepathy would introduce the possibility of precaution and thus deprive life of its chief stimulus, unforeseen contact. What we enjoy in a novel is seeing how the author is going to steer his characters to their goal when they are continually being shoved away from it by collisions. In a wretched Utopia, where everybody understood everybody else, there would be no fun in either reading or writing,

and literature would languish and disappear.

What keeps life going is that it keeps us guessing. Our pet vanity is our power to divine character. Human idiosyncracies are a mystery forever alluring and forever eluding. Now telepathy proposes to come in and reform all this, proposes to teach us how to read souls as easily as spelling-books. Science has the effrontery to present the innovation as ushering in a millennium. I have no desire to go marching into a privacy that bewitches me with invitation so long as I merely peep. Suppose I should find only dust and emptiness in rooms now magic with surmise!

I have shown how a system of telepathic communication would disrupt our social life and destroy the literature constructed to reflect that life. There are, however, two darker and deeper dangers incident to letting everybody use the aerial apparatus. If the introduction of telepathy would undermine social intercourse, it would absolutely annul solitude. The wings of the dove could never outdistance the impudent wings of the wireless. Anybody who wished could send his thoughts forth to investigate anybody else's nest in the wilderness. Privacy would rapidly become a prehistoric privilege. Solitude is the chief support of the affections: it would be impossible to love your fellow man if you knew you could never get away from him.

Last and most painful peril of all: it is not only my own and my neighbor's retirement that I would preserve impenetrable to mutual invasion: but there are other regions I do not wish to enter with any clear certainty, the skyward chambers of my own high tower of secrecy, where I sometimes entertain a mysterious visitor. If telepathy taught me the language of the spirit, I might inadvertently learn to understand my own. Let not science be so sacrilegious. When I loaf and invite my own soul, I want the guest to come to me without any telepathic eavesdropping on the part of other people, and without any profaning analysis on my own part. Let no telepathy interrupt my communing with that august presence, my own soul.

FLETCHERIZING IN LITERATURE

We are all of us familiar with the teachings, if not with the actual writings, of Mr. Horace Fletcher. Moreover, most of us believe those teachings, in substance, to be true. To our shame, however, it must probably be confessed that few of us practice them with any degree of faithfulness. The principles which, between meals, seem acceptable as well as sound, are apt to vanish suddenly when we sit down to a substantial feast, and feel ourselves equipped to do it justice. When the grim form of indigestion steals toward us under cover of the night, however, and we awake to feel his grasp upon our vitals, we resolve henceforth to Fletcherize. The master of mastication, we decide, shall have another faithful and obedient disciple.

It is not given to many men — or women either — to lend their name to a popular cause or movement of reform. But this is a distinction which belongs to Mr. Fletcher. Whether he deserves the honor or not, is another matter. There is no new thing under the sun, and we have it on the authority of the omnivorous Macaulay that the famous Count Rumford unfolded to the Elector of Bavaria a very practical scheme for economizing on the rations of his soldiers. The plan of the scientific count was very simple. The soldiers were to be compelled 'to masticate their food thoroughly.' For, said the man of science, a century and more ago, 'a small

quantity of food thus eaten would afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured.'

Whether or not the Elector of Bavaria acted upon Count Rumford's counsel, history does not say. Perhaps he lacked compelling power over the jaws of his soldiers, and kept on overfeeding them. The Kaiser, however, might issue orders as to the amount of mastication to be applied to bread and sausages in the army and among civilians, and so solve, in part, the present lack of food-supply in Germany. One wonders that it has not been considered, and I hesitate to write these words lest they furnish the Teutons with a weapon whereby to nullify in part the blockade which England has established.

It is a poor teaching, however, which does not apply to more than one of life's departments. Adaptability is a law of life as well as an attribute of genius. Man does not live by bread alone. The mind is fed by books. I want to suggest, therefore, that we need another Mr. Fletcher to apply this doctrine, not to the dining-room, but to the reading-room; and not merely to the pantry shelves, but to the shelves of our public libraries. There is a form of literary gluttony prevalent at the present time, which is positively distressing, and which bodes ill for the mental health of coming generations. In our schools and colleges, stuffing is mistaken for studying, and cramming for learning; while among the public generally, skimming takes the place of careful reading, and reading comes to be a substitute for thought.

Mental health would certainly be promoted if people should select carefully a few good viands and chew them thoroughly. Many people complain, for instance, of their wretched memories. They read a book this week and have forgotten all about it the next. Perhaps it is well at times that they should forget it. Perhaps there was nothing in it worth remembering. But the process is not wholesome. We remember things when we have cause to think about them; without careful thought there is nothing for memory to lay hold upon.

We cannot, of course, lay down any hard-and-fast rule in regard to things like these; nor did Mr. Fletcher himself seek to do so in setting forth his famous system. 'One person,' he declared, 'may dispose of a morsel of bread in thirty mastications so that the last vestige of it has disappeared by involuntary process into the stomach. Another person, of similar general health and appearance, selecting as nearly as possible an equal morsel of bread, may require fifty acts of mastication before the morsel disappears. The next week, by some change of conditions, this order may be reversed.' The methodical Mr. Gladstone, who was no less punctilious at the dinner-table than he was at his desk, found saving grace in the number thirty-two. 'Chew each morsel of food at least thirty-two times,' was the mathematical announcement that he made to the world, as solemnly as if he were dealing with an item in a national budget.

But, as Mr. Fletcher well remarked in referring to the English statesman's rule, 'the dictum has little value except as a general suggestion. Some morsels will not resist thirty-two mastications, while others will defy seven hundred.' He himself had found, so he tells us, that 'one-fifth of an ounce of the mid-way section of the garden young onion, sometimes called "chal-lot," has required seven hundred and twenty-two mastications before disappearing through involuntary swallowing. After the tussle, however, the young onion left no odor upon the breath, and joined the happy family in

the stomach as if it had been of cornstarch softness and consistency.'

Much the same, of course, may be said of books and the amount of study they require. Some pieces of writing are like the 'challot,' while others are quickly and easily disposed of. There can be no doubt, however, as regards the general value of the Fletcherizing process. It is thus that men have always disciplined themselves and attained to mental strength. We all know how it was with Lincoln, for example, and how it likewise was with Franklin. What seemed the early disadvantages of these men — their lack of many books — became their best and most effective means of education. They digested thoroughly the little literary food they had. In the scanty library of Franklin's father was a copy of Plutarch's *Lives* which the youthful Benjamin 'read abundantly,' chewing its chapters many times. His real education began, however, when he met with 'an odd volume of the *Spectator*.' He bought it: read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. Moreover, he adds in his Autobiography, 'I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it.' Whereupon he began the wholesome process of reading certain of the articles, putting them aside, and, after a few days, endeavoring to reproduce them in his own words, following out the general sentiments as he remembered them.

There was education for you! And it was the kind of education which the wisest nearly always have pursued in building up a wholesome digestion and educating taste as well as style. Demosthenes, for instance, — to give a classic instance, —is said to have copied out the entire History of Thucydides six times, in order thoroughly to familiarize himself with the matter and the manner of the great historian.

Moreover, Fletcherizing such as this is not only good for the digestion, curing flatulency and building up substantial tissue, but it promotes, as well, the pleasures of the palate. One gets the whole taste out of the food absorbed. Count Rumford knew and stated this fact, too, before the days of our modern prophet. In his essay on Food he wrote, 'The idea of occupying a person a great while, and affording him much pleasure at the same time, in eating a small quantity of food, may perhaps appear ridiculous to some; but those who consider the matter attentively will perceive that it is very important.'

But its importance from a dietary point of view is incommensurate with what it has to teach us in regard to the joys of literature. One need not follow Ruskin's advice and read 'word by word, and syllable by syllable, and even letter by letter'; but there is a satisfaction in dwelling upon sentences and tasting their hidden meanings, with which the passing pleasures of the palate cannot be compared.

This truth is one of which we were reminded in that delicately shaded little story entitled 'Nothing,' which appeared at some time in the *Atlantic*. A blind woman was made to speak, and what she said revealed the depth and clearness of the author's insight into things of this kind. Her words were these, and they may be earnestly recommended to many people who imagine that they see: 'By taking plenty of time I managed to learn some books by heart: and I found it was much more interesting to sit and think about one paragraph for an hour, than to read twenty pages. Even a few words are enough. Take "Be still, and know that I am God"; or, "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace." There's no end to those sentences.'

Nor is there. But, at the present time, the sad fact is that many people hardly make a beginning on them.

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A PORT SAID MISCELLANY

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

THERE has come upon us, suddenly, one of those inexplicable lulls which make the experienced seafarer in the Mediterranean recall bygone voyages out East. It is as if the ship had run abruptly into some sultry and airless chamber of the ocean, a chamber whose cobalt roof has shut down tight, and through which not a breath is moving. The smoke from the funnel, of a sulphurous bronze color, even while our trail yet lies somnolent in a long smear on the horizon, now goes straight to the zenith. The iron bulwarks are as hot as hand can bear, as the westering sun glows full upon the beam. Under the awnings the troops lie gasping on their rubber sheets, enduring silently and uncomprehendingly, like dumb animals.

Far ahead, the escort crosses and recrosses our course. Still farther ahead, a keen eye can detect a slight fraying of the taut blue line of the horizon. Signals break from the escort and are answered from our bridge. I turn to a sergeant who is shambling to and fro by the machine-room door, and inform him that Port Said is in sight, and that he will be in harbor in an hour or so.

And then, just as suddenly as we entered, the door of that heated chamber of the sea opens and we pass out into a warm humid wind. The wind and the news wake everybody. The soldiers, who have encamped on our after-deck during the voyage, suddenly display a feverish activity. Rations are packed, rifles are cleaned, and I am in the full tide of popular favor because I permit oil-reservoirs to be replenished in the machine-room and furnish those priceless fragments of old emery cloth which give such a delectable and silvery gloss to the bolts. Later, I am so popular that I could almost stand for Parliament, for I tell the sergeant that each man can fill his water-bottle with iced-water. Which they proceed to do at once, so that said water gets red-hot before the moment of disembarkation!

But take a look at these men on our after-deck while we are coming up to Port Said. You have never seen them before and you will not see them again, for they are bound for Bagdad and beyond. They are very representative, for they are of all ages, races, and regiments. They are going to join units which have been transferred. Three were hours in the water when their ship was torpedoed. Several have come overland across France and Italy, and got most pleasantly hung up at entrancing cities on the way. Others have come out of hospitals and trenches in Macedonia and France and Flanders.

They are Irish, Scottish, Welsh, and English. The sergeant, now thumbing a worn pocket-book, has seen service in India, China, Egypt, and France.

Behind him, on the hatch, is a boy of eighteen who wears the uniform of the most famous regiment in the British Army. He is small for his age, and he has a most engaging smile. When I asked him how on earth he got into the Army he explained that he had 'misriprisinted his age.' He has a chum, a gaunt Highlander, who scarcely opened his lips all the voyage, and who sat on the hatch sewing buttons on their clothes, darning their stockings, and reading a religious pamphlet entitled *Doing it Now*.

There is another sergeant, too, a young gentleman going home to get a commission. He is almost to be described as one apart, for he holds no converse with the others. He walks in a mincing way, he has a gold watch with a curb-chain on one wrist, a silver identification plate and a silver slave-bangle from Saloniki on the other, and an amethyst ring on one of his fingers. As the Chief Engineer said to me one day, he needed only a spear and a ring through his nose to be a complete fighting man. However, in this war it is unwise to make snap judgments. I understand that this young gentleman has an aptitude for certain esoteric brain-work of vast use in artillery. He never goes near the firing-line at all. Our young friend Angus MacFadden has that job. When the young gentleman with the slave-bangle and gold-mounted fountain-pen and expensive Kodak has figured out certain calculations in his dug-out office, Angus, who resembles an extremely warlike bell-hop, with his gaunt Highland chum beside him, will scramble up out of his trench, make a most determined rush toward a given point, and, in short, complete the job, whatever it may be.

Now it is all very well to talk about the triumphs of mind over matter, but my interest is not with the young gentleman at all. He may carry Omar Khayyam in his kit. He may call the 'Shropshire Lad' 'topping poetry.' He may (as he does) borrow Swinburne from my book-shelf. My interest is with Angus and his chums. I look out of my machine-room window and watch them getting ready to disembark. They are very amusing, with their collapsible aluminium pannikins, their canvas wash-basins and buckets, their fold-up shaving tackle and telescopic tooth-brushes.

There is one tough old private of the Old Army among them. He has the Egyptian and two South African medals. He never seems to have any kit to bother him. I see him in the galley, peeling potatoes for their dinner, deep in conversation with the pantryman and smoking an Irish clay. He knows all the twenty-one moves, as we say. Then there is a very young man who reads love-stories all the time, a rosy-cheeked lad with the Distinguished Service Order ribbon on his tunic.

Another, almost as young, is tremendously interested in refrigeration. He comes into my engine-room and stares in rapt incredulity at the snow on the machine. 'I don't see why it does n't melt!' he complains, as if he had a grievance. 'How *do* you freeze? if it isn't a rude question.'

I explain briefly how we utilize the latent heat of reëvaporation peculiar to certain gaseous media, in order to reduce the temperature. He turns on me with a rush of frankness and bursts out, 'But, you know, that's all Greek to me!' Well, I suggest, his soldiering 's all Greek to me, come to that. He laughs shortly, with his eyes on the ever-moving engines, and says he supposes so. By and by he begins to talk

of his experiences in Macedonia. He thinks the sea is beautiful, after the bare hot gulches and ravines. He is so fair that the sun has burned his face and knees pink instead of brown. I asked him what he was doing before the war, and he said his father had a seed-farm in Essex and he himself was learning the business.

Meanwhile we have arrived at Port Said. The engines stop and go astern violently, and the pilot comes alongside in a boat and climbs the rope-ladder. Just ahead is the breakwater, with a couple of motor patrols keeping guard over the fairway. Our escort puts on speed and goes in, for her job with us is done. She has gone in to coal, and she will be ready in a few hours to take another transport out. She and her sisters are like us — they are never through. The big ships may lie for days, or even weeks, in harbor. We small fry have to hurry. Back and forth we ply without ceasing. Sometimes we run ashore in our haste, and so make less speed. Sometimes we smash into each other in the dark, and have to stagger back to port and refit with all possible expedition. Sometimes, too, we go out and never come back, and nobody save the authorities and our relatives hears anything about it. To what end? Well — and herein lies my interest in those soldiers of the King on the after-deck — the one ultimate object we have in view is to get Master Angus MacFadden and his chums into that front-line trench, to keep them there, warm and fed, and fully supplied with every possible assistance when they climb over the parapet to make the aforesaid rush. Everything else, when you come to think of it, is subordinate to that.

The ship goes at half-speed now past the breakwater, a long gray finger pointing northwards from the beach. Half-way along we pass the De Lesseps statue on its high pedestal, the right hand flung out in a grandiose gesture toward the supreme achievement of his life. The warm wind from the westward is sending up the sea to break in dazzling white foam on the yellow sand below the pink and blue and brown bathing-huts. The breakwater is crowded with citizens taking the air, for the walks of Port Said are restricted and flavored with the odors of Arabian domesticity. We pass on, and the hotels and custom-house buildings come into view. All around are the transients of the ocean, anchored and for a moment at rest. Past the Canal building we steam, a pretentious stucco affair with three green-tiled domes and deep Byzantine galleries. Past also Navy House, a comely white building in the Venetian style, recalling the Doge's Palace — an illusion heightened by the fleet of patrols anchored in front, busily getting ready to go out to work.

And then we stop, and manœuvre, and go astern; tugs whistle imperiously, motor-boats buzz around us, ropes are hurriedly ferried across to buoys and quays, and we are made fast and pulled into our berth alongside of an immense vessel which has come from the other side of the world with frozen meat to feed Master Angus and his chums. But by this time it is dark. The ochreous sheen on the sky behind Port Said is darkening to purple and violet, the stars are shining peacefully over us, and the sergeant comes to ask for a lantern by which to finish packing his kit.

It has been warm during the day, but now it is stifling. We are, as I said, close alongside a great ship. She extends beyond us and towers above us, and even the warm humid breeze of Port Said in August is shut out from us. Up from below comes a suffocating stench of hot bilge. The ship is invaded by a swarm of Arab cargo-men,

who begin immediately to load us from our neighbor. Cargo lights, of a ghastly blue color, appear at the hatchways. Angus and his chums take up their kits and fall in on the bridge-deck. Officers hurry to and fro. Hatches are taken off, and the cold air of the holds comes up in thin wisps of fog into the tropic night. Winches rattle. Harsh words of French and Arabic commingle with the more intelligible shouts of the ship's officers. All night this goes on. All night proceeds this preposterous traffic in frozen corpses, amid the dim blue radiance of the cargo-clusters. Hundreds upon hundreds of frozen corpses!

I go off watch at eight and, seated in a room like a Turkish bath, I try to concentrate on the letters which have come over the sea. I am seized with a profound depression, arising, I suppose, from the bizarre discrepancy between the moods communicated by the letters and my own weariness. Most letters are so optimistic in tone. They clap one on the back and give one breezy news of the flowers in New Jersey gardens, of the heat in New Orleans, of bombs in London and reunions in English houses. All very nice; but I have to get up at two, and the thermometer over my bunk is now registering a hundred Fahrenheit. An electric fan buzzes and snaps in the corner and seems only to make the air hotter. An Arab passes in the alleyway outside and calls to some one named Achmet in an unmelodious howl. (All male Arabs are named Achmet apparently.)

I sit in my pajamas, with the letters in my hand, and wonder how long it is going to last. Another week or so and we shall have had two years of it. Most of us have gone home on leave. Counting the commander, there are — let me see — four of us left of the original crowd. It is over a year since I applied for leave. Nothing will come of it. I look into the future and see myself, a gray elderly failure, still keeping a six-hour shift on a Mediterranean transport, my life spent, my friends and relatives all dead, Angus and his chums gone west, and a new generation coming out, with vigorous appetites for fresh provisions.

And then the door opens and lets in a slight uniformed figure with a grip in his hand and a familiar smile on his face. Lets in also liberty, freedom, payday, England, Home and Beauty.

It is my relief, arrived at last!

II

We greet each other shyly, for the chief and some of the others are standing in the alleyway, with broad grins on their faces at my look of flabbergasted bewilderment. An Arab porter comes along with a big canvas bag of dunnage, which he dumps at our feet.

'Why — what — how — when — did you get here?' I ask weakly.

'Train from Alexandria,' he replies, sitting down on the settee.

My kitten, a sandy little savage known as O'Henry, jumps up and begins to make friends. O'Henry is stroked and tickled, and Tommy looks up at me with his old tolerant, bland, imperturbable smile.

'You, of all people!' I remark, looking at him inanely.

'Aye, they sent me out,' he affirms. 'They told me you were here. How's things?'

The others go away, still smiling, and I shut the door. For this young chap, who has come across Europe to relieve me, is an old shipmate. We were on the Merovingian. We have been many voyages to Rio and the Plates. We were always chums. In some obscure fashion, we got on. Tommy is North Country — dry, taciturn, reticent, slow to make friends. A hot-air merchant makes him restive and he

goes away. He abhors bluffers. I like him. We have never written, though, for it is a fact that some friendships do not 'carry' in a letter. They are like some wines — they do not travel. For all I knew, I was never to see him again. What of that? We had been chums and we understood each other. I had often thought of him since I'd been out here — a good little shipmate. And now here he was, on my settee, smiling and tickling O'Henry just where he likes to be tickled, and asking me to come ashore with him.

Will I come ashore with him? Will I not? I drag open drawers, fling out a white-drill suit, and begin to dress. I open the door and shout to the messman to go and get a boat and bring my shoes and some hot water. While I shave, Tommy relates his adventures in a sketchy way. He has no gift of tongues, but now and again he strikes out a phrase that brings the picture before me. He has been torpedoed. He was in the Malthusian when she was 'plugged.' He was on watch, of course, — Thirds always are on watch when anything happens. I used to tell him that he was the original of Browning's 'Shadowy Third,' he is so small, with delicate hands and that charming, elusive, shadowy smile.

Oh, I remark, as I reach for the talcum powder, he was torpedoed, was he? He nods and smiles at O'Henry's trick of falling off the settee head over heels. And the poor old Malthusian too — what a box of tricks she was, with her prehistoric pumps and effervescent old dynamo — gone at last, eh? Tommy says nothing about the catastrophe save that he lost his gear. Then, he observes, he joined the Polynesian as Third, having, of course, got himself fresh gear. Ah, and had I heard about the Polynesian? She's gone too, he said, letting O'Henry down to the floor by his tail. What? Torpedoed too? It must be a sort of habit with him. Good Heavens! But no, says Tommy, she was attacked, but she got away, and —

'It was a funny thing,' he adds meditatively; and looks at me as though he could n't make it out.

'What,' I ask, 'what happened?' as I look round for my stick and cigar-case.

'Oh, I'll tell you when we get ashore,' he says; and he rolls O'Henry into a ball and drops him on my bunk.

'Come on, then. — Sam! Got that boat?'

A negro voice howls, 'Yes, sah,' and we go out and down the ladder.

A three-quarter moon is coming up, hangs now over Palestine, and Port Said, the ancient Pelusium, takes on a serene splendor inconceivable to those who have seen her only in the hard dusty glare of noon-day. The harsh outlines of the ships soften to vague shadows touched with silver; the profound gloom within the colonnades of the Canal building, the sheen of the moonlight on green domes and gray stucco walls make of it a fairy palace of mist and emerald. Each motor-launch speeding past leaves a broadening, heaving furrow of phosphorescence. Each dip of our oars breaks the dark water into an incredible swirl of boiling greenish-white radiance.

Tommy and I sit side by side in the stern in silence as the Arab boatman, in blue gown and round white cap, pulls us up to the Custom-House quay. We pass out at a side gate and find ourselves in Egyptian darkness. Whether this is due to military exigencies or to a shortage of fuel, nobody seems to know. The hotel buildings along the front throw their shadows right across the Sharia el Legera, down which we pass until we reach the broad dusty Rue el Nil, a boulevard running straight down to the sea. We are bound for the Eastern Exchange Hotel, familiarly known as 'The Eastern.' It is the grand rally-

ing-point of mariners east and west of Suez. It is a huge gaunt structure of glass and iron, built over to the curb of the street, and the arcade under it is full of green chairs and tables, green shrubs in enormous tubs, and climbing plants twined about the iron stanchions. The lights are shrouded in green petroleum cans, and one has the illusion of sitting in the glade of some artificial forest. Hotel waiters, in long white robes cut across with brilliant scarlet sashes, and surmounted by scarlet fezes, move noiselessly to and fro with trays of drinks. An orchestra, somewhere beyond, plays a plaintive air.

All around are uniforms naval and military, British, French, Italian, and so forth. It is here, I say, that East and West do meet. Here the skipper from Nagasaki finds an old shipmate just in from New Orleans. Here a chief engineer, burned brown and worn thin by a summer at Basra, drinks with a friend bound East from Glasgow to Rangoon. Here the gossip of all the ports of the Seven Seas changes hands over the little tables under the dim green-shaded lights. Outside, beyond the screen of verdure, a carriage will go by stealthily in the dust, a cigar glowing under the hood. Itinerant salesmen of peanuts in glass boxes, beads, Turkish delight, postals, cigarettes, news-sheets, postage-stamps, and all the other passenger junk, pass to and fro. A native conjurer halts as we sit down, sadly produces a dozen lizards from an apparently empty fez, and passes on as I look coldly upon his peripatetic legerdemain. Here and there parties of residents sit round a table — a French family, perhaps, or Italian, or Maltese, or Greek, or Hebrew, or Syrian — for they are all to be found here in Pelusium, the latter making money out of their conquerors, just as, I dare say, they did in Roman times. Papa is smoking a cigarette; Mamma is sitting back surveying the other denizens of the artificial forest through her lorgnon; the young ladies converse with a couple of youthful 'subs' in khaki, and a bare-legged boy, in an enormous pith hat like an inverted bath, is haggling over half a piastre with a vendor of peanuts. Tommy and I sit in the shadow of a shrub and I order gin and lime-juice. He wants beer, but there is no beer — only some detestable carbonated bilge-water at half a dollar (ten piastres) the bottle.

And soldiers go by continually to and from the cafés and canteens. Many are Colonials, and their wide-brimmed hats decorated with feathers give them an extraordinarily dissipated air. There is something very un-English about these enormous, loose-limbed, rolling fighting-men, with their cheeks the color of raw beef and their truculent eyes under their wide hats. They remind me at times of the professional soldiers of my school-days, who dressed in scarlet and gold and were a race apart. As they pass us, in twos and threes and singly, slouching and jingling their spurs, and roll off into darkness again I think of Master Angus MacFadden and his chums, and I wonder what the future holds for us all. Then I hear Tommy talking and I begin to listen.

No use trying to tell the story as he told it. Whoever thinks he can is the victim of an illusion. Tommy's style, like his personality, is not literary. I often wonder, when I think of the sort of life he has led, how he comes to express himself at all. For he often startles me with some queer semi-articulate flash of intuition. A direct challenge to Life! As when he said, looking up at me as we leaned over the bulwarks and watched the sun rise one morning in the Caribbean, 'Yo' know, I have n't *had* any life.'

Well, as I said, he and I are chums on some mysteriously taciturn, North

Country principle that won't bear talking about! And I must tell the story in my own way, merely quoting a phrase now and then. I owe him that much because, you see, he was there.

III

That voyage he made in the Polynesian was her usual London to South American ports. And nothing happened until they were homeward bound and making Ushant. It was a glorious day, as clear as it ever is in northern waters, and the Third Mate was astonished to see through his glasses what he took to be land. Ushant already! As he looked he saw a flash and his wonder deepened. He told himself, well, he'd be blowed! A tremendous bang a hundred yards abeam of the Polynesian nearly shook him overboard. It had come at last, then!

The Old Man came from his room, running sideways, his face set in a kind of spasm, and stood by the rail, clutching it as if petrified. The Third Mate, a friend of Tommy's, pointed and handed the binocular just in time for the Old Man to see another flash. The morning telegraph clanged and jangled. The Third Mate ran to the telephone and was listening, when the second shell, close to the bows, exploded on the water and made him drop the receiver. Then he heard the Old Man order the helm over — over — over, whirling his arm to emphasize the vital need of putting it hard over. A few moments of tense silence, and then, with a roar that nearly split all their ear-drums, the Polynesian's six-inch anti-raider gun loosed off at nine thousand yards.

So you must envisage this obscure naval engagement on that brilliant summer day in the green Atlantic. Not a ripple to spoil the aim, not a cloud in the sky, as the two gunners, their sleeves rolled to the shoulders, their bodies heaving, thrust a fresh shell and cartridge into the breech, shoved in the cap, and swung the block into place with the soft 'cluck' of steel smeared with vaseline. As the ship veers, the gun is trained steady on the gray dot. Nine thousand and fifty, no deflection — 'Stand away!' There is another roar, and the gunner who has stood away now stands with his feet apart, his elbows out, staring with intense concentration through his glasses.

Down below, the engine-room staff, which included Tommy doing a field-day on the spare generator, were clustered on the starting platform. The expansion links had been opened out full, — any locomotive driver will show you what I mean, — and the Polynesian's engines, four thousand seven hundred horse-power indicated, driven by steam at two hundred pounds to the square inch from her four Scotch boilers, were turning eighty-nine revolutions per minute and making very good going for her, but nothing to write home about, when a modern submersible cruiser doing sixteen knots on the surface was pelting after her. The tremendous explosions of the six-inch gun discouraged conversation.

The Chief Engineer, a tall man with a full chestnut moustache and a stern contemptuous expression born of his hatred of sea-life, was striding up and down the plates. The Second appeared, like Ariel, around, above, below, intent on sundry fidgets of his own, and whistling — nobody knew why. The Fourth was in the stokehold and back in the engine-room every ten minutes. The Fifth, as though he had been naughty and was being punished by that stern man with the four gold-and-purple wings on his sleeve, was standing with his face to the wall, big rubber navy-phone receivers on his ears and his eyes fixed in a rapt saintly way on two

ground-glass discs above him, one of which was aglow and bore the legend *More Revolutions*. The other, *Less Revolutions*, was dull and out of use. So he stood, waiting for verbal orders.

All the revolutions possible were being supplied, for the safety-valves were lifting with an occasional throaty flutter. Unexpectedly the Second would appear from the tunnel, where he had been feeling the stern gland, and would hover lovingly over the thrust-block, whistling, amid the clangor of four thousand seven hundred horse-power, 'Love me, and the world is mine.'

Suddenly all was swallowed up, engulfed, in one heart-shattering explosion on deck. It was so tremendous that the Fifth's head involuntarily darted out from the receivers and he looked sharply at the Chief, who was standing stock-still with his long legs apart, his hands in his coat pockets, staring over his shoulder with stern intentness into vacancy. The telephone bell brayed out a call and the Fifth fitted his head once again to the receiver. 'Yes, sir!' he sang out; and then, to the others, 'We're gainin' on her! We're gainin' on her!' Tommy goes on methodically with his dynamo. He is close at hand when wanted, ready, resourceful, devoid of panic. The excitement is on deck, where the shell has struck the house amidships, blowing the galley ranges and bakehouse ovens overboard, killed three men outright, and left two more mere moving horrors of the slaughter-house floor. Another, a scullion, with his hand cut off at the wrist, is running round and round, falling over the wreckage, and pursued by a couple of stewards with bandages and friar's balsam.

And on that gray dot, now nine thousand five hundred yards astern, there is excitement too, no doubt, for it seems authentic that the Polynesian's third shot hit the forward gun-mounting, and the list caused by this, heavy things slewing over, the damage to the deck, the rupture of certain vital oil-pipes, and the wounds of the crew, would account for the Polynesian, with her fourteen-point-seven knots, gaining on U 999, supposed to have sixteen knots on the surface.

On the bridge of the Polynesian, too, there is excitement of sorts. The Chief Mate, who has been rushing about, helping the ammunition carriers, then assisting the stewards with their rough surgery, then up on the bridge again, has come up and is prancing up and down, every now and then looking hard at the Old Man, who stares through the telescope at the gray dot.

Something awful had happened. When that shell hit the ship, the Old Man had called out hoarsely, 'That's enough — oh, enough — boats!' and the Chief Mate, to the horror of the young Third Mate, who told Tommy about it, grabbed the Old Man round the waist, whirled him into the chart-room, and slammed the door upon them both. The Third Mate says he saw, through the window, the Chief Mate's fist half-an-inch from the Old Man's nose, the Old Man looking at it in gloomy silence, and the Chief Mate's eyes nearly jumping out of his head as he argued and threatened and implored. '. . . Gainin' on her,' was all the Third Mate could hear, and '. . . For God's sake, sir!' and such-like strong phrases. So the Third Mate says. And then they came out again, and the Mate telephoned to the engine-room.

IV

The company is dwindling now, for, as Tommy gulps his drink and orders two more, it is on the stroke of nine, when the bars close, and folks are melting group by group into the darkness. Some are bound for home, some for

'Eldorado,' a dusty barn where one watches dreadful melodramatic films and faints with the heat. The lights are turned still lower. The few shops which have been open in a stealthy way now shut up close. The moonlight throws sharp blue-black shadows on the white dust of the Rue el Nil. The orchestra fades away; chairs are stacked between the tubs, and reproachful glances are cast upon the dozen or so of us who still linger in the gloom.

I become aware that Tommy, in his own odd little semi-articulate fashion, is regarding me as though he had some extraordinary anxiety on his mind. That is the way his expression strikes me. As though he had had some tremendous experience and did n't know what to make of it. I remember seeing something like it in the face of a youth, religiously brought up, who was listening for the first time to an atheist attempting to shake the foundations of his faith. And while I ruminate upon this unusual portent in Tommy's physiognomy, he plunges into the second part of his story. It has its own appeal to those who love and understand the sea.

For the rest of the day the Polynesian's course was a series of intricate convolutions on the face of the Atlantic. As the Third Mate put it in his lively way, you could have played it on a piano. Owing to the wireless room having been partially demolished, they were out of touch with the world, and the commander felt lonely. He even regretted for a while that he had not retired. Was just going to, when the War came. He was sixty years old, and had been an easygoing skipper for twenty years now. This, — and he wiped his moist face with his handkerchief, — this was n't at all what he had bargained for when he had volunteered to carry on 'for the duration of the War.' Men dead and dying and mutilated, ship torn asunder — He sat on his settee and stared hard at the head and shoulders of the man at the wheel, adumbrated on the ground-glass window in front of him. He had turned sick at the sight down there —

But the Polynesian was still going. Not a bolt, rivet, plate, or rod of her steering and propelling mechanism had been touched, and she was galloping northwest by west at thirteen knots. The commander hoped for a dark night, for in his present perturbed state the idea of being torpedoed at night was positively horrible. The Brobdingnagian, now, was hit at midnight and sunk in three minutes with all hands but two. He wiped his face again. He felt that he was n't equal to it.

It was dark. All night it was dark and moonless. All night they galloped along up-Channel. All night the Old Man walked the bridge, watching the blackness ahead. At four o'clock the Mate came on watch and the Old Man felt that he must lie down. He was over sixty years old, remember, and he had been on his feet for eighteen hours. The Chief Mate, who had been strangely shy since his outrageous behavior, merely remarked that it looked as if it might be thick presently, and began to pace to and fro.

What happened, — if anything did happen, — nobody seemed to know; but Tommy, who came off at four, and was enjoying a pipe, a cup of cocoa, and a game of patience in his room, was suddenly flung endways against his wardrobe, and a series of grinding crashes, one of which sent his porthole glass in a burst of fragments over his bedplace, buckled the plates of the ship's side. He remembered that the wardrobe door flew open as he sprang up, and his derby hat bounced to the floor.

He at once skipped down below, where he found the Second and Chief

trying to carry out a number of rapid, contradictory orders from the telegraph. And as he joined them the telegraph whirled from *Full astern* to *Stand by*, and stopped. They stood by. Tommy was told to go and finish 'changing over,' which involves opening and shutting several mysterious valves. Having achieved this, he took up his station by the telegraph.

The Chief, clad in a suit of rumpled but elegant pink-and-saffron-striped pajamas, prowled to and fro in front of the engines like one of the larger carnivora in front of his cage. The Second, with the sleeves of his coat rolled up, as if he were a conjuror and wished to show there was no deception, produced a cigarette from his ear, a match from an invisible ledge under the log-desk, and then caused himself to disappear into the stokehold, whistling a tune at one time very popular in Dublin called 'Mick McGilligan's Daughter Mary Ann.' He returned in some mysterious fashion, smoking with much enjoyment, and reporting greaser, firemen, and Tommies all gone up on deck.

And so they waited, those three, and waited, and waited; and the dawn came up, ineffably tender, and far up above them through the skylights they saw the stars through the fog turn pale, and still there was no sign, the telegraph finger pointing, in its mute peremptory way, at *Stand by*. They were standing by.

And at length it grew to be past endurance. The Chief spoke sharply into the telephone. Nothing. Suddenly he turned and ordered Tommy to go up and see what was doing. The Second, coming in from the stokehold, reported water in the cross-bunker, but the doors were down. So Tommy went up the long ladders and out on deck and stood stock-still before the great experience of his life. For they were alone on the ship, those three. The boats were gone. There was no sound, save the banging of the empty blocks and the gurgle and slap of the sea against her sides.

For a moment, Tommy said, he 'had no heart.' The sheer simplicity of the thing unmanned him, as well it might. He had n't words — Gone! Behind the horror lay another horror, and it was the reminiscence of this ultimate apprehension that I saw in his face to-night. And then he threw himself backward (a North Country football trick), turned, and rushed for the ladder. The other two, down below, saw him there, his eyes feverish, his face dark and anxious, his usually low voice harsh and strident, as he prayed them to drop everything and come up quick — come on — and his voice trailed off into huskiness and heavy breathing.

When they came up, which happened immediately, four steps at a time, they found him sprawled against the bulwarks, his chin on his hands, looking as though to fix the scene forever on his brain. And they looked too, and turned faint, for there, far across the darkling sparkle of the sea, were the boats, and on the sky-line a smear of smoke. So they stood, each in a characteristic attitude — Tommy asprawl on the rail, the Second halfway up the bridge-deck ladder, one hand on his hip, the Chief with his hands behind him, his long legs widely planted, his head well forward, scowling. They were as Tommy put it, 'in a state.' It was n't, you know, the actual danger: it was the carrying away of their faith in the world of living men. Good God! And I imagine the prevailing emotion in their hearts at this moment was instinct in the lad's query to me, — 'What was the use of goin' back, or making a fight of it, if *that* was all they thought of us?' And then the Polynesian recalled them from specu-

lations as to the ultimate probity of the human soul by giving a sudden lunge forward. She was sinking.

For a moment, Tommy says, they were 'in a state.' I should imagine they were. They began running round and round the deck, picking up pieces of wood and dropping them in a shame-faced manner. Suddenly the Chief remembered the raft — an unfortunate structure of oil-barrels and hatches. It was on the foredeck, a frowsy incumbrance devised by the Mate in a burst of ingenuity against the fatal day. When the three of them arrived on the fore-deck their hopes sank again. A single glance showed the impossibility of lifting it without steam on the winches. They stood round it and deliberated in silence, tying on life-belts which they had picked up on the bridge-deck. The Polynesian gave another lunge, and they climbed on the raft and held tight.

The Polynesian was in her death-throes. She had been cut through below the bridge, and the water was filling the cross-bunker and pressing the air in Number 2 hold up against the hatches. While they sat there waiting, the tarpaulins on the hatch ballooned up and burst like a gun-shot, releasing the air improvised within. She plunged again, and the sea poured over her bulwarks and cascaded around them. The raft slid forward against a winch, skinning the Second's leg against a wheel-guard. They held on.

Now, it is perfectly simple in theory to sit on a raft and allow a ship to sink under you. The ship sinks, and the raft, retaining its buoyancy, floats. Quite simple, in theory. In practice, however, many factors tend to vitiate the simplicity of it. Indeed, it becomes so difficult that only by the mercy of God could anybody attempt it and survive. The fore-deck of the Polynesian was like the fore-deck of most ships, cluttered up with hatch-combings, winches, ventilator-cowls, steam-pipes, masts, derricks, bollards, snatch-blocks, dead-eyes, ladders, and wire-rope drums. Look forward from the promenade next time you make a trip, and conceive it. As the Polynesian subsided, she wallowed. Her centre of gravity was changing every second, and the raft, with its three serious passengers, was charging to and fro as if it were alive and trying to escape. It carried away a ventilator, and then, for one horrible instant, was caught in the standing rigging and canted over. A rush to starboard released it, and the next moment it was free. Only the windlass on the forecastle-head was now above water forward.

They saw nothing more of her. Not that she vanished all at once, but the sucking whirlpools in which the raft was turning over and reeling back on them kept them fully occupied. And when at last they had coughed up the sea-water and wiped their eyes and looked at each other as they floated in the gentle swell of a smiling summer sea, she was gone. Only one thing destroyed their peace and stood up before them like a spectre: she was lying at the bottom, with her telegraph at *Stand by*. The deathless sporting spirit of the race was expressed in these words: 'You know, if it had n't been for *that*, it was a joke, man!'

The moon rides high over Pelusium as we go back to the ship. Tommy and I will keep the morning watch together for once and talk over old times. Tomorrow I shall go through the hot white dust of the Rue el Nil and be paid off in the consul's office for my two years' labor. There is a mail-boat next week, and perhaps I shall board her, passenger-fashion, and go across the blue Mediterranean, through sunny France, across the English Channel, where the Polynesian stands by for-

ever, up through Sussex orchards and over Surrey downs. And perhaps, as I idle away the autumn in the dim beauty of the Essex fenland, and as we drive in the pony-cart through the lanes, we shall stop and the children will say, 'If you stand up, you can see the sea.'

Perhaps. Who knows?

WOMAN ENTHRONED

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THE Michigan magistrate who gave orders that a stalwart male angel presiding over the gateway of a cemetery should be recast in feminine mould may have been an erring theologian and a doubtful art-critic; but that he was a sound-hearted American no one can deny. He was not thinking of Azrael the mighty who had garnered that little harvest of death; or of Michael, great leader of the 'fighting seraphim,' whose blade

> smote and felled
> Squadrons at once;

or of Gabriel the messenger. Holy Writ was as remote from his mental vision as was *Paradise Lost*. He was thinking very properly of the 'angel in the house,' and this feminine ideal was affronted by the robust outlines, no less than by the robust virtues, associated with the heavenly host. Cowley's soothing compromise, which was designed as a compliment to a lady, and which, instead of unsexing angels, endowed them with a double line of potencies, —

> They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet, —

is not easily expressed in art. The very gallant Michigan gentleman simplified the situation by eliminating the masculine element. He registered his profession of faith in the perfectibility of women.

It is awkward to be relegated to the angelic class, and to feel that one does not fit. Intelligent feminists sometimes say that chivalry — that inextinguishable point of view which has for centuries survived its own death-notices — is more disheartening than contempt. Chivalry is essentially protective. It is rooted in the consciousness of superior strength. It is expansively generous and scrimpingly just. It will not assure to women a fair field and no favors, which is the salvation of all humanity; but it will protect them from the consequences of their own deeds, and that way lies perdition. Down through the ages we see the working of its will. Rome denied to women all civic rights, but allowed them many privileges. They were not permitted to make any legal contract. They were not permitted to bequeath their own fortunes, or — ordinarily — to give testimony in court. But they might plead ignorance of the law, 'as a ground for dissolving an obligation' — which, if often convenient, was always demoralizing. Being somewhat contemptuously absolved from the oath of allegiance in the Middle Ages, they were as

a consequence immune from outlawry. On the other hand, the severity with which they were punished for certain crimes which were supposed to come easy to them — poisoning, husband-murder, witchcraft (King Jamie was not the only wiseacre who marveled that there should be twenty witches to one warlock) — is evidence of fear on the legislators' part. The very oldest laws, the very oldest axioms which antedate all laws, betray this uneasy sense of insecurity. 'Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence,' says Manu, the Hindu Noah, who took no female with him in his miraculously preserved boat, but was content with his own safety, and trusted the propagation of the species to the care and ingenuity of the gods.

In our day and in our country women are gaining their rights (I use the word 'rights' because, though its definition be disputed, everyone knows what it implies) slowly and haltingly. They have a hard time winning the franchise in certain states. They have a hard time making their way in the professions, although a great deal of courtesy is shown them by professional men. They have a hard time making their way in the trades, where the unions block their progress. They have a very small share of political patronage, and few good positions in the civil service. Whether the best interests of the country will be advanced or retarded by a complete recognition of their claims — which implies giving them an even chance with men — is a point on which no one can speak with authority. The absence of data leaves room only for surmise. Women are striving to gain this 'even chance' for their own sakes, which is lawful and reasonable. Their public utterances, it is true, dwell pointedly on the regeneration of the world. This also is lawful and reasonable. Public utterances have *always* dwelt on the regeneration of the world, since the apple was eaten and Paradise closed its gates.

Meanwhile American chivalry, a strong article and equal to anything Europe ever produced, clings passionately and persistently to its inward vision. Ellen Key speaks casually of 'the vices which men call woman's nature.' If Swedish gentlemen permit themselves this form of speech, it finds no echo in our loyal land. Two things an American hates to do — hold a woman accountable for her misdeeds, and punish her accordingly. When Governor Craig of North Carolina set aside the death-sentence which had been passed upon a murderess and committed her to prison for life, he gave to the public this plain and comprehensive statement. 'There is no escape from the conclusion that Ida Bell Warren is guilty of murder, deliberate and premeditated. Germany executed the woman spy; England did not. The action of the military Governor of Belgium was condemned by the conscience of the world. The killing of this woman would send a shiver through North Carolina.'

Apart from the fact that Edith Cavell was not a spy, and that her offense was one which has seldom in the world's history been so cruelly punished, Governor Craig's words deserve attention. He has explicitly exempted a woman, because she is a woman, from the penalty which would have been incurred by a man. Incidentally he was compelled to commute the death-sentence of her confederate, as it was hardly possible to send the murderous wife to prison, and her murderous accomplice to the chair. That the execution of Mrs. Warren would have sent a 'shiver' through North Carolina is doubtless true. The governor had received countless letters and telegrams

protesting against the infliction of the death-penalty on a woman.

One of the reasons which has been urged for the total abolition of this penalty is the reluctance of juries to convict women of crimes punishable by death. The number of wives who murder their husbands and of girls who murder their lovers, is a menace to society. Our sympathetic tolerance for these *crimes passionnés*, the sensational scenes in court, and the prompt acquittals which follow, are a menace to law and justice. Better that their perpetrators should be sent to prison and suffer a few years of corrective discipline, until soft-hearted sentimentalists circulate petitions and secure their pardon and release.

The right to be judged as men are judged is perhaps the only form of equality which feminists fail to demand. Their attitude to their own *errata* is well expressed in the solemn warning addressed by Mr. Louis Untermeyer's Eve to the Almighty, —

> Pause, God, and ponder, ere Thou judgest me!

The right to be punished is not and has never been a popular prerogative with either sex. There was, indeed, a London sugar-baker who was sentenced in the year 1816 to be whipped and imprisoned for vagabondage. He served his term; but, whether from clemency or from oversight, the whipping was never administered. When released, he promptly brought action against the prison authorities because he had not been whipped, 'according to the statute,' and he won his case. Whether or not the whipping went with the verdict is not stated; but it was a curious joke to play with the grim realities of British law.

American women are no such sticklers for a code. They acquiesce in their frequent immunity from punishment, and are correspondingly, and very naturally, indignant when they find themselves no longer immune. There was a pathetic ring in the explanation offered a few years ago by Mayor Harrison of Chicago, whose policemen were accused of brutality to women strikers and pickets. 'When the women do anything in violation of the law,' said the mayor to a delegation of citizens, 'the police arrest them. And then, instead of going along quietly as men prisoners would, the women sit down on the sidewalks. What else can the policemen do but lift them up?'

If men 'go along quietly,' it is because custom, not choice, has bowed their necks to the yoke of order and equity. They break the law without being prepared to defy it. The lawlessness of women may be due as much to their exclusion from citizenship, —

> Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made, —

as to the lenity shown them by men — a lenity which they stand ever ready to abuse. We have only to imagine what would have happened to a group of men who had chosen to air a grievance by picketing the White House — the speed with which they would have been arrested, fined, dispersed, and forgotten — to realize the nature of the tolerance granted to women. For months these female pickets were unmolested. Money was subscribed to purchase for them umbrellas and overshoes. The President, whom they were affronting, sent them out coffee on cold mornings. It was only when their utterances became treasonable, when they undertook to assure our Russian visitors that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Root were deceiving Russia, and to entreat these puzzled gentlemen to help them free our nation, that their sport was suppressed, and they became liable to arrest and imprisonment. Since then they have solaced themselves by vigor-

ous protests against ill-usage, and by pronouncing 'Kaiser Wilson' (who runs a close race with Mr. Roosevelt in the advocacy of woman suffrage) to be an antiquated product of the 'feudal south.'

Much censure has been passed upon the unreasonable violence of these women. The great body of American suffragists has repudiated their action, and the anti-suffragists have used them to point stern morals and adorn vivacious tales. But was it quite fair to permit them in the beginning a liberty which would not have been accorded to men, and which led inevitably to license? Were they not treated as parents sometimes treat children, allowing them to use bad language, because, 'if you pay no attention to them, they will stop it of their own accord'; and then, when they do not stop it, punishing them for misbehaving before company? When a sympathetic gentleman wrote to a not very sympathetic paper to say that the second Liberty Loan would be more popular if Washington would 'call off the dogs of war on women,' he turned a flashlight upon the fathomless gulf which sentimentality has dug between the sexes. No one would dream of calling policemen and magistrates 'dogs of war' because they arrested and punished men for similar offenses. Men are citizens. They enjoy every right which a free government can give, and they incur every penalty which law can justly inflict.

II

Agitators, we are told, are always sure of their market; but sometimes they have to go far afield to seek it. When Mrs. Pankhurst found her occupation gone in Great Britain, where women have become constructive patriots, and part of 'England's Effort,' she braved the sea, and from Australia came a plaintive cry that she was buzzing in the streets of Adelaide, within the prohibited area. At the same time a moan from India betrayed the presence of Mrs. Annie Besant, who was offering her especial blend of theosophy and treason to the scandalized natives of Madras. In vain the Madras government explained to her that she was welcome to preach theosophy until the skies fell, but that she must leave out the treason. The unaccommodating lady refused the concession, saying that her theosophic campaign and her political campaign were necessarily interchangeable. In vain the authorities murmured polite requests that she would 'move on.' In vain the authorities of Adelaide made the same pathetic appeal to Mrs. Pankhurst. In the end, Mrs. Pankhurst was arrested, and — familiar words — 'resisted arrest'; and Mrs. Besant was expelled from Madras, as she had formerly been expelled from Bombay. Great India and great Australia strove to be tolerant to their unwelcome guests; but the old song, —

> The landlord then aloud did say,
> As how he wished they would go away,

adequately expressed the situation.

While Mrs. Besant was doing her little best to harass the Orient, that astute Oriental, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, was preparing a 'Parting Wish for the Women of America,' and bearing well in mind the sort of thing he would naturally be expected to say. The skill with which he modified and popularized an alien point of view revealed the seasoned lecturer. He told his readers that 'God has sent women to love the world,' and to build up a 'spiritual civilization.' He condoled with them because they were 'passing through great sufferings in this callous age.' His heart bled for them, seeing that their hearts 'are broken every day, and victims are snatched from

their arms to be thrown under the car of material progress.' The occidental sentiment which regards man simply as an offspring, and a fatherless offspring at that (no woman, says Olive Schreiner, could look upon a battlefield without thinking 'So many mothers' sons!'), comes as naturally to Sir Rabindranath as if he were to the manner born. He is content to see the passion and pain, the sorrow and heroism of men, as reflections mirrored in a woman's soul. The ingenious gentlemen who dramatize biblical narratives for the American stage, and who are hampered at every step by the obtrusive masculinity of the East, might find a sympathetic supporter in this accomplished and accommodating Hindu.

The story of Joseph and his Brethren, for example, is perhaps the best tale ever told the world — a tale of adventure on a heroic scale, with conflicting human emotions to give it poignancy and power. It deals with pastoral simplicities, with the splendors of court, and with the 'high finance' which turned a free landholding people into tenantry of the crown. It is a story of men, the only lady introduced being a disedifying *dea ex machina*, whose popularity in Italian art has perhaps blinded us to the brevity of her biblical rôle. But when this most dramatic narrative was cast into dramatic form, Joseph's splendid loyalty to his master, his cold and vigorous chastity, was nullified by giving him an Egyptian sweetheart. Lawful marriage with this young lady being his sole solicitude, the advances of Potiphar's wife were less of a temptation than an intrusion. The key-note of the noble old tale was destroyed, to assure to woman her proper place as the guardian of man's integrity.

Still more radical is the treatment accorded to the parable of the 'Prodigal Son,' which has been expanded into a pageant play, and acted with a hardy realism permitted only to the strictly ethical drama. The scriptural setting of the story has been preserved, but its patriarchal character has been sacrificed to modern sentiment which refuses to be interested in the relation of father and son. Therefore we behold the prodigal equipped with a mother and a trustful female cousin, who, between them, put the poor old gentleman out of commission, reducing him to his proper level of purveyor-in-ordinary to the household. It is the prodigal's mother who bids her reluctant husband give their willful son his portion. It is the prodigal's mother who watches for him from the housetop and silences the voice of censure. It is the prodigal's mother who welcomes his return and persuades father and brother to receive him into favor. The whole duty of man in that Syrian household is to obey the impelling word of woman and bestow bags of gold, blessings, and fraternal affection according to her will.

The expansion of the maternal sentiment until it embraces, or seeks to embrace, humanity, is the vision of the emotional, as opposed to the intellectual, feminist. 'The Mother State of which we dream' offers no attraction to many plain and practical workers for the franchise, and is a veritable nightmare to others. 'Woman,' writes an enthusiast in the *Forum*, 'means to be, not simply the mother of the individual, but of society, of the state with its man-made institutions, of art and science, of religion and morals. All life, physical and spiritual, personal and social, needs to be mothered.'

Needs to be mothered! When men proffer this welter of sentiment in the name of women, how is it possible to say convincingly that the girl student standing at the gates of knowledge is as humble-hearted as the boy; that she

does not mean to mother medicine, or architecture, or biology, any more than the girl in the banker's office means to mother finance? If her hopes for the future are founded on the belief that fresh opportunities will meet a sure response, she does not, if she be sane, measure her untried powers by any unknown scale of valuation. She does not consider the advantages which will accrue to medicine, architecture, or biology by her entrance — as a woman — into any one of these fields. Their need for her maternal ministrations concerns her less than her need for the magnificent heritage they present. It has been said that the craving for material profit is not instinctive in women. If it is not instinctive, it will be acquired, because every legitimate incentive has its place in the progress of the world. The demand that women shall be paid men's wages for men's work may represent a desire for justice rather than a desire for gain; but money fairly earned is sweet to the hand and heart. An open field, an even start, no handicap, no favors, and the same goal for all. This is the worker's dream of paradise. Women know that lack of citizenship is a handicap. Self-love prompts them to overrate their imposed and underrate their inherent disabilities. 'Whenever you see a woman getting a high salary, make up your mind that she is giving twice the value received,' writes an angry correspondent to the *Survey;* and this pretension paralyzes effort. To be satisfied with ourselves is to be at the end of our usefulness.

M. Émile Faguet, that most radical and least sentimental of French feminists, would open wide to women every door of which man holds the key. He would give them every legal right and burden which they are physically fitted to enjoy and to endure. He is as unvexed by doubts as he is uncheered by illusions. He has no more fear of the downfall of existing institutions than he has hopes for the regeneration of the world. The equality of men and women, as he sees it, lies, not in their strength, but in their weakness, not in their intelligence, but in their stupidity, not in their virtues, but in their perverseness. Yet there is no taint of pessimism in his rational refusal to be optimistic. No man sees more clearly, or recognizes more justly, the art with which his countrywomen have cemented and upheld a social state at once flexible and orderly, enjoyable and heroic. That they have been the allies, not the dictators and not the inspiration, of men in building this fine fabric of civilization, is also plain to his mind. Allies and equals he holds them, but nothing more. 'La femme est parfaitement l'égale de l'homme, mais elle n'est *que* son égale.'

Naturally to such a man the attitude of Americans toward women is as unsympathetic as is the attitude of Dahomeyans. He does not condemn it (possibly he does not condemn the Dahomeyans, seeing that the civic and social ideals of France and of Dahomey are in no wise comparable); but he explains with careful emphasis that the Frenchwoman, unlike her American sister, is not, and does not desire to be, '*un objet sacro-saint.*' The reverence for women in the United States he assumes to be a national trait, a national point of view, a sort of national institution among a proud and patriotic people. 'L'idolâtrie de la femme est une chose américaine par excellence.'

The superlative complacency of American women is largely due to the oratorical adulation of American men, — an adulation that has no more substantiality than has the foam on beer. I have heard a candidate for office tell his female audience that men are weak and women are strong, that men are

foolish and women are wise, that men are shallow and women are deep, that men are submissive tools whom women, the leaders of the race, must instruct to vote for *him*. He did not believe a word that he said, and his hearers did not believe that he believed it, yet the grossness of his flattery kept pace with the hypocrisy of his self-depreciation. The few men present wore an attitude of dejection, not unlike that of the little boy in Punch who has been told that he is made of

> Snips and snails,
> And puppy dogs' tails,

and can 'hardly believe it.'

What Mr. Roosevelt calls the 'lunatic fringe' of every movement is painfully obtrusive in the great and noble reform which seeks fair play for women. The 'full habit of speech' is never more regrettable than when the cause is so good that it needs but temperate championing.

'Without the aid of women England could not carry on this war,' said Mr. Asquith — an obvious statement, no doubt, but simple, truthful, and worthy to be spoken. Why should the *New Republic*, in an article bearing the singularly ill-mannered title, 'Thank You For Nothing!' heap scorn upon these words? Why should its writer make the angry assertion that the British Empire had been 'deprived of two generations of women's leadership,' because only a world's war can drill a new idea into a statesman's head? The war has drilled a great many new ideas into all our heads. Mr. Asquith's cranium is probably not more perforated with them than is Mr. Wilson's. But 'leadership' is a large word. It is not what men are asking, and it is not what women are offering, even at this stage of the game. Partnership is as far as ambition on the one side and obligation on the other are prepared to go; and a clear understanding of this truth has accomplished great results.

Therefore, when we are told that the women of to-day are 'giving their vitality to an anæmic world,' we wonder if the speaker has read a newspaper for the past three years and a half. The passionate cruelty and the passionate heroism of men have stained the earth with blood, red blood poured out inextinguishably to wrong and right this 'anæmic world,' which never since it came from its Maker's hand has seen such shame and glory. There are some who still believe that this blood would never have been spilled had women shared in the citizenship of nations; but the reasons they advance in support of an undemonstrable theory show an easy ignorance of events.

'War will pass,' says Olive Schreiner, 'when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and government of modern national life.' And why? Because 'arbitration and compensation will naturally occur to her as cheaper and simpler methods of bridging the gaps in national relationship.'

Strange that this idea never occurred to man! Strange that no delegate at The Hague should have perceived so straight a path to peace! Strange that when Germany struck her long-planned, long-prepared blow, this cheap and simple measure failed to stay her hand! War will pass when injustice passes. Never before that day, unless hope leaves the world.

III

That any civilized people should bar women from the practice of law is to the last degree unfair and unreasonable. There can never be an adequate cause for such an injurious exclusion. There is in fact no cause at all, only an arbitrary decision on the part of those who

have the authority to decide. Yet nothing is less worth while than to speculate dizzily on the part women are going to play in any field from which they are at present debarred. They may be ready to burnish up 'the rusty old social organism,' and make it shine like new; but this is not the work which lies immediately at hand. A suffragist who believes that the world needs house-cleaning has made the somewhat terrifying statement that when English women enter the law courts they will sweep away all 'legal frippery,' all the 'accumulated dust and rubbish of centuries.' Latin terms, flowing gowns and wigs, silly staves and worn-out symbols, all must go, and with them must go the antiquated processes which confuse and retard justice. The women barristers of the future will scorn to have 'legal natures like Portia's,' basing their claims on quibbles and subterfuges. They will cut all Gordian knots. They will deal with naked simplicities.

References to Portia are a bit disquieting. Her law was stage law, good enough for the drama, which has always enjoyed a jurisprudence of its own. We had best leave her out of any serious discussion. But why should the admission of women to the bar result in a volcanic upheaval? Women have practiced medicine for years, and have not revolutionized it. Painstaking service has been their contribution to their chosen field rather than any brilliant display of originality. It is reasonable to suppose that their advance will be resolute and beneficial. If they ever condescended to their profession, they do so no longer. If they ever talked about belonging to 'the class of real people,' they have relinquished such flowers of rhetoric. If they earnestly desire the franchise, it is because they see in it justice to themselves, not the torch which will enlighten the world. Only the agitator, the visionary, and the sentimentalist choose to deal with illusions rather than with realities, and are more concerned with the influence they are going to exert than with the service they are going to render. A prominent and very feminine feminist has predicted with touching simplicity that 'the dullness which inheres in both domestic and social affairs when they are carried on by men alone, will no longer be a necessary attribute of public life when gracious and gray-haired women become a part of it.'

This is early Victorian. It is Coventry Patmore dallying with the sweets of suffrage. And it presupposes a condition of which we had not been even remotely aware. Granted that domesticity palls quickly on the solitary male. Housekeeping seldom attracts him. The tea-table and the friendly cat fail to arrest his roving tendencies. Granted that some men are polite enough to say that they do not enjoy social events in which women take no part. They have by no means abandoned such pastimes. On the contrary, they cling to them with an assiduity suggestive of relish. When they assert, however, that they would have a much better time if women were present, no one is rude enough to contradict them. But public life! The arena in which whirling ambition sweeps human souls as an autumn wind sweeps leaves; which resounds with the shouts of the conquerors and the groans of the conquered; which is degraded by treachery and ennobled by achievement; that this field of adventure, this heated racetrack needs to be relieved from dullness by the presence and participation of elderly ladies is the crowning vision of sensibility.

We are accustomed to hear what women would do in the civic world if they had the opportunity. We are accus-

tomed to hear what the loss of their 'leadership' has cost the human race. We have been told by an American suffragist that Miss Susan B. Anthony would have made a better executive than Abraham Lincoln, and that Miss Jane Addams might fill the presidential chair more successfully than any of her male contemporaries. Such flights of fancy are the natural outcome of woman's exclusion from political life. Only grim experience can teach realities to adult or to child. There is nothing like a heavy crop of failures to enrich the soil of human endeavor. The realm of the untried holds no impossibilities. But to be able to believe that politicians are dull without the enlivening coöperation of 'gracious and gray-haired women,' is far more wonderful than to be able to believe that such women would make better presidents than men. In the one case we are dealing with theories, in the other, encountering facts.

'Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête,' said Pascal; and the Michigan angel is a dangerous social symbol. The chivalric and sentimental attitude of American men reacts alarmingly when they are brought face to face with the actual terms and inevitable consequences of woman's enfranchisement. There exists a world-wide and age-long belief that what women want they get. They must want it well enough and long enough to make their desire operative. It is the listless and preoccupied unconcern of their own sex which bars their progress. But men will fall into a flutter of admiration because a little Florida town has a woman mayor (the town of Aldeburgh in England had a woman mayor ten years ago), and they will look aghast upon such headlines as these in their morning paper: 'Women Confess Selling Votes.' 'Chicago Women Arrested for Election Frauds,' as if there had not always been, and would not always be, a percentage of unscrupulous voters in every electorate. No sane woman believes that women, as a body, will vote more honestly than men; but no sane man believes that they will vote less honestly. They are neither the 'gateway to Hell,' as Tertullian pointed out, nor the builders of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's 'spiritual civilization.' They are neither the repositories of wisdom, nor the final word of folly.

It was hardly fair to focus X-rays upon the only woman in Congress, and exhibit to a gaping world her native and elemental limitations. Such qualities are common in our legislative bodies, and excite no particular comment. They are as inherent in the 'ordinary man,' for whom Mr. Wilson says America was created, as in the ordinary woman. They in no way affect the question of enfranchisement. Give as much and ask no more. Give no more and ask as much. This is the watch-word of equality.

'God help women when they have only their rights!' exclaimed a brilliant American lawyer; but it is in the 'only' that all savor lies. Rights and privileges are incompatible. Emancipation implies the sacrifice of immunity, the acceptance of obligation. It heralds the reign of sober and disillusioning experience. Women, as M. Faguet reminds us, are only the equals of men; a truth which was more simply phrased in the old Cornish adage, 'Lads are as good as wenches when they are washed.'

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE. II

THE ADVENTURE OF MAMIE FAFFELFINGER

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

THE *nouveaux pauvres* are, I believe, as a rule, fully as awkward with their poverty as the *nouveaux riches* with their wealth. They have not the true grand manner. They are not a whit more born to the rags than your suddenly prosperous parvenu to the purple. It is difficult to be at ease with them. Their behaviors, their manners, their speech, more often their silences, are forever reminding you of their former mode of living.

For these and other reasons, I willingly pass over those intervening years, when, though distinctly poor, I was unaccustomed, and wore my changed conditions, I do not doubt, awkwardly. I pass on to a later and more fixed season when, thrown wholly now on my own resources, and totally untrained and unfitted for such an emergency, I made shift to support myself, to live meagrely, and to endure what I took to be a well-nigh intolerable poverty.

Poverty is a variable term and much subject to comparison. Some will allow it only to those who have been born to it. To have been always half-starved, these think, and to carry a basket from door to door — *that* is to be poor. But it is idle to think of cold and hunger to the point of beggary as the only cold and hunger there are. Not alone are there degrees of cold and hunger of the body, — discomfortable and ill-nourished living, — but there are, as well, things which seem to me even more difficult to endure — unsatisfied hunger of the mind and heart and a most cruel and persistent chill of the spirit. The literal-minded may need to see the open sore, the sightless eye, or the starved countenance, before their pity is moved; but he who has ever touched the spiritual values, will know — with a tenderness that is mercy — that in one who never asked for pity, one who perhaps even went outwardly gay, there may be hidden hurts borne unflinchingly; intolerable darknesses not complained of; crippled powers which once went proud and free; and a heart and mind which have endured, it may be, starved hours. These are, I believe, some of the most real poverties that the soul may be called on to endure.

In every circumstance of our lives lies the stirring knowledge that one's own case, however strange, is far from being singular. There are others besides myself with whom Poverty has taken up its abode; there are others from whose cup Despair has daily drunk; who, looking up from their daily bread, have found Sorrow's eyes forever on them. Those who have known these cup-companions need not be told how the House of Life can be darkened, or how these darker presences occupy the chambers of the mind.

Nor need they yet be reminded how all this becomes bearable, even enduringly precious to the heart, if Love but remain and consent still to sit at the board, and, though with brows bent, still break bread with its white hands, and lift in its unshaken fingers the cup of bitter wine.

We went to live in the deep country, on what had once been a beautiful old estate. The house had not been lived in for years. It still preserved an air of beauty and dignity, but its ancient pride and fitness were turned toward decay. But if, like myself, it had fallen on adversity and evil days, that was but the better reason I should understand and love it. Wholly without what the world calls comforts, yet how comforting it was in those chill and cheerless days! Downfallen in the eyes of others, lowered from its proud estate, how I have yet lifted my heart up to it under the stars, and paid it an homage of love and thankfulness not matched, I think, in all its better days.

Our precarious means being entirely dependent on such writing as I could do, it would have been extravagance and bankruptcy for me to assume the domestic duties. There was no one else. I was the only woman of the household. It seemed to me that a working housekeeper might solve the difficulty; one of that variety which lays not so much stress upon wages as upon a home. I found a surprising number with this tendency — women who had seen better days and were by their own affidavit capable of standing anything. But I found them to be without exception, shrinkingly susceptible to physical discomforts, and of these there were in that old house many.

Each of them carried with her a remnant of her 'better days,' as an inveterate shopper carries an out-of-date sample, resolved, yet unable, to find its match. One of them could not forget, and had no mind to let you forget, that her husband had made four thousand a year; another had been to school in Paris; and one always wore rubber gloves, 'because,' she assured me, 'as long as I can have my hands white, I can stand a great deal.' Another insisted on the most fluffy and unsubstantial desserts, and thought the rest of the meal mattered little, so long as the finale had a grand air. Another could not endure the odor of onions and fainted at the sight of liver. Yet another, from reverses and humiliations unendurable, had turned Christian Scientist. I learned afterward that she came hoping to convert me to the idea that there is no poverty. I wish I could have spared her the futility.

By and by I abandoned all hope of a working housekeeper. I knew that what I needed was a 'general houseworker.'

Those who in extremity have sought servants in city employment bureaus need not be told what is too old a tale. When the array of imposing applicants had all declined the discomforts of my home, and the honor of being employed by me, the manager explained, what I was dull not to have known myself, that it might be wise to try some of the employment bureaus in the poorer quarters. I found one finally at the head of the Bowery and climbed its rickety stairs.

They were a strange and varied lot that I came upon now: weird old flat-footed fairies, given to feathers and elaborate head-dresses, or young heavy Audreys who looked at you out of dull eyes. I explained elaborately the conditions under which they would be called on to live. I omitted nothing, not even the screech-owls, or the night sounds that might or might not be wild cats. They came eagerly or sullenly, according to their dispositions. But apparently

none of them had at all grasped what I said. For when they saw the place and felt the loneliness of which I had so thoroughly warned them, they turned and fled. The house might have been haunted.

Finally I heard that one could engage servants of a certain order from the Charities associations, more particularly from the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Thither I went.

The matron, a full-eyed woman who gave the impression of having to discipline an over-kind heart by an assumption of great severity, questioned me curtly. What surroundings had I to offer? My heart sank, but I went over faithfully the disadvantages — the extreme loneliness of the life, the necessity that those who entered on it should abandon all hope of 'movies.' 'Movies' there were not within twelve miles. There were no conveniences, no department stores, no bargain sales, nothing — only field and forest, stars and dawns and sunsets — nothing!

She lifted explanatory eyebrows, a little displeased, I thought.

'I mean the *moral* surroundings.' Then, at my pause, 'I mean, are you yourself a Christian woman?'

Being perhaps the better satisfied on this point, for a rather faltering answer on my part, she sent a mild-eyed assistant for 'Mamie Faffelfinger.'

She meanwhile explained in a businesslike way that Mamie was a Catholic, brought up in an orphan asylum; her child was not a year old; 'the man' (so the matron designated him curtly) was not her husband.

'You mean she would wish a home for the child too?'

The full-eyed woman ceased turning her pencil between her thumb and fingers on the desk and gave me an aggressive look.

'Certainly. Most of these people have n't a crust to live on. If you do not wish to employ that kind, there are the employment bureaus.'

So they dawned on me like a blessing. These were not parvenu poor who had been to school in Paris, who would insist on unsubstantial desserts. Here were no head-dressy old fairies of questionable powers; these were no exotic fruits of the 'gardens of Proserpine'; here was the good salt brine, here the ancient tides of reality — 'the surge and thunder of the Odyssey.'

Meanwhile the matron was speaking: —

'The man is not her husband. But if you are a Christian, I am sure you have no narrow scruples as to *that*. He drinks. She is half-starved. I have told her we will get her and the child a place, if she will promise to leave him.' She glanced at the open doorway of her tiny office: 'Yes, Mamie, come in.'

It was then that I first saw Mamie and Anne.

Mamie looked her part. She was pallid, rather pretty; very slight, with a skirt of extreme fineness. She had heavy-lidded eyes, that looked to have seen much weeping, and a smile the more pathetic for its great readiness.

As to Anne, a consistent story would require that she should be as pallid as her mother, that her little hand, intent now on her mother's hat-brim, should be a mere kite's claw; and there should have been delicate dark rings under her eyes. But, far from being a kite's claw, the hand on the hat-brim was as plump as ripe fruit, and her cheeks were like smooth apricots perfect with the sun. But after all there is no describing Anne. If you will look at the child held in the arms of the Madonna of the Chair and then at the one in the arms of the Sistine Madonna; then, if you will picture a child not quite a year old, who might worthily be the little sister and companion of these, you

will have some idea, even though inadequate still, of what Anne was, as she held tight to Mamie's rakish hat-brim and gave me the solemn attention of her eyes.

I went over the requirements. I spoke of the loneliness. Not a town within miles.

'Well, what do you think of that!' Mamie replied. But she was unfeignedly eager to come.

'When could you be ready?'

'Oh, right away,' she said. 'I've got Anne's clothes here.' She glanced at a small paper bundle under one arm.

My good fairy, who pays me occasional visits, prevented my asking her where her own clothes were.

The matron interposed. Mamie could stay right there until I was ready to take her, late that afternoon. Then when Mamie had gone into the outer room, the matron explained.

'She has n't any home to go to. He left her and raised money on her furniture. They came and took it. She has n't even a stick of it.'

Tragic as this was, my mind was for the moment intent on something else.

'But she wears a wedding ring!' I said.

The matron pulled a heavy ledger toward her.

'Oh, yes; they all do. They'd go starved, but they'd buy a wedding ring.'

She pressed her lips together, shook her head, and began setting down data, — my name, address, occupation, the names of two of my friends, — they must be people of some standing, who could vouch for me; then more as to Mamie, I suppose, in the interest of system and statistics.

II

I can give you no idea of the comradeship of that journey with Mamie and Anne. Mamie looked delightedly out of the car-window, noting the most trifling points of interest with enthusiasm, and saying every little while, 'Well, what do you think of *that!*' Or she would excitedly point out some speeding bird, or flitting house, or other flying object, to Anne, and Anne would lurch forward to look, her little nose sometimes touching the pane, and then would turn good-naturedly and look at me with every air of asking me if that probably so-interesting object had managed to escape me also.

When we arrived at the house Mamie was as cheerful as a sparrow. The room on which flat-footed fairies and dull Audreys had looked with unconcealed contempt or disapproval, she flew to. She settled in it like a bird in her nest, and chirped contentedly to Anne, —

'Oh, Anne, look at the nice bureau! And the washstand! What do you think of *that!*' Then she turned to me, with that winning comradely smile; 'I *like* bureaus and washstands — furniture, I mean, and things. It makes you think of home.' And she drew her hand along the bureau.

I did not know then, but I soon found out, that this was the top and bottom of all her longings, and this the real hunger of her heart, — a hunger starved enough, of course, in all her orphan-asylum years, — a craving for a place of her own.

Mamie talked much of 'Bill.' He filled her life and days, there could be no doubt. If she swept, it was to his glory. If she scrubbed a floor or kneaded dough, or bent affectionately over the scalloping of a pie-crust, it was certainly for love of him that she lent these her attention. She soon began sending him her weekly earnings. I remonstrated, and suggested that it might be better to save her money against another rainy day. She dusted her hands of flour and began scraping

the bread-board, vigorously, with the strength of her whole body. I waited for my reply. At last it came.

'Well, I will say you've been good to me, and Anne loves you — but I think you've got a hard heart.'

Secretly I agreed with her. I retrenched and urged her to send only a part of her money, saving the rest for furniture. Of course, I knew by this time that the word 'furniture' was to her like magic and a charm.

Meanwhile, fond as she was of Anne and proud of her, Mamie was bent on not spoiling her. She used to put her in a wooden tub in the sunshine on the floor of the kitchen, as Peter Pumpkin-Eater put his wife in the pumpkin shell; and like Peter, there she kept her very well. And Anne, more ingenuous and happier than Diogenes, — for she liked it and crowed if people came into her sunshine, — would stay there perfectly happy and delighted for the greater part of the day, playing with an apple or a potato. I really never saw such a baby.

Meanwhile, although Bill was, it seems, drinking more than ever, with the aid, of course, of Mamie's earnings, Mamie herself contrived to be above fact and experience, and was sure he was actively reforming. In a sense she really lived a charmed life.

It seemed that Fate and fact could deal her no blow which would finally affect her. She knew Bill's failings better than the matron, by a great deal; but if you suppose that these could spoil the pure romance of life for her, or invalidate her dream of a home and furniture of her own, cushioned chairs owned and sat upon by the reformed Bill and herself, you are much mistaken.

She was a firm believer in miracles. 'I know you don't believe in them,' she would say; 'but at the Orphan Asylum there was a statue of Saint Stephen that used to turn around over night, it really did, if it was pleased with what you did.'

Like so many of her class, Mamie had an incorrigible tendency toward rumor. Knowledge comes not to these by laborious delving of their own, but appears to be delivered to them out of the air as by bird auguries, and by all manner of unauthenticated hearsay infinitely rather to be trusted than fact. I take this to be in their case a survival of what was believed, in ancient times, to be speech with Divinity. However it may shock the modern mind to read of the Almighty giving out to Moses, not merely the majestic laws carven on tables of stone, but commands and detail and measurement of great exactness as to the stuff and manner of fashioning and trimming the High Priest's breeches, to the minds of Mamie and her class there would be in this little that was shocking, they themselves believing and delighting in Divine collaboration in even the most homely matters.

Anne wore on a string about her neck a little square of Canton flannel which in the course of many months had become extremely grimy. I suggested as tactfully as I could that this was not in keeping with the laws of health, and might be, with a view to germs, a positive danger to Anne.

Mamie smiled happily, indulgently: 'That's just where you're wrong! It's to *protect* her from danger — specially danger by drowning!'

Once I suggested that, if I were she, I would not feed Anne burned bread-crusts.

'Oh, but they say they're good for a baby; they say they're splendid for the digestion.'

Useless to argue. She had always heard so. 'They' said so.

So it is that knowledge comes to them, not laboriously, as does our own,

but by easy rumor, floating hearsay, and wisdom is brought to them without effort of their own, as viands to a king. They are fed by ravens. Their gourd grows over night. Messengers still come and go between heaven and earth to instruct them. There is not required of them, the laboring class, that slavish mental toil exacted of the world's great intellects. Angels and ministers of grace, however they may have abandoned the wise, do still, it seems, defend them. They have only to be of a listening mind and a believing heart, and they shall know what is good for digestion, and what will save their children from drowning.

Mamie, further, was able to maintain a remarkable equilibrium between respectful service as a servant and what might have been the gracious democracy of a ruler. She taught Anne to call me 'Honey,' and had it as a surprise for me one morning. I will not deny that it was a surprise. But if you think that so sweet an appellation in Anne's bird-like voice, her golden head leaning over into the sunshine as she heard my step, seemed to me to be lacking in dignity, then you and I are of contrary opinions.

One day, when Mamie was dusting where hung a Fra Lippo Madonna, Anne pointed a fat finger at it, demanding, 'Honey?'

Mamie did not even pause.

'No,' she said briskly, 'that's not Honey. That's Lord and Lord's mawma.'

III

One day, Mamie came to me, her face beaming.

'I want to do the right thing, so I'm going to give you a whole month's notice. Bill has rented some rooms. What do you think of that!'

I told her gently, but firmly, what I suspected concerning it.

She brought out his letter for proof.

'He's to pay for the rooms, and I'm to send him the money for the furniture. He'll get whatever kind I like. You've always been kind to me,' she added, 'but I think you've got a hard heart as to Bill.'

Well, perhaps I had.

The month passed very happily. As his letters came, she would tell me what he had bought.

'It's a bureau with a marble top, — second-hand, Second Avenue, — but as good as new. Besides, some people would rather have antiques. And I *do* like bureaus!'

Then it would be a table that set her singing her queer rag-time songs. Once there came word of three cushioned chairs. One letter announced a looking-glass. And once, as I went into the kitchen suddenly, there was Mamie, one arm above her head, the other holding her skirt, dancing for Anne to see and to Anne's inexpressible wonder and delight. She sat there in her tub, leaning forward, beaming, fascinated, and holding tight to its sides as though we might all be personages in a fairy-tale, and she and the tub might any moment fly away.

At sight of me, Mamie stopped, flushing pink as a rose, apologetic, but unfeignedly happy.

'I could n't help it! He's bought me a *chiffoneer!*'

A moment later, as I passed through the hall, I could hear Mamie singing, 'And she's going back to her Daddy, and her home, home, *home!*' — to some impromptu rigmarole tune of her own.

Soon after this she took the train to the nearest town and came back laden with packages — all manner of cheap household stuff picked up at the five-and-ten-cent store. It occurred to me that she might as well have a small empty trunk of mine that there was in the attic. She was delighted with the

gift, and wore the key of it on a chain around her neck.

'I'd rather have that key than a locket!' she said, putting her hand over it affectionately. It was so that she repaid you tenfold. 'It's wonderful,' she would say, every little while, in joyful anticipation, 'having your own home!'

For myself, despite many unmitigated realities, I could not help feeling that I was living in something of a wonder story. Who knew but with those extraordinary powers of hers, which so readily rose above fact, who knew but that she might rub that key some day as Aladdin his lamp, and turn us all into triumphant heroes and heroines.

Mamie did not forget, as I said goodbye to her in the big city terminal where I finally left them, to give me parting advice, sisterly sympathy:—

'Now, don't you go and get discouraged. I know you've had troubles. Well, I've had trouble enough too. You just keep right on, and hold your head high. There's no telling what'll come to them that holds their heads high. Look at me!'

I looked at her and could have felt convinced. Then we said our goodbyes, and away they went. The last I saw of them in the crowd was Anne's hand still waving loyally to me over Mamie's shoulder quite a long time after her eyes had lost me.

I missed them exceedingly; and the bluebirds of that second spring hardly made up to me for the absence of Anne's birdlike voice. The new maid, Margaret, was interesting enough, but no one could ever quite take the place of those others. With all this in mind, you will realize with what a sinking of the heart I found that there was more than Mamie to be missed. There could be no doubt in the matter, for there had been no outsider in the house at all of late; therefore it could be due to no other magic than hers that there was a grievous lessening of my scant stores of household belongings—sheets and pillow-cases, towels and a pair of blankets, napkins and I think a tablecloth, and some muffin-rings and kitchen conveniences, and I do not know what else.

Little bits of reality came drifting back to me — the key kept so faithfully always around her neck; my own gift of the trunk; and the sentiment — say now, if you like, the sentimentality — with which I had noted the fact that even that rather small trunk was too large for her poor belongings.

Then suddenly, the whole episode read to me like an Uncle Remus 'Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit' tale, and I was not too discouraged to laugh—as the 'Little Boy' is recorded always to have done — at the turn of the story, at the inevitable triumph of the cleverer of the two.

Yet for Mamie's sake, not to speak of my own, such an ending was not to be permitted. I had asked her to come to see me in town on one of the days of the week that I was always there, and to be sure to bring Anne to see me. She had assured me that she would, and that she would never forget me. Now I knew it would be necessary, rather, for me to go and find her. I rehearsed the scene mentally. I meant to tell her that she could keep all the things she had stolen. (Let them remain in the manner of coals of fire in her trunk!) I would first reduce her to powder in a solemn and serious manner, and then strew her upon the winds of my righteous indignation! *She* whom I had treated with unfailing kindness! *She* whom in sickness I had nursed! *She* whose many faults had been forgiven her, and in whom I had placed trust! *She!*—

Strangely enough she did come to

see me, that very next day I was in town. She seemed eager to get to me; nervous, too, like one whipped of her conscience. I felt my heart suddenly softening and as quickly hardened it. I really had not expected quick penitence of her, but even so, she must take the full punishment of my disapproval. There is a duty we owe in such matters. I would make nothing easy for her.

She sat down heavily, then suddenly put her hand over quickly on mine. I made no sign. Not even that should move me. Then in a hoarse whisper, a really hoarse whisper, almost a moan, she said, —

'Oh, how shall I tell you? *How* shall I tell you?'

Stony pause. I looked coldly at her. It seemed, for a moment, that the irresistible force really *had* met the immovable body. Then all at once, she put her head down on her arm, sobbed, and spoke.

'There *was n't* any bureau! There *was n't* any chiffoneer! There was n't *even* any rooms!'

An instant of time swirled past. Then I knew, as of old, that the power of the poor is an irresistible force, never — never — not even by the immovable body of our strongest determinations, to be withstood. My own iron resolves I saw converted suddenly into the flimsiest fiction — rent gossamer floating wide.

Oh! Oh! I could have put my face in my hands and wept. All her dreams gone! All her hopes! her pride! her cherished plans! her money! her faith — everything! How small the theft of a few pillow-cases and towels looked now that, at Fate's hands, she, poor thing, had had all this stolen from her! This was no time to reduce her to powder, when she was already reduced to floods of tears and I by no means far from the verge of them.

The story is too obvious to tell. Mamie's miracle had failed. The unreformable Bill had not reformed. But neither, — I hasten to add, — neither, it seems, was Mamie's ineradicable desire for a home eradicated. I have mentioned before my belief that Fate cannot finally affect the people of this extraordinary class. I believe them all to have been plunged more effectually than Achilles in some protective flood.

Mamie, with the help of the perpetually severe, perpetually tender-hearted matron, went out to work again. But there may be those who would be more interested to know what I did with my resolves, my righteous indignation, and, above all, with my conscience. As to my conscience, I cleared that. I wrote to the matron, warning her that in assigning Mamie to any place, it should be remembered that, valuable as Mamie was in many ways, she had a light-fingered tendency to collect household goods. From my later knowledge, I believe that the matron may have smiled at the ingenuousness of that. It might readily be thought superfluous to warn the expert physicist that water does not run up hill.

As to my righteous indignation, it may seem to you a poor thing, but it never came back. Somehow I never quite forgot the grip of Mamie's hand on mine that day, and her hoarse voice as it announced the total ruin of her hopes; or the memory, by contrast, of her little singing dance before Anne at a happier season, with Anne leaning forward holding delightedly to the sides of the tub.

He is not apt to be the most severe in correction who has suffered much discipline at the hands of Fate. It should be remembered by the unrelenting and conscientious disciplinarian who judges me, that I had seen the ruin of some of my own hopes. Joys that I had planned for full as eagerly as Mamie, delights that I had reared on

more likely foundations, had been swept away and almost as suddenly. I am entering here on no philosophy, I am merely stating facts; and I may as well confess that I took comfort in the thought, that, though the bureau, the washstand and the 'chiffoneer' had fallen in the general ruin, Mamie still had the sheets, the pillow-cases, the towels, the muffin-rings, and the rest. It was even turning out a little like a fairy-tale after all, for I really now wanted her to have these, and in view of my own very meagre circumstances and my duties to others, I could not with a clear conscience have afforded to give them to her. She, as with a magic foresight, had contrived to relieve me of all embarrassment.

Meanwhile, I heard nothing more of Mamie. Then one day, I had this letter from her (I omit the independent spelling): —

I thought I 'd write to tell you that Anne has a good Papa. He 's a farmer. I 'm married again. (Since she was not married before, the 'again' may refer to a second wedding ring.) He 's got a nice house. Do come and see me. (Here followed very careful directions.) I 'd like you to see our animals. We 've got five chickens, one rooster, a cat and a dog. He had a house already furnished. It 's good furnished too. The bed has got shams on the pillows.

It was not long after this that I had a letter from an old aunt of Mamie's, of whom Mamie had several times spoken to me, and to whom she used sometimes to write. The aunt said that, though she had always been too poor to do anything for Mamie, still she took an interest in her. She knew I had been good to her. If it was n't too much trouble, would I write and tell her how Mamie was, or would I send her her address if she was not with me.

I wrote her with a good deal of pleasure that Mamie was happily married (I did not quibble at the word) to a well-to-do farmer; that she had a nicely furnished house, some animals, and that her husband loved Anne devotedly.

Then I wrote to Mamie and sent her her aunt's letter; and I told her that I thought it would be a kindness if she would write to the old lady.

In reply I had the following: 'I know you meant to be kind. But I 'm sorry you wrote to my aunt. It was n't my aunt at all. It was Bill.'

Here also — I know it well — fact is less satisfactory than romance. There should, no doubt, be the telling scene of a sequel. I never saw Mamie again, however, and the unfocused waving of a fat, lovely little hand in that crowded terminal is my last memory of Anne.

You who read this may be in some uneasiness as to Mamie. I confess that I am not. I cannot forget the angels of grace that do undoubtedly attend on such. Need Pharaoh, having seen the wonders, be anxious do you think, as to how the departed children of Israel would be maintained in the desert places where he would so easily have perished?

But lest you should, nevertheless, have Mamie's welfare at heart, and should entertain, with some misgivings, thought of what may have become of Anne, there are yet other signs and wonders of which I shall ask to be allowed to speak.

(To be continued)

THE LIFE OF THE AFRICAN OSTRICH

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THERE has been some desultory controversy as to whether Africa contains only one species of ostrich or several species. In Mr. W. L. Sclater's *Fauna of South Africa*, four are mentioned, namely: *Struthio camelus*, which ranges over North Africa and Arabia, and in ancient times was found in South-western Asia; *S. masaicus*, *S. molybdophanes*, and *S. australis*. In view, however, of Professor Deurden's recent researches, it is fairly clear that this classification will have to be revised. Possibly there exists only one species, which includes several varieties. The ostrich is only semi-gregarious and, like all animals not wholly gregarious, is subject to individual variation. It is, however, stated that the Somaliland ostrich has a horny shield on the top of its head. If this be so, and especially if the horn be an excrescence from the skull, not only will *S. molybdophanes* establish its claim to being a separate species, but an interesting link between the ostriches and the cassowaries will be suggested.

The genus *Struthio* belongs to the subclass *Ratitae*, all the genera of which are flightless birds with no keel to the sternum or breast-bone. Such are the rheas, the cassowaries, the emus, and the kiwis. Except the ostrich, none of the genera of this subclass are found north of the equator. Up to a comparatively recent period, the ostrich ranged over the whole African continent except in the denser forests and on the higher mountain ranges.

Half a century ago the ostrich of Southern Africa was in danger of extinction; now, however, owing to domestication, its numbers have enormously increased. In 1913 there were 776,268 ostriches owned by farmers within the South African Union. Salutary laws for the protection of wild birds have also been enacted. Although wild birds have disappeared from the more settled parts, they are still to be found in considerable numbers in the less accessible areas, such as the Kalihari and Great Bushmanland deserts.

Very little is known of the habits of the wild birds; nearly every extant account bristles with inaccuracies. Some of the latter have their origin in the Bible, wherein, among other errors, it is stated that the eggs of the ostrich are hatched out by the heat of the sun, and that the young are cruelly deserted by their parents. In Job and Jeremiah the ostrich, which is really an example to many other birds in the matter of caring for its young, is held up to the execration of mankind as a cruel and unfeeling parent.

The male ostrich stands nearly eight feet high; the female about eighteen inches less. The upper portion of the body of the male, as well as the lower fourth of the neck, is covered with short, glossy black feathers. The foam-white plumes are the primary feathers of the wings; plumes of an inferior quality form the tail. The hue of the female is a dove-tinted brown. Her

plumes are not nearly so luxuriant as those of the male, and are dingy-white in color. A full-grown male ostrich at the beginning of the breeding-season is a truly magnificent creature. The short, black feathers with which his back and sides are densely covered ripple and glint in the sunshine; his waving plumes gleam gallantly. So charged is he with abounding vigor that the blood suffuses the scales of the tarsi and the feet, the visible portion of the so-called thigh, the head and the beak, until they glow in clear crimson. His large, brilliant hazel eye flashes from beneath a fringe of black bristles. Fierce, fearless, and majestic, he stalks toward an intruder, lashing and whisking his plumes, hissing loudly, and snapping his beak. The strength of the ostrich is prodigious; he can disembowel a horse or kick through a sheet of corrugated iron. To an unprotected man in the open an infuriated ostrich is as dangerous as the lion. Many have lost their lives through ignorance of his strength, his speed, and his implacable ferocity.

Equally impressive is the demeanor of the male when wooing his mate. Here is the description given by Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner: —

'A cock, if courting the hen, will often run slowly and daintily on the points of his toes, with neck slightly inflated, upright and rigid; the tail half-drooped and all his body-feathers fluffed up; the wings raised and expanded, the inside edges touching the neck for nearly the whole of its length, and the plumes showing separately, like an open fan, flat to the front, on each side of the head. In no other attitude is the splendid beauty of his plumage displayed to such advantage.'

The breast of the ostrich is oval, and bare of feathers. So strong is the sternum that it might almost be compared to the ram of a battleship — except that it is not beaked. The anterior portion consists of a bony shield which is heavily strutted by the ribs, and is but scantily covered with flesh. When the bird runs against any obstacle, or falls to the ground in its flight, it is the breast-bone which sustains the impact. When the cocks fight, as they often do, it is on this useful shield that the thundering kicks are usually received.

The wings have lost almost every vestige suggestive of their original function. Contrary to general opinion, they are of no use toward accelerating the speed of the bird when it runs; if anything they are a hindrance — especially if the bird be hard pressed. But they are serviceable in covering the eggs during the process of incubation, and also in enabling the bird to turn at a sharp angle in the course of a rapid run, or even to stop almost abruptly. In the process of 'waltzing' or gyrating, which will presently be described, the wings enable the bird to retain or recover its balance. But the true use of the wings lies in the transcendent beauty of the primary feathers. These were developed through sexual selection, by that influence which ever strives to lead the Caliban of passion from the morass to the mountain peak.

Incidentally, it is due to the beauty of its plumes that the ostrich has not become practically extinct in Southern Africa. Among the many animals which man has taken from their natural environment and adapted to his needs, the ostrich is the only one in respect of which sheer loveliness, as distinguished from utility, — in its usually restricted sense, — formed the motive of domestication. It is also the only one which has benefited by the change. The ox, the horse, and the sheep have been reduced to a servitude of which many of the aspects are cruel. They all subserve material needs. But the ostrich furnishes plumes

which are probably the most perfect decorative items in Nature's storehouse, and, fortunately for itself, is otherwise of no use to man. It is kindly treated; even the removal of the feathers is quite a painless process. All this may be not without significance in the general scheme of things. As Emerson sang of the Rhodora, 'Beauty is its own excuse for being'; and in the estimation of a deeper civilization, a humming-bird flashing through sunlit greenery may be of far more importance than a fat bullock in the abattoir.

In the leg of the ostrich occurs most marvelous specialization. The bird has but two toes, the third and the fourth, the outer being somewhat short. The toes have springy pads beneath and are armed with strong nails. From the foot the tarsus rises for about eighteen inches; it is covered with wide transverse scales. Above the tarsus is the so-called thigh, which is really the tibia, or shin. Here the bone is swathed in huge muscles which are covered with naked skin — usually dark blue in color in the adult bird.

Dr. Haughton, in Volume IX of the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, gave an excellent description of the ostrich's mode of running: 'In the act of running the leg of the ostrich is to be regarded as a jointed lever having four joints, viz., the hip, the knee, the heel, and the metatarsal joints. As the animal springs from foot to foot, the whole limb on reaching the ground is bent as far as possible at each of the articulations, and when the spring is made, the muscles proper to each joint increase the angle made by the bones meeting at the joint, so that the effect of the whole is to unbend the limb, and give it a maximum of extension at the moment of leaving the ground. During the spring the antagonist muscles again bend the joints, so that on next touching they are at their maximum of flexion, again waiting to be unbent by the muscles that open the angles of the joints; and so on. As the animal runs, it is thrown alternately from each foot in contact with the ground, as from a catapult, and advances by successive leaps or springs from foot to foot.'

The speed thus attained is very great. For a comparatively short distance when the sun is hot, or for a practically unlimited distance if the day be cool, an adult ostrich can easily outspeed a horse. In running the bird holds its head somewhat low, with the neck flexed. Strangely enough, although the neck moves with slight undulations, the head remains steady. One peculiarity which does not appear to have been noted by other observers is this: if an ostrich be kept moving continuously on a very hot day, it will suddenly fall, roll over on its back, and die — apparently of heat-apoplexy.

Sight is the special sense of the ostrich; the sense of hearing being next in importance. The sense of smell is, I am convinced, of use only in connection with feeding and in the matter of recognition of the young. I have several times had wild ostriches pass within a few hundred yards to leeward of where I lay concealed, without evincing the slightest alarm. The nostrils are narrow and lie in a membranous groove rather forward on the bill. The brain is exceedingly small; its weight has been computed to be in the proportion of 1 to 1200 as compared with the whole body. The brain of the eagle is about 1 to 150; that of the parroquet as 1 to 45. If one deducts from the ostrich's brain those portions specialized for sight and hearing, the remainder is almost infinitesimal. It has been related that Heliogabalus caused the brains of six hundred ostriches to be used for a single dish. Yet the ostrich is by no means a stupid creature.

II

Most of the older observers mention having seen ostriches herding with the larger wild animals, such as the zebra and the gnu. From my own observations, especially in connection with the hartebeest, I am convinced that it is the other animals which seek the society of the ostrich for the purpose of being insured against surprise. The commanding height and matchless eyesight of these birds give them a range of vision probably unsurpassed by any other flightless animal — except, possibly, the giraffe. In this connection it is interesting to note that in the first book of the *Anabasis*, Xenophon mentions the circumstance of ostriches and wild asses associating together on the plains to westward of the Euphrates.

Although it is usually the high, open desert plains that the ostrich frequents, it is also to be found in broken, bushy tracts. I have personally seen them in the wooded country on the East Coast, in a tract lying between the sea and a practically (to them) impassable range of mountains. In view of the number and variety of the carnivora there existing at the time, the survival of these birds was very surprising indeed. But it was only in the southwestern deserts that I had opportunities of observing the ostrich's habits. The observations made are necessarily scanty and incomplete. The shy and elusive nature of the bird is an almost insuperable bar to any connected scrutiny. The mere approach to a nest may cause the loss of a whole brood, for if the birds be badly scared they may not return. Even an unobliterated spoor in the vicinity of a nest may cause them to abandon it.

Another danger lies in the possibility of the eggs being scorched, or chilled, when the birds decamp — according to whether heat or cold prevail. But the greatest danger arises from the jackal, which is almost invariably to be found in the vicinity of a nest, waiting for an opportunity to maraud. The usual way in which a jackal does mischief is by rolling an egg out to the rim of sand surrounding the nest, and then pushing it back hard with his nose. This cracks the egg — possibly also the one it strikes against. Occasionally two, or even three jackals will attack a nest at the same time, and fight vigorously over the contents of each egg as it is broken. The havoc then wrought may easily be imagined; it usually results in the abandonment of the nest.

Sometimes the white-necked raven (*Corvultur albicollis*) coöperates with the jackal. He will carry a small, heavy stone up into the air and drop it into the nest. Jackal and raven then share amicably the contents of the smashed egg. When only one, or perhaps two, eggs have been destroyed, the birds when they return may eat up the broken shells and go on sitting.

In the desert one could not avoid constantly associating the jackal with the ostrich. The central area of the Great Bushmanland waste is usually completely arid. It is absolutely level, except where the barren sand-dunes intrude over its northern margin. Of the larger fauna one finds in it only the oryx and the ostrich But in the breeding-season of the latter, central Bushmanland literally abounded with jackals — especially in the vicinity of the ostrich nests. It was clear that the marauders were there for the purpose of preying on the eggs or the newly hatched chicks. So far as could be ascertained, there was literally nothing else for them to eat. The recognizable contents of the stomachs of jackals shot at this season were invariably the spoil of ostrich nests. It was quite exceptional to locate a nest without at

least one fresh jackal-burrow in its vicinity. More than once I have seen the cock in fierce pursuit of an interrupted marauder who, twisting and doubling, — yelping dolorously the while, — made frantic efforts to reach his burrow. The jackal usually escapes, but not invariably. In the vicinity of recently abandoned nests, one occasionally found evidence indicating that some skulking brute had met a violent and richly deserved end.

The association of the jackal and the ostrich appears in ancient myth and literature. Flinders Petrie relates that in prehistoric Egypt, when the king was slain, the door to the underworld was supposed to be opened by the jackal, and through it the soul was wafted on an ostrich feather. In Job, in Isaiah, in Micah, and in Lamentations, ostriches and jackals are mentioned in the same text.

The ostrich hates the jackal implacably, but does not fear him. As a matter of fact the only creature the domesticated ostrich dreads is the dog. So fearless is he that he will unhesitatingly attack anything else which he deems to be an enemy, no matter how formidable; and as enemies he is apt to class all intruders upon what he considers to be his domain. Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner mentions the case of an ostrich charging a moving locomotive. Several instances have occurred of men having been kicked out of the saddle. But let a dog of any description appear, and the fiercest bird will almost invariably flee with every indication of terror. This is probably due to race-memory. The wild dog (*Lycaon pictus*) was formerly common all over South Africa; it frequented both forest and desert, ranging freely and hunting in packs which occasionally numbered over fifty individuals. The wild dog is now rarely met with except in a few of the densely bushed areas. But even yet their melodious hunting-cry, — '*Ho-ho-ho-ho*,' — or their short, sharp bark, may be heard at night echoing through the scrub-filled gorges of the Great Fish River valley, in the Cape Province. It may easily be imagined what an ever-present terror the ostrich was subjected to when packs of these creatures, insatiably ravenous, roamed over the country, as they undoubtedly did less than a century ago.

The making of the nest by the breeding cock and his mate is a simple and rudimentary process. From the nature of the case, the observation of wild ostriches in the act of nidification is a practical impossibility. But one has ample opportunity of observing the nest-building of domesticated birds. A cock and a hen select some sandy spot, usually slightly higher than the surrounding ground and as a rule in the vicinity of some low bush. The cock, lying on his breast, kicks the sand out backwards and sideways. A slight depression is thus formed, surrounded by a low, irregular ridge. In the formation of the latter the hen assists in a futile way; she walks round, picking up spoonfuls of sand in her beak and dropping them on the ridge. During this operation she droops and flutters her wings, making a clicking noise with their joints. She soon afterwards begins laying, depositing an egg which weighs about three pounds every second day. Some hens will sit almost from the beginning of the laying period; others will wait until almost the full number of eggs has been laid. This number apparently varies among wild birds, from ten to twenty. The eggs are ivory-white in color and are minutely pitted all over. One wonders why the coloration is not protective, as in the case of nearly all birds that nest in open spaces. Possibly the heat of the sun may account for this.

The low ridge surrounding the nest

tends to become obliterated, owing to the manner in which the bird lets itself down upon the eggs. It treads carefully among them, arranges its feet at the proper distance apart, then sinks back until its tarsi lie horizontally on the ground. This brings the bulk of the body outside a section of the ridge, and in working itself in so as to cover the clutch of eggs, the bird drags the sand, of which the ridge is formed, in with it. However, the ridge is rebuilt in a curious manner. The sitting bird, if excited in any way, — more especially if alarmed, — pecks at the sand outside the nest and, lifting it in beakfuls, deposits it on the raised margin.

Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, probably the best authority regarding ostriches in a state of domestication, considers that monogamy is normal among these birds, and that such is the only condition quite favorable in the matter of the hatching out of the young. The subject is an interesting one, the evidence in favor of both monogamy and polygamy being very strong. My own experiences among wild birds led me to conclude that the usual breeding family consisted of a cock and two hens. Mr. Schreiner's main points are, (1) that a pair make the nest, and (2) that the best results ensue when there is only one hen. The circumstance of the pair making the nest is not, it is submitted, of any particular significance. The South African Bantu are a polygamous people, but no Bantu will marry more than one wife on one occasion. That the best results in the matter of incubation are found in monogamy is undoubted.

It may be that the ostrich is polygamous against his will, but in his natural condition his polygamy — or at least bigamy — is hardly to be doubted. The original numerical proportion of the sexes is about equal, but the males fight and kill one another after the manner of men; consequently there is a certain number of redundant females. When several of these attach themselves to an already married male, the consequences are apt to be disastrous.

When a nest contains too many eggs, the latter cannot all be covered by the sitting bird. About twenty is the number giving the best results. Instances have been recorded of as many as a hundred and fifty eggs lying in and around a single nest. In such a case, not a single chick would be hatched out. However, the question as to whether the ostrich has been born polygamous, has achieved polygamy, or has had polygamy thrust upon him, must for the present remain unsettled.

The cock sits on the eggs from about four o'clock in the afternoon until about eight next morning. Although he sits for approximately sixteen hours to the hen's eight, the actual trouble incidental to hatching is more or less evenly apportioned between the two. About eight hours of the cock's sojourn are spent in sleep. He has an unbroken eight-hour period wherein to feed. The hen, on the other hand, has two four-hour periods. In feeding the birds stroll leisurely along, cropping suitable herbage on their course. In leaving the nest or returning thereto, the wild bird never takes a straight course. The motive underlying this is obvious.

III

At the end of about six weeks the chicks will have hatched out. At first they are weak, utterly helpless creatures, with strange swellings on head, neck, and foot. However, within a few days they become active and, on the approach of danger, will scatter and take cover quite skillfully. They are a dull yellowish brown in color, with

irregular longitudinal stripes of darker brown on the neck. The body covering is of down, interspersed with thick, short feathers with pointed tips. These suggest minute porcupine quills. Before eating food the chicks pick up small stones wherewith to furnish their gizzards. During the later stages of incubation — probably owing to want of exercise — the parent birds become constipated; their excrement is emitted in small, hard lumps. This forms the first food of the chicks. The latter do not all emerge from the shells on the same day; it usually takes about four days for the whole brood to appear.

After the first chicks have advanced from their stage of helpless bewilderment and are able to move about, the cock-bird leads them for short excursions in the vicinity of the nest, where they begin to peck feebly at whatever herbage exists. It is not unusual to see the cock leading five or six chicks afield, while another five or six lie or crouch stupidly on the raised margin of the nest, and yet another five or six are cheeping within the yet unbroken prison of the shell. There is considerable difference of opinion on the point as to whether one of the parent birds breaks the shells to free chicks whose emergence is unduly delayed. My own strong opinion is to the effect that the wild hen does so, by carefully pressing the eggs with the sternum plate. During the final period of hatching, both male and female — especially the latter — betray great excitement, and will fiercely attack any animal which happens to come near. The cry of the chick is pitched in a high key. When the chick is very young the note is tremulous; it is always liquid and plaintive.

The observation of wild birds engaged in the process of hatching is one of the most difficult operations a naturalist can undertake. It is possible to observe successfully only by locating the nest by day, and afterwards approaching it before dawn. Even this course is only occasionally successful. The level desert rarely contains any landmarks recognizable in the dark, so — unless one be accompanied by a Bushman guide, and Bushmen nowadays are scarce — there is considerable danger of missing the located spot. Moreover, there is always the chance of disturbing one or other of the hens resting in the darkness, and her flight may cause the cock to rise from the nest and decamp. However, let us assume success, and that, after a tramp of several hours across the darkened waste, we have reached the place appointed for observation. The pulsing stars are above and around — almost incredibly lustrous. In our journey we have disturbed many a wild creature in those mysterious avocations which are hardly even suspected by day. The long-drawn, nasal '*Yonk, yonk, yow-e-e-aow*' of many a questing jackal has sounded across the waste, awakening answers from kindred spirits far and near.

At length we have reached the objective — a patch of low, loose bush some ten feet in diameter. About two hundred yards away is the nest; it will be in full view after day has come, for we are on an almost imperceptible rise. Pallid grows the east. For a while flaming Phosphor outshines the dawn, but soon merges into the general effulgence. Then the black, mound-like body of the sitting cock becomes visible. He lies as still as a rock, with his long, snake-like neck stretched straight before him on the sand, his wings and tail spread tent-wise over the raised margin of the nest. The white plumes are almost completely hidden under the drooping fringe of black feathers. Herein is an undoubted instance of protective coloration. The cock, being

jet-black, cannot be seen at night; the hen, which sits throughout the greater part of the day, is more or less the color of the desert sand. She thus attains a maximum of invisibility while on the nest.

At the appointed time the hens may be seen approaching — usually from different directions, but never in a straight line. They have, if the herbage be more than ordinarily scanty, perhaps slept miles away. At dawn they rose and started on their respective devious courses, cropping constantly at the herbage. When one of the hens has reached the vicinity of the nest, the cock will rise, carefully extracting his tarsi from among the eggs. As a rule the hen takes his place at once, but occasionally the eggs seem to be deliberately left to cool, as in the case of the domestic fowl. On one occasion I saw a cock come in swiftly from his feeding, sweep round the nest, and force the hen, which had left it, back to her incubation duties. He butted her with his breast-bone and showed every sign of indignation, flicking his wings and snapping his beak. It was evident that he considered that she had left the eggs for too long a period. The second hen usually sits on the edge of the nest, or, if eggs are lying outside the rim, she often sits on them. It was not possible to ascertain whether or not the same hen invariably took the most important position on the nest.

When the chicks have all become stronger on their legs, the parents lead them away to pastures they have already located, where suitable food is to be found. Should danger occur, the old birds utter a single note of alarm; then the cock hurries the brood away. Hissing violently, crouching forward and with her wings forming a fluttering shield before her body, the hen faces the enemy. This, it may be noted, is the practice of all desert antelopes, whereas, in the flight of antelopes of the forest, it is the male which covers the retreat. To these rules there are, I think, no exceptions. But if, in the case of the ostrich brood, the danger be formidable and close at hand, the chicks will immediately scatter and squat, skillfully making use of any available inequality in the ground. Then the parents will endeavor to attract attention to themselves by falling to the ground and pretending to be injured. As the enemy approaches, the bird will spring up, run a short distance, and fall again. In this procedure the ostrich imitates the sand-piper with extraordinary exactness. The danger over, the chicks run about uttering their distinctive call. The parent birds do not reply; they move slowly about within the area containing the chicks, and their commanding height enables the latter to see and rally round them. The ostrich knows its own chicks, and will kill any others seeking its protection.

One of the most remarkable habits of the ostrich is that of waltzing, or gyrating. So far as I have been able to ascertain, this habit is confined to domesticated birds. None of the old observers mention it. I have spoken to many Bushmen and others familiar with the ostrich in its wild state; not one of them had ever seen or heard of wild birds gyrating. I have personally had wild ostriches under observation from a place of concealment at every season and at each hour of the day, but never have I seen them gyrating. Yet among domesticated birds the practice is universal.

It is usually indulged in when they are released from an enclosure in the early morning. Then the birds will run swiftly for a short distance, stop suddenly, lift their wings, and spin rapidly round and round, using a perfect

waltz-step. They turn indifferently from left to right or otherwise. Before the gyration begins, they will often rush about on a zig-zag course; when it comes to an end, they will sometimes run for a considerable distance at top speed. Sometimes during gyration they become quite dizzy and fall to the ground; if they meet an obstacle and trip, a broken tarsus is apt to result.

Gyration is practiced by birds of all ages from about three months onward, but among adults it is not nearly so common as among non-nubile birds; therefore it can have no sexual significance.

Taking into consideration the constant menace under which these birds exist in their natural environment, the general practice of gyration or of any exercise calculated to attract the attention of enemies, is unthinkable. The young wild ostrich survives only with difficulty, and largely owing to its inconspicuousness; probably not more than twenty per cent of those hatched out reach maturity. So far as one can judge, the gyration is a pure and simple expression of the joy of life — as natural a manifestation of healthy and exuberant vitality as is the dancing of children of all ages and climes. It is conventional, for all birds gyrate in exactly the same manner. It is to be accounted for only on the hypothesis of race-memory. Probably the ostrich did not always dwell in an environment of danger; countless ages ago the species may have had its origin in some vast Australian tract wherein carnivora were scarce. And now, when the age-long menace has been lifted from the domesticated birds, a hint — a whisper down the interminable, echoing corridors of the germ-plasm — may have awakened in them the long-dormant spirit of joy.

Another remarkable habit of the ostrich is that known as rolling. It is almost exclusively confined to the male bird. Under sexual excitement or anger a bird will sink down on his ankle-joints with his tarsi horizontal, the tibia remaining erect. He will then open his wings forward and swish them alternately over his back. The head and neck, depressed backward, swing with the motion of the wings, the head striking the ribs on each side. The tail becomes widely distended. While thus engaged, the bird appears to be lost in an ecstasy of excitement; he becomes quite oblivious to his surroundings.

It is somewhat remarkable that erotic excitement and anger should be expressed in exactly the same manner. There is a kind of analogy to be found in certain behavior of the desert gazelle (*Antidorcas euchore*, miscalled the springbuck). This animal in its morning play expands and erects its dorsal mane of long snow-white hair, bends its back and sinks its head almost to the level of its hoofs. Then it bounds into the air, swaying from side to side. But if suddenly alarmed by an enemy, the gazelle acts in a precisely similar manner.

The ostrich emits several sounds, the best-known of which is the muffled roar known as the 'boom' or the 'brom,' which is uttered by the male bird — either as a challenge to a rival or as a love-note to the hen. The sound is divided into three utterances, the first two being short and the third long, with an interval of about a second between. It is generated in a curious manner. The bird shuts its beak so tightly that no air can escape; then it empties the lungs into the œsophagus through the larynx, inflating the neck for its greater extent. The air thus flows backward over the vocal chords.

This sound has been compared to 'mourning' by the Prophet Micah; and at a certain distance, when some of the

elements have been subdued, it does convey a mournful suggestion. When heard close by, it suggests the utterance of an ox in pain, but at over a thousand yards it startlingly resembles the voice of the lion. The boom of the ostrich is but rarely heard by day, and the bird can utter it only when standing still. The other sounds are, respectively, a loud hiss of anger, a gurgle expressive of alarm, and the sharp note uttered to warn the chicks of danger.

The ostrich is usually a vegetarian, but his gizzard is a mill to which most objects capable of being swallowed are acceptable grist. It contains a number of large, rounded stones; almost invariably some of these are brightly colored. He will feed greedily upon locusts in the wingless stage, and apparently considers a young tortoise to be a tit-bit. Domesticated ostriches swallow the most extraordinary things; if one wears jewelry it is not safe to approach the fence of an enclosure in which friendly birds are kept. More than one lady has discovered this to her cost. With a lightning-like sweep of its beak over or through a fence, a bird will annex a brooch, a locket, or any other glittering object. Tennis-balls, kittens, the heels of glass bottles, cartridges, and small lengths of heavy wire, are among the articles which ostriches have been observed to swallow.

The plume of the ostrich is like nothing else in Nature. The nearest resemblance is to be found in an ephemeral thing — the foam of a breaking wave. It must be unthinkable ages since the wings of this bird subserved any use but that of beauty; their function in the matter of covering the eggs during incubation is quite secondary and could easily be dispensed with. The perfectly even barbs are soft as gossamer and, contrary to the rule among birds that fly, quite disconnected and independent one of the other. The quills, from their point of emergence from the socket, become increasingly flexile and lithe. The plumes convey suggestions of luxuriant ductility, of effortless grace, of sumptuousness, and, above all, of purity. From very ancient days they have been used by man as a decoration, but not until quite recently by woman.

The beauty of the plumes of the ostrich and the mystery surrounding its habits, have ever attracted the interest of mankind. In ancient Egypt the plume, on account of the mathematical equality of the opposing barbs in point of length, — a peculiarity not present in the primary feathers of any other bird with which the Egyptians were acquainted — was regarded as the sacred symbol of Justice. Osiris was represented with two ostrich plumes in his crown. The hieroglyph for the plume was 'shoo.' This was probably onomatopoetic, and originated in the soft sound made by the plumes, when used as a fan.

The plume of the ostrich is in several respects the fairest thing which earth has produced. The creature which it glorifies is a member of an archaic class. Many of its congeners have disappeared; perhaps eliminated by the mammal carnivora; perhaps owing to their 'expensiveness,' as Lafcadio Hearn suggests in connection with the elimination of the dragons of the prime. One may see in certain museums the unbroken shell of the egg — fourteen inches in length — of the Æpiornis, unearthed in Madagascar. The height of this bird — possibly the roc of Eastern legend — may have been anything up to twenty feet. The Diornis of New Zealand — another gigantic relative — was probably in existence in the seventeenth century. Fossil bones of struthious birds have been found in

Samos, in Russia and in Northern India.

The vast African deserts have probably afforded the only conditions which rendered it possible for the ostrich to survive. Its hardihood, its speed, its wonderful power of vision, and, above all, its fecundity, have enabled it to triumph over extraordinary difficulties. Probably a toll of four fifths of the young is paid to the skulking, loathsome jackals which dog their footsteps, in the breeding season, to the most remote and barren wastes.

The caprice of man has given the southern variety of the ostrich a fresh lease of being. And the foam-like plumes, the very incarnation of purity and loveliness, are as though blown like derelict blossoms hither and thither upon the unlovely, brown, rigorous face of the unregarding wilderness.

THE BRIDE

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Farewell to himself
That I left in his sleep,
And God save him kindly
And let him sleep deep.

And more shame to me,
Creeping out like a mouse —
A seven weeks' bride —
From my husband's house.

But I was born of the eastern world
And I'll never be knit to the western places,
And the hunger 's on me, fierce and keen,
For the morning look of the eastern faces;
And oh, my grief, but himself is queer,
With his cold, soft words and his cold, hard caring!
(It must have been I was daft myself
With the thought of the silks I would be wearing.)

Well, there'll be staring to see me home,
And there'll be clack and a nine days' talking;
But for all the binding book and bell,
This is the road that I must be walking.

And when they will ask him, —
'But where is your bride?'
Then he will be weeping
The slow tears of pride.

And when they are prying, —
'But where was the blame?'
It 's he will be blushing
The thin blush of shame.

But I'm destroyed with a homesick heart,
And the likes of me would best bide single!
I'll step it brisk till the evening damp,
And I'll sleep snug in a deep, soft dingle.
And I'll win back to the eastern world
By a way himself could never follow;
And I'll be lepping the streams for joy
And lifting a tune by hedge and hollow.
And if they'll look on the morning's morn,
Rising up in the sweet young weather,
Then they'll see me and the darling day
Footing it over the Hill together!

UNCLE SAM

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THEY who grow sad over our lack of imaginative insight into the finer meanings of existence, and our consequent barrenness in imaginative creation, may find themselves rebuked, and delightfully rebuked, in looking at our cartoons in magazine and in newspaper. Can one be wrong in thinking that here, in these will-o'-the-wisp flashes of light and of humor on life, one finds a keenness of penetration, insight, and command of means of expression perhaps not found elsewhere in American life?

Best of all the cartoons which both reveal and point the way in our national existence, and certainly the best among the symbols which represent great nations, stands Uncle Sam. Delightful and inexhaustible is the play of imaginative conception in him and about him; in no other representative character is personality so clearly defined; in no other is the range of expression and of action so great. In his steady wear of stars and stripes, with his face constantly changing yet true to type, one finds in him much of the shrewd, old-fashioned Yankee, yet more of Don Quixote. How many are the pictures wherein these two chief strains in him struggle with each other, that keen, bargaining expression blending in puzzling fashion with the wistful look of errantry, of one who stakes all in a perhaps mistaken endeavor to help! Is it through a process of national growth in Uncle Sam, or a deepening penetration on the part of those who irreverently and affectionately interpret him, that, as the years go on, the latter expression of chivalric quest seems to deepen and to gain upon the other?

Inexhaustible are his activities, and of endless variety the moments of thought and of action in which the soul of the nation has been thus caught and fixed. Uncle Sam, farmer, householder, and landed proprietor, has domestic responsibilities upon a scale never known before. One sees him, too complacently, — in a rich-Jonathan moment, — riding the reapers and gathering in inexhaustible harvests; one sees him waking sleepily from a Rip-van-Winkle drowsiness, to guard his forests and waterfalls from despoiling hands; or, with a face less firm than it should have been, settling a dispute among the children, perhaps in a threatened nation-wide strike.

There is often a fatherly or grandfatherly touch about him; guardian of western lands and seas, he has not only his own but his step-children to look after. Here he goes in the guise of a rich old gentleman, fantastic, almost foolishly good-natured, holding by the hand a small colored boy whom he has adopted, — the Danish West Indies, — promising him a gold watch and chain; there he sits, impatient, baffled, with fingers in ears, mouth grim, and hair in flying disorder, listening perforce to the children's row of Mexico, Cuba, and Santo Domingo dancing before him in the guise of sprawling infants, with toot, toot, toot of cymbal, drum and horn — Europe on the long-

distance telephone and Uncle Sam unable to hear.

One cannot touch the many aspects of his whimsical, doubting, determined, sensitive face. Nearly the whole range of human feeling, of human expression is there. Fear he knows, and deep sympathy; his hand is ever swift to his pocket upon tidings of distress anywhere upon the green earth. Perplexity and he are oldest friends; to wavering he is no stranger, and he is blind at times, yet not incurably blind. Honestly he tries to secure a right balancing of the scales of justice for his multifarious offspring, yet often finds this delicate adjustment puzzling beyond his power to endure. Swift are the changes whereby his Hamlet moments of indecision slip into his Napoleonic moments of great deeds. Something of woman's intuition is in him, and sometimes, too, woman's over-ready action in the line of eager and sudden conviction; yet again, sinewy, virile, he shows the muscles stiffening along his arm, and he is become the very incarnation of lean and powerful masculinity, moving determinedly to a goal seen steadily from the beginning.

He is usually and rightly pictured all slimness and agility; they err greatly, and fail to see, who make him corpulent. Grossness is not in him, despite the swollen fortunes of the many under his protection; and they are dull of mind and vision who find it there. He is all will, dynamic force, giving an impression of endless power and resourcefulness, working out in many ways, asking for new worlds to conquer, beseeching difficulties, his energy sometimes applied to airy nothingnesses, for there is even in him a tendency to tilt at windmills when nothing else is doing; he is sometimes erratic, and sometimes hits the nail on the head as it has never been hit before.

Always a man of deeds, never of words save phrase or brief sentence, there is no need of sound issuing from those thin, flexible lips to make his meaning known. His constant changes of expression suggest his great vitality, his sensitiveness to ideas — for he is quick and flexible, and capable of unimagined growth. There is nothing about him irrevocably fixed and determined; his task is yet to do. Let the greatest come to him; he will achieve it! The oddest mixture of worldliness and unworldliness that earth has ever seen, he is in this long struggle for the game, for the stakes, for the fun to be got in the playing, for the wrongs to be righted, as, chivalry in shirt-sleeves, he unsheathes his scythe-like sword.

If one finds a great range of expression and of determination in the Uncle Sam of days of peace, following the ways of duty or of pleasure, there is a still greater range, and a profounder revelation, in the Uncle Sam of war-time. A Dutch cartoon gives us a brawny, square-shouldered Uncle Sam, with a grim, heroic, determined face, wearing not a shade of thought, and grasping a strong sword with a heavy arm; yet to us who know him he is hardly this untroubled man of wrath. Rather, in this great crisis, we feel him catching his breath, with something in his look of a Thoreau, suddenly confronted with a grisly practical problem, and as unprepared as he if surprised by the beat of drums and the tramp of armed men when cooking his lone supper of Indian meal, busy with dreams of peace. There is something of consternation in his face, as of one who can recall no weapon save jack-knife or pitch-fork, and who cannot think where either may be at this moment. The long knight-errantry among homely things has hardly prepared him for this plunge into fighting ranks among the armies of the world. He is a bit awkward in putting on his armor; in

this great land of peace only straw helmets are needed; the look of iron comes slowly to his face as he recognizes the need of forging helmets of iron. Here is a bewildered Uncle Sam up a tree, a German wolf symbolizing the submarine campaign, at the foot, while a satchel labeled 'merchandise' is at hand, and the cartoon bears the legend, 'Gentleman now holding responsible position wants chance to travel.'

There is a touch of vulgarity — is it in subject or in artist? — in a London Uncle Sam (*Land and Water*), as, hands in pockets, cigar in mouth, swallow-tails impertinently flying, he steps up to a burly German with a mixture of bravery and bravado, saying, 'Well!' Yet we who read his mind from within know that he has not for a moment held this attitude of swagger.

Well we recognize the truth of the puzzled Uncle Sam in a sketch by one of our own cartoonists, as, with revolver in hand, arms uplifted, he is held by a peace-at-any-price personage in a Quaker hat, while a grim hand holds a U-boat at the water's edge, and a bandit-like personage cries, 'Hands up!' And we know, and share, his sadness of heart, as in another he crowds Old-Lady Pacifist over the precipice into war.

Springing to his ship-building, toiling at the forge, policing the seas, sadly calling out his boys, he has known no moment's rest since his decision was made. Finer than in many of the humorous cartoons he is in James Montgomery Flagg's war poster, crying out to youth to enlist in the navy. The direct, commanding finger, the steady mouth, the piercing, determined eyes, hint something of his best, as firm as he would like forever to be while Brother Jonathan's practical genius carries out something of Don Quixote's inspiration. True to the very soul of him is another sketch, where, beating plough-shares into swords, he is saying, 'I hate this barbarous stuff, but if I must, I must!' So he toils, his sleeves rolled up, the wind of destiny blowing his beard, his face all resolution above his starry vest, his arm all inspired muscle.

Again we see him, weary and forspent, the hair on his brow wet with perspiration, wading intrepidly through the sea, with a large bag of food on his shoulder, a bag of dollars under his arm, the coast-line of America in the distance, pity and resolve in his tired face, as, 'submarines or no submarines,' he carries aid to stricken Europe. Here, as in another, depicting Uncle Sam climbing out of the slough, and just beginning to get his feet on firm ground, with his eyes on the hills ahead, he takes on the aspect of the immortal Pilgrim, progressing slowly, and in burdened fashion, toward that heaven of being of service which is the only Heavenly City that modern eyes discern — and heaven enough it is for the present, if we but reach it.

In all this our own artists can best depict him: oddly true in externals as are many of the caricatures coming from foreign lands, sympathetic as are many of the cartoons done nowadays in England and in France, all are drawn more or less from the outside. Only his own sons can truly interpret Uncle Sam and the grand national adventure of democracy; Uncle Sam and the epic, sometimes the comic epic, of republicanism; Uncle Sam, inheritor and protector of the Rights of Man, of all the revolutionary ferment of the eighteenth century, of all the struggle of the nineteenth toward justice and equality and opportunity. Who else would be wise enough to see him as Laocoön, his spent sons, the Senate and the House, beside him, all writhing in the coils of the giant serpent,

Politics? Our own cartoonists, working within the heart of the struggle that knits Uncle Sam's brows, share his perplexity, know his vast problem, the vastest that ever confronted nation or human ruler, and fashion him subtly, his chin upon his hand in puzzled thought, his to make good the aspiration of humanity in the matter of wise freedom. By far the most intellectual of the personages representing the nations, a thinker trained, not in the schools, but in life, he knows himself the leader of the fairer hope of mankind, and gives evidence of profoundest meditation, facing the mystery and the uncertainty of the future.

We hardly realize, perhaps, how great is our debt to these gentlemen of the brush and pen; these ephemeral sketches constantly reveal the potential greatness of our country, and as constantly suggest a definite ideal, a standard of achievement of which we must not fall short, helping to work out, in more ways than we know, a vast destiny.

One wonders, not only at the imaginative insight, but also at the greatness of the conception which has come into existence, partly by the help of these interpreters. A touch here, a stroke there, and it grows wisely and nobly, Uncle Sam in his quick remorses and quicker resolves, done to the very life. Deftly they give gentle prick or stimulus toward the right path, if he has wandered from it; with conscience as sensitive as his own they often point the way. They reveal the fact that his greatest sons have lent him something of their outer features, as well as of their souls; one sees him now with the eyes of an Emerson, alert for the ideal issue, now with something of the sorrowing face of Lincoln, looking out upon the world-war.

So has a national symbol, at first but a derisive attempt to rouse laughter over the rough ways of rustic folk, taken on great aspects; and the Uncle Sam who was originally but a purveyor of provisions at Troy, New York, has already become purveyor of spiritual things. There is about him a certain central simplicity of high intent, as befits the leader of the world's democracy, a singleness of mind. In all the bewildering variety of his experiences, his unnumbered dilemmas, his endless cogitations, there is a singular intentness in his gaze, a steady and guiding aspiration that none of his unexampled material temptations can destroy. He has deep faith, and stern conscience, less changed from Pilgrim Father days than we are prone to think. In these puzzling moments when, not only must the world be set right, but the cruelly difficult decision must be made as to what is right, one sees growing within him a stern strength of resolution to do his duty at all costs. He is an incorrigible idealist, for all his preoccupation with practical matters, and we hardly need the star upon his hatband to remind us how irrevocably he has hitched his wagon to a star.

THE IRISH OF IT

BY CORNELIA THROOP GEER

He was a curly-haired boy of about twenty-five, with a square Irish smile and an expression of sweet stupidity. He wore a blue shirt, and a red tie set off with a mother-of-pearl brooch in the shape of a Celtic harp; his baggy trousers flared and drooped about his ankles. He rushed to and fro like an eager, nosing dog among that throng of excited immigrants, who were festooned with children and bundles and shawl-straps and suit-cases, and had paper blanks in their hands which they read as they walked, submitting with a docile other-worldliness to the pushing and scolding of the Ellis Island officials.

He was a man with a mission, a creature of one idea instead of the fragments of two or three which he usually carried about with him. In this capacity he sidled shyly up to every unattached girl he saw, and asked with an ingratiating gesture of his left hand if she were Katherine O'Sullivan. As disappointment after disappointment confronted him, the beads of perspiration on his forehead merged together and rolled down his temples in two or three big drops; he wiped them off with a handkerchief of neutral tint and stood up on his rough-shod toes, peering down the oncoming line. The frown of anxiety between his eyebrows deepened.

Suddenly he smiled, a smile of wide-mouthed relief and delight, and laughed aloud, his worry set at rest.

'This is Katherine O'Sullivan.'

'It is,' replied the girl.

She was a brisk, self-sufficient young one of eighteen. She had been watching him intently for some little time.

'Well, Kate,' said Dennis, ready with a cordial kiss, 'I'm glad to see you.'

Kate avoided him deftly, set down her suit-case, and slapped him sharply across the face.

'It's glad I'll be when I see the last of you.'

'Why did you that, Kate?' blurted Dennis, puzzled and angry, and rubbing his cheek.

'Move away, whoever ye are, or I'll speak to an officer.'

'Me!' exclaimed the boy, still rubbing his smarting face. 'It's your cousin I am, Dennis Carney. I thought you'd surely know me.'

'That's easy said,' Kate answered with irony. 'And I'll tell ye something for yer soul's good, Dennis Carney. I've been living out in Dublin for three years past, and it was there I learned there's a deal of talk going around it's no need to believe. I'm not a greenhorn at all.'

Bewilderment shot into the blue eyes of Dennis.

'Come you with me, Katherine,' he said genially, stooping for her suit-case. 'Is this yours?'

'It is. Take yer hands off it.'

Dennis set it down, straightened up, and looked at her, hurt to the quick.

'What is it, Katherine? Don't you know me?'

'I know yer kind, and that's enough.'

'What do ye mean, child?'

Kate's eyes were narrow with doubt born of sophistication.

'Have n't I been watching you with my two eyes going about speaking to this girl and that girl? Sure, there's no good in that kind of a man, and it's myself that knows it. Warned I've been against them, thanks be to the Almighty God!'

'And how would I know it was you then, but to ask?' exploded Dennis, putting his hands on his hips in exasperation, 'and I not having seen you since you were a child of six years?'

'And how came you to know me at the latter end, so,' parried Kate in triumph, 'not having seen me since I was a child of six years?'

Dennis took out his handkerchief, and wiped his face and neck.

'Why would n't I know you when I saw you? Many's the time it's been given in to me that the two of us looks as much alike as if we were two peas. Why would n't I know my own features and my own appearance when I see them before me?'

This was true, but like many truths it should not have been uttered.

Katherine reddened angrily.

'I to look like you, is it!' She laughed. 'Ye should have spared yerself yer carfare, Dennis Carney, and bought a mirror instead. Ye could have made a better use of it.'

'It was n't me said it, Kate,' muttered Dennis sheepishly. 'It's been given in to me so.'

'And did you think them other girls had yer own features and yer own appearance too? It seems yer own face is walking about on every pretty girl ye see.'

She tossed her head, and set her arms akimbo.

'I did n't rightly know it was you, Kate,' explained Dennis slowly, feeling his way; 'and I did n't surely think them other girls was you. But when I was n't certain, it seemed well to me to ask any girl who was standing waiting with no one by her —'

'I'm sure of it!'

'— the way I would n't make any mistake and you pass out unremarked.'

'What would I be passing out for, and I waiting here for my brother, Patrick O'Sullivan?'

'Pat had his foot hurt the way he could n't come, and he sent me here to meet you and to take his place.'

'That's easy said,' was the indifferent comment.

'But how would I know your name, Kate, if Patrick had n't sent me?'

Kate gave some thought to this.

'That I don't know,' she said at last, slowly, 'if ye did n't read it in some list or in some sort of an article in one of the morning papers.'

'But where would I get a list or an article, Kate, that I'd read the name of Katherine O'Sullivan in?' pleaded Dennis in desperation.

She turned this over in her mind before she answered.

'Or you might be some sort of a false friend to Patrick. It might be it was you hurt his foot on him the way he could n't come down.'

This was too much for Dennis.

'What would I want hurting my cousin's foot?' he burst out indignantly.

'Or it might be you to have done away with him altogether, and to take a paper from his body with my name in it and a word saying I was coming in on the boat the day.'

'In heaven's name, Kate,' exclaimed the boy in horror, 'are you crazy? What would I want with killing Pat, that used to run through the paddocks with me when we were boys together in the Old Country!"

'What paddocks?' asked Kate, speaking now with real interest.

'Why the paddocks and fields in Donegal. What paddocks would it be?'

'What would they be like, Dennis?'

'What were they like! You ought to know, just having left them. Why, they were like any other paddocks' — he paused, and ran his hand across his forehead, — 'with green grass, and broken fences, and an old well standing, and the dogs running about after hares and it might be after a fox.'

Katherine rubbed her sleeve across her eyes.

'That's them,' she said, with a tremble in her throat.

Dennis picked up her bag again.

'Come now, Kate,' he coaxed indulgently, 'this is some sickness is on you, brought on by the heaving of the sea. We'll soon be home now.'

She took a moment to settle her hat, then turned to go. Suddenly she halted.

'Stop, Dennis. Put down the bag. It might be you got it from a picture Pat would have in his pocket. It's not a great while since I sent him a card with a picture on it of the paddocks and the fields that do be in Donegal.'

'Got what?' asked Dennis wearily.

Kate went over to him and put both hands on his shoulders, looking earnestly up into his bewildered face.

'Are ye really Dennis Carney?'

'What ails you, Kate?' he asked with the first sign of keen annoyance. 'Surely you know that you won't be let to leave this place till you see an officer on the other side of that stile the way he'll know it's the right one is taking you away.' As he spoke, he gestured toward the door through which the serpentine column was winding, urged and pushed along by glum, blue-coated guards. 'It was only an accident that I got into this room at all, and by being quick. I slipped under the feller's arm, and he yelling out to tell a big Scotchie to come back. Them other people that's passing through won't now be met by them that's belonging to them till their names is called by an officer. They're kept in cages in another place.'

'But are ye Dennis Carney?' she insisted.

'I am.'

'Tell me, then, what does my mother look like that's home in Donegal?'

'Surely, Kate, you've not forgotten in so short a time!' he exclaimed in a shocked voice.

'Tell me.'

'Well, then,' he began, with his hand on his crisp, black curls, 'as near as I can remember after twelve years, she is a thin woman with gray hair —'

'It's white now,' amended Kate, wiping her eyes.

'Tall —'

'She's bent on a stick now.'

'Her eyes are blue.'

'Aye.'

'She used to call you Cathy.'

Kate burst into tears. 'It's her,' she sobbed, with her face in the crook of her arm.

Dennis stooped for the bag again, his expression becoming more and more alarmed.

'Come now, Kate,' he said gently. 'It'll not be long till we're home now. Patrick will be wondering what's keeping you.'

'Dennis, dearie, I'll kiss you now,' offered Kate, smiling through her tears.

But Dennis rubbed his cheek reminiscently. 'There's no time,' he said.

Just then an official came up. 'Move on here,' he commanded. 'This ain't a summer resort.'

Kate made a facetious dab at him as he passed. She turned to Dennis, catching his arm, and laughed up at him.

'What, Dennis!' she exclaimed. 'Surely you won't refuse to kiss yer own features and yer own appearance when ye see them before you.'

He bent and kissed her trusting, jovial face, absurdly like his own. Then, blushing, he led the way to the United States and Patrick.

EDUCATION: THE MASTERY OF THE ARTS OF LIFE

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

THROUGHOUT the long ages during which education has been of the very essence of life, by endless selection and by the relentless test of time a natural educational method has emerged which has a wonderful record of successful application under widely varying conditions. We are not sailing on an uncharted sea, for although innovators have come and gone, their practices warping or thwarting the lives which have come under their influence, always the sound historic method has survived, being wrought ever more firmly into our lives.

The other day I visited a school where this method is being used with success. It consists in the practice of the arts of life, sometimes with the assistance of the teacher, sometimes by the pupils working out points of technic with each other, when the teacher is not present. Occasionally the teacher will reprove or punish, most often because pupils have become too interested and boisterous for her comfort. Once I saw her bring a new problem to the class, and direct attention to its solution; but in the main the day's work is initiated and sustained by the interest of the pupils. We have here two of the fundamentals of sound education: that its method shall include and mainly consist of the practice of the arts of life, under the direction and inspiration of competent teachers; and that effort shall be initiated and maintained, not primarily by outward discipline, but by the guided interest and aspiration of the pupil. The curriculum of this school is very old, the best data indicating that it has been in continuous use, almost without change, for one or two million years.

I had been watching a mother cat and her kittens. A cat must be able to catch food, to fight, and to distinguish between fighting and playing; and these necessities indicate what to it are some of the principal arts of life to be mastered. As I observed the group, the kittens in play would repeatedly attack the mother, she would retaliate, and then would come a tussle, in which the kittens would use all the ability they possessed in efforts to parry and strike, to bite and claw, continually imitating the mother. Sometimes the mother would begin the play, but usually the kittens, not only would begin, but would continue with such interest and vigor that, when the mother, tired out, wanted to stop the game, she would have to punish the kittens severely before they would admit that the lesson period was over. Once, a mouse she had caught became the subject of a lesson, the kittens trying to capture it while it attempted to escape.

As I watched this family at its lessons, I thought of changes in its curriculum which would be made by those innovators who in the past few generations have been teaching human children in accordance with weird theories of education. We might reasonably expect their first dictum to be that we must not trust to the interests of the

kitten; that what it needs is to be compelled to do hard, disagreeable tasks; that it must, under duress, take great pains in developing uninteresting, useless technic, for the sake of mental discipline. Perhaps it would be desirable to compel the kitten to stand on its head! This would be sufficiently unpleasant and useless, and the discipline so acquired might be 'carried over' into other fields, so that later, when the grown cat should see a mouse, it might be possessed of a firm, continuing resolve to catch it. The fact that it would not have learned how to catch mice would be a minor disadvantage which could be overlooked.

This analogy of the kittens is not trivial. The instincts of the child, although more complicated, represent the resultant of selective tendencies acting through the ages. Education is not an institution devised and adopted by men, and kept alive by ceaseless vigil. It is an innate process of human life, as inherent as is physical development from infancy to maturity. Educational stimuli do not need to be produced and transmitted to the child by external application. They unfailingly originate within him, just as surely as do hunger and thirst. They may be awakened, guided, controlled, trained; inhibitions may be removed; but in the main they work according to their own laws. To have faith in creation as it expresses itself in the instinctive demand of youth for education; to sit at the feet of childhood and to learn its ways; to use to the utmost, and to direct wisely, its resources of interest and desire — this is educational wisdom. To ignore these great resources, to assume that we must work with childhood as with clay, expecting no innate determining activity on its part, but merely moulding it to fit a preconceived conventional type — this is educational tragedy.

The theories which educational innovators of recent centuries have forced upon us are to no small extent a direct by-product of the doctrine of total depravity. Though the doctrine itself has been abandoned by men of modern outlook, yet its implications continue to control our conventional educational system. To orthodox American educators, a child's tendencies are essentially unreliable and are largely bad. These men require that the child be drilled in useless subject-matter, that his life be fitted to an intellectual strait-jacket, and that he smother his deep-rooted love for adventure and inquiry, accepting their statements as final authority; and when the spirit of youth rebels, and its life, thwarted in normal growth, expresses itself in unlovely ways, their remedy is to turn the screws still tighter.

In a recent number of the *Atlantic* this point of view is admirably expressed: —

> From beginning to end, discipline permeated the curriculum of the school of yesterday. The interests of the individual pupil were rarely, if ever, consulted. The work assigned was to be done. The question of its appeal, of its difficulty, of its practical value to the particular pupil, was not even open for discussion. And what splendid men and women this old-fashioned, not always agreeable, disciplinary education developed!

A great number of men who have another outlook believe that the present-day dissipation of youthful energy is due to the fact that the subject-matter of the conventional school has very little relation to actual life. They credit boys and girls with at least a small amount of that same common sense which inclines mature people to refuse to be interested in that which they believe in no way concerns them. They believe also that, as the faculties

of men grow gradually through use, so the ability to exercise discernment, initiative, and self-restraint, are more likely to be well developed if the youth gradually assumes the direction of his own interests, than if he remains under complete intellectual subordination during his school-life and then suddenly is given full responsibility for himself. But in the view of the conventional school man our present trouble with dissipated energies does not result from too much ignoring of interests. In the article quoted above we find this confession: 'Many of us are forced to believe, and with all our hearts, that at the root of this deplorable situation lies a widespread acceptance of this modern doctrine of yielding to the interests of youth.'

Unfortunately, a reaction from this doctrine of making a tragedy of youth by almost totally ignoring its interests, has carried some men and women to an acceptance of educational anarchy. One educator of prominence recently expressed this attitude in substantially the following terms: —

> When God creates a child, He endows him with tendencies and instincts which, if allowed free play, will lead to his perfect development. Every child is a new creation, differing from every other. Except as he may have become abnormal through unfortunate environment, he has a sacred right of freedom, of developing just what is in him. The teacher in his finiteness cannot foresee the child's possibilities, and has no right to direct how his life should grow. His sole duty is to furnish a full, free environment, where the child can become just what it is in him to become, without let or hindrance. He should have little discipline except as he craves it, few obligations that he does not desire and prefer to assume. It is the teacher's duty to set before the child truth, wisdom, the good and the beautiful, leaving him free to choose, trusting to his instincts for the selection of what is best for him. In this way only can the untold possibilities of life be fulfilled. Society owes it to the child to give him this environment, and not to demand any services in return until the child's maturity.

It would seem that nothing but sheer lack of sympathy and imagination would lead one whole-heartedly to accept the former philosophy, and that nothing but the dreamer's utter disregard for hard facts would make possible the complete acceptance of the latter. Infancy, childhood, and youth represent a transition from nearly complete incompetence to maturity. It is not by holding dogmatically to an attitude, but by a continual exercise of imagination, sympathy, and common sense, that this ever-varying condition can be met. At no time can the instincts and the spontaneous interests of the child be ignored without most serious consequences; and at no time should these interests, frequently casual or trivial, and supported by a frail immature will, without some degree of reinforcement, direction, and control, be allowed to determine his activities. Certain basic human qualities, such as integrity, courage, and patience, have been proved so universally to be desirable; and others, such as dishonesty, cruelty, obscenity, are so unfailingly destructive of personal and social welfare; that within certain indefinite limits, which liberal common sense must endeavor to ascertain, we are bound to use our best efforts to direct the course of youthful development. An acknowledgment of this duty should in no wise weaken a profound reverence for the hidden possibilities of youth, or the resolution to allow these possibilities to develop according to their own laws, and without our inhibitive interference.

II

The innovators who would almost totally ignore the interests of child-

hood have had for a few generations almost entire control of the educational machinery of America; but although they could for a time control the machinery, the instinct for education in youth was too strong to be killed. While they thought that they were the educators of the country, they were, in fact, but filling in a few of the gaps in the educational system.

For instance, the ordinary life of early New England furnished occasion for the development of many qualities which go to make good men. Home industry supplied most material necessities. To become able to produce them required extensive technical training. It was getting this training in the home, with the discipline it implied, which constituted the major part of the young New Englander's education; and the problem of the school was so to supplement this home-environment, that the home and the school taken together would furnish the conditions necessary to produce the completely developed man. We miss the point when we single out from the whole circle that small arc which consisted of formal schooling, and style it New England education. The dean of the college of education in one of our largest universities recently remarked that during his boyhood on the farm he had but three months in the year of schooling, which left nine months for him to get an education.

As education through home arts has declined, people have begun to realize that the school-house has received too much credit, and the barn not enough. So we are beginning to reproduce the latter in our educational system, as witness our farm-schools, trade-schools, mechanics' institutes, and the modern trend toward 'practical' education. Just now we have a feud between the barn and the school-house. Some of the men who have rediscovered the barn, and are building these 'practical' schools, and even some of our advanced technical schools, despise any training which cannot be measured in terms of the pocketbook. As for our classical men, they usually have denied even the existence of the barn as an educational institution. In the few cases in which they have seen the need of training in the arts of life, they have looked upon it as more or less menial, suited only to those who are to become hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Recently I observed a most pathetic instance of this traditional attitude. In a large eastern city is a group of men and women who consider themselves, and are accepted as, the acme of American culture. Their own boys are educated in classical secondary schools, known throughout the country for their fine traditions. In these schools, aside from athletics and a small amount of manual training, there is little training in the coördination of muscle, nerve, and brain, or in initiative and self-reliance. The education is largely that of a priest, a lawyer, or a gentleman of one or two hundred years ago. But these same men, realizing that some children should have a different kind of training, many years ago created a trade-school to which they send 'deserving boys of limited means.' Here I found sound, normal boys in a 'practical' atmosphere, getting a 'practical' education. They had conventional school-work of the grammar grades, and in addition learned to be printers, machinists, carpenters, and farmers.

The great city is only three miles away, with its museums, music, operas, libraries, and all that a centre of American culture can give; yet each boy leaves the school grounds only two to four times a year. If a boy, after months of this complete isolation, goes to the city without permission, he is subject to dismissal. It would be im-

possible to design furniture more cheaply, drearily ugly than that in the dining-room. The chairs, which cost sixty-five cents each, are like those which can be bought in any cheap furniture store. The dormitory is a huge barn-like room with long rows of little white cots, absolutely the only other individual furniture in the room being a harness-hook on the wall for each boy, where he may hang his clothes.

This is a literally truthful account of a 'practical' school, sending out American boys into life in American cities. The master is a man of substantial native ability, who would react quickly to any opportunity for better things; but he has little voice in determining policies. The school is financed and controlled by men who represent the cream of American culture, graduates of a great and grand old University, where their classical training was dominated by the 'humanities.'

As I left the institution I thought of Lanier's plaint: —

> Alas, for the poor to have some part
> In yon sweet living lands of art,
> Makes problem not for head, but heart.
> Vainly might Plato's brain revolve it:
> Plainly the heart of a child could solve it.

The East is not alone at fault. In a large western city an endowment of five million dollars recently has been provided to found a trade-school. The head of this institution has complete freedom of action. He requires every working boy who enters the institution to be actively engaged in the particular trade in which he studies, and his school-work is confined to adding to his expertness in that trade. When I asked whether this system did not narrow the pupil and prevent the development of larger appreciation of life, I received the reply that it might be unfortunate for these boys to have appreciations developed which would make them discontented with their lot. The head of this institution accepts enthusiastically the spirit of the German educational system.

In this same city I found a typical stereotyped classical secondary school, where the chief object would seem to be to eliminate contact with life. To do this more effectively, the school is placed so far out of the city that two hours' time each day is necessary for going and coming. No use is made of the country space except to provide an athletic field, and the curriculum has made practically no concessions to knowledge that men have gained during the last century. Wherever possible this institution has adopted the forms and terminology of the great English public schools. Wealthy business men send their boys there to prepare them for college.

The two phases of education ought never to have been separated, and it is because we habitually adopt current ideas rather than create our own that we have continued to think of them as distinct, and as requiring separate institutions. In planning the education of a child it is our duty deliberately to determine as fully as possible what experiences and environments are necessary in order that he may come to his fullest development. Some of these we may reasonably expect him to have in his everyday life. Others he will not have unless we intentionally provide for them. The whole duty of the educator is this — to supplement the ordinary contacts of life with others, so that the entire environment will develop to the fullest the possibilities of the child. It follows that the content of formal education cannot be fixed, but must change continually, so as always to supplement and complete the continually varying environment and experiences of everyday life. With the unprecedented rapidity of changes in the modern world, only by

intentional, keen analysis of the situation, by maintaining a perpetual inventory, can we hope to make the necessary adjustments. Only live fish can swim upstream in the present-day educational current; and educational duty cannot be fulfilled by industrious labor in the ways of yesterday.

For education, as it has come down through the ages, consists always of learning how to live to-day through mastery of the arts of life of to-day; and in the arts of life I would include every normal ability or competence of body and of mind. That educational system is incomplete which does not keep open the vistas of life in every direction. Nothing which is essential to a fully developed life and which is not being acquired elsewhere, can safely be omitted. We cannot ignore material interests. Whether we consider artist, professional man, or laborer, the embarrassments and inefficiency of everyday life are decreased and its freedom enlarged by the possession of a working knowledge of commercial usages, of the art of being solvent, of appraising accurately one's possessions, of correctly measuring and judging material values. Every man should be master of the elementary principles and technic of ordinary business affairs.

When the home does not teach good manners the school should do so. In so far as the home opens up the possibilities of literature, or of any other field, the school need not. The religious life cannot be ignored. Aspiration, high ideals of conduct, wonder, humility, and reverence before life and the source of life, consecration to convictions, unselfishness, love of our fellow men, the relation of moral standards to industry — all these can be considered or encouraged without offense in almost any school. A realization of the need of intellectual integrity and independence cannot always be imparted without offense, but the need is vital to any sound system of education. Given this range of interests, training in religious doctrines may be left safely to other agencies.

We should try to inspire the habit of searching out what is the burden of the world's wisdom and judgment in reference to the main issues of life. This demands a live knowledge of history, literature, and biography. We should develop the habit of questioning and examining accepted beliefs, whether of common knowledge, or in science, business, morals, or other fields. Youth should be encouraged to work out for itself tentative standards of economic, moral, and spiritual values; to pay heed to its use of time and resources; to define its attitude toward industry and social life, toward the live issues of the day, and toward life itself. No educational system is complete if its aim is so to engross the attention of men and women, either in industrial, professional, or social life, or in the pursuit and enjoyment of culture, that they will not have time to ask themselves the question, 'What is it all about?' To have asked this question, and to have reached a satisfactory attitude, which is not out of harmony with modern knowledge, is necessary to a teacher who is wisely to direct the aspirations of youth.

Any educational system is seriously at fault which does not develop a habit of laying claim to life's fine resources. The environment of the child should result in opening eyes and mind to natural phenomena, to life-processes and habits of plants and animals, to the data of geology, of physics, and of astronomy; and to the appeal of good literature, poetry, history, and of the various forms of art. We should include in our programme the development of social relationships, interests,

and responsibilities. Habits should be acquired of effective expression of considerateness and goodwill, and of the elimination of social friction through the medium of courtesy, good manners, and good form, this 'good form' to consist of consummate skill in living the Golden Rule, not of proficiency in the mannerisms of an exclusive social class.

Independence, originality, and initiative are mighty factors in human progress, but they find little opportunity for development in obedient poring over the prescribed daily lesson in the classroom. In many individual cases these high qualities actually survive eight or twelve years of routine plodding in our conventional schools — eloquent testimony as to how nearly ineradicable they are. The spirit of adventure, so nearly universal in youth, commonly is thwarted at every turn. Yet this is one of its finest gifts; when it has gone, life's greatest promise is past. An educational system should nurture and direct this spirit, bringing it to expression in a daring to aim at high standards, in adventures into new fields of action, thought, and knowledge; in a desire for the hard, strenuous things which temper and stabilize character. The sporting instinct of youth demands these difficult tasks, and life is stale when they cannot be found.

While youth has these fine qualities so strongly rooted, it frequently lacks the wisdom or outlook to define the objects of its enthusiasms, and commonly adopts those of surrounding groups or individuals. To the father or teacher these qualities are treasures handed over to his keeping, for him to direct toward whatever ends he will. If he fails to direct them at all, or endeavors to suppress them because they do not fit a routine programme, they find objects for themselves, often on those low planes which commonplace life everywhere suggests.

III

In the end it is the mastery of all these arts of life, and not Greek and Latin, algebra and geometry, that is education. As we bear this fact clearly in mind, the relative importance of subjects begins to change, to become greater or less, as they contribute to the final result. To-day American education is breaking free from its impediments, and is groping its way back to the ages-old method of learning by practicing the arts of life.

The following description is of incidents that have come within my experience, all during the last few months, though not all in the same school. They do not portray a system, but only casual intimations of a new day.

In a certain primary school I found many of the little children keeping chickens and selling eggs. With eggs selling for fifty cents a dozen, even the younger children had learned all the common divisions of fifty. As they had not yet mastered the intricacies of pounds and bushels, the youngest bought feed in small quantities, a few cents' worth at a time. The older children, who were able to calculate the cost, took the part of dealers. A boy of high-school age was wholesaler, buying feed by the ton for all chickens and cattle, and selling it in lots of twenty pounds or less. They built playhouses, made and decorated holiday dresses, and made crude pottery. Definite comparison of these children with children in conventional schools indicated, not only superior development of hand and eye and better developed initiative, but also that they were further advanced in the subject-matter of the conventional school. At a bank administered by pupils in the school

building, checks were cashed in payment for purchases and for labor or other services. Every pupil had money on deposit. Standard accounting methods were used, and a daily balance was kept of each pupil's account.

During the past winter the main school building, formerly used as a hotel, had burned down. In erecting the new building the boys of high school age had done about sixty per cent of the work outside of school hours, this labor having a value of about fifteen thousand dollars. In printing, in editing the school newspaper, and in gardening, the same enterprise was apparent.

Some of the day pupils, who are children of foreign laborers and soon will drop out of school, receive credit for progress in the manner of making beds, caring for baby, and sweeping the house. Under the teaching of a competent doctor and a nurse, the girls take care of babies in various families in the town, this work being designated as mother-craft. Arrangements are made for the boys and girls to be guests of educated people of moderate means, getting glimpses of refined living conditions. These people have not forgotten that to the immigrant child the interior of a well-to-do American home is as unfamiliar as a Chinese temple.

The headmaster and his wife live on the campus in a carefully furnished house. Pupils who are to meet the master find him there in the living-room before a fireplace, and for the time being are his guests. A class in domestic science was combined with one in commercial arithmetic. In groups of two the young people of high-school age chose building lots in various parts of the city, made deals for purchasing the lots, worked out problems of taxes and special assessments as applied to them, determining the apportioning of taxes among such interests as education, police protection, and sanitation, and then planned houses to be built on them. The domestic science teacher helped in planning the arrangement and in furnishing the rooms.

On looking into the classwork I found a great variety of progress. In grammar-school subjects, such as arithmetic, spelling, and grammar, each pupil progressed as his own abilities determined. Pupils who had done good work were 'on self-reliance.' Stopping one boy at his work, I asked him what that meant, and he replied, 'You see, when you are on self-reliance you can do as you please. I had graduated from the seventh grade in history and geography, but I was only in the sixth grade in arithmetic. Now that I am on self-reliance, I can spend all the time I want to on arithmetic, and can catch up.'

In a class which seemed proof against any interest in literature two boys who were caring for the cows asked if they might, as their work in English, read government bulletins on Holstein cattle. Starting with this, their attention was attracted to parts which might have been written better. Comparison was made with the style of classic authors, stories of keen interest to boys being taken as examples, and before the season was half over they found themselves reading good literature with the beginnings of appreciation. I found much reading of good books, and much effort at original composition.

All this and much more I have seen during recent months. In many schools over the United States one meets flashes of sanity as expressed in devices for modernizing school methods and aims, and these are now leading to an orderly presentation of fundamental principles. Life's activities, whether

social, industrial, creative, or cultural, are made up of a few great fundamental arts or occupations. Whether or not life as a whole is a success depends on whether or not these activities are pursued successfully. The aim of education is to prepare for and bring about their successful following. Certain acquirements, such as skill in reading, writing, and numbers, and the possession of the fundamental facts in any field of knowledge, constitute the tools of life without which men cannot function effectively. Every well-considered action and every sound deduction of reason must be dependent upon the possession of skill and knowledge, or, to use a more formal expression, upon the possession of the necessary technic and of the pertinent data. This underlying preparation *must* be secured, if not by interesting adventures, then by patient drill and drudgery. Yet we should value such accomplishment somewhat as we do money, considering it not as valuable in itself, but as an almost indispensable medium of accomplishment.

Just as money when possessed for its own sake is a burden, so any knowledge is a useless impediment, which cannot, when occasion offers, function in some normal activity or appreciation, or in some sound deduction. The educational process should consist, not primarily in gaining this information, but in the practice of the arts or occupations of life. Obviously, then, the school must enable the arts of life to be practiced. It should furnish the inspiration and the occasion for each child to undertake adventures in which he is or can be interested, and by means of which he will acquire some of the necessary habits, skill, knowledge, and initiative which will fit him to live. It should be the business of the teacher so to inspire the choice of projects or adventures and so to direct the work that in the doing of it these qualities will be developed. A child might take for a project making a garden, building a boat, or preparing for college. Several pupils may work upon a group-project; or they may have more than one at a time. Through the pupil's interest in such projects, related subject-matter will be introduced. The choice of an adventure is of prime importance only as it furnishes for a longer or shorter time the best instrumentality for the child's development.

Drill and routine cannot be eliminated and leave training normal or complete. But generally they can be given value in the pupil's estimation. Pupils learn most effectively and with the minimum loss of time if taught through, rather than in opposition to, their interests. Boys and girls do not always rebel against drudgery, — indeed, what could exceed in routine and drudgery pulling a sled up hill, over and over again, for half a day? — but they do object when it has no obvious connection with that which they value. If we find a final residuum of drill which cannot be made incidental to a project, such as drill in the rudiments of arithmetic or in spelling, we still can take away the deadliness of the drudgery if we will use the resources of human nature.

Recently the colored man who mows my lawn changed his basis from time-work to piece-work. When I came to pay him at his old rate for work done in a surprisingly short time, he protested, 'Boss, I thought I was working by the job, and you know nobody works by the hour like he does by the job.' Few of us can work with keen zest at a task of endless repetition, where the degree of excellence of the work done has no bearing on the compensation. Only a fool would enjoy spending his life in sweeping back the tide. Sane men — and sane boys —

demand results commensurate with the investment. We give a boy his spelling lesson, an hour a day, month after month and year after year. He knows that no excellence of service will relieve that drudgery, and he has not the experience or capacity necessary for a vital appreciation of final profit in the far-off years. Suppose that, in case we *must* teach spelling by the book, we give him a list of a hundred or two hundred words which he must master during the month, and tell him that, when they are learned, his spelling period during the remainder of the month will be free for his own pleasures, or for work he likes? So can even the residuum of drudgery be made lighter, and the keenness of life maintained.

In the school of the future the mastery of the arts or occupations of life will be the end and aim of education. The method of education will be the practice of those arts. Subject-matter and technic will furnish the tools needed in acquiring and exercising this mastery. Projects will furnish the occasion to awaken and maintain the interest and the incentive for effort in acquiring subject-matter and technic, and in practicing the occupations of life. By recognizing the inherent spontaneity of the interests and aspirations of childhood, the greatest of educational assets will be commanded. The school of the future will be protean. It will overflow into all parts of the community, utilizing farm, home, factory, store, and office. There will be time for team-work, for group-play, for class-work, but much of the time will be spent singly or in groups, with the teachers' guidance, in working out the project, with its ramifications into literature, mathematics, science, history, physical labor, and business dealings.

ONE OF THEM. III

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

I

Now, as I had to look for another job, I made up my mind to get a place in a union shop only. Since the year 1900, the Union, consisting of a few members, had tried very earnestly to organize the workers and uplift the trade. The strikes that had been called had never been very successful because only a minority of the workers had responded. The heroic struggle of the few resulted in long weeks of starvation among the strikers, broken heads, arrests of pickets by brutal policemen, and workhouse sentences given by judges to young girls who tried to better their condition to save themselves from turning to the 'White Way' for their bread and butter.

For years, these few heroic, intelligent workers had fearlessly carried on the agitation for conditions that would make possible a more human life among their ranks. Until at last, in 1912, the great big mass of down-trodden workers raised their heads and responded to the bell-ringing that had been calling

them for years, and began preparations for a big demonstration during the coming year.

The Manufacturers' Association in the dress- and waist-industry was the controlling element in that trade. For two months previous to the strike, the association, realizing the widespread agitation and foreseeing a strike as the result of the growing strength of the Union, feared to repeat the experience of past strikes. The protocol agreement adopted by the cloak industry in 1910, made the members desirous of having a similar agreement. As early as November, 1912, the Manufacturers' Association began to confer with the Waist- and Dress-Makers' Union concerning an agreement that would prevent strikes in future. On January 18, 1913, a protocol agreement was consummated between the Manufacturers' Association and the Union. It aimed to enlist both parties in an effort to raise the conditions and to obtain the equalization of standards throughout the industry by peaceful and honorable means. They agreed to create a joint board of sanitary control, to ensure sanitary conditions in the factory, sufficient light and ventilation, safety from fire and overcrowding members; a board of grievances — five members representing the Union and five the manufacturers — to adjust disputes and determine controversies; and a board of arbitration to settle all disputes that the board of grievances were unable to settle. They agreed that no strike or lockout should take place until these two boards had had an opportunity to try to adjust matters between the disputants.

A wage-scale board was provided, on which both the manufacturers and the Union were represented, to standardize the prices to be paid for piece- and week-work. The board was to preserve data and statistics, with the hope of establishing a scientific basis for the fixing of prices of week- and piece-work throughout the industry, which would ensure a minimum wage and at the same time permit reward for increased efficiency. That board was empowered to make an immediate and thorough investigation into the existing rates paid for labor, the earnings of the operators, and the classification of garments in the industry.

Subcontracting was to be abolished. The term subcontracting is used when one skilled worker in a shop has under his control from one to ten unskilled workers. He is responsible for the work and is paid for all of it, paying to his helpers what he deems necessary. Subcontracting was very ruinous to the industry as far as the workers are concerned; as the subcontractor's earnings depend on the output of his assistants, he tries to make as much as he can. The labor of a garment was extensively subdivided; each worker in the set was given only one part of the garment to make, so that she quickly specialized in that part and increased her speed. But the subdivision of the work gave no chance to the worker to learn the whole trade sufficiently to change her place for a better one; thus they were always dependent on the man for whom they worked, receiving from him from three to six dollars a week. The speed with which he drove them injured their health. They were also the cause of lowering the prices for the individual skilled workers.

A minimum wage for week-workers was fixed.

Operators were to be paid by the piece; they were given an increase, so that no average operator would earn less than thirty cents an hour on piece-work. The standard price per hour was to be finally fixed after investigations by the wage-scale board in the following six months.

I was very much inspired when I had finished reading over the 'Protocol of Peace.' It seemed to me as if everything was accomplished. The workers had at last compelled the manufacturers to recognize their rights. Each paragraph began, —

'Both parties agree,' or 'Both parties are desirous.'

I thought the workers in the union shops must be happy, for they have everything to protect them. But my later experiences convinced me that it was not so, that the Protocol of Peace was stronger on paper than it was in reality.

Besides the Manufacturers' Association there were a number of manufacturers who did not belong to it, and they signed separate agreements with the Union. They were called the Independent Union Shops. I thought that in the union shops the bosses just carry out every clause agreed to in the protocol; but I soon found out that the workers had to fight for every bit that was coming to them according to the agreement.

I struck a job as an operator on West 25th Street, a union shop. The line of work was a medium one; piece-work prevailed in that shop. I did more observing than sewing the first day, for I never before worked in a union shop and I was anxious to find out how the people feel in one. And this was the result of my first day's experience. The difference between a union shop and a non-union shop is that in a non-union shop the boss himself makes a price, the people in the shop having nothing to say; the boss can discharge a worker at any time he pleases and feels like it; he can change the system in the place as often as he finds it beneficial for himself, without considering that he might injure the workers. In a union shop the people have a price committee to make prices with the boss; they have a chairman or chairlady to represent them in the shop; no system can be changed before the Union is notified.

All seemed to be well, but it was not. It is true that the worker has a right to complain against the wrong actions of the boss; but as not all the workers as yet have courage enough to complain against their employer, as most of them just stay behind a few brave people, and let them speak in the name of all, the consequence is not at all favorable. The boss would think that the workers as a whole don't care, that they are contented; but the few more or less brave workers — kickers, or trouble-makers, as the boss calls them — those raise a discontentment of the people, those are the ones who make the fights, and naturally, if the boss finds it impossible to discharge them, he makes their life so miserable that they are bound to leave themselves. I did not see much in that new place, but I learned enough in the many shops I worked for in the next year and a half. In that shop I did not stay long.

II

In the meantime, I began to attend the regular member meetings of the Waist- and Dress-Maker's Union. I was very interested in following the news of the different shops, but not much could be learned at the member meetings. Instead of discussing the order of the day, or giving shop reports, time was taken by a few men who always tried to disturb the meetings. They were very ignorant. If it happened that a complaint of a worker was lost by the Union, they explained that the union leader sold the case to the manufacturer. They would always accuse, without any facts at all, accuse the union leaders of dishonesty; but they would never give any remedy as to how to get rid of those leaders who in-

jure the organization. I cannot even now explain the true motive of those few boys, for poisoning the minds of the members with such false statements. They either envied the position of the union leaders or were influenced by their bosses through the sort of lectures I often heard. There were many members who strongly protested against those people for killing their time, but it was impossible to get rid of them. It was awfully disgusting. I knew none of the leaders at that time, but I understood that they could be blamed with lack of ambition, they could possibly be blamed for not understanding the people thoroughly, but by no means for dishonesty.

The next job I got on Spring Street. It was a very small place. I had to make samples and do the draping. The boss liked the work very much. In two days later he came over to me, and told me that he needed somebody to watch over the few girls, but as his place was very small, he could not afford to keep a forelady, so he wanted me to take charge over the operators. The finishers, he said, he'll look after them himself.

I immediately refused. How could I, having just passed through so many different shops and seen the rude treatment by the foreman or forelady of the employees, become a forelady myself? That would mean to carry out all the instructions of the boss, for I could be no forelady if I would not obey his orders. I would have to hurry the girls with their work, I would have to bargain with them in prices and give them less than I should. I would have to order them to work overtime when the boss wants to.

'Oh, no, not me, I could not do it,' said I to my employer.

'Then I'll have to look for somebody else, who will do it,' he said.

I got another job that very same day. It was on Madison Avenue. I remember the place was so light and clean. The foreman, a tall, middle-aged man with a kind gentle face, treated the people fairly. For the few days I stayed there, I never heard him holler at a girl. He would speak to everybody in just the same manner as he addressed the boss. He would come over every minute to me, encourage me in the work, show me how to do it, for it was a very good line of dresses and I felt a little nervous as everybody does the first days. He gave me thirteen dollars to start with. On Saturday after work, I came over to the foreman, asking him if I could possibly get my pay now, for I was in an awful need and could not wait till Tuesday, the regular pay-day. The foreman told me it was against the rule of the house to pay before Tuesday, but he would make an exception with me. In a few minutes he took me in the office telling me to wait till my pay was made out.

As I waited, the boss came in, a handsome young man with very dark bushy hair and big round blue eyes. 'What is it you are waiting for, young lady?' asked he.

I excused myself for asking my pay on Saturday, and explained to him why I needed the money.

When the bookkeeper had my pay made out, she left. I still waited; I did not know why I did n't get my money! The boss sat by his desk writing. I had no courage to disturb him and ask for my pay, so I sat and waited. At last he stood up, straightened himself and sent a smile to me. He took my pay, looked at it, asking me, 'Is that all you get?'

'No,' I said; 'I get thirteen, but this is only for two days and a half.'

'But, my dear girl, that would not be enough for you! Don't you need more than that?'

A thrill ran through my body when

I noticed how he was measuring me with his eyes while he spoke. I felt what the glance in his eyes meant. It was quiet in the shop, everybody left, even the foreman. There in the office I sat on a chair; the boss stood near me with my pay in his hand, speaking to me in a velvet soft voice.

'Goodness, nobody round!' thought I, trembling with all my body. Instinctively I stood up out of my chair and stretched my hand out for my pay.

'Wait a moment, I'll give you some more'; and as he said that he grasped me in his arms.

I screamed, and with superhuman strength I threw him from me, running into the hall. Luckily, the elevator boy opened the door in the same moment as I rushed out of the office; I ran into it. When I was downstairs I was in a mad state. I ran down the streets, not seeing its directions. It seemed to me as if someone would run after me trying to catch me. When I reached home, I was so pale that the people in the house became anxious about me.

In my room I closed up the door, hid my face in the cushion, and cried all afternoon. How I hated the men, all of them without exception! I stood before the mirror and studied my face, trying to find if there is anything in it that awakes a man's impudent feelings towards me. I hated my youth, for it caused me so many painful humiliations for the last few weeks. Never till then did I realize what it meant to be a woman. When I walked out of my room, I thought that all the men who were in the house looked at me with the same rude looks as that boss, and I suffered terribly. I tried to sit down in a corner, unnoticed of the people. My money I left with the boss; I had not time to think of it, as I rushed to the elevator to escape in time.

How happy would I be, if I could take revenge of that mean man! If I could only discredit him so that he should never again be able to insult a working-girl. But how was I to do it? I had no witnesses to testify to the truth. I myself with my broken English could hardly explain what happened. Besides, I thought, if I work in a place and was called to court, my firm would suspect me in something bad, and send me away. So I left him alone, and never went there to collect my money, though I was in frightful need.

In the evening before I went to bed, I cried again.

'What's the matter now?' asked my friend Fannie.

She knew nothing; I was ashamed to tell her the truth.

'I lost my pay on my way home,' said I.

'Oh, you careless girl, could not you be more careful with your money?'

'Yes, I was careful, very careful; that's why I lost it,' said I.

'Why don't you get married, Leeza?' she asked me. 'If I had as many admirers as you, if I had as many chances as you, I would do it long ago. You are young, full of life, so pretty you would make an ideal darling wife!'

I smiled. 'Is marriage the remedy for a shop-girl? Oh, no, Fannie, you are too bright to think so yourself,' said I. 'Then the kind of man I'm to marry is likely to be a poor wage-earner; he is also exploited, and our life would be miserable under the present state of conditions. You are right if you say that I can marry a wealthy man. I know I have all the chances to it; but Fannie, this is not the outcome, and where is love then? You know that love does not choose the wealthy any more than the poor! And if you know me, you also know what I think of marriage without love. Besides all, I believe in the economical independence of the woman. Conditions must

be created so that the girl should not be driven from a shop by its horrible conditions. The long hours in the shop, the unsanitary conditions, the small wages, the so-often-repeated slow season, drive the self-supported, unprotected girl sometimes to life of shame, sometimes to suicide, and more often to marry anybody who happens to propose to her.'

All the next day I felt awfully broken-hearted. I could not get over it. I was very nervous and suffered with headache. After dinner, a young fellow, a good acquaintance of mine, came to visit me. He invited me out to Bath Beach, assuring me that the seashore will take all the aches away. I went with him. He was such a nice fellow, he always treated me with the highest respect; but being that I was so embittered against men, I even took him as one of those who sees only 'woman' in me. I treated him terribly that Sunday. Poor boy, he could not understand my capriciousness. There in Bath Beach, I was introduced to an aunt of his; when she learned that I was looking for work, she gave me a card to her brother who was a jobber on waists and whose aunt kept a small waist-shop in the same place. She assured me that I'd positively get a job when she sent me.

III

As I dreaded to go into a shop through the paper, I went with the card that the woman in Bath Beach gave me to her brother, and got the job.

The first few days I was so absorbed in my work that I did not even notice the people I worked with. I was taken in by the foreman, who was the cutter and everything else. I spoke to nobody except to the girl who sat next to me, when I had to ask anything of the work.

Being absorbed in the work, I nevertheless raised my head from time to time to observe the surroundings. The place was on the first floor. It extended from Seventeenth to Eighteenth Street. In the front on Seventeenth Street was the shipping department where the ready-made merchandise was sent in from the contractors and shipped from there to the customers. The front on Eighteenth Street was taken by the office and show-room. The very dark middle space that was left gave shelter to the small factory, consisting of one cutting-table, one machine-table, a small finishing-table and a pressing-board. The windows in the middle walls on both sides faced narrow courtyards. The sunshine could never strike through, the buildings being so high and close to each other. We had to work by gaslights from morning till evening. The windows and the sink were covered with dirt an inch thick; they were never cleaned. The table with the machines stood close to the wall, and we had plenty of dust to inhale from the windows and the yard, also the smell of the rotten sausages of the Busy Bee restaurant, which was in the next basement.

There were sixteen machines; eleven of them were occupied and the rest waiting. Altogether we were fourteen girls working — three finishers, who did also the cleaning, examining, and ironing.

The main boss of that waist-house, being the jobber, was out the most of the time. His son, a young man of twenty, was supposed to be the boss of our small plant, but as he seemed to know very little about waists, the Mr. Foreman bossed us himself in a way of an experienced sweat-shop manager.

In the middle of the week two girls left. They were the best operators. Sadie, the girl next to me, told me that they only stayed up there for the

dull season. Now, when it got busy, they went back to their old places. 'For, you see, in a union shop they make more money in busy season,' said she.

So it was no union shop there — my chances!

My mind was full of thoughts. I forgot in myself. Also I forgot that I made up my mind to think of the work only — that nothing else should bother me. I could not keep the promise to my own self. I saw the few girls around the table, and I thought of them! They were all so young, not more than from seventeen to twenty years of age. And what did they get? Three, four, or five dollars a week; perhaps some of them got a little more than that. And how they were rushed, and scolded by the foreman, who some time would use such a language that a Russian Cossack would blush! And how did they live?

When the week was over, I asked the foreman for a price. He nearly fainted when I told him I wanted fourteen dollars a week; a girl should not want so much! It was fortunate enough for me that the two girls left in the middle of the week; the foreman, being very busy and having few skilled workers, was afraid to lose me too. So, after two hours' bargaining, I remained there for thirteen dollars a week, but was strongly forbidden to tell anybody in the shop of the 'absurd' amount I was getting. I was the highest-paid worker in that little shop. So, after many weeks of my Don-Quixote-like adventures, I at last settled down in that small, dark, dirty place at 41 West 17th Street!

A great deal of my thoughts was now occupied with my shop. The five weeks I stayed there were enough for me to get acquainted with everything. It was a model of a sweat-shop in the full sense of the word.

We worked in sets. Each skilled operator had two or three learners to work with. The learners would work, each one on a certain part of the garment, and the skilled operator would complete the waist.

Those poor girls were purposely never given a chance to be shown how to make up a complete garment, for two reasons. When a girl worked continuously on one part of the garment, the work went quicker. A girl not being experienced in the trade would meet with great hardship in finding another job, so that the girl who worked in a set is always dependent on the boss she worked for, and has to be very careful how she talks up to the foreman, for fear to lose their 'brilliant' job.

To me the foreman spoke in an unusually polished language for him. It was because I was the highest-paid worker in the shop. But the greatest respect he began to pay me when he once learned through the papers that I was to play on the stage. Our dramatic club had given performances every once in a while. 'So, so, you are to be an actress — it's fine, very fine,' would he say proudly.

He would often tell the girls that I was an actress. The girls also would respect me a great deal. That helped me in gaining their confidence. I often tried to convince them how much better it would be for them if they would all get together and join the Union. They would gladly do it, were they not afraid of the boss.

There was another girl in our shop, a very experienced worker, who just came for the sake of her sister. Her sister had just come from Russia, and though she was a dressmaker from home, she did not know how to work at first, for the system in the shops is so much different from the system in the Russian private dressmaking places. That girl, Mollie, got twelve dollars a

week, and her green sister, five. After two weeks Mollie's sister began to give out as much work as Mollie herself, but she still got the same pay, for she was called a learner, and a learner was only raised every season. I called Mollie's attention to it. She spoke to the foreman about her sister getting a raise, but she was only laughed at. Both of us decided to report to the union office and ask their help. We were now six girls who were ready to join the Union, and we thought we'd get the rest later on.

On a Friday evening, it was just a week before Labor Day, we went down to the union office. There by the complaint window of the independent department, I gave full information about our shop and asked, if possible, to have a committee sent to take us down on strike, so that we would get the people to join the Union and then put our demands before the boss. The man by the window promised to attend to it.

Every day of the next week I waited for a committee, but such did not come. On Wednesday evening I went to the Union again. The man by the window told me they were too busy, that we have to be patient enough and wait.

On the next morning, when I sat by my machine, two strange men, together with the old boss, entered the shop. They looked all around, tried the lights, made some remarks about the windows and the sink. The girls all wondered what it could be. I surely thought they were people from the Union, and told the girls so; but they were not, for in a few minutes we were told to stand up and march out when a whistle will blow. Later I learned that they were sent from the Board of Sanitary Control to make fire-drills with us.

I was puzzled. How does the Board of Sanitary Control come to send her people to a non-union shop? I knew that the board was created by the Union and the Manufacturers' Association, and had nothing to do with the non-union shops.

Sunday morning when we came to work (we did not work Saturdays), the foreman had some news for us. He informed us that the boss was going to change the week-work system for piece-work right after Labor Day. All the girls, with the exception of a few, were shocked with the news. As the foreman would always tell them that they did not deserve the money they were getting, they feared that on piece-work they would make still less.

At one o'clock, when we went down, I tried to comfort the girls. I told them that now was the fittest time to make a union shop; that we would get a price committee to settle prices; and I assured them that they would make twice as much as they made till now.

On my way home, I thought of the change the boss was going to make. I also reminded myself that I read in the Saturday's paper that the Manufacturers' Association sent out letters to all its members who practiced the week-work system and informed them that by the request of the Union, they have to change their system to piece-work.

'My boss must belong to the bosses' association, then,' said I to myself, for he would not have had his system changed so suddenly. And how could he have those men from the Board of Sanitary Control, if he was not a member of the association? The more I thought of it, the more I concluded that it must be so.

On Tuesday morning when we came in to work (Monday we were off), the foreman made the preparations for the change. As we sat waiting for work, I converted Mollie to my thought. She shared my opinion, and we made up

our minds to go right after work to the Union and find out.

In the evening we went over to the Union. By the complaint window of the association department, I found that my boss really was a member of the association. Now when I made sure that he was, I feared no more to be fired. I was a member of the Union and they could not discharge me for union activity.

So when I came in the next morning to work, I walked over to the foreman and told him all I knew about the boss, the change of system, and the shop, and that now if he wants us to work piece-work, he must send for a man from the Union to settle prices for us; otherwise we would not work.

The foreman stood looking at me in embarrassment. To him everything came unexpectedly. He knew nothing of our preparations, and my explanation took him unawares.

'Who told you to go to the Union, you foolish kid? The boss has nothing to do with the Union — with all those fakers! It is true that the boss belongs to the association, but what do you need the Union for? The poor girls don't have enough to eat; how could they afford to pay dues and fill the union leaders' pockets?'

I was tired of that song already, I heard it so many times from different bosses and foremen; so I stopped him in the middle of his inspiration.

'Please,' said I, 'don't mix the leaders in. I never saw them and they have nothing to do with our present demands! We ourselves want to have a union shop. Your boss cares to belong to a bosses' association, we care to belong to a workers' organization! Besides, if you are so kind and sorry for the girls, why don't you pay them for their worth? You always hurry them, rush them. You drive them like slaves, and what are you giving them in return? Three dollars a week in addition to scoldings! You make them believe that they are not worth even that much.'

I was enraged, and gave freedom to all my feelings, which were heaped up for the six weeks I worked in there. If the foreman had not interrupted me, God knows how much longer I would have spoken; but he stopped me.

'Look here,' he said, 'I thought you were a nice, respectable girl. I did not think you could be so fresh. We don't want you to make trouble in this shop. If you don't like it, you can go. You are only a new hand in here. Those girls are working in here more than a year, some more than two years, and they never spoke to me like that. I was to them like a father — and they'll admit it, too. I did not think you'll have the nerve to agitate the people against me and the boss!'

All the girls were sitting by their machines shivering like leaves. They were afraid the boss would fire them wholesale. For the first time in my life I saw such cowards as they were. When the foreman turned to them, asking if they have anything to say, they all bowed their heads, no.

'See,' he said to me, 'nobody cares for a union but you. Take my advice and go to the machine and mind your own business! We'll fix up the price without a man from the Union.'

All that time the boss stood at the door of his office and listened to everything. It seemed that he made up his mind to leave all to the foreman, for he said not a word. In half an hour later he came out, and passing through the tables, addressed the foreman.

'What was the noise you made this morning? You know that I don't like trouble in my shop. If there is any girl in here who is displeased, let her go. Nobody keeps her in here. I want no market in here.'

He spoke in a way as if he knew not

who that girl was, though he saw me speaking to the foreman.

The foreman pointed to me.

'There she is! She wants to call the people on strike. She is the one who keeps them back from work.'

Now I stood up.

'I don't keep them back from work!' cried I, 'but we have a right to know what we are working for. When we were week-workers, we knew how much we were getting; now we are piece-workers, and we also want to know how much we can earn. It is not more than right we should know.' Then I added, 'Don't you know that in each protocol shop there should be a chairman and price committee from the workers to settle prices with the boss?'

He grew mad.

'Who are you to make rules in here, you little kid? You are only a child, What do you know about rules? Do you think you are dealing here with Russian Cossacks? Go to Russia and fight with the Cossacks! I would not allow you to make me revolutions in the shop and spoil the people!'

In that choking atmosphere, working by gaslight, which inflamed the eyes so badly (almost all the girls had inflamed eyes from the gaslight), with not a single ray of sunshine all day, there we sat and worked for others. I often, sitting in the shop and working by the gaslight, forgot that there is a sun, which gives warmth to the world, which gladdens so many lives with its light, which brings light and happiness wherever a ray is sent out to.

(*To be concluded*)

ACCORDING TO CODE

BY KATHERINE MAYO

First Sergeant Stout of A Troop becomes his name like any hero of English ballad. First Sergeant Stout is towering tall, and broad and sinewy in proportion. There is not a meagre thing about him, from his heart and his smile to the grip of his hand, whether in strangle-hold or in greeting. Just as he stands, he might have roamed the woods with Robin Hood, or fought on the field of Crecy in the morning of the world.

But First Sergeant Stout has one peculiarity which in the morning of the world could never have marked him. Sometimes, when he turns his head to right or to left, his head sticks fast that way until he takes it between his two hands and lifts it back again; and the reason is that he carries a bullet close to his spinal cord, lodged between the first and second vertebræ.

Once on a time, Sergeant Stout had charge of a sub-station in the town of Unionville, County Fayette. And among those days came a night when, at exactly a quarter past ten o'clock, the sub-station telephone rang determinedly.

There was nothing novel in this,

since the sub-station telephone was always determinedly ringing, day and night, to the tune of somebody's troubles. But this time the thing was vicariously expressed; or, you might call it, feebly conglomerate.

The constable of the village of Republic held the wire. He complained that one Charles Erhart, drunken and violent, had beaten his wife, had driven her and their children out of doors, and was now entrenched in the house with the black flag flying.

'She's given me a warrant to arrest the man, but *I* can't do it,' said the constable. 'He'll shoot me if I try. So I thought some of you fellers might like to come over and tackle him.'

The sergeant looked at his watch. 'The trolley leaves in fifteen minutes,' said he. 'I'll be up on that.'

The trolley left Unionville at half after ten, reaching Republic, the end of the line, just one hour later.

'Last run for the night,' the motorman remarked as they sighted the terminus.

'I know. And I've only about half an hour's business to do here. Then I'd like to get back. Do you think you could wait?'

'Sure,' said motorman and conductor together. 'Glad to do it for you, sergeant.'

Hovering in the middle of the road, at the ''s-far-'s-we-go' point, hung the constable — a little man, nervous and deprecatory. Religious pedagogy would have been more in his line than the enforcement of law. Now he was depressed by a threatened lumbago, and by the abnormal hours that his duty was laying upon him. Also he was worried by the present disturbance in his bailiwick, and therefore sincerely relieved to see an officer of the State Police.

'He's a bad one, that Charlie Erhart, at the best of times. And when he's drunk he's awful. I could n't pretend to handle him — it would n't be safe. Like 's not he'd hurt me. But you' — As if struck by a new thought, the constable suddenly stopped in his tracks to turn and stare at the sergeant. 'Why, *you* — why, I thought you'd bring a squad!'

'To arrest one man?' the sergeant inquired gravely. 'Well, you see we're rather busy just now, so we have to spread ourselves out.'

They were walking rapidly through the midnight streets, turning corners, here and again, into darker and narrower quarters. The ring of their steps stood out upon the silence with a lone and chiseled clarity, as though all the rest of the world had fled to the moon. Yet, to the constable's twittering mind that very silence teemed with a horrible imminence. The blackness in each succeeding alley seemed coiled to leap at him. He dared neither to face it nor to leave it at his back.

His gait began to slacken, to falter. At last he stopped. 'I guess I'll leave you here.' — He flung out the words in a heap, as if to smother his scruples. — 'You just go on down the street, then take the second turn to the left, and the house is on the far side — third from the corner. You can't miss it. And my lumbago 's coming on so fast I guess I'll have to get home to bed. Glad you came, anyway. Good-night to you.'

'Wait a moment,' said the sergeant. 'If you are not coming along, I want to see the woman before I go farther.'

The constable indicated the tenement house in which the fugitive family had taken refuge. Then he whisked around, like a rabbit afraid of being caught by its long ears, and vanished into the dark.

Mrs. Erhart, nursing a swollen eye and a cut cheek, clutching a moaning baby in her arms and with a cluster of

half-clad, half-starved, wholly frightened and miserable children shivering around her, narrated her tale without reserve. The single little lamp in the room, by its wretched light, showed her battered face in tragic planes. Her voice was hoarse, hard, monotonous. She had no more hope — no more illusion — no more shame.

'He has tried to kill us all, me and the children — often. He does n't get helpless drunk. He gets mad drunk. Some day he *will* kill us, I guess. There's naught to prevent him. Do I want him arrested? Yes, *sir*, I do that! He's tried to take our lives this very night. And he's keeping us out of all the home we've got — all the home we've got. But' — and she looked up with a sudden strange flicker of feeling akin to pride — 'I reckon he'll kill *you* if you try to touch him, big as you are. He sure will! Erhart's a terror, he is! And to-day he's cut loose for a fact.'

Armed now with an indisputable justification for entering the house, Sergeant Stout went ahead with his errand. The place, when he found it, proved to have a narrow passageway running from the street to its back door.

Sergeant Stout, taking the passageway, walked quietly round to the back door and knocked.

'Who's there?'

'State Police.'

'You don't get in!'

The voice was loose, flat, blaring — a foolish, violent voice.

The sergeant set his shoulder against the door. It groaned, creaked, splintered, gave way, opening directly into the kitchen. Confusion filled the place. Broken furniture, smashed dishes, messes of scattered food, made in the smudgy lamp's dim light a scene to be grasped at a glance. But there was no time to look about. Directly at hand, half-crouching, lurching sidewise for the spring of attack, lowered a big, evil-visaged hulk of a man. His eyes were red, inflamed with rage and drink; his breath came in gusts, like the breath of an angry bull.

'You would, would you! You — bloody — *Cossack! I'll* learn you to interfere with the rights of an honest laboring man in his home!'

He held his right hand behind him as he spoke. Now he jerked it forward, with its gun.

With a jump the sergeant grabbed him, wrenched the revolver out of his grip, and, though the other struggled with all his brute strength, forced him steadily down to the floor. Then, with practiced touch, he made search for further weapons, and was already locking the handcuffs on the wrists of the prostrate prisoner when a voice from beyond made him raise his head.

Opposite the back entrance, on the other side of the kitchen, an open doorway framed the blackness of the front room. That doorway had been empty. But now, around its casement, and to the left as the sergeant faced it, projected a long, dully gleaming bar, — the barrel of a rifle, — while behind, faint against the night within, showed the left hand and the left eye of the gunman.

'You!' he had called, having already brought his rifle to bear. And the sergeant, stooping above his fallen assailant, had looked up in quick attention. The gunman had wanted a better mark — a full front face to fire at. He had it now — so he blazed away. The bullet struck fair between the trooper's eyes, tearing through to the spine.

But because he had chanced to receive it in that very position, stooping and looking up with his head half-raised, the charge had spared the chamber of the brain, passing along its lower wall. The shock, nevertheless, was terrific.

Sergeant Stout, rightly named, never

wavered. Instantaneously, in his first perception of the threat beyond, he had drawn his service Colt. And even as the other's bullet burst through his head, he had sprung erect and fired at the gleam of that one visible eye beyond the door. Now, sliding over to the wall on the right, and so gaining a further view into the room, he covered his adversary with his revolver.

The gunman was in the very motion of firing again, — and the Trooper's Colt would have anticipated the shot, — when suddenly the rifle-barrel wavered and dropped as its holder sank forward across the threshold.

Still covering him, the sergeant walked over and looked at the man. He had fainted — or was feigning it. The sergeant, kneeling beside him, saw that he was bleeding from the head. That snap revolver shot had gone true, striking just above the eye and glancing around to the back of the skull. But the soldier's trained touch told him that the wound was slight. Even on the instant the fallen man opened his eyes — began to stir. In another minute he would be all alive again.

The sergeant stood up. In the cool, impersonal way made second nature by the training of the force, he rapidly weighed the situation. Here was he, Sergeant Stout of the Pennsylvania State Police, at midnight, alone, in the back room of an obscure dwelling in a mean place. He had in his possession two prisoners — one handcuffed and cowed, the other for the moment safe by reason of a rapidly passing daze.

If this were all, the situation would be of an extreme simplicity. His second prisoner revived, he would march them both to the waiting trolley and take them back to Unionville jail. But this was not quite all. He, Sergeant Stout, had been shot through the head. His head seemed to be growing bigger, bigger. Blood was pouring down his throat in a steady stream. It would make him sick if he stopped to think of it; and his head was growing bigger — curiously bigger. Presumably, like other persons shot through the head, he would presently die. If he died before he handed these men over into safe keeping, that would be a pity, because they would get away. Further, if he could not maintain sufficient grip on himself to handle prisoner number two, prisoner number two, beyond any doubt, would shortly shoot again. As long, however, as he did keep that grip on himself, just so long prisoner number two was a 'prisoner under control.' And prisoners under control, by the code of the force, must be protected by their captors. Obviously then, there was just one course for Sergeant Stout to pursue: since he must, beyond question, complete these arrests, and since he must not permit his second captive to make the move that would justify disabling him, he must hang on to his own life and wavering senses long enough to march the two men to that trolley car. It had to be done, though his head was growing bigger — bigger (surely it must be spreading the skull apart!) — and the thick, choking blood was pouring down his throat.

He kicked the rifle away from the threshold, out of the left-handed gunman's reach. The gunman was moving now — consciousness fully returned. The sergeant, motioning with the point of his Colt, brought him up standing. Then, with another gesture of his revolver too simple to be misunderstood, he indicated to the two the door to the street.

It must have seemed to them like taking orders from a spectre — from one of those awful beings through whose charmed substance bullets pass without effect. They looked at him aslant, fearfully. This Presence had

been shot through its brain, — there was the mark, — yet it gave no sign of human vulnerability. It was not good — not natural! For the last hour they had been amusing themselves, this well-met pair, in firing at a mark on the kitchen wall. Their bullets had been striking through, into the house next door, arousing a spicy echo of women's screams. With relish they had awaited some attempt at restraint. But they had not expected just this! Scarcely daring to meet each other's eyes, they filed out of the door, into the yard, into the street. Little they guessed how the trooper's head was sailing.

'I've got to make it!' said the sergeant to himself, clenching his teeth. And he would not think how many blocks it was to ''s far's we go.'

'One block at a time'll do it,' he told himself. One block at a time, he was steering them rapidly along, when upon his unsteady hearing broke the sound of footsteps, approaching on the run.

'Another thug to their rescue, maybe!' thought the sergeant — and the idea pulled him together with a jerk.

As the footsteps rang close, he held himself braced for an onset. They neared the corner ahead, — his Colt waited ready, — but the flying figure, rounding under the street lamp, showed, heaven be praised! the uniform of the Pennsylvania State Police.

Trooper Lithgow, returning to the sub-station from detached duty, and passing through the town of Republic, had learned from the waiting trolley men of his sergeant's presence, with some hint of the errand which had brought him there. Thinking that help might not be amiss, he had started out to join his officer, and was hastening along the way, when the sound of the two shots, distinct on the midnight silence, had turned his stride to a run.

Together they walked to the trolley, herding the prisoners before them. Together they rode to Unionville, with the prisoners between them. From time to time the two trolley men looked at Sergeant Stout, with the bleeding hole between his eyes, then looked at each other, and said nothing. Very rarely, Trooper Lithgow looked at Sergeant Stout, then at the trolley men, but said nothing. A proud man he was that night. But he did not want those trolley men to know it. He wanted them to see and to understand for all time that this thing was a matter of course — that you *could n't* down an officer of the Pennsylvania State Police on duty.

They got their two prisoners jailed. Then they walked over to the hospital (the last lift of the way up the hospital hill, Lithgow lent a steadying arm) and there, in the doctor's presence, Sergeant Stout gently collapsed.

'I'm glad you came, Lithgow. But you see — I *could* have fetched it!' he said, with the makings of a grin, just before he went over.

There were four days when he might have died. Then his own nature laid hold on him and lifted him back again into the world of sunshine. 'It's one of those super-cures effected by pure optimism. The man expected to get well,' the surgeon said.

But they dared not cut for the bullet: it lay too close to the spinal cord. And so First Sergeant Stout, when his head gets stuck fast, has yet to take it in his two hands and shift it free again. Still, with a head as steady as that, what does it matter?

THE SPIRIT OF '17

BY MARY HERRICK SMITH

En route from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, to Detroit, whither my husband was ordered to join his base hospital, we were delayed in Ithaca, New York. While waiting in the hotel lounge, I chanced to overhear an interesting conversation.

I had noticed a fine-looking man near me, reading the morning paper: he was distinctly the very prosperous city business man, his well-kempt appearance bespoke culture, money, and intelligence. While I was occupied with my speculations about him, a young man, just a boy, in fact, came in. He was a well-set-up chap, with the fresh healthy skin and clear-eyed eagerness of a country lad. He had never been far from the up-country farm where they raised the best breeds of livestock. He could n't have given a college yell to save his life, and he was innocent of fraternity decorations and secrets. Just the kind of boy I would like to have call me 'mother.' His clothes were good, but evidently from the general store of the small town. He carried a good-sized box, which he put across his knees as he seated himself. I knew that it was his luncheon which mother had packed, and that it included fried chicken and cold home-made sausage, cakes, sandwiches, fried cakes, crullers, mince pie and cheese, apples and winter pears; and a few relishes besides. Why, I could smell the luncheon that my mother had put up for my brother forty years ago.

The Boy gazed all around, took in each detail of the room and its furnishings, with all the quiet dignity and interest of a well-born American country youth. You know a real Yankee country boy is n't like any other; there is a balance, an understanding, that is natural. It is inborn to be at home in any surrounding, however new and strange, so long as it is real.

After the Boy had surveyed the room, he looked over at the man reading. He sat perfectly still a few minutes, then 'Oh, hummed,' and waited again, and fidgeted a bit; but nobody spoke. I could see that he was fairly bursting with news of something. Finally, to the man, 'Can you tell me how far it is to Syracuse, sir?'

'Well,' — lowering his paper, — 'not exactly, but three or four hours, I'd say. Going to Syracuse?'

'Yes, I've enlisted. I passed one examination, but I'm going to Syracuse for another and then I'm going to Spartansburg. Senator Wadsworth says, and it looks that way to me, that it is just as much our fight as theirs, and we ought to have been in it three years ago; they are getting tired over there. I'd hate to be drafted. I'd feel mean to think I had to be dragged in; besides I want to do my part. Every fellow ought to get into it.'

'What part of the service did you elect?'

'The infantry, sir. I'm going to Spartansburg to the training-camp.' Silence for some moments; then, showing that his bridges were burned, 'I've sold my clothes; sold 'em for four dol-

lars and I'm to send 'em right back soon's I get my uniform. I hope I don't have to wait for the soldier clothes. I think I got a good bargain and so did the fellow I sold 'em to. I thought I would n't need 'em while I was in the army, and when I got back they'd be all out of style; and then — I may never come back.' A ripple of seriousness passed over his boyish face. 'But it was a good chance and I took it. Have you a son, sir?'

'Yes, I have a son just eighteen, at Cornell. He expects to go next year if they need him in the aviation.'

'I'm just nineteen. I thought I'd better enlist. It's just possible they might draft 'em later, and I just could n't stand it to be drafted. Do you think I'll be able to go home for Thanksgiving?' he asked eagerly.

'I would n't think quite so soon. You'll hardly get there by that time.'

'Well, I think I can go home for Christmas, don't you?' And a shade of anxiety crept into his tone. 'I live up the road here a way, — Wellsville, you know, — about forty miles. Don't you think I'll get to Syracuse to-night if I go right on? I'd like to get through so I could be ready for work to-morrow morning. I don't want to waste any time now that I'm all ready.'

The Boy settled back with a look of forced patience, and the man held up his paper again; but I could see that he was not reading, and there was a look of suffused sadness in his face.

The Boy had taken from his pocket a pair of big, dark-blue, home-knitted mittens; on the palms was sewn red woolen to reinforce them. He carefully drew them on, folded his hands, thumbs up, on his luncheon-box, edged to the front of his chair, and sat thinking with eyes fixed on the far-away places of his dream. He was going over it all again; there was no haste, no excitement, no foolish sentiment, but sure determination and the courage of youth suddenly turned to manhood. With a little start he came back to the present, and, rising, said, 'I guess I'd better be going. You said I could get a train in about half an hour?'

'Before you go, will you tell me, my boy, why you chose the infantry?'

'Well, when you read of anything real hard that has to be done you will notice that it is always the infantry that does it. They have to be strong, young fellows they can depend on for the real hard things. So I chose the infantry, sir.'

There was a silence, which he broke with the quiet words, 'I think I'll be going. Good-bye, sir."

Springing from his chair, the man grasped the boy's hand. 'God bless you, son, and good luck!'

With misty vision we both stood and watched him out of sight; then, with all previous convention of acquaintance forgotten as we looked into each other's eyes, the man said, 'It is the spirit of '17 gone to the colors.'

REFITTING DISABLED SOLDIERS

BY L. V. SHAIRP

I

THERE are some tasks which appeal so directly and with such force to sentiment, that they stand in considerable danger of being ill performed for lack of prudent sense. There are few sights more pathetic than that of strong men who have lost their strength, and who stand helplessly before us, lacking sight or lacking limbs, or, perhaps worse than all, lacking 'nerve,' with all mind and will-power in abeyance, dependent upon others for every want in life. We are filled with feelings of pity, admiration, and gratitude which almost preclude the exercise of judgment. And yet there is nothing more certain than that, if the best is to be done for disabled soldiers the task of 'refitting' and otherwise helping them to reënter civil life as useful citizens must be undertaken with the utmost care, caution, and forethought.

The experience of previous wars helps us very little; not only because there has never been a war upon so great a scale, but because for the first time the whole resources of modern science have been ruthlessly employed in the destruction of life, — resulting in a variety of casualties which has never before been known, — and because the ranks of our great armies have been filled by men of every degree of education and every variety of occupation, the great majority of them unseasoned and unfamiliar with the sights and sounds of war. At the same time economic conditions have been so strangely disturbed that, instead of a partly disabled man finding it *necessary* to take every opportunity of increasing his earning capacity, he finds a temporarily depleted labor market and the lure of high wages for very little skill. He does not realize that this condition will pass, and he is naturally enough inclined to take the short view, to neglect opportunities of training, and to take employment which will very likely cease and leave him stranded, at a time when the country has begun to believe the debt to its soldiers liquidated, and to be unwilling to repeat the efforts that it now so willingly makes for their satisfactory resettlement in civil life.

Considering that Great Britain was wholly unprepared for a great war on land, it follows that there was no organization for dealing with any large numbers of disabled men. Very prompt measures were, however, taken to provide for general distress occasioned by the war.[1] But there was a strong feeling against any suggestion of 'charity' — understood in its least noble sense — in the relief of men who had fought for the country, and in some quarters there was an almost fierce objection to voluntary bodies, such as the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, having anything to do with the administration of public money or even of the National Relief Fund. Illogical as this

[1] A brief sketch of the successive steps in organization, beginning with the opening of the National Relief Fund, will be found in the Contributors' Column.

objection was, it had to be considered, and it was the cause of some bitterness and friction. On the other hand, voluntary bodies, with their armies of skilled and mostly unpaid social workers, were ready when no one else was ready and possessed experience which no one else possessed. The attempt to steer between these cross-currents has on the whole been successful, and we have in the end a degree of coöperation between the official and voluntary elements which is creditable to them both. But confusion has not altogether been avoided, and there has been at least the appearance of vacillation and unnecessary delay in announcing exactly what provision would be made for the disabled. This has created a sense of insecurity and has complicated the whole problem.

For some time also there was considerable uncertainty with regard to pensions. The scale of pensions which existed prior to the present war was soon seen to be inadequate. It has been twice revised, and is now considerably more liberal than that obtaining in any other European country. For some time the principle on which pensions were granted was that of lessened earning capacity, and if earning capacity increased, the pension was liable to reduction. There is, of course, something to be said for this principle, but it had the not unnatural result of leading many men to refuse training; 'for,' they argued, 'why should we exchange part of a certain pension for earnings which must be uncertain?' This has now been altered, and pensions are granted in accordance with the nature of the disability and continue so long as the disability lasts, irrespective of the man's earnings. Thus the insecurity and uncertainty have now to a great extent been removed.[1] They are referred to here because it is in the highest degree important that men should know what treatment they have to expect and should have as much inducement as possible to make the best of their disabilities and to reënter civil life with the determination that their future existence shall be as nearly normal as may be.

[1] See the Contributors' Column.

It is possible that we have not considered psychology as closely as we might have done. We have been moved by that overwhelming sentiment to which I have referred above. Our legitimate admiration has led us to acclaim an army of heroes; but in sober sense no nation ever had an army of five million heroes. We have been so lavish with this great word that we have depreciated our literary currency, and we may even have led some to suspect that we meant to pay our debt with words. But the task of helping men to restart their lives — often with a serious handicap — is a hard and practical one, and its success depends both upon our own common sense and upon the character of the men we are trying to help. Without their own willing effort we can do very little. Unless we discipline our own emotion, we shall probably prove false friends and do a considerable amount of harm. We have to recognize that most of the men we deal with are average human beings, just as liable to get their heads turned as we ourselves, and with far better excuse. We are not fair to them if we fail to consider this.

The experience of the past three years indicates the principles upon which we should go to work. In the first place, the duty of caring for the disabled should be undertaken by a special department of the state, which should take into its service such voluntary bodies as are able and willing to act with it; this duty should include, —

(*a*) The provision of medical and surgical treatment and appliances.

(*b*) The assessment of pensions.

(*c*) The provision of industrial and professional training.

(*d*) The finding of suitable employment.

The second principle is that of continuity of treatment and control. There should be no break, for instance, between the military hospital where a man's leg is amputated and the convalescent home, and again between the convalescent home and the hospital at which he is to be fitted with the new limb and trained in its use; and industrial training, or some form of preparation for it, should begin in the military hospital and proceed side by side with the medical treatment. Periods of waiting during which a man returns to his own home are unsettling and have a bad effect, besides prolonging the treatment. Long periods in hospital and home, with nothing useful to do, have also a demoralizing effect, and a patient's recovery is likely to be more rapid if his mind is healthily occupied and he can be made interested in some light manual task.

The question of control is more difficult. In some cases, probably in the majority, it is clearly desirable that a man should not receive his discharge from the service until his treatment, including industrial training, is completed. In the Belgian army this is the case, but there the conditions are different inasmuch as the Belgian soldier has unhappily no home to go to. There industrial training is compulsory; it is also much easier, because a higher proportion of the men are skilled tradesmen. In France 'reëducation' is continued under military discipline, with a view to the soldier's retention in the army as an effective military unit; but industrial training is voluntary, and a large proportion of the men refuse it. In the British army men receive their discharge, in general, much too soon, and too great liberty is left them to break off their treatment when it bores them.

The third principle is that of recognition of individuality. There should be a careful consideration of a man's past industrial history, his aptitudes, and his ambitions. The selection of the trade that he is to be taught should depend upon a consideration of his own chances of success in it. It is useless, for instance, to set a man up as a bootmaker on his own account unless he possesses stability of character and some business aptitude, as well as the skill to make boots. Again, a man may have been a jobbing gardener in a town and express a wish to go on the land. But if either he or his wife has been bred in a city, they must be exceptional people to succeed on the land. Most city-bred folk are unhappy out of a crowd. They love the life of the streets — they cannot stand monotony, or silence, or space, or the dark. On the other hand, it should be recognized that the incidents of war and a bad wound have perhaps given us the opportunity of helping a man to realize some long-cherished plan or ambition. His confidence should be invited and every effort should be made to meet his special desires and requirements.

These principles can be carried out effectively only where there is close coöperation between the doctor and the industrial expert or technical instructor at an early stage in the man's treatment, and where there is intelligent coöperation between official bodies and voluntary organizations, so that the utmost use may be made of the services of unofficial visitors who can take a more personal interest in a man's future career than is possible to a hard-driven official working in an official atmosphere. The French method of 'reëducation' is based on this early

adaptation of medical treatment to industrial needs, and the results are said to be remarkably good.

In England we have been somewhat slow in attempting to link up treatment and training. A good deal however has been done in the past year, and a vigorous propaganda has been carried on, with a view to the installation of special apparatus for mechanotherapy and the establishment of training centres in connection with the larger military hospitals.

II

Meanwhile, certain institutions have been doing special work which calls for description in detail. The first of these are Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals at Brighton and Roehampton. Here is centralized (for England) the provision of all artificial limbs for men who have suffered amputation. After leaving the hospital where the amputation has been performed, the men are sent to Brighton for a period of convalescence. And here is offered the first opportunity of industrial training. The Brighton workshops were the gift of Queen Mary and are under the direction of Major Robert Mitchell, an expert in technical education.

Every man on his arrival at the Convalescent Hospital is given a leaflet describing the courses of instruction offered and urging him to take advantage of them. The subjects taught are, motor mechanics, with instruction which should qualify the man to take a post as chauffeur; carpentry, with training in all forms of woodwork; electric fitting — lights, telephones, bells, and so forth; bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting. The workshops are thoroughly well equipped, and everything is done to make the most of the short time the men remain at Brighton. As serious training, it can be no more than a beginning; but probably its greatest value lies in the fact that the men's thoughts are taken off their injuries and a new atmosphere is created in which the predominant idea is that of usefulness. Attendance at the classes is entirely voluntary and many men do not avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

Brighton is a preparation for Roehampton. As soon as a man is ready for refitting with an artificial limb, he is transferred to Roehampton House.

It may perhaps be explained here that the Roehampton Auxiliary Hospital was started by private effort, in order that limbless men should not be discharged to their own homes too soon after amputation. The workshops and the whole scheme of training were added later, and the Brighton branch with its preparatory workshops still later.

The whole forms what may justly be regarded as a model scheme for the refitting, reëducation, and return to civil occupation of men who have lost limbs in the war.

On arrival from Brighton each man is given a leaflet, calling his attention to the facilities offered for acquiring instruction in electric lighting and motors, telephones and electric bells, motor-car mechanism and driving, engineering, woodworking and turning in workshops provided with qualified instructors; in fancy-leather work and light basket-making; in bookkeeping, typewriting, and shorthand, and other useful commercial subjects. The men are urged to make full use of these opportunities and to consult with the superintendent. Certificates are awarded to regular attendants at the workshops, and arrangements are made for discharged men to continue their training if they wish. In addition lectures in poultry culture are given, and a poultry farm has been established.

An employment bureau at the hospital helps the men to embark on their future careers, and deals with all pension and pay difficulties and other personal matters in regard to which they may need help or advice.

In addition to the teaching actually provided at Roehampton, arrangements are made with other recognized institutions for instruction in architecture, art and design, baking, brushmaking, bootmaking, chemistry, confectionery, draughtsmanship, cinema work, hairdressing, photography, silver and metal mounting, tailoring, telegraphy, and toy-making. Beyond this, many employers are willing to take men and pay them a wage while they are learning to do a particular job.

Men who have lost one arm have been placed in the following types of employment: clerk, commissionaire, gateman, gymnastic instructor, labor-master in workhouse, liftman, lodge-keeper, schoolmaster, porter, railway worker, messenger, telephone attendant, timekeeper, traveler, ward-master, watchman, weighman. Men who have lost a leg in the following: bootmaker, caretaker, chauffeur, domestic servant, electrical worker, gateman, groom, hall porter, liftman, lodge-keeper, milker, munition-maker, packer, painter, postal employee, printer, roadmaker, tailor, telegraphist, timekeeper, telephone attendant, vanman, and watchman. At the present time metal turning and fitting is the most popular form of training, and that which leads to the highest remuneration. This is due to the demands for labor from the munition factories, and is a temporary condition only.

It has been calculated that 40 per cent of the men return to their former employers and that 35 per cent will consider only employment near their homes. The bulk of these, therefore, do not avail themselves of the training at Roehampton. Of the remaining 25 per cent — most of whom are ready to accept work anywhere — 81 per cent take some form of training.

It is permissible to expect that the proportion of men willing to be trained will increase as the facilities for training are extended and become better known, and as other uncertainties are removed. For instance, a good deal of anxiety has been felt by the men and by prospective employers on the question of the insurance of partly disabled men against 'compensation' risks. The insurance companies have now, however, intimated that they will insure wounded service men reëntering civil employment, at ordinary rates.

Roehampton is the pioneer refitting dépôt for limbless men, and its work has been in a high degree successful. But, owing to inevitably limited accommodation, there is a considerable wait before men can be admitted, and once admitted, the period of training is too short to be complete. Institutions on similar lines are therefore being planned in many centres in England.

III

Arrangements for the care of blinded soldiers and sailors are very complete and are mainly the outcome of the devotion and enthusiasm of Sir Arthur Pearson, who, himself blind, has found a way of rendering service to his country which is as effective as it is unique.

St. Dunstan's is a private mansion in Regent's Park, London, which, with its extensive grounds, has been generously given up by Mr. Otto Kahn of New York. To this have since been added several annexes in London, in Brighton, and in Torquay. There is an affiliated hostel in Edinburgh. By arrangement with the military hospitals, all blinded service men are sent, on arrival in England, to a general mili-

tary hospital in London. Here they are at once visited by a representative from St. Dunstan's, who with sympathy and sense begins to show them the paths and tracks in the dark world which they have entered. These visits are continued daily, and easy manual tasks, such as net-bag making, are at once begun, as well as preliminary teaching in Braille. As soon as the man is fit, he is admitted to St. Dunstan's, and here his new life really begins. The house and grounds are fitted up with such ingenuity and care that the sightless men can soon move about freely and without danger. The days are fully occupied with varied recreation and equally varied work. Practically all men learn the Braille system of reading and the typewriter; the latter not as an industrial occupation but as a means of correspondence with friends. The typewriter becomes his own property which he takes away with him when he leaves, together with a stock of Braille literature.

The working day consists of four and a half hours — two and a half in the morning and two in the afternoon. It is found unwise to expect mental concentration for longer than this. Also, the day is divided between mental work in the classrooms and manual work in the shops. Netting is taught to most men mainly as a pleasant occupation. Those who care to do so can easily earn a few shillings a week by it in their spare time. The serious industrial occupations taught are cobbling, basket-making, joinery, and poultry-farming. Men who learn boot-repairing are also taught mat-making as a second string. At both occupations good earnings are possible. The prentice at basket-making learns to make several kinds of baskets, with special reference to the demand there may be in the locality in which he is going to live. The blind man who chooses to be a joiner can be taught to make such salable articles as picture-frames, tea-trays, corner-cupboards, and small tables, as well and as quickly as the man with sight.

Poultry-farming is a new industry for the blind. Men learn to distinguish birds of different breeds by touch, to manage incubators, to prepare and truss birds for table, and the like. The department is directed by poultry experts, and the men are graded in classes according to proficiency. The teaching is begun at St. Dunstan's and continued at a poultry farm in the country. An important point in this connection is that six weeks' training on a poultry farm is also offered free to the wives or other relatives of men intending to set up as poultry-farmers.

An occupation which is specially suitable for such blinded men as have had sufficient education is that of masseur. Massage training is begun at St. Dunstan's, where the men acquire a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and pathology. They then pass on to the massage school of the National Institute for the Blind, and finally sit for the examinations of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs. After passing these examinations, and so far no St. Dunstan's man has failed, they are employed at military hospitals and command dépôts.

Men who occupied secretarial positions before joining the army are taught Braille shorthand with typewriting, and a special typewriter has been built which can be operated by men who not only are blind, but have lost one hand.

Telephone operating is also successfully taught, and men can be employed in exchanges where the drop-shutter system is installed. It is said that in a few weeks a blind operator can tell by sound which of the shutters has fallen, and proves himself just as competent as a sighted employee.

Apart from professional and industrial training, men gradually learn to take part in various forms of recreation which might be supposed impossible to the sightless. There are rowing, swimming, walking, and running races, physical drill, and push-ball. Every week there are dances to which women may be invited. Dominoes, draughts, chess, and cards are played in the evenings. There is a popular debating society, and most of the men play some sort of musical instrument.

Under certain circumstances, patients' relatives are brought from all parts of the country free of cost, and are accommodated while in London at special homes arranged for their reception.

An exceedingly important part of the work is a system of after care of the men when they have left St. Dunstan's. The aim is to see every man comfortably resettled in civil life and to make sure that he does not deteriorate in capacity or otherwise. Arrangements are made, therefore, for keeping in touch by personal visitation with each man in his own home, supervising his work, encouraging his efforts, maintaining the comradeship begun at St. Dunstan's, and giving practical assistance when necessary by the supply of raw material, by arranging for the marketing of goods, and in various other ways.

IV

An attempt to provide training and employment for partly disabled men after their discharge from the army or navy is being made on a somewhat extensive scale by the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. The first workshop of the kind was opened by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society in London during the South African War. After the death of Earl Roberts the society inaugurated a memorial fund, to be devoted to the extension of this workshop and the establishment of others in the large towns in the United Kingdom. There are now six or seven, and others are in contemplation. The shops are really industrial ventures with philanthropic backing. The principal manufactures are wooden toys and dolls, furniture, basket-work, and household articles. These are sold at market prices to the wholesale trade. On entering the workshop each man at once receives a wage of twenty shillings a week as a learner. The wages increase as he becomes more proficient. Women and girls are also employed — so far as possible, relatives of the soldiers. The idea here is, not to train men for the open labor market, but to give them permanent employment under conditions which could be modified to suit each man's physical capacity more readily than could well be the case in any undertaking subject to ordinary commercial competition. It is probable, therefore, that, as time goes on, the men least able to stand the strain of regular work will gravitate to the workshops.

The possibility of assisting ex-service men to settle on the land has been very carefully considered by the government. The course of the war has demonstrated sufficiently plainly that it is to the interest of the nation to increase the supply of home-grown food by bringing more land under cultivation. A double end would thus be served if assistance to ex-service men took the form of turning them into food-producers. A departmental committee was appointed to consider and report upon the subject, and has advocated the state purchase of land for the establishment of state colonies of settlers, and the provision of small holdings by county councils for ex-service men who do not care to go to the state colonies. With regard to the partly

disabled, the committee thought that many forms of agricultural work would be within their powers, and they advocated their settlement or employment along with the able-bodied. They were not in favor of what they termed 'colonies of cripples.'

Action on the lines of these recommendations has already been taken. By act of Parliament the Board of Agriculture was empowered to acquire eight thousand acres, and most of this has been secured. Houses have been erected, and some men have been selected for settlement and are in training. Over a year ago some fifty men were sent to two agricultural colleges for courses of six months' training or longer, with satisfactory results.

The question of land settlement in the United Kingdom on any extensive scale presents peculiar difficulties. Further legislation, giving powers of compulsory purchase of land, will probably be sought. But even if small holdings can be made available for every suitable man who is prepared to live on the land, it requires much faith to believe that anything considerable can be done to create an agricultural population out of our demobilized armies.

I have endeavored in a brief space to show what is being done in certain main directions for the 'refitting' of our maimed soldiers. But this is not, of course, the whole story. There are innumerable smaller efforts by private people, by philanthropic committees, and by municipalities and educational bodies. In connection with most, if not all, of the larger military hospitals there is an organization of voluntary workers, who undertake to teach various light handicrafts to men whose stay is prolonged. Many employers offer to train limited numbers of discharged men in various special industries. When the present writer was acting as honorary secretary to a branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society such offers considerably exceeded the supply of men. It was not found possible, for instance, to find enough men to satisfy one firm which offered training and an immediate wage of thirty shillings a week for football sewing. Technical institutes all over the country are throwing open their classes to ex-soldiers, and the universities are also offering special facilities. It is, indeed, urged that, in view of the varied standards of education of the men of the new armies, the entire educational resources of the country should be made freely available to them. Commercial men, for instance, who have hitherto been content with one language, might now be persuaded to learn French or Russian or Italian. There must, however, be some element of persuasion in the matter. We are a conservative people, slow to change our habits, not greatly in love with learning. Some profess to think that this war, with all its sorrow and horror and loss, with all its glory and sacrifice and enthusiasm, with all the will to set right a great wrong which has been aroused, will change the thoughts and habits of our men and make us all a new people. But it will not. Many things in our world, we hope, will be a little better than they were before — some bad things perhaps will disappear altogether and some new things be born. But we shall be essentially the same. And we shall still need to be persuaded a little for our own good.

I have said nothing about the saddest task that is laid upon us — the provision for those men who have given more than life — whose injuries to nerve-centres have rendered them physically or mentally helpless. Special institutions are being provided for their permanent care; they are beyond

'refitting,' and science and humanity can only see to it that they have every comfort and attention that ingenuity and love can provide.

In May, 1917, an inter-allied conference on the subject of the treatment of the disabled men was held in Paris. Representatives were present from France, Belgium, Russia, Portugal, Italy, Serbia, Great Britain, and Canada. A large number of resolutions was passed, and stress was laid on the necessity of propaganda in order to make known to the disabled themselves the advantages accruing from the opportunities of reëducation which are offered, and to arouse in the public a just sense of the great social problem which is involved. It was recommended that a periodical review for the Allies should be published, dealing with prothesis, orthopœdics, and all subjects relating to functional and technical reëducation. The conference was organized by a Franco-Belgian committee and will probably be called together again.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE BALKANS

BY NOEL BUXTON

[Unfortunately, through miscarriage in the mails, this paper is some six weeks overdue; but the Editors thought that Mr. Buxton's great knowledge of the Near-Eastern question would still be useful to those Americans who are interested in forming sound opinions on the phase of that question which is here treated.]

Southeastern Europe presents a baffling mixture of races intermingled in inextricable confusion. The two main ingredients are German and Slav, but there are also Hungarians; Roumanians, partly Latin in language and descent, and inclined to patronize the other Balkan States on that account; Greeks, proud of what they believe to be their ancestors; Bulgars, Slav in language, Turanian in blood; Albanians, a race apart, with a peculiar language; and in the environs of Constantinople, a few Turks. To add to the confusion caused by the diversity of races and tongues there is, further, a medley of creeds — Greek Uniate, Greek Orthodox, Bulgarian Exarchist, Roman Catholic, Mohammedan; there are differences of alphabet and calendar even where the language is the same; and the particularism for which the Slav is famous.

This Babel of races was early laid hold of in the north by the House of Hapsburg, which incorporated it in a bureaucratic empire, and in the south by the Turk, who ground his subjects into the dust or massacred them in fits of ferocity, according to his wont.

In the nineteenth century two factors in this situation reached an acute stage of development, namely, the growth of nationalism and the disintegration of the Turkish Empire. The result was that the Balkan nations began to shake themselves loose from Turkey, and the many races of Austria-Hungary began to grow restive under their bureaucratic tutelage. This

movement reached a new stage after the war of 1866, when the monarchy was thrown back on the Balkans and forced to adopt the dual system — giving Germans and Magyars a free hand in their home affairs, on the tacit understanding that they should combine to keep down the Slav majority.

With the subsequent German-Austrian alliance (1879), the policy of the *Drang nach Osten* reached its full stature, and the breach with Russia steadily widened. Germany, working through Austria-Hungary, wished to drive a corridor through the Balkans, hold Constantinople, and control Turkey. Russia, in the name of Panslavism, and moved by mystic and idealistic as well as by strategic reasons, wished to control the Balkans, possess Constantinople and the Straits, and turn the Black Sea into a Russian lake. France and England appeared on the scene, first as the enemies of Russia and the upholders of Turkey in the name of the balance of power, and then, by the same token, as the friends of Russia and the opponents of Germany.

The net result of the play of intrigue and counter-intrigue was that the Balkan States were set by the ears, national hatreds inflamed, domestic reforms checked all over Europe, and the Turk allowed to harry his subjects at his own sweet will. In 1907 it looked as if Austria-Hungary would make a bold and wise reform, raising herself from a dualistic to a triform state by giving the Slavs self-government. Instead, came Count Aehrenthal's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, throwing Serbia into the arms of Russia.

In 1912, under Russian auspices and through the statesmanship of M. Venizelos, came the Balkan League and the war against Turkey. But by checking Serbia's access to the Adriatic and setting up an independent Albania, Austria succeeded in causing strife among the Balkan Allies, and the League broke up in the Second Balkan War. A weakened and exasperated Serbia was at once an easy victim and a dangerous neighbor to the Dual Monarchy, and so arose the machinations of the nationalist societies, the murder at Serajevo, and the great European war. Austria threatened Serbia, Russia backed her up; Germany supported Austria, France supported Russia, England supported France; Austria attacked Serbia, and Europe entered upon the fiercest and most barbarous war that the world has ever seen.

In discussing Austria-Hungary we should not forget that this country is in some ways a model of what the Balkans should be. Here a medley of quarrelsome and jealous races enjoy order, coöperation, a fair degree of prosperity and education, and proud and ancient traditions, the vitality of which has been shown in the war. The predictions of Austria's collapse have been falsified, and the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph, so far from being the signal for a general dissolution, has put on the throne a keen and energetic young ruler who is disposed toward reform.

In regard to the treatment of her subject nationalities, Hungary's record is bad; but even Hungary now possesses a cabinet pledged to universal suffrage. Austria passed her universal suffrage measure in 1907. Since then there has been a Slav majority in the Reichsrat, and the factor keeping the nationalities in subjection has been not so much pressure from above as racial antagonisms within. *Divide et impera*, in a country in which there is universal suffrage, is a form of chicanery which can succeed only in the absence of solidarity, energy, and political wisdom among those whom it is proposed to divide.

On the other hand, the small Balkan states, although their sturdy democracy and rapid progress after emer-

gence from Turkish rule are in some ways a pleasing contrast with the somewhat effete bureaucracy of Austria-Hungary, still bear both spiritual and material marks of their past misfortunes. To put it bluntly, most of the Balkan nations have yet to learn the most elementary lessons in racial tolerance. Bulgaria has shown an admirable spirit of forbearance toward the half million or so of Mohammedans and other Dissenters who dwell within her gates; but the other states still cling to the crudest policy of 'nationalization' by language penalties, suppression of churches and newspapers, and control of schools.

The truth of the matter is that Austria-Hungary is an empire and the Balkans are independent nations, whereas the ideal is a federative commonwealth. But which of the two is nearer the ideal, is not an easy matter to decide. However, it is safe to say that most advocates of the partition of Austria-Hungary and the formation of several independent states are not moved by pure solicitude for the Slavs, but largely by fear of a Prussian Central Europe.

This fear of a Central Europe under German hegemony — a vast compact of nations drilled and trained from Berlin and stretching from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf — is a very real problem, and its solution is the Allies' main object. As some one has wittily said, 'Whatever else Germany may lose, she has at least conquered her allies.'

So far the Allies' counter-project has been to break up Austria-Hungary by force of arms, and then to establish the resultant group of small nations on the basis of Russian protection. At its best this policy seemed to ignore the possibility of Tsarist Russia becoming the enemy to be feared. And in this connection it is relevant to note that the most eloquent advocate of the Central Europe scheme, Dr. Friedrich Naumann, bases his appeal throughout on *fear* — fear of France's desire for revenge, of England's commercial jealousy, but, above all, fear of Russian imperialism. To him and to the people whom he is addressing Central Europe is not the securing of dominance, but a measure of defense — a measure as grim as it is fatal. These considerations aside, the whole policy depended on a Russia willing, in the first place, to break up Austria-Hungary, and in the second place, always in future to go to war on behalf of some small state which might get embroiled with Germany or with a neighbor under German influence.

Since this policy was conceived, the Russian Revolution has taken place. Russia is now militarily incapable of encompassing the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, as well as definitely opposed to this policy. Before surveying the new situation thus created, we should contemplate the following facts: —

I

The Eastern question is merely a peculiar and aggravated form of the European question — the tradition whereby nations regulated their affairs by dominance within and competition without. This was especially apparent in Central and Eastern Europe, where the three empires — Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary — formed, as it were, a triangle of reaction. With the fall of tsardom one side of this triangle is knocked out, and the system cannot survive. Indeed, the system was so hard pressed before the war that the Junker party in Germany is said to have advocated 'ein frischer, fröhlicher Krieg' as a desperate attempt to uphold the old order. Instead, after three terrible years of war, ruin stares Germany in the face, and — tsardom falls; the blackest hearth of reaction in

Europe becomes the centre of democracy and coöperation. The effect in Germany is already becoming apparent.

II

To the peoples of Austria-Hungary, this war has seemed throughout a war of defense against Russian imperialism. They embarked light-heartedly enough on the adventure of 'punishing' Serbia, but the intervention of Russia put a very sombre complexion on affairs. The government was not long in sharing the discovery that Austria-Hungary had nothing to gain and everything to lose by a general European war; and since then they have continued to fight simply in order to avoid destruction. Consequently the Russian Revolution has removed the whole *raison d'être* of the war for the Dual Monarchy. This has been made abundantly evident by the energetic activities of the new Emperor and his ministers toward internal reform, and the explicit repudiation of annexations and indemnities. The lack of a federal constitution and the unwillingness to cede the Trentino to Italy seem to be the two obstacles between Austria-Hungary and peace, and it is possible that they might be surmounted if the issue were put squarely.

III

Bulgaria entered the camp of the Central Powers reluctantly, deliberately accepting the bird in the hand after patient and vain waiting for the two in the bush. Her aims were perfectly definite. She wished to unite under her flag the territories inhabited by her nationals and allotted to her in February, 1912, by the treaty with Serbia, namely, the so-called uncontested zone in Northeast Macedonia, which was taken by Serbia in the Second Balkan War; the great trade-route down the Struma Valley debouching at Kavala, taken by the Greeks, and the Southern Dobrudja, taken by the Roumanians, in the same war. In addition, the *imponderabilia* weighing for her decision were her dislike of Russian imperialism and her dread of Russia at Constantinople. Germany could offer her additional territory, but at the price of the eternal enmity of her neighbors and practical loss of independence. The Allies could offer her freedom and coöperation, but could not satisfy Bulgaria's national aspirations, owing to the reluctance of Serbia, Roumania, and Greece to yield the necessary territory, in spite of the compensations offered elsewhere. The Revolution has removed the fear of Russian imperialism, and has set up a military situation which makes it extremely difficult to deprive Bulgaria of territory to which she clings, or to realize the wider aspirations of the Serbs and Roumanians. Lastly, the mere course of the war, with all that it entails, has brought all the Balkan nations to a more conciliatory frame of mind.

It is, then, evident that the Russian Revolution almost closes the door on the physical solution of the problem of Central Europe, but only to open an intrinsically more attractive diplomatic vista. Central Europe can hardly be broken up, but it may be dissolved. Hitherto Austria-Hungary has cleaved to Germany because she preferred the Kaiser's categorical imperative to vivisection by the Tsar. Now she is faced on one side by a league of democratic nations which between them control the economic and political future of the world, and on the other by the prospect of being a minor partner in an impoverished and highly unpopular Central Europe, an institution with a shadowy present and a very problematical future. In these circumstances it is not unlikely that the Allies might tempt her

by the offer of peace, coöperation, and freedom of commerce, in exchange for the cession of the Trentino to Italy and equity to the nationalities.

Bulgaria also seems to feel that she has no future in the war, or with the Central Powers, and nothing to fear from Russia. As a matter of fact, she came to this decision as far back as August, 1916, but her advances were then rejected. Subsequent events have strengthened her motive[1] and inclined the Allies to listen to her.

The advantages of meeting the Austrian and Bulgarian desire for peace are obvious. Pressure would be brought to bear on German opinion in the direction of moderation; Germany's route to the East would be broken; Turkey would be isolated, and the military situation at Saloniki would be eased.

The difficulties are equally obvious, and perhaps the chief is that of fair treatment of our Balkan Allies. But it seems probable that the disasters and calamities to which they have been subjected will have led Serbia, Roumania, and Greece to take a more accommodating view of the situation, and to realize, in the light of the Russian Revolution, how immensely difficult it would be to achieve the plenitude of their desires. Consequently some such arrangement as the following might satisfy all parties: —

(*a*) The Austro-Hungarian frontiers to be recognized, the claims of the nationalities in the Empire being met by internal reforms.

(*b*) Bulgaria's former frontiers to be restored, and in addition her claims recognized to the so-called uncontested zone, to the Bulgarian portion of the recent Greek acquisitions in Macedonia, and to the part of the Dobrudja taken from her in 1913 by Roumania.

(*c*) Serbia to be compensated by fusion with Montenegro, thus gaining an outlet to the sea at Antivari. This outlet could be made satisfactory by the purchase of Spizza from Austria.

(*d*) Saloniki to be internationalized.

(*e*) Roumania to be restored and her countrymen in Transylvania to be granted autonomy.

In this discussion America has purposely been left to the last, as, in the execution of any such policy as this with Austria and Bulgaria, the United States would play the chief part. It must not be forgotten that comparatively good feeling still exists between Austrian diplomacy and that of America; and with regard to Bulgaria, the following important factors must be borne in mind. First, Bulgarians look upon America as their educational creator, and the entry of America into the war on the side of the Entente has been one of the most powerful new influences at work in Bulgaria. Second, practical expression has been given to this feeling by Bulgaria's refusal to break off diplomatic relations with the United States.

There is the further consideration that the American people can approach this matter disinterestedly and with open minds, not clogged by past traditions or hampered by old associations. It is far easier to formulate a policy where none existed before, than it is to change drastically a policy already formulated and pursued for some time.

The American people enjoy in this matter a position of advantage, they have at hand the necessary diplomatic machinery, and they can grapple with this problem with unfettered energy and unclouded brains. May they succeed where others have failed!

[1] For example, as a symptom of Bulgarian feeling, *vide* the anti-German riots at Sofia last April, and the Serbian Press Bureau's report that the Bulgarian Premier, M. Radoslavoff, is 'creeping round' toward friendly talk with Russia. — THE AUTHOR.

HERBERT HOOVER, AS INDIVIDUAL AND TYPE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

STUDENTS of prehistoric man, limited in their material for study by the difficulties of persistence through a few hundred thousand years of the bodies, or parts of bodies, of our Glacial Era forbears, are compelled to give large consideration to the make-up of the lower jaw of these early men, because jaws seem to persist where arms and legs and ribs do not. The testimony of the lower jaw, coupled with that of the brain-case, — for the top of the head is also fortunately resistant to the ravages of time, — is the basis of many of our conjectures as to the physical nature of our prehistoric ancestors and their probable mentality, disposition, and family life.

We take these jaw-based conjectures seriously, even calling them scientific knowledge, because we have built up a fairly reliable science of anthropologic correlations on a basis of the comparative study of the various physical parts, mental endowments, and temperamental peculiarities of many different kinds of men — and anthropoids, or near-men — of the present time. A skull, or a jaw, or even only a tooth or two, seem to be all that the anthropologist requires for a very interesting disquisition on the physical, mental, and moral make-up of an otherwise entirely absent and long passed dinosaur, cave-bear, or extra-early gentleman of France. The anthropologist has learned to be confident that, with such a given type of skull, or shape of jaw, or form of tooth, a great many other things inevitably go.

That correlations among other parts of organisms are real, there is no question. I once followed Luther Burbank about — both of us on hands and knees — in a small bed of hybrid plum seedlings, while he indicated what particular seedlings were almost certainly going to produce especially worthwhile new kinds of plums, just because they already showed certain particular varying kinds of stems and leaves, although these plant babies had not as yet, to my eyes, even begun to dream of producing plums at all. But Mr. Burbank knows plant-correlations, and makes winning bets on them.

So, when one sees a photographic reproduction of Herbert Hoover's face and head, and notes the marked type of brain-case and lower jaw presented by it, one can confidently make a beginning in understanding this newly arisen American personality, who tells us so insistently what and what not to eat, and so incisively why and why not.

But, unfortunately, most of us, not being trained students of anthropologic correlations, have got to stop and be content with this beginning. We may add to it some understanding by cogitating things that we have heard about him, press anecdotes of doubtful authenticity that we have read, and descriptions of him that we have heard from the few who have seen him. But to most of us he is, and will long remain, as a personality, just a myth, or at most a man whose likeness reveals

an encouraging brain-case and jaw. And this despite a real desire to know more. For to how many people in Belgium, England, and America has something starting from this man come as a reality, a reality of help, a reality of authority, but come only from a hidden centre, as a searching radius stretched out to them and touching their most intimate affairs and feelings! Few persons know Mr. Hoover by sight or hearing, fewer still by hand-clasp, or eye to eye. To all but these few he is almost mythical as a human being, however real he may be as an official name and quoted oracle.

The few who do know him personally, as human being, man of marked traits, unpretentious but most impressive manner, and curiously potent appeal and attractiveness, — curiously, because not produced in any usual and familiar way, least of all in any intended way, — the few who have this personal knowledge of him enjoy a most interesting and suggestive experience. He becomes a friend and an object of study at the same moment; he discovers himself to be at once a thoroughly individualized man and yet a most revealing type of a class. His most personal and special characteristics do not prevent him from being a generalized and most representative and illuminating example of a certain kind of man, increasing in numbers and importance in every civilized land, but appearing especially rapidly and well-developed in America.

That Hoover has lived a third of his life in London makes neither him nor the essential features of that life anything but simon-pure American; his home, his office, his family, and himself, were as vividly American throughout those days in London City and the West End as they are to-day in Washington. So he represents his type as an American example of it, with all the national characteristics obvious, but never so exaggerated as to obscure the more fundamental type characters.

A study of Hoover's personality, then, not only has the recommendation of satisfying natural curiosity concerning a swiftly risen world-figure, but it should also reveal to us something of the character of our political and social evolution; for any knowledge of the characteristics of the class to which we are turning more and more for our national leaders, will enable us to obtain some indication and understanding as to whither and how we are moving along the path of changing social organization.

II

The biographical details of Herbert Hoover's earlier years will not go far in explaining to us his present personality. Born in 1874 on an Iowa farm, of Quaker father and mother, he received through them that native endowment of potentialities which come, variously, to each of us by the processes of heredity; processes still mysterious despite all the wealth of detail of mechanism and method which modern, post-Mendelian study of heredity has revealed. We do know something of why a man's eyes are blue, if they are blue instead of brown, as another man's eyes are; and something of why he is mentally defective from birth, if he is, while another is so mentally sound.

But despite the cheerful confidence of those too optimistic specialists who say that the secret of inheritance is now known, and that, being given a full knowledge of one's ancestors and collaterals to the number of several dozen, they will prophesy the physical and mental make-up of one's next child, the fact is that they cannot. They cannot, if for no other reason than that human births are too few per family to give them the advantage of the work-

ing of the Mendelian mathematical formulæ on which their prophesying is based. Besides, they can rarely have that full knowledge of ancestry which they need. Mr. Hoover does not know, nor do I, the full history of his ancestors and collaterals, and the mere knowledge of the make-up of one's parents and of a few grand- and great-grandparents, is never sufficient to explain why any one's inherited characteristics are just what they are.

The influence of one's environment is sometimes more nearly determinable. But there is one great difficulty about that, too, and that is, that to understand fully the effect of environmental influence requires a pretty good understanding of the native qualities of the material upon which the environment acts. The reaction of differently formed human beings is never exactly the same even when the environmental action on them is nearly identical. 'You can't,' as David Starr Jordan is wont to say, to explain some failures of college endeavor, 'put a thousand-dollar education into a fifty-dollar boy.'

Herbert Hoover's early environment was affected by the death of both parents while he was a child and his being handed over to the sympathetic care of various aunts and uncles, all of the Quaker faith and training. This condition must have placed in his own hands earlier than is usual with most of us, a certain personal share in the determination of his own environment. For example, when the time for his preparation for college came, he found himself on the Pacific coast under the care of a Quaker uncle, who had naturally planned that this preparation should lead him into a Quaker college. But already the youth had decided that his higher education should be obtained in a modern scientific university. This was a decision determined partly by the lack of control of the environment itself, but more probably by the assertion of an inherited quality which made strongly for self-determination of behavior. He went, therefore, to Portland, and, supporting himself by his own exertions, was able in a couple of years to fit himself for his 'modern scientific university.' He entered Stanford University with the first opening of its doors in the fall of 1891, and thus entered on a characteristically pioneering career with Stanford's pioneer class of 1895. During his four years at the university he again supported himself by his own exertions.

Now, without doubt, these six years of earning his own way as a youth of fifteen to twenty-one years were an environmental influence which had its real effect, and one probably recognizable and of much importance to-day in its results. He learned early something enduring about values in human life; about things that count and things that are superficial. And he learned something of his own capacities, and to have confidence in them. One of his present outstanding characteristics is confidence, although a confidence never weakened by conceit.

His major work in the university was in the department of geology and mining, under the supervision of a sturdy, direct, natural teacher and investigator, John Casper Branner, a scholar of practical mind, intent on truth and essentials. This association was good environment for the rapidly developing young man, already inclined by native instinct and boy's experience to be intent on the same things.

Dr. Branner's advice to the students graduating from his department — to be miners for a while before being 'mining engineers' — was followed quite literally by Hoover, who went into a Sierran mining-camp and was there miner and shift-boss, and perhaps other things, before he turned again to mining engi-

neering as helper in the office, in San Francisco, of Louis Janin, the best-known mining engineer in the West.

He was soon out of the office, however, and again in the mines of California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, and Arizona, where he stayed until he received an offer from an engineering firm to go to West Australia. Here, in 1897, after only two years of mining engineering apprenticeship since graduation, he was an arrived and successful mining engineer in the position of manager of one of the most famous of Australian mines. There can be no doubt that native capacity was as largely responsible for this swift achievement as good training and other environment.

In another year (1898) he was manager of two other great Australian mines, and in one year more he was director of mines for the Chinese Empire. This gave him a chance to go through some highly spiced adventures in Tientsin during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.

Crossing with him from Thamesmouth to Flushing in the summer of 1915, on one of the small Dutch boats which were allowed by Germans and Allies to maintain a precarious cross-Channel connection between the Continent and England, I heard from him as we walked the narrow decks, with a constant eye out for casual floating mines or careless submarines, many stories of his experiences in Australia and China. I do not remember many of the incidents, but I remember clearly the general impression made on me by all of them together. It was, that the chief actor in them was a man of level head, clear vision, entire fearlessness, and great resourcefulness and directness of action.

Since then I have had the opportunity, given by close association, to see him think and act under circumstances of continuous serious importance. I would use the same words now to express my present actual knowledge of his qualities which I have just used to express my impression of them gained on the uneasy little Dutch boat.

After the Chinese experiences he became a junior partner in a London mining firm, at that time (1902) perhaps the greatest in the world. During this partnership, which lasted until 1908, Hoover had the experience of meeting the task, largely because of his own attitude in the matter and through his own exertions, of making good to the firm's clients the defalcation by the firm's financial member of about a million dollars. In 1908 he had restored the sum, sold his interest in the firm, and was a man free and wholly competent to go it alone successfully in the world's arena of mining business. And ever since then he has gone it alone, and successfully.

It is beyond the province of this sketch to recite any of the details of his impressively successful handling of large mining affairs in Russia, Burma, Central America, Mexico, and elsewhere. He has been successful in making money for his associates and for himself out of many undertakings; but, more importantly, he has been successful in making good mines out of what in other men's hands had been bad ones. That, indeed, has been his special work in mining: not promoting mines and selling mining shares to an easy public, but making the earth yield its treasures even when it seemed most reluctant to release them. He has made his money in mining out of the ground, not out of the pockets of investors.

III

And then in August, 1914, came the War, and came also Hoover's ready relinquishment of mining and money-making, and his undertaking to care

for the feeding of a nation suddenly deprived of the capacity of feeding itself.

This undertaking promised to make large demands on all the qualities we have attributed to the subject of our analysis. It also required another — or perhaps it is not so much another quality as it is one including most of the others, and something more and larger than any of them. I would call it the creative imagination. Ribot's famous essay of many years ago pointed out clearly how mistaken we are in the limitations with which we commonly use the term 'creative imagination.' By it we mean usually something peculiar to artists and poets, and hence foreign to men of business and politics and statecraft. If such men show originality of constructive thought and achievement we call it that, and not creative imagination. But when they conceive and do things originally and constructively, they are really revealing their possession of the same quality which poets and artists — real ones — possess. Only with them it is expressed differently. Herbert Hoover is a rather unpoetic-looking brother to the poets; he is an artist using colors not named in the solar spectrum; he is a man of creative imagination.

Also, it goes without saying that to drop money-making and mining, to begin money-losing and hard, wearing struggle in the tremendous task of Belgian relief, revealed, in the victim of our vivisection, qualities of heart and humanity which we have not before in this paper ascribed to him, although they have long been familiar to his friends.

The work of feeding the people of Belgium and occupied France has been much more difficult than is popularly imagined. And the greatest difficulties have not been those which might, at first glance, seem to be the probable chief ones, namely, difficulties on the material side in obtaining the great sums of money necessary, and in purchasing and transporting and handling the enormous food-quantities involved. But they have been of a more intangible sort, difficulties connected with the belligerent governments, difficulties about the necessary agreements and guaranties indispensable to the inauguration and maintenance of the work. The material problems have been serious enough, in all conscience, but the immaterial ones have been more serious. There has been necessary all through the course of the undertaking much more than the 'engineering efficiency,' so widely noted and praised in connection with it; there has been continuously necessary a high degree of diplomatic achievement.

Diplomacy popularly connotes methods of indirection, elements of concealment, the strategy of twilight hours. But Herbert Hoover's diplomatic achievement in connection with Belgian relief has been by methods just the opposite of the ones noted. He has won by directness and playing with the cards face up on the table. He has been something more than honest in his methods: he has been obviously honest. His forthrightness of plan, proposal, and action has carried him to swift success, where other methods would have failed — and time was always of the essence in the relief work. He has come to diplomacy untrained as a diplomat; just trained and by nature made to be forcefully common-sensible, sure of his ground, and honestly and confidently direct in the presentation of his needs. So foreign offices and war departments and secret services and all the other groups of people involved, whether American, English, French, German, or Belgian, have been won to permit and aid him in his great undertaking.

The humanitarian character of the undertaking itself, and the readily demonstrated necessity of it, might seem to be sufficient to insure success in the diplomatic and inter-governmental engagements necessary for it. But that is far from being the case. There has been no relief, in the large and complete way of Belgian relief, in Poland or Serbia or Armenia, or wherever else it was equally needed. No, humanitarianism alone is not sufficient in times of war — at least, in this war, with such a completely militarized and dehumanized element in it as the German War Machine — to guarantee unaided the success of humane intentions and generous offers. It required keen understanding, highly intelligent planning, and forceful and persistent effort, to do good effectively in the Belgian centre of the terrible human struggle that is this War.

IV

From the feeding of Belgium to the administration of the food of America was, under the circumstances, the natural and inevitable step. It was the character of the war which made feeding Belgium necessary; it was its magnitude which made control of the food of the last great nation to enter it also necessary. And it was the success of the manager of the very large and very difficult Belgian undertaking which promised the ultimate success — if success were at all possible to anybody — of the manager of the larger and more difficult American undertaking.

Herbert Hoover entered on his new task in public service with no illusions as to its extraordinary difficulties. He said, grimly, immediately after promising President Wilson that he would undertake it, that he would probably get hung up on the first barbed-wire entanglements. He did not really mean this, for he would not have undertaken it at all unless he had been confident that he would last longer than that. But he had seen one German food-dictator after another drop out, was seeing Lord Rhondda succeed Lord Devonport as food-controller in England, and was soon to see M. Violette make way for a new French minister of provisionment, and this one for still another; and his remark expressed concisely the fate that faced any too sanguine food-manager. Managing the army or navy or the shipyards gives you excellent chances for trouble with soldiers or sailors or labor unions, but managing food gives you the supreme opportunity for trouble with everybody.

Hoover knew this when he left London for Washington; and he knows it even better now that he has had a few months of food-administration. But he knows something else, too, which he also undoubtedly knew, or at least believed, when he began these months. And that is that the administering of the food of the American public in a great emergency by calling upon the loyal and patriotic coöperation of the food-producers and food-handlers and food-consumers of America, in a word, of the whole American people, is not all trouble — it is partly a high experience of the revelation of the thing which makes democracy possible and democratic government successful — the response of the great mass to the call for loyalty and sacrifice. And that response, no less than the response of trouble, has been a result of the undertaking of American food-control. It takes but a few to provide the response which means trouble; but it takes a great many to give the response which means even the beginnings of success in a great national endeavor. Yet those beginnings of success are already certainly apparent in the work of American food-administration.

This reliance upon the fundamental feeling, understanding, and loyalty of the mass of the people has been characteristic of Hoover in his work both in Belgian relief and American food-administration. He is a democrat by birth and training. He does not merely believe in democracy — he relies on democracy. And yet he indulges in no blind and debilitating sentiment about the equality of all men. He knows that men are far from equal in capacity and character; they are unequal from birth, from conception. Nor can any identity of training or opportunity make them equal. It can help them to approach common understanding and common preferences, and can help remove adventitious inequality. But fundamental inequality is a condition of human, aye, of all animal and plant-existence. No two individuals in all the world through all time are or have been exactly alike; nor will there ever be such two. Not even 'identical twins' are identical, though they arise from the accidentally separated halves of the same egg.

Herbert Hoover, therefore, knows that he is different from the men about him, and knows that these differences are of a kind that make him a leader, and hence a controller, of other men. And he accepts leadership because he honestly believes that success in organization and communal achievement demands the placing of authority in central hands. Centralization of authority and responsibility; decentralization of operations — this is the system on which Belgian relief was successfully administered, and on which American food-administration is being based.

But the necessity of leadership and authority in democracy carries with it the necessity of a selection of leaders on a basis of essentials alone. Capacity, conviction, courage, and devotion — these are the bases for selecting the heads of enterprises and governments; not politics, favor, or opportunism. And the selection should be generally recognized as made fairly, and, in cases where outstanding and accepted figures make it possible, inevitably. It is not undemocratic to choose or accept leaders, and to delegate authority. It is, indeed, essentially democratic procedure, and absolutely necessary for the successful persistence of democratic organization. Hoover, as convinced believer in centralized authority and as actual personal exemplar of such authority, and Hoover as true democrat, are not two inconsistent figures. Neither is President Wilson, to take another near-by example of the same condition.

What may be called the more special traits of Herbert Hoover are in perfect line with the general ones so far outlined. One man is as good as another to him until he reveals himself less good. He saves time by cutting out frills, both business and social. He enjoys company, but wants it to mean something. He has little small talk, but plenty of significant talk. He prefers arranging matters by conference and agreement to using the big stick, but he does not hesitate to club when necessary. His directness of mental approach to any subject is expressed in his whole manner: his immediate attack in conversation on the essence of the matter, his few words, his quick decisions. He makes these decisions easily because he has a clear general policy to guide him.

I recall being asked by him to come to breakfast one morning at Stanford University, to talk over the matter of the faculty salary-standards. Mr. Hoover is now a trustee of the university that graduated him. His first question to the several of us who were there was: What is the figure below which a professor of a given grade (assistant

professor, associate, or full professor) cannot maintain himself here on a basis which will not lower his efficiency in his work or his dignity in the community? We finally agreed on a figure. 'Well,' said Hoover, 'that must be the minimum salary of the grade.'

He saves time. He reads surprisingly much for a man so continually heavily laden with affairs, and so given to days and nights of concentration on their problems. But he does his reading in bed. Even in those many difficult and always uncertain trips across the North Sea, from England to Holland, on his enforced movements between London and Brussels, he always had his little electric torch, or even stub of a candle, to fasten to his bunk for a little reading before going to sleep. He saves trouble, as well as time, by wearing in all seasons, and for years, one after another, business suits of the same model and cloth, which he simply orders when needed, two or three at a time, as one would order another half-dozen of collars of one's favorite style and regular size.

He knows what he wants to do, and goes straight forward toward doing it; but if difficulty too great intervenes, he withdraws for a fresh start and tries another path. I always think of him as outside of a circle in the centre of which is his goal. He strikes the circle at one spot; if he can get through, well and good. If not, he draws away, moves a little around the circumference, and strikes again. This resourcefulness and fertility of method are conspicuous and invaluable characteristics. If there is only one way, he fights to the extreme along that way. But almost always he sees that there are other ways, and he readily tries one after another of them.

In all the Belgian relief diplomacy he recognized discreetly the official position of military officers, ministers, ambassadors, cabinet secretaries, premiers. He was patient of form where form was obligatory. But in realities he dealt with each as man to man. He presumes reasonableness in his antagonist and depends on reason and understanding for his strength in discussion. He does not understand personal attack and vindictiveness. He has sufered unduly by lack of comprehension of the manner and methods of various attacks which have been made on him and his work.

He has an amazing capacity for lucid exposition. His successful argument with Lloyd George, who began a conference on the relief-work strongly opposed to it on grounds of its alleged military disadvantage to the Allies, and closed it by a complete acceptance of the principle, leaving to his cabinet secretaries and Mr. Hoover to arrange details, is a conspicuous example of his way of getting what he wants, on a basis of good grounds, confidence in his position, and effective setting out of his arguments. It is also a good example of the way he likes to 'do business.' The higher the authority and more able the man who has to be convinced, the more confident is Hoover of the outcome of the meeting.

He also has an emotional side. It is a side less apparent, though not less strong, than the purely reasoning one, or the one of forcefulness and authority. I shall not embarrass him by telling stories known only to a few intimates. But one incident may be described. In Belgium he avoided the soup-lines and the children's canteens as much as possible; he kept himself to the Brussels office, and had his meetings with the heads of the great national and provincial committees. But one day my wife persuaded him to take an hour from the central office to visit a canteen for sub-normal children.

'He stood silently,' she writes, 'as the sixteen hundred and sixty-two little

boys and girls came crowding in, slipping into their places at the long narrow tables that cut across the great dining-rooms; and, when I looked at him, his eyes had filled with tears. He watched Madame and her husband, a physician, going from one child to another, examining their throats, or their eyes, taking them out to the little clinic for weighing, carrying the youngest in their arms, comforting a sorrowing mother whose little Marie had just died — while all the time the dozen white-uniformed young women hurried up and down the long rows, ladling the potato-stew and the rice dessert.

'I turned toward Mr. Hoover, and he spoke these true words: "The Women of Belgium have become the Mother of Belgium. In this room is the Relief of Belgium."'

V

It has been for long our custom to commit the affairs of government to the hands of men whom we call statesmen or politicians. Sometimes the men of this class are indicated as belonging to it by a certain training, but too often only by a certain inclination. This inclination does not always coincide with special competence; in fact, it has so often been associated with incompetence that the name politician, even that of statesman, usually leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

It is unnecessary to try to point out in detail how this condition has come to exist. If we look to Great Britain we may find some explanation. There, government has been, even more than with us, a function of a class. But it has been a class possessing more elements of presumable special fitness and training than with us. Government service in Great Britain has been associated with birth, with inherited means, with a 'gentleman's education' at Oxford or Cambridge, and with a certain civil-service apprenticeship which at least gave a degree of acquaintanceship with the general form of government organization and with traditionally approved method.

We of America, daughter of England, have undoubtedly taken over from the mother country the idea of government service committed to a special class; but we have not taken with it the idea of birth, means, or special education, either in university or civil service, as necessary prerequisites for admission to this class. And we have probably not suffered very much by not doing so, for Great Britain, in her present great emergency, in this modern trial by fire of her governmental form of organization and method, is rapidly casting her traditions aside — just as we are. A new element of society has been called for, and has conspicuously entered both British and American governments. It is being more quickly and largely used in Washington than in London, because tradition's hold on us is weaker and more easily broken. But we have no more conspicuous illustrations of this element in our government service than England's Geddes and Rhondda.

This new element, introduced to assist and strengthen and speed up government, is that of the business man, or, to be exact, of a certain type of business man. It is to the men and methods of business, successful business, that the world has turned in its stress and great need. Washington to-day is a strange sight. Where, of old, Senators of the Prince Albert coat, the large soft hat, and the heavy gold chain, and Congressmen of a basic bucolicness with a translucent veneer of the approved 'Meet Mr. Smith' type of geniality and cosmopolitanism, were the characteristic landfalls in any 'seeing Washington' experience, now the megaphone is kept busy asking you to note

the passing, with vigorous step or in swift motor, of numerous less picturesque-looking men in sack suits, who are Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Black, the heads of the National Red Cross, and War Industries Board, and Shipping Board, and Food Administration; and, at the same time, partner of J. P. Morgan, and president of this or that great railway system, and great merchant, and great inventor and manufacturer, and great mining engineer. And so on, with successive representatives of the successful business man introduced to your astonished ears and eyes here in Washington — not New York!

There are also, in less number, to be sure, than the partners of Mr. Morgan, but still numerous enough to be noticeable, certain men of yet another class who have been brought abundantly to Washington. You will meet them often in the offices of the business men — more often, perhaps, than you will meet senators and congressmen and other traditional Washingtonians in these plain offices, more abundantly furnished with telephones and stenographers and straight-backed chairs than with rugs, deep leather rockers and other temptations to reminiscential social converse. These other men are named to you as Professor X and Doctor Z. They are men of long study of this or that specialized branch of natural or political science. The governing business men associate these experts, on leave from their universities, with them as advisers and helpers. They do not ask them for aid in organization or administration, but they ask them for special information, and to study this or that special problem on the basis of the fundamental scientific facts and methods with which they are already soundly familiar.

There is much importance for the present, and significance for the future, in this calling on the proved business men and experts of the country to share in the administrative responsibility in this time of the nation's stress. It is a new phase of our cult of efficiency. And it is a splendid new illustration of the resources of democratic government. The response of the business men, that is, of the right type of business men, has been immediate and whole-hearted. They have dropped private affairs and money-making at the very moment when their undivided personal attention to these matters may mean more in the way of gain, or of minimizing loss, than ever before in their lives, perhaps. They come as volunteers, regardless of titles, of position, or popular recognition, to do their part in public service, to help make our government more effective in time of great emergency, to help save it in a crisis. And when the crisis is past, they will be willing, and will prefer, to go back to their private affairs.

But they will not all be allowed to do this, and others, later, will be called for. Because Washington and the country are learning something. We are taking a new step in the organization of our national administration. By a small angle, but definitely, we are changing the direction of our national evolution. It is going to be possible for our government to have always at its disposal, hereafter, the aid of men of a type new, with some notable exceptions, in public service, although as old in human society as human society itself. For the country is finding a new use for this type, and the type is finding in public service a new opportunity and aim and satisfaction.

On the other hand, as a consequence of the new experience, we are going, without any reciting of 'whereases' and 'resolveds,' or any formulation of rules or regulations, to release ourselves to some extent from government by talk-

ers, wire-pullers, and favorite sons. The test in business organization is capacity, and so it is in government. And our government is now put, for the first time in a long period, rigidly to the test. Managing our government for the rest of our generation — we can see so far, at least, plainly — is going to be a stressful undertaking of big business, expert administration, and willing and self-sacrificing national loyalty. Strong policies more than politics, active doing more than spellbinding, and resourcefulness more than tradition, are going to be characteristic of it. Hence we shall need the Hoovers and Hurleys, the Davisons and Baruchs, the Willards and Rosenwalds, and others like them, in governmental and national affairs for a long time to come. And I much doubt, indeed, whether we shall ever again try to get on without them.

This is what I mean when I speak of Herbert Hoover as 'type.' He represents typically a class we are discovering in a new light; men of affairs willing to be men of public service, not for salary or glory or named position, but for the satisfaction of doing something for country and humanity. It seems hard to reconcile our carefully cultivated ideas of 'big business' with our ideas of public service. But we have before our eyes the material evidence that some big-business men can be willing and generous and honest public servants. Washington these days is not only a strange sight — it is an inspiring sight.

NOTTE VENEZIANE

SOGNO VENEZIANO

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I SLEPT in Venice. The bright windy day
Merged into night, along the Zattere,
Over the long Giudecca luminous.
The night was bright and windy; and 't was thus
I fell asleep and let the moonlight fall
Across my face, and scatter on the wall;
And thus I came into the moonlight spell.
I dreamed; and in my dream a darkness fell
Upon the land and water, and the night
Poured like a flood across the infinite.

Then, as I dreamed, the billowy darkness broke
At some soft, slow, insinuating stroke,
And lo! a little core of light began
To waken softly, and its rays outran,
And, by insensible degrees, increased
Into the semblance of a phantom East;
And the whole night gathered and overflowed,
Flood upon flood, until a shining road
Of level water lay out endlessly
Into the outer reaches of the sea.
I floated forth lightly upon it, and
Suddenly, round me, there was no more land,
But rioting from the depths of the sea's caves,
The shining floor broke into hollow waves,
And rocked the house about me, and drove me on
Into the night of waters. Land was gone,
The whole live Earth shrank like a startled snail
Into the shell of heaped-up waters, pale
As moonlight in the moonlight, and now curled
Under and over and round about the world.
And the waves drew me, and the treacherous night
Into the circle of its infinite
Would fain have sucked me, and I saw the moon
Laughing an evil laugh, and the stars swoon
Into an ecstasy of merriment.
Then, knowing I was wholly lost, I sent
A great cry shouting up into the sky,
And leapt upright, and with an echoing cry
Over my head I heard the waters hiss;
And I fell slowly down the sheer abyss,
Age after endless age of such intense
And unimaginably sharp suspense,
That soul and body parted at the stroke;
And with the utter anguish I awoke,
And saw the night grow softly into day
Outside my windows on the Zattere.

POLITICAL STRATEGY

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

GERMANY is, to all intent, mistress of Central Europe and the Balkans, of Turkey, and of Russia. As I write these lines (in December, 1917), the last part of the German scheme which I set forth in the June *Atlantic* is in preparation. All the disposable forces of Pan-Germany are concentrating on the Western front. If such a state of affairs is possible when the Entente has an abundance of admirable troops and boundless resources, it is because, as Mr. Lloyd George declared in his speech of November 12, with his wonted and most salutary frankness, after more than three years of war the Entente has no strategic plan. What is the cause of this unfortunate condition? That is what it is most important to ascertain first of all, for the Allies cannot think seriously of winning a decisive victory unless the problem of the strategy which is an indispensable necessity of their position is stated in such terms that it can readily be solved. But it has not yet been so stated. To be sure, Mr. Lloyd George dwelt upon the extreme gravity of the situation but, despite the fact that he is certainly the most keen-sighted of the leaders of the Entente in Europe, he did not point out definitely the positive remedies capable of putting an end to a state of affairs which is intolerable because it is infinitely dangerous.

The reason for this absence of concrete suggestions on Mr. Lloyd George's part is that, notwithstanding his great natural intelligence, he too is subject to that profound failure of insight in respect to the conduct of the war which has befallen all the leading men of the Entente without exception. This failure, which is wholly independent of their will, is due mainly to the fact that the present leaders of the Entente, having one and all been firmly convinced that the war would never take place, had not trained themselves intellectually to carry it on when it should break out.

Moreover, for we must set things down as they are, the majority of these leaders of the Entente knew the political geography of Europe only in the most superficial way. As for the ethnographic detail which plays in this war a fundamental part that is still far from being understood, they know absolutely nothing about it. It is the same with the practical political economy of Central Europe, of the Balkans, and of Turkey, and with their national psychology. Now, these sciences — geography, ethnography, political economy, and national psychology — are absolutely indispensable to the wise conduct of the war; and they do not teach themselves. It is altogether impossible to become familiar with them without hard work, long continued. That is why, even assuming that all the guiding spirits of the Entente are endowed with innate genius, it is absolutely impossible for them, held fast as they are at every moment by the daily, always urgent, demands of a war which took them entirely by surprise and in which they had to improvise everything, to acquire during the con-

flict that intellectual preparation without which the war cannot be effectively carried on.

Strictly speaking, it is possible, by spending enough money, to extemporize in two or three years a supply of war material, and armies in the shape of soldiers and regiments, whereas these same operations would require half a score of years in time of peace; but all the gold on earth is powerless to implant swiftly in any man's brain, however well endowed he may be, the enormous mass of positive knowledge which alone will enable him to evolve the guiding ideas which are indispensable for the conduct of a war so complex as this. Such knowledge and such ideas cannot spring to life spontaneously in a human brain; they cannot make their way into it, and arrange themselves there in the logical order of their relative importance except as the result of a mental training which demands, not only a native intelligence, but an enormous amount of time.

To acquire these essentials William II and his collaborators, despite the vast resources at their disposal, had to work a full quarter of a century. Now, not one of the leaders of the Entente had received, even in the most rudimentary form, down to twenty-five *days* before the war, the special kind of intellectual training without which it is impossible to direct effectively the conduct of this war, which resembles no other war in history because of the vast scope which the Germans have given to it and the endlessly varied methods which they are employing in carrying it on.

These reasons, then, furnish a simple explanation of the fact that, although all the leaders of the Entente have at last agreed to form an Allied Staff, in order to unify the conduct of the war, no one of them is able to say how this staff should be constituted to meet the special necessities of the conflict. Doubtless they understand perfectly — as indeed the great mass of the public understands — that this is not simply a military war, but a political one as well. But this idea of the connection between the war and politics is still extremely vague and confused. Consequently, then, it is essential, first of all, to give it a definite form.

I. THE REAL CHARACTER OF THE WAR

The first cause of the errors of the Allies in their conduct of the war is their failure thus far to understand clearly its predominant characteristic. Some say, 'This is a war of effectives.' Now the Allies have had for three years an overwhelming superiority in effectives. They have had entire liberty in arming them and making use of them, and yet they are not victorious.

Others of the Allies declare: 'This is a war of matériel.' Another mistaken idea. In the third year of the war the Allies, as a whole, certainly had more matériel at their disposition than their adversaries. Now if, in the second half of 1917, the Russians have given way; if the Italians have allowed their Friuli front to be pierced, it is because they chose not to avail themselves of the matériel on hand. In these instances, then, it is very clear that the moral factor far surpassed the material factor.

Lastly, others of the Allies declare that 'This is a war of credit. When Germany is ruined, she will go to pieces all in a moment.' These men do not understand that, although Germany's *external* credit is beyond question sorely shaken by the stoppage of her exports, on the other hand, her *internal* credit is constantly augmented by the enormous profits which the war enables her to realize.[1] Now this internal

[1] See my articles in the *Atlantic* for November, 1917.

credit is based upon actualities so evident that it will permit the Berlin government to negotiate all the internal loans it may desire, to support the burden of the war as long as is necessary. If the character of the war is not yet understood, it is because it has been shaped in every detail by the Germans themselves, who, having embarked upon it with a concrete end in view, have long been studying the question by what endlessly diversified means they might attain that end. It is their employment of these means which gives to the war its wholly unique character.

The Berlin government entered into this war in order to obtain by conquest the instruments of universal domination. As this was a far-reaching object, the Germans devoted themselves for a quarter of a century to studying all the military, naval, geographic, ethnographic, economic, and national-psychologic problems of the whole world, and especially of Europe. This preparation — profoundly scientific, we must admit — for the gigantic Pangermanist scheme, led the Germans to make a most thorough investigation, not only of everything relating to the army and navy, but also of four political sciences — geography, ethnology, political economy, and national psychology. These four sciences are known, outside of Germany, only in the theoretical or rudimentary stage, whereas the Germans have carried their study of them so far, that they derive from them immense practical powers which have a constant and far-reaching influence on the whole evolution of the war.

The Allied leaders do not even suspect the extreme importance of these factors — for two reasons. In the first place, not one of them has made a sufficient study of the four political sciences in their application to Central and Eastern Europe to realize the extraordinary efficacy of the intensive use that the Germans are making of them. Secondly, while the powers derived from the political sciences are immense, and as real as the X-rays, like those rays they are invisible.

The constant use of the political sciences, in enormous doses, made by the Germans in their conduct of the war, has this result: that the utilization of the military art alone, even the most highly perfected from a material standpoint, is absolutely insufficient to ensure victory to the Allies. It is because of their failure to understand this that, notwithstanding their boundless resources, they have condemned themselves to the most unremitting, the most cruel, the most heart-rending disappointments. As a matter of fact, this war not only is not solely a military and naval war — it is, in addition, a geographical war, an ethnographical war, an economic war, a war of national psychology. To define its endlessly complex character by a brief phrase which includes all these factors, we may say that it is a *war of political sciences.*

A few examples derived from actual events will prove that this is not a matter of words alone, but that the utilization of the political sciences is an absolute necessity for the Allies.

Down to the present time the swift invasion of Roumania — October–November, 1916 — has been regarded as a triumph of the German heavy artillery. But, while the action of the heavy artillery in forcing the Dobrudja and the passes of the Carpathians was the great physical fact, manifest to all, which determined the German victory, the effective use of the heavy guns was possible only because, long before the military movement was begun, the invasion of Roumania had been prepared for by the Staff at Berlin with the aid of a practical application of the political sciences.

Geographical preparation. In March, 1916, it was known that a system of espionage had been organized in the Roumanian Dobrudja by Germans who alleged archæological explorations as a pretext for their travels. The very precise information thus acquired by the Staff at Berlin was quite indispensable to it. In fact, the Roumanian Dobrudja is a swampy region of a very peculiar nature, altogether impassable under ordinary conditions by the immense and heavy matériel of modern armies. To move quickly through such a country, it was necessary to look ahead — to construct months beforehand, and have in readiness for use on the Bulgarian frontier, innumerable small bridges to be thrown across the streams, and enormous supplies of movable floors to be used in building, on the unstable soil, artificial roads practicable for motor caissons and the tractors of the heavy artillery.

It was the turning to account of the minute details of the geographical information in the hands of the Germans operating long before the invasion, which enabled her Staff to realize precisely the nature and amount of the special matériel which it was necessary to manufacture and to get together long before the offensive, in order to ensure, when it should be launched, a rapid forward movement of the troops at the predetermined points.

Ethnographical preparation. In the Dobrudja there were Bulgarians and Turks as well as Roumanians. Side by side with the geographical study went the ethnographical research, which made it possible to arrange systematically for a general uprising of these Pro-German elements — a movement which was considerably facilitated by the rapidity of the German invasion.

Economic preparation. Early in October, 1916, before the movement was begun, a number of merchants, experts in cattle and cereals, and certain specialists in political economy, assembled behind Falkenhayn's front, and were thus all ready to exploit Roumania after the invasion.

Therefore the overthrow of Roumania by means of military operations, — advance of the Kaiser's troops and effective employment of heavy artillery, — which alone were regarded by Allied public opinion as having had a decisive effect, was long anticipated by the geographical, ethnographical, and economic preparation for the military invasion, which was simply a consequence of that preparation. In fact, when one is familiar with the swampy character of the Dobrudja, one can but be satisfied that, without careful forethought for the geographical obstacles and without preparing the means to overcome them, the rapid advance of Falkenhayn's heavy artillery — an inescapable condition of military success after the offensive was started — would have been impossible. On the other hand, it was due to the previously arranged scheme for the economic exploitation of the country that the German troops were able to obtain their supplies on Roumanian territory and thus to force the Russo-Roumanian troops back without delaying. Now, this rapidity of movement was an essential condition of the military success. It is perfectly certain, therefore, in the case we are considering, that the military success of the Germans, which was apparent to all eyes, was achieved only by virtue of the previous employment of three extremely powerful invisible forces, derived from the practical application of geography, ethnography, and political economy — redoubtable forces of which the Allies have as yet made no use in any of their operations.

Utilization of national psychology. The recent occurrences in Russia and

Italy will enable me to demonstrate the even more tremendous power of that other political science — national psychology.

The extraordinary disruption of Russia by Germany, which entails such threatening consequences for the whole world, was brought about, not by force of arms, but by means of a moral propaganda carried on by speech or in print. The reason that this manœuvre has produced such tremendous results is that it was based upon exact data supplied by national psychology — a political science of which the Allies seem not even to suspect the existence. It was by favor of this science, no less subtle than powerful, founded on minute observations, that the Germans were able to exploit unerringly the extraordinary ignorance of actualities of the Russian Socialists, their immeasurable pride, and the artlessness, even the very genuine evangelical spirit, of the Russian people, which lead them naturally to forget affronts, and, lastly, the particularist tendencies of certain Russian nationalities, which the Boche propaganda has transformed into separatist movements to be immediately carried out. Thus the moral, and even the material, dissolution of the vast Russian ex-Empire of one hundred and eighty millions of people was made possible in a few months by the application of national psychology.

Now, although this force is invisible, it is unquestionably far greater than the most stupendous military force imaginable, since its knowledge of the national psychology of the mixed peoples of Russia enabled the Berlin government to obtain a result which could never have been obtained by millions of German troops using the most highly perfected weapons and the most terrifying explosives of the present day in greatest profusion.

Again, it was this same gigantic force, national psychology, which enabled the Boches to manufacture systematically the 'defeatist' frame of mind, by virtue of which they were able to break through the Italian front at Friuli, which they would probably never have succeeded in doing if they had had to carry by sheer assault the exceedingly strong mountain positions held by the Italians.

II. GERMAN STRATEGY AND THE THREE PHASES OF THE WAR

The utilization of these invisible forces by the Germans has varied in accordance with the changing phases of the war.

One can distinguish three very clearly marked phases in their conduct of the war. By studying them, we can appreciate how the Grand General Staff at Berlin has unvaryingly pursued the same end — the fulfillment of the Pangermanist plan of 1895–1911 — with the assistance of widely different methods, which, taken as a whole, constitute the 'strategy of political sciences,' which necessarily coördinates with the 'war of political sciences.'

First phase — from August 1, to the early days of October, 1914; about two months.

The Staff at Berlin plunged into war confident of a speedy triumph by means of a whirlwind campaign in two acts: first, utter defeat of France in five or six weeks, following an initial blow of formidable and unparalleled intensity; second, a powerful blow against Russia, which would certainly be incapable of resisting single-handed the German armies which had just triumphed over France.

If this scheme could have been carried out, Germany, after a contest of about three months, would have been mistress of the whole of Europe. In that case no Balkan campaign would

have been necessary. Serbia and Roumania would have had no other choice than to submit on the most severe conditions. As for Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, by the force of events they would have fallen under the absolute hegemony of Berlin. As a result of this new state of affairs Pan-Germany would have been constituted without visible effort, — automatically as it were, — thus assuring Prussianism of the domination of the rest of the world.

But the calculations of the German Grand General Staff were upset by events not only unforeseen but coincident: the invasion of East Prussia by the Russians, the resistance of Belgium, the intervention of Great Britain, the much greater consumption of munitions than had been anticipated, and, finally, by the victory of the Marne, which was in large measure the consequence of all these facts. During this first phase, marked throughout by violence carried to the point of frenzy, the German strategy was purely military — the strategy of political sciences had not yet appeared.

Second phase — from October, 1914, to December, 1917; about thirty-eight months.

At the beginning of October, 1914, William II's Grand Staff found itself constrained to abandon the idea of carrying through the Pangermanist scheme by means of the whirlwind campaign which it had prepared. It was obliged therefore to plan to attain its object by means of a long war. It resigned itself the more readily to this necessity because it knew that it was infinitely better supplied than the Allies with material to bring about the essential moral and physical conditions — various and complicated as they are — of a long-drawn struggle.

Furthermore, on the morrow of the battle of the Marne, the Staff had been in a position to appreciate the extraordinary defensive power of strongly fortified continuous points, consisting of deep trenches protected by barbed-wire entanglements; a defensive system the technique of which it had studied exhaustively since the Russo-Japanese War (1904–1905), whereas it was wholly unknown to the French and British. For these reasons, from the battle of the Marne (October, 1914) down to the end of the first phase of the offensive against Italy, that is, to December, 1917, a period of thirty-eight months, the whole tactics of Berlin has been directed to the object of carrying out a programme composed of the following elements: —

1. To organize an immovable defensive on the Western front, while pretending now and then to attempt a genuine attack.

2. To carry out without pause a series of circular offensives against Russia, Serbia, and Roumania, in order to seize one after another the territories of those states, which are essential to the constitution of Central Pan-Germany according to the plan of 1895.

3. To take advantage of these successive offensives on the Eastern fronts to go to the very vitals of Germany's allies, properly so-called: that is to say, under color of helping Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey to defend themselves against Russia, Serbia, and Roumania, to organize those three countries militarily and economically to the precise degree and in the precise form necessary to bring it about that even, at need, without changing their ancient names and the frontiers of 1914, they should contribute to practical purpose, and almost without suspecting it, to the constitution of Central Pan-Germany. The plan of 1895 assigned to Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey an

Map printed in Berlin in 1895, and distributed by the Pangermanist League, showing the frontiers of Central Pan-Germany 'as they should be in 1950.' It will be observed that the line of the projected frontier includes Italian (or Venetian) Friuli, which the Austro-Germans have recently taken, but stops a little short of their present front, as shown by the line added to the map by the author.

essential and indispensable part to play in its execution.

Let us, first of all, prove, with the aid of a document of unquestionable authenticity twenty-two years old, that this was actually the plan of the Berlin Staff.

The Pan-Germanist plan of 1895, which is that of Central Pan-Germany, the formation of which is the first condition of carrying out all the other Pangermanist plans, is set forth in detail in a pamphlet published at Berlin in 1895, with a colored map, under the title, *Greater Germany and Central Europe about 1950.* The extraordinary importance of this pamphlet is no longer open to question, for these three

reasons. First, from 1895 on it was spread broadcast among the German masses by the Pangermanist League (*Alldeutsche Verband*), whose action after that time in making war inevitable was as deplorable as it was persistent and notorious. Second: everything points to the probability that this action of the Pangermanist League toward executing a concrete scheme of annexations was secretly but very definitely agreed upon with the Berlin Grand Staff. Third: the force of this assumption is peremptorily proved by the fact that *the German Grand Staff, from the beginning of the second phase of the war, has carried it on in a way exactly in accord with the political Pangermanist plan set forth in the pamphlet of 1895.*

In very truth, after an interval of a score of years, coincidences so perfect as these between plans and their execution cannot assuredly be fortuitous. The verification of what I say is supplied by the map printed herewith, a reproduction of the map of the pamphlet of 1895, upon which I have had the colors represented by lines and have shown the German front as it was at the end of 1917. Now, it will be noticed that the German armies have stopped a little beyond the lines marking the future frontiers of Central Pan-Germany, or in the positions that are necessary to make sure the creation of the satellite states of Pan-Germany to the eastward. Thus, on the Eastern front, they have stopped on lines laid down beforehand, even when they had before them no Russian troops capable of opposing their further advance. Our map also enables us to declare on the most irrefutable testimony that the offensive against Italy — that is to say, first of all, the seizure of Italian Friuli, which was such a surprise to the Allied Staffs — was provided for most definitely in the plan of 1895. In fact, on our map, Italian Friuli is plainly included in Pan-Germany, and in the text of our pamphlet, *published in Berlin twenty-two years ago*, is a passage on the rectification of frontiers between Italy and Austria which the Pangermanists had already determined to be indispensable. On page 19 we read as follows: —

'The frontier between Italy and Austria will start at Marmolata, and will run by Monte Cristallo, Monte Croce, and Paralba to the water-shed between the Piave and the Tagliamento. It will continue by Monte Cridola, Monte Premaggiore, Monte Valcolda, and Spilimberga, and will follow the line of the lower Tagliamento to the sea.'

Now, on November 22, Italian aviators recorded the fact, confirmed by German officer-prisoners, that extensive fortifications had been constructed by the Austro-Germans to form a Hindenburg line 'on the line of the Tagliamento,' that is to say, precisely on the frontier-line laid down in 1895.

Lastly, the Austro-Boche schemes of annexation in this region have been plainly asserted. In the orders of the day to his troops on November 4, the Emperor of Austria described the invasion of Italian Friuli as the 'liberation of my territory on the Adriatic littoral,' a phrase which suggests explicitly both the idea of premeditation and the idea of conquest.

Let us remark in passing that, as in the matter of Poland and indeed in all others, the Emperor of Austria coöperates docilely in the execution of the Pangermanist ideas of Berlin. Certain persons of the Entente believe that the government of Vienna is subjugated by Berlin, whose tyrannous yoke it would be glad to shake off. Nothing of the sort is true. Even though the hegemony of Berlin may be offensive to Austrian self-esteem, the leaders in

Vienna and Budapest submit to it readily enough for this simple reason: the dynasty of the Hapsburgs realizes perfectly well that its fate is bound up with that of the Prussian autocracy, and that it can save itself only by saving the Hohenzollerns, that is to say, by strengthening the enormous extension of Prussian militarism. If this point of view had been grasped at the outset by the Entente, blunders resulting in endless evil consequences could never have been committed.

Our pamphlet and map prove therefore that in the second phase of the war the German Staff subordinated everything to the determination to create Central Pan-Germany first of all. This determination is easily explained when one is familiar with the Pangermanist ideas and the conditions of their fulfillment. Brought abruptly face to face, after the battle of the Marne, with a redoubtable coalition which it had not foreseen, and which threatened to take in the whole world, the German Staff knew perfectly well that the military forces alone of Germany and Austria-Hungary, in view of the ineradicable hostility of the Slavs and Latins who form the majority of the population of the Empire of the Hapsburgs, and because of the insufficient food-supply of the Central Empires, could not resist the combined forces of Russia, France, and Great Britain. On the other hand, the exhaustive investigations pursued for more than twenty years in preparation for putting into effect the Pangermanist plan, had shown the German staff that a Central Pan-Germany actually constituted, comprising, in addition to the Central Empires, the Balkans and Turkey, would contain all the military and economic elements necessary to confront a formidable coalition.

Indeed, it was because it had been established before the war that Central Pan-Germany would supply Germany with the means of universal domination, that the war was begun. Under these conditions, then, it was absolutely logical that the German Staff, before seeking to obtain a final decision in the West should have determined to create a Central Pan-Germany, either at the expense of Russia, Serbia, and Roumania, or, by dissembling its purpose, at the expense of Berlin's own allies, who, by the very fact of this creation of Pan-Germany would automatically become more and more completely the vassals of Germany.

It is not true, therefore, as people still say incessantly among the Allies because of their extraordinary and obstinate ignorance of the Pangermanist plan, that the Germans, for three years past, have by their circular offensives simply been seizing territorial pledges; no — during the second phase of the war the Germans have taken possession of the various fragments of territory essential to the formation of Central Pan-Germany, not regarding them as pledges, but as acquisitions long anticipated, or as destined to remain forever in subjection to the will of Berlin.

Of course, to refute my interpretation of events, any one can say, 'But Verdun proves that the Germans wished to break through on the Western front early in 1916.' This objection has only an apparent or very imperfect force. In reality, the German offensive against Verdun was of a twofold character which is not yet understood by the Allies, still because of their ignorance of the Pangermanist plan. In the conception of the German staff the Verdun operation had, not one, but two objectives — a *maximum* and a *minimum*. If the maximum objective could have been secured, that is to say, if the morale of the French *poilus* could

have been destroyed by the length and the savagery of the German offensive; if the Germans had succeeded in breaking through and taking Paris, France, struck to the heart, would unquestionably have been put out of the war. Verdun, therefore, may and should be regarded as an attempt to break through and to resume the warfare of movement.

But what must be clearly understood is that, even if they had been certain at the outset that this maximum result was absolutely impossible of attainment, still the Germans would have undertaken the Verdun operation; for to them it had its full justification in view of the extreme importance of the *minimum* objective which it had in the conception of the Staff — an objective which, as we shall see, was in conformity with the general decision at Berlin to constitute Central Pan-Germany first of all, before really thinking of annihilating France by a genuine offensive.

This demonstration brings me to the setting forth of a series of points of view which have never, to my knowledge, been suggested.

Not until the early days of 1916, did Germany, as a sequel of the recent seizure of Serbia, come into direct geographical contact with Bulgaria and Turkey. Berlin was still a long way from having organized the various resources of those two countries — resources which were indispensable to her to enable her to continue the war.

Now, at that very time, certain persons in France were making persistent efforts to have the French and British supply the expeditionary force at Saloniki with the powerful means of action which it ought to have. These efforts were on the point of success, for a very large body of public opinion had become convinced of the considerable importance of the Balkan theatre. If therefore the Eastern army of the Allies had received quickly the powerful reinforcements which the leaders in Paris and London did not give it, as the Bulgarians had not as yet the necessary matériel for fortifying themselves strongly, it is exceedingly probable that the Allies would have been able to recover the Danube front, that is, the strategic position which was the key of the whole war; for its possession alone, by putting into effect automatically the land blockade of Austria-Germany, and depriving her of the men and supplies without which she could not go on fighting, would have assured the Entente a complete victory, with efforts tenfold less vigorous than those which have been compulsorily decided upon, with the result that we know.

The German Staff, realizing fully that the lengthening of the war would be of advantage only to that one of the two groups of belligerents which should be in possession of the Danube front, spied an immense peril in the campaign carried on in France in favor of Saloniki. It determined therefore, at any cost, to prevent the Allies from ascribing to their actions in the Balkans the importance which would have made it possible to bring to naught all the Pangermanist plans. To divert the attention of the Allies from Saloniki–Belgrade, a violent and persistent offensive against Verdun was the best expedient that could be imagined, given the fact that the Pangermanist scheme was at that time wholly unknown to the Allied leaders.

In fact, the Verdun operation, by threatening the very heart of France, presented from the German standpoint this enormous psychological advantage, that it apparently justified those of the French and British leaders, who at that time regarded the Saloniki

expedition with the opposite of sympathy. Indeed, early in 1916 they were still claiming that the Balkans could not have any decisive influence on the result of the war, since they were sure, as they declared, that they could break through the Western front — which they called the most important one — whenever and wherever they chose.

Under these conditions it is easy to see why a part of the press also — and hence of public opinion — was hostile to the Saloniki expedition, in France, but especially in England, This being so, a vigorous offensive against Verdun could not fail to strengthen these currents running counter to the Balkan expedition by seeming to justify the opposition that had been offered to it. Thus the minimum — but exceedingly important — objective of the Verdun operation consisted in preventing the Allies from shifting the chief theatre of the war to the Balkans in the beginning of 1916. This minimum objective was completely attained.

Unquestionably the Verdun operation was expensive to the Kaiser's troops; but in reality those enormous sacrifices had their justification, since they resulted in enabling Berlin to complete the formation of Central Pan-Germany, which alone could furnish the means of contending against the world-wide coalition. It cannot be denied that Verdun, by reason of the Allies' ignorance of the Pangermanist plan, caused them to throw away their last chance of sending sufficient reinforcements to the Balkan front before the Austro-Germans and Bulgars had the necessary time and matériel to make it, humanly speaking, about as hard to break through as the Western front.

Third phase — from December, 1917 to ——. As Central Pan-Germany has become an accomplished fact in thirty-eight months, and as its military and political forces have been sufficiently developed, the combined consequences of the length of the war and of the existence of Central Pan-Germany, have manifested themselves in accordance with the anticipations of the German Staff. As Russia, under the government of the Tsar, was not put in a condition to sustain a long struggle either morally or materially, — indeed, the Petrograd government was never capable of doing so, — and as she was, later, completely disorganized by the Maximalist traitors and maniacs, she has foundered. As a consequence Roumania is reduced to impotence. Thus, at the moment that I am writing these words, only the Allied army at Saloniki continues to embarrass the German Staff. But that army not having been reinforced sufficiently to form as dangerous a menace as was necessary, the Staff has already, in effect, a sufficiently free hand in the East to enter upon the third and last phase of the war, that is to say, to concentrate on the Western front the whole of the disposable forces of Pan-Germany, — Germans, Austro-Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Turks, — in order to make another trial of the war of movement likely to bring about the final decision.

At this moment the concentration is proceeding with all possible speed. But we must thoroughly grasp the fact that in the German scheme the general offensive in the West is regarded as a very complex operation, necessitating recourse to the strategy of the political sciences, and hence of national psychology, which lies at the root of all the German pacifist manœuvres.

III. THE GERMAN PACIFIST MANŒUVRES AND POLITICAL STRATEGY

In reality Germany has succeeded in creating Central Pan-Germany only

with the aid, since the beginning of the second phase of the war, of her six main pacifist manœuvres: a separate peace between Berlin and one of the Entente Allies; a separate peace between Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary and the Entente; the democratization of Germany; peace through the International; the armistice trick; and the drawn game of the deceptive formula, 'peace without annexations or indemnities.'

These six manœuvres, which have served in some sort as a screen for the never-ending military achievements of the German armies, had as their chief object the exploitation to the utmost extent of the intellectual lacunæ of which the Germans had detected the existence among the Allies — that is to say: —

1. The incredible yet indubitable ignorance on their part of the Pan-germanist plan. Even at the present moment this ignorance is still so great that some of the leaders and some even of the great newspapers of the Entente are wondering what Germany's real war-aims can be, when they have been laid bare for twenty-two years past in numberless German publications, and the whole German people knows them, and the geographical boundaries of Pan-Germany correspond exactly to those indicated in the basic plan of 1895, as our map shows. It is this undeniable ignorance on the part of the Allies which has enabled the Germans constantly to spread the belief that they were going to stop; whereas in reality they have planned and executed without a pause the series of offensives destined to constitute Central Pan-Germany.

2. The credulity of the Allied diplomacy, which ever since the outbreak of war has allowed itself to be deluded into incessant negotiations, official or semi-official, with the Turks, the Bulgars, and the government of Vienna. This credulity contributed largely to the loss by the Allies of the Danube front, the key to the war.

3. The credulity of the Allied Socialists, which is as extraordinary as that of the diplomatists. The Socialists have been hoodwinked by means of the Stockholm manœuvre, which has had the following disastrous results: the accession to power of Lenine; anarchy in Russia; the capture of Riga; the conquest of the Baltic; the fact that many Allied Socialists have declared their adherence to the Boche formula of 'no annexations or indemnities,' without a suspicion that its application would assure the overwhelming triumph of Prussian militarism and the autocracy; the piercing of the Italian front through the 'defeatist' campaign; and, finally, the armistice with Russia and Roumania, which puts them at Germany's discretion while leaving her at liberty to devote all the effectives at her disposal to the final offensive in the West.

This last manœuvre was sure to be attended by a lot of others, of which the chief are easily detected already. Portugal is to be detached from the Entente. The recent pronunciamento, issued at Lisbon early in December, 1917, has begun the process. Switzerland, deeply undermined by the German propaganda, as was proved by the disturbances at Zurich in November last, is to be violated. If the passage of troops through Switzerland should become possible, the Germans would seize Marseilles and Toulon. France would then be cut off from the Mediterranean, and the situation for which the Boche propaganda has long been laying wires in Spain, would then produce all the results foreseen. The scheme is to align Spain against the Entente through the medium of the junta of pro-German officers who are

to create a military dictatorship, receiving its orders from Berlin and managed by Prince von Ratibor, German Ambassador at Madrid.

To sum up — the 'idealistic' offensive of Pan-Germany against all of Western Europe which is still outside the rays of the light that shines from Berlin, as it is projected by the Staff of William II, is to be executed finally by means of a land attack, on a line which will form a complete envelopment on the day when the intrigues of Berlin have reached their fruition in Switzerland and Spain. Furthermore, it is probable that the attack on the Western front will be made up of several simultaneous Verduns, in order to involve the Franco-British troops, admirable in their gallantry and courage, but manifestly fatigued by three years and a half of atrocious warfare, in a momentary weakness which will make possible the piercing of the wall behind which the freedom of the world is still sheltered.

It is clear, moreover, that the general offensive of the Pan-German forces against the Western front must, in order to be successful, take place before American troops, having gone through the training that is indispensable to make them into effective fighting men, have arrived in sufficient numbers to reinforce that front.

Let us glance now at the other side. If the German offensive now in preparation on the West presents a very serious and undeniable danger, we must consider as well that it will have to reckon with many contingencies. The disposable forces of Pan-Germany which can be concentrated on the Western front are tired out, whereas the Allied troops on that front are infinitely more numerous, better equipped and disciplined than they were at the time of the attack on Verdun. It is extremely probable, therefore, that the Verdun achievement will be repeated on a gigantic scale, thus postponing the definitive decision and giving the Allies another chance to conquer Pan-Germany if they decide to make use at long last of the large unemployed forces existing in Pan-Germany itself which I have described in a previous paper.

The grave nature of these contingencies is well understood at Berlin. That is why the preparation for the general offensive against the Western front is sure to be attended by the same pacifist manœuvres which, by bringing about anarchy in the Russian front and rear, have enabled the German Staff to avoid an expensive military movement which the moral downfall of Russia has made unnecessary, while leaving the Germans to become *de facto* masters of the former Empire of the Tsars by virtue of the monstrous Maximalist delusion.

It is plain, in truth, that if — let us pose this hypothesis in order to make our argument plausible — a decided moral backsliding should manifest itself among the Allies in the West, the general military offensive against them of the forces of Pan-Germany, involving such great losses and so many contingencies, would cease to have any purpose; for fallacious negotiations on the basis of a so-called peace by agreement, of which the negotiations of the Boches with the Maximalists give a very succinct idea, would suffice to assure Germany of a complete victory, avoiding the necessity of its making itself manifest by a brilliant military operation as a tangible sign.

For this reason. The war-expenditures of France and Great Britain are so formidable that, unless the conflict ends with the utter defeat of Germany, making possible a progressive reparation for the incredible damage caused by her, a few months of the Boche peace — the 'peace by agreement' —

would suffice to cause, if our hypothesis should prove true, the French and English bank-notes to lose their value, and there would ensue in France and Great Britain a financial, economic, and moral disaster of such gigantic proportions that those two countries could no longer offer the slightest resistance to the constantly augmented economic and military resources of triumphant Pan-Germany. At that moment the Germans, without the slightest risk, could overrun France as far as Bayonne. And on the day when affairs reached this pass, the Germans would meet with no serious obstacle to their projected invasion of the British Isles.

IV. CONCLUSIONS

The analysis we have made of the German methods of warfare proves that the strategy of the Grand Staff at Berlin, infinitely more complex than the purely military variety, is a strategy of the political sciences.

This is a result of the fact that the creation of the complex Pangermanist scheme has led the Germans to realize that the solution of every great problem susceptible of statement demands for its performance an accurate acquaintance with, and, generally speaking, the employment of six well-defined factors: a military factor; a naval factor (in fact a problem that seems to affect only the centre of Europe always has in certain aspects some reaction on the general naval situation); a geographical factor; an ethnological factor; an economic factor; and a national-psychologic factor.

It results from this that a military operation to be executed on land, on the sea, or in the air, as soon as it proves to have any relation whatsoever to the general conduct of the war, is not decided upon at Berlin until the following points have been determined by means of a documentation always kept in sight.

1. The military or naval, geographical, ethnographical, economic, and national-psychologic conditions of the execution of the operation proposed.

2. If the operation should be successful, what would be its military, naval, geographical, ethnological, economic, and national-psychologic reactions on the general situation?

The result of these considerations is that the solution of every problem presented by the general conduct of the war requires the solution of an equation with six unknown quantities, not one of which is negligible.

To place in relief the extreme importance of this last aspect of the matter, I will take as an example the unknown ethnographic quantity. The determination of this quantity is so indispensable to the proper conduct of the world-war, that the German Grand Staff, although already possessed of a documentation of exceptional value on the ethnographic questions, carefully got together in peace-time, does not, nevertheless, deem itself justified in neglecting other sources of information. That is why it has mobilized in its service all Germans who are specially familiar with foreign countries, particularly those who are experts as to the various nationalities of Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, and Russia. Thus no major operation which may have an effect on foreign peoples is decided upon at Berlin until the opinion of these specialists has been most seriously considered.

It was by virtue of this information, — of a purely psychological and intellectual order, — that the Germans were able to obtain in the East, and especially in Russia, the successes of which we are all aware, although the normal condition of affairs was exceed-

ingly unfavorable to them, and would have remained so, had the Allies known enough to make the very slight effort which would have sufficed to effect that result.

To summarize, then — it is in the strategy of scientific politics — that is to say, in the intellectual management of the war in every domain — that the whole secret of the German victories resides. In like manner, it is the ignorance on the part of the Allies of this kind of strategy which explains their successive set-backs and their constant disappointments despite the superabundance of their material resources. Now, this ignorance is so undeniable that, after three years and a half of war, it is impossible to point to a single operation of theirs, of which the geographical, ethnological, economic, and national-psychologic conditions of its execution have been first seriously studied. They have not even thought of such a thing; and at the present moment their leaders have no organization intellectually equipped to solve a complete strategic equation.

But such an organization is absolutely essential to winning a victory. All the elements exist for creating it whenever they choose, in such wise that it will give practical results with comparative promptitude.

This is what I propose to prove in my next article.[1]

[1] To be printed in the April *Atlantic*.

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF FRANCE

BY OCTAVE FORSANT

I

THE four compositions given below, taken from the collection of papers written for the examinations for the Diploma in 1915, and reproduced word for word, give a clearer idea than any commentary of the mental qualities of the children of Rheims. I may add that the details given are as exact as possible.

This is how young André Deligny describes the entry of the Germans at Rheims on September 4, 1914.

'After breakfast, and without asking my parents' leave, because I knew very well that it would not have been granted, I started out alone to see the Germans, who had just arrived in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. In front of the Mayor's office I saw ten or twelve horses hitched to lamp-posts; some German cavalry were going to and fro on the opposite sidewalk, with their hands behind their backs and looking rather ill at ease. One of the policemen who were holding back the crowd made us fall back, saying that the German Staff was just coming. It was n't long before they came. A magnificent limousine drove out of rue Colbert. Five officers got out, revolvers in hand, and the car went in under the arch at the left.

'Suddenly there was a loud report like a clap of thunder. We pricked up

our ears, but the policeman reassured us, saying that the Germans were firing blank shots to celebrate the arrival of their staff. In a minute there was a second shot, and a third, and finally a fourth which sounded much louder than the others. At the same time pieces of iron and lumps of lead came tumbling down from the roofs near-by, and the policeman cried, "Sauve qui peut!"

'I understood then that it was a bombardment. I ran off in a fright; I don't even know now through what streets I ran, until I came out on Place d'Erlon. The square was deserted; there was nothing to be seen but an abandoned tram-car, without a conductor. At that sight I was more frightened than ever, I ran faster, and during that frantic race I had to lie flat on my stomach several times for fear of the shells. At last I got home: my mother was standing at the door, anxious enough; but I told her I was all right and confessed my disobedience. That bombardment taught me a lesson, and I determined not to go out any more without my parents' consent. I was made very sad by what I had seen: they were the first atrocities committed by the Germans in Rheims, where they were to commit so many others.'

Young Angélina Menny describes in these words the return of the French to Rheims eight days after September 12, as the result of the Victory of the Marne.

'The eighth day we had spent under the German yoke had come to an end, as always, in sadness and despair. Suddenly a cannon-shot like a thunderclap made us jump. Two or three more followed, and then the cannon roared without interruption. Hope sprang again: could it be the French returning? After a sleepless night during which we heard the rain and wind and cannon roaring, we were just going home when — oh, a miracle! — we saw in the distance the red trousers. In a few seconds all the streets were hung with flags. We had suffered so terribly to see our city occupied by the enemy and to hear the Boches singing their hymn of victory in every street! How great was our joy to see our defenders once more! We no longer felt our weariness. Everybody ran after them; people embraced them, and laughed, and wept, and acted like madmen. You would have said that a mother had found her child who she thought was lost.

'The shops were not large enough for their customers; everybody was offering sweets to our liberators. When they came in front of the Hôtel de Ville, the Mayor received them and saluted them from the steps. Many Germans surrendered in the streets. That will be the happiest day of my life.'

Lecoq Raymond, a pupil, tells in these words of one of the numerous bombardments of which he was a spectator and nearly a victim.

'Day before yesterday we were just eating breakfast. It was half-past seven when a shell passed over our heads and burst a hundred metres away. We jumped to our feet and listened. The shells were falling now by fours in our quarter and bursting with a tremendous crash. From the house we could hear the noise of falling tiles and beams and all sorts of things. Through the open window — it was a warm morning — we watched the smoke, sometimes white, sometimes gray or reddish, rise in the air, taking strange shapes; and at the same time the fumes of burning powder got into our throats. The hissing noises came fast, one on another. A shell burst 50 metres from our house; a yellowish smoke rose from it, and with a sharp hiss a fragment buried itself in the wall a metre from the window. We hurried

down into the cellar and stayed there an hour; then, as the bombardment had stopped, we went up, and resumed our ordinary life.

'The next day I went out to see what damage had been done: unhappily there was a great deal. As I walked along, I saw the doors of the shops which were still occupied open; people went and came without hurrying, looking at the ruins. A traveling kitchen went through the street with a pleasant smell of soup. Housekeepers were going to and fro, one with a basket on her arm. A nice old man who had not left his house went out to get his newspaper. For my part, I took my school satchel and went off to school, where I tried to work hard so as to obtain the Diploma as a reward of my efforts.'

Last of the four, Georgette Thierrus tells the story of the battle of Thillois, near Rheims, which she saw with her own eyes.

'In the last ten months many historical events have occurred: one of them happened in my village, and I shall never forget it. Early in September the villages near mine were occupied by the Germans; ours was visited by only a few of the enemy. But on the second, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the invaders appeared, to the number of several thousand. They quartered themselves and passed the night in the houses and lofts and barns. The next morning they started early and dug trenches in the fields. Several officers said to us, "Hide in your cellars or clear out; the French are coming, and we're going to fight."

'We did not believe a word of it; we thought that they meant to pillage our houses. Not at all — what they said was quite true. In fact, at a quarter past two the machine-guns which the Germans had set up in the church tower began to crackle, then the cannon roared loudly; several of the guns were near our houses. The French did not fire on the village, because they wanted to spare the people, but into the near-by fields. They attacked the Germans several times, but were driven back. It was not until four in the afternoon that, victorious at last, they made their way into the village and drove the Germans out with the bayonet. Alas! about two hundred of our soldiers had fallen. The Germans had had losses too, but they made haste to burn their dead. Once more the French had shown their gallantry and courage, for they had been victorious over superior forces.

'I think that it was a very beautiful death for my fellow countrymen, sacrificing themselves thus to defend their country, and I wish with all my heart that their souls may enjoy the everlasting happiness they deserve.'

II

Finally, here are a few extracts from my own journal of life at Rheims, particularly of school-life, during the bombardment.

Rheims, an open city, has been without remission under the enemy's fire from September 12, 1914, to this day. As the school year does not begin till October, I will say nothing here of what happened in August and September, 1914. However, there is much to be said of life in Rheims during that period, when, in the course of a few days, we passed with confusing rapidity from blind and enthusiastic confidence in victory to fears of invasion, to general panic, to crowded flight from the city, and, finally, to the horrors of German invasion!

We lived much out-of-doors, the weather being superb; the streets were always black with people. During the first days the crowd was especially

dense on the Laon bridge, from which could be seen, day and night, the long garlanded convoys which followed one another at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, carrying our troops, light-hearted and singing. After that people collected rather on the driveways in front of the railway station where the first prisoners were brought, whom every one wanted to see; and before long — in the night-time — our first wounded.

About August 11 the flood of Belgians fleeing before the enemy and straggling through the Cérès faubourg, gave us our first glimpse of the terrible reality. From that time until early in September, that daily picture grew more and more sombre. After the Belgians of Liége came those of Charleroi; then our ill-fated compatriots from Givet, Mezières, and Rethel, falling back in haste before a foe who drove them like a flock of sheep. And we looked on at the pitiable procession of those poor creatures herding before them their loitering lean cattle; the old creaky wagons with a bale or two of hay on the floor, on which were heaped pell-mell children and old men, kitchen stove and bird-cage, and little family keepsakes, often of the most trivial sort.

Then came the retreat of our army. First the corps of mobilized customs officers marched through the Cérès faubourg in column of fours. Then the dragoons, the hussars, and the rest of the cavalry who had gone to the front with such enthusiasm a fortnight before; they were now to re-form behind Rheims, awaiting the time for falling back again to the Marne, where the 'great stand' was to be made, at last.

February 2, 1915. What grievous sights in these streets, for six months under bombardment! The windows of the fine shops, almost all shattered by the explosions, have been replaced, here by a shop-front three fourths of wood, with a pane or two of glass in it; yonder by shutters made entirely of wood, so that the door has to be kept open to light the interior; in other places by unplaned boards or by sheet-iron. On rue de Talleyrand some large panes, badly cracked, have been mended with strips of paper of all colors. On rue des Deux-Anges an instrument-maker's shop is closed by box-lids with the inscription, which happens to be just where the door used to be, 'Open on this side.' Not far away, a tailor's shop, formerly of great consequence, is indicated by this simple line written in ink with a pointed stick: '*Auberge, Tailor — Civil and Military.*' A dealer in motor-cycles on rue de l'Étape has gone to even less expense, and, in his haste, has simply scrawled in chalk on the panels of his door, in huge letters: 'For cyclists' supplies, apply at the nearest shop.' On a corner of the same street a saloon-keeper has boarded up his place with the leaves of his table. And on the public monuments, in the squares, pretty nearly everywhere, printed on green paper that attracts the eye, but is torn half across and defaced, appears the detestable German 'Proclamation,' informing the people of Rheims that, the enemy forces having taken possession of the 'city and fortress' (!), there is nothing for them to do but behave themselves if they do not wish to incur some of the numerous penalties to which they are liable — notably, hanging. Then follows a long, interminable list of hostages.

Do not imagine, however, that the city, although bombarded every day, is a dead city. On rue de Vasles the traffic is active enough between eight and ten o'clock in the morning and after two in the afternoon, for our excellent neighbors, always most methodical, generally shower us with bombs between ten and two. A number of shops are open, and well patronized,

too; the 'civil' customers, contrary to what one might expect, are as numerous as the military.

Monday, February 22, 1915. Such a fearful night! The weather was superb yesterday (Sunday): bright sunshine, temperature mild, and absolutely calm; all Rheims was out-of-doors. At five minutes to nine in the evening an ominous whistling was heard, followed by an explosion very near; almost immediately there were more whistlings and more explosions, and more and more, without a pause. We all ran hurriedly down to the cellar, where some neighbors soon joined us. We stayed there till twenty minutes past two. Outside the shells went whistling by continuously, in gusts of eight or ten, and those incessant whistlings echoed under the arches of our place of refuge, splitting our ears with the crash.

About eleven o'clock, in a momentary lull, I went up to the attic. I could distinguish four or five huge fires. Ten minutes had not passed when renewed explosions, close at hand, warned me that the shower was not at an end.

When I returned to the cellar the women who had hurried to that shelter and had seated themselves there, as best they could, on chairs and benches and planks, were shivering with cold. Their nervous excitement manifested itself in a different way in each of them. Mademoiselle P—— laughed continually — a nervous laugh which it was painful to hear; Mademoiselle C—— talked incessantly, as if to forget herself and to seem self-possessed; and Madame F——, at every near-by explosion, cried out wildly, 'Still another!'

The shells fell in front and behind, in the canal, in the fields (where often they did not explode), on the neighboring houses (where they made an infernal uproar), in the distance, in the centre of the city, everywhere. Half-past two, three o'clock came and went, and, numb with cold as well as overcome with fatigue, we went up to bed. But, notwithstanding our overwhelming weariness, how could we sleep after such horrors?

This morning, I am told that no less than 3000 or 4000 shells fell in Rheims during the night. Not a single district was spared, but rue de Vesles was especially unfortunate. There must be many victims in the city. On rue de l'Étape two women were buried in the ruins of their house, and the firemen who, all too few in number, strove vainly all night long to put out the fires, have just started out to liberate those who are imprisoned in the ruins.

Monday, March 29. Still another bad day. Since six in the morning the aeroplanes have been flying in every direction. At a quarter past eleven a Boche plane flew over the Courlancy quarter and dropped five bombs, one on the road to Bizannes, where it killed a woman. Tremendous excitement among the school-children of Courlancy when they heard those tremendous reports. I had the children collected in a small square room in the middle of the building which seems to me more sheltered than the others. A word of encouragement to them all, and the children recovered their cheerful aspect; and, when the aeroplane had passed over, the classes were resumed within a quarter of an hour. The next day not a child was missing; such is the effect that German bombs produce on the children of Rheims!

Sunday, September 19. There is much talk in the city of a proclamation of General Joffre, which is said to have been read to the troops at three o'clock to-day. Some people believe that they can give its exact words. Mademoiselle F—— 'fortifies' Madame L——'s class-room with rows of chests filled with linen, with tables

piled on each other, with furniture and armchairs, and places a bed on top! The entrance to the cellar is closed with bags filled with stones. I order the linen closets on the first floor to be emptied and the contents taken down to the cellar. We place all the furniture and the piano in the kitchen, which seems to be less exposed. To-day there is still less animation in the city, and we can hear a very intense cannonading by our own forces on the eastern front.

January 31, 1916. I have performed to-day one of the most painful duties of my office. To the roaring of the cannon we attended the obsequies of Madame Communal, a young teacher, who died prematurely of a disease that had been undermining her health for several months. At eight in the morning, the whole staff met at the house of death in the Laon faubourg. It was a magnificent day, an ideal time for Taubes and Fokkers. By rues Anquetil, Saint-Thierry, and Mont d'Arène, the procession wended its way to rue des Trois Fontaines, to the chapel of a private school now become the humble church of the district, the Church of Saint-Thomas not being in condition to be used. The priest, an aged country curé, began to say Mass. Throughout the service we heard the loud reports of heavy guns; and bursting bombs responded in the Litany. The roar of the instruments of death thus punctuating the funeral ceremony, whose religious tranquillity they disturbed, was tremendously impressive! The little church was full to overflowing; in the front rows was the whole staff of Rheims teachers, who had come from the most distant parts of the city, without thought of the danger, to bring the last testimony of their bereaved sympathy for a colleague for whom they had a special esteem.

And now we are on the way to the North Cemetery, so frequently bombarded and peppered with shells. The custodian was killed there recently before his door, and the number of victims killed by the enemy on the Place de la République near-by is too great to count. The family burial lot is at the far end of the cemetery. The procession moves through endless winding paths, passing among tombs shattered or marred by shells, beside disemboweled graves and felled trees. At last we arrive. In a few words, I review the life of the deceased, all devotion to her duties — her professional qualities; then, a last farewell, and the crowd melts away.

Friday, March 3. At a quarter past eight this morning some one came in hot haste to tell me that a shell fell last night in a room of the school on Place Bétheny, where it demolished everything.

'What is to be done?' the principal asked.

'Close the school immediately.'

I went at once to the school. There was an enormous hole in the front wall, and fragments of the shell made possible its identification as a 150 *mm.* The classroom was, of course, filled with plaster, the doors twisted, the walls and ceiling riddled with holes. This room had been opened only a month. What good fortune that this accident did not happen during the session! I went to lay the situation before the mayor. I wanted to close the least protected schools for a month, especially those in Place Bétheny and rues du Ruisselet and Anquetil; but the mayor insisted upon keeping them open. However, the Bétheny School is to be transferred to the Mumm cellars, the former location of the Joffre School, which will thus be born again.

Wednesday, October 25. Another 'fine bombardment.' The shower of bombs was generally distributed and was more

severe than we have had for many a long day — nearly a year. In the morning the *communiqué* announcing the recapture of Douaumont had made everybody happy. About a quarter past two, there were several of the familiar whistling noises followed by the usual explosions, very near the Paris faubourg. And that went on and on until five o'clock. As a measure of prudence I had had the children of the kindergarten taken down into the special room. At three o'clock I went down to see what was going on and sent the two lowest classes to share the protection of the little ones' shelter. They made much noise, as there were a great many of them; and since we could not hear even the explosions, one teacher stayed in the yard to observe the direction of the firing. There were nearly a hundred and sixty pupils: was not that a target? If ever a shell should fall in these schools!

After half an hour I went up to my own quarters. In the class-room below, the older pupils of the supplementary courses, to whom their teacher was reading one of Molière's comedies, were bursting with laughter. That is one way of forgetting danger. The bombardment continued. The shells fell every ten or twelve seconds, to the right, to the left, or in front of the schools, but always a short distance away. I gave instructions not to send the children home alone for some time to come; but already many parents had come to fetch their own, despite the great risk they ran in passing through the streets at that time.

And still the whistlings and explosions went on! A quarter past four, half-past four, a quarter to five; almost no pupils are left, and the bombardment seems to be localized at Flé-chambault. The last group of children is sent home; as the pupils in the supplementary courses live at some distance, I advise against letting them go until it is once more entirely quiet, and request Mademoiselle Philippe to keep the very last ones until some one calls for them.

At six o'clock the bombardment continues, still in the same direction. It seems that shells have fallen again all over the city. Surely the dead and the 3500 German prisoners of Douaumont are well avenged by their fellow bandits! Who can say how many victims have fallen in this bombardment 'by way of reprisal'?

Friday, March 30, 1917. At half-past two I went to headquarters to confer with the commander of the garrison. Then I sent to each principal a circular prepared with a view of forestalling anything like panic: 'Please note that the holidays for your school will begin this afternoon at half after four.' This is only *the day before* the regular beginning of the Easter holidays. This measure seems to me not only urgent but absolutely necessary.

Thus, on the eve of the last terrible bombardments, in the course of which sixty thousand shells fell on the city, the schools of Rheims, which had been open nearly thirty months, were closed.

Delivered at last from that long and heart-breaking agony, it is not without a satisfaction easy to understand that I reckon up the results secured: it is impossible to doubt that the schools in the cellars have performed a genuine service for the parents and a still greater service for the children, and all without the slightest mishap to lessen the joy which we have found in doing our duty.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN THEORIES OF WAR

BY GENERAL BARTHÉLEMY EDMOND PALAT[1]

I

In France, after the period of prostration that followed the War of 1870, theories of strategy and tactics swiftly took a new direction. As the new army increased in strength, the former tendencies toward the defensive system began to disappear. Much profound study was given to the wars of the First Empire, and the secret of Napoleon's victories was sought in manœuvres alone. It came to be believed that the *offensive* was indispensable in every case. Doubtless there was merit in that doctrine. France owed to it, particularly, the resurrection of the military spirit which was destined to be one of the outstanding facts in the years preceding the present war. But it was accompanied by serious disadvantages. To all intent it presupposed a war of manœuvres, an 'open-air' war, in which evolutions would be easily carried out and of great extent — that is to say, a war absolutely different from that which we have seen on the Franco-German front ever since the victory of the Marne.

Our staffs had not paid sufficient attention to the lessons of recent wars — perhaps because they were still hypnotized by the campaigns of the First Empire. The slavish acceptance of Napoleon's methods was no less mistaken than their scornful rejection had been in 1870–1871. If the leading principles of the art of war still are and will always be true, their application varies with the progress achieved in armies. Was it not the Master himself who said that tactics must inevitably change every ten years?

The South-African, Manchurian, and Balkan wars had demonstrated the major importance of fortifications and of heavy artillery. These indications were still unperceived for the most part. It was considered that campaigns carried on under peculiar conditions could not afford information applicable in a great European war. Some very distinguished experts, General Langlois at their head, showed themselves hostile to heavy field artillery. He did not believe in the possibility of artillery dislodging an enemy with unimpaired *morale* from a strong position. He would combine with it the threat of infantry, that is to say, assault. He went so far as to write, in his *Field Artillery in Connection with Other Arms*, 'Heavy guns, in a field artillery of which mobility should be one of the leading characteristics, are a useless incumbrance, and the transportation of their heavy projectiles, especially on highways, introduces a serious complication. Let them remain in the siege trains. There should be but one kind of gun in our field artillery — our "seventy-fives" are adapted for all tasks in flat country.'

Another general officer, also belonging to the artillery aim, General Percin, expressed himself to almost the same

[1] General Palat is the first French authority on the Franco-Prussian War. Now retired for age, his judgment on military subjects is regarded by the profession with great respect. — The Editors.

effect in a work issued on the eve of the war — *Le Combat.*

In 1911 an officer of the Staff, who was destined to fall gloriously at the Aisne in command of an army corps, Colonel de Grandmaison, delivered two courses of lectures which aroused widespread attention and which had a marked influence on the regulations then in preparation. Full of original views, expressed in a style no less original, these studies (published in 1912 under the title, *The Idea of Safety and the Engagement of Large Units*) give a very clear idea of the way in which the waging of war was then understood in France.

Grandmaison disclaims anything like the formulation of a general rule. 'It is even more true than in any other military matter, that in the management of large units there are none but special cases.' Having made this statement, he notes among the manœuvres contrary to rule the constant necessity 'of engaging at the outset on a wide front, instead of spreading out gradually as the progress of the battle seems to demand.'

This tendency toward the widening of fronts has many causes, among which these predominate — 'the constant fear of being outflanked and the sense of the superiority of converging attacks in the present state of armaments.'

The fear of being outflanked seems to Grandmaison one of the characteristics of present-day fighting. The fact is that, in a defensive battle, the disaster of being outflanked may become irreparable more suddenly than under the old conditions. In the offensive the frontal battle is so long, so costly, and so uncertain in its results, that all methods of reducing its extent seem worth while. Grandmaison does not conceal the fact that these fears seem to him justified, and that he is in no wise opposed to the extension of fronts: 'The real danger — unless special dispositions have been made beforehand — will not lie in extending the front too far, but in not extending it far enough.'

Thereafter, like Field-Marshal von Schlieffen, he extols the formation in several columns with wide intervals, which alone permits a rapid initial deployment on the corresponding front. He is led thus to turn his attention to the question of safety during the manœuvre, and concludes that in France the immediate rôle of covering detachments (advance-guard and flank-guard) has been exaggerated and, at the same time, perverted in the offensive.

We demand of this arrangement for immediate protection something that no system should or could give, namely, information which will enable the commander to decide upon his dispositions with confidence. On the other hand, we rely for the protection of our columns upon the external action of these covering detachments, whereas, especially in the offensive, such protection must in reality be looked for rather in the power to attack itself — that is to say, in the dispositions made for attacking quickly and in force.

On this point again, Grandmaison approaches the ideas of Von Schlieffen, and even of General von Bernhardi — in other words, the doctrinaires who exerted a preponderant influence on the German army on the eve of the war.

From this conception of immediate security, as Grandmaison describes it, there results an almost complete atrophy of the principle of the offensive. The commander waits until he is definitely informed concerning the enemy's dispositions before deciding how to employ his main body. In this way he degrades the attack to the level of the defense, to which all initiative is forbidden. To avoid the *preconceived idea*, we foster the *preconceived appre-*

hension, or the *aggressive-defensive*, and one serves as well as the other to ensure defeat. A commander would, in truth, incur a serious risk by applying these timid methods in face of 'a widely extended and violent assault, following its preordained path, without deviation and without evasion' — in other words, in face of the Germans. It is, Grandmaison continues, the rapidity in beginning the action which guarantees us against the enemy's manœuvres. 'In reality, the safety of a body of troops in an attack is based on this fact: a man whom you have by the throat, and who is busily engaged in parrying your blows, cannot attack you in flank and in rear. The value of the method depends on the speed with which you jump at his throat and the firmness of your grip.'

Under these conditions it is not surprising that Grandmaison recommends an offensive on the whole front: 'The custom, which seems to be spreading, of employing different tactics on different sections of the front and of skillfully combining defensive and offensive, means the death of all true offensive.'

Instead of employing this timid method, well adapted to paralyze all enthusiasm, we should engage at once, on a front broadened beforehand — extended almost as far as our effective strength will bear. In short, it should be a matter of the simultaneous engagement of several columns, carrying out, not a demonstration or anything like it, but an attack 'in dead earnest' with the bulk of the columns. Such simultaneous offensives on a wide front will not interfere with the formation of reserves, whose employment will be, in a certain measure, prearranged. They will most frequently be posted in rear of one or both wings, and will sometimes extend beyond them. On this point again Grandmaison's ideas approximate to Schlieffen's.

The colonel does not fail to notice this similarity. He relies, however, on the slowness of the German deployment — it is hard to see just why. This is how he views the matter of engaging battle with our future adversaries: —

'We do not propose to give them time to form in battle order. Our advance guard, and, immediately behind it, our main body will assume the offensive at once, in the direction of their objectives. On the other hand, we shall still have some forces in reserve at the outset.'

This is a hazardous sort of warfare, full of formidable risks, which Grandmaison proposes, and he does not conceal that fact. He admits the risk, because it enhances the importance of victory — if victory ensues. But he seems to forget that the risk may increase to an extraordinary degree the burden of a defeat.

His last words are that we must foster 'with passion, with exaggeration, and even in the most minute details of instruction, everything which bears the mark — however slight — of the offensive spirit. Let us even carry it to excess, and that perhaps will not be enough.'

We see how intense a partisan Grandmaison is of the offensive, and of the offensive to the limit, the offensive whether or no. The fact is that it is German ideas, especially Von Schlieffen's, which lie at the root of this doctrine. However, he fights shy of the attack *en tenaille* [1] so dear to the heart of the Teuton field-marshal.

There is a measure of truth in what he says as to the enforced extension of fronts, and as to the advantages of an energetic offensive undertaken as speedily as possible. But the doctrine is open to the criticism of being too dogmatic, and of taking too little account of facts. It would gain immensely if

[1] That is to say, 'as with a pair of pincers.'

it were supported by examples borrowed from the most recent wars, and if it were not derived so directly from abstract reasoning, more or less accurate, and from pure speculation.

We have emphasized Colonel Grandmaison's theories because they influenced the studies of the army staff and the war school on the eve of the mobilization of 1914. While authoritative voices — those, for example, of General Larrezac and Colonel Grouard — were raised to point out the danger of this infatuation with the most hazardous sort of offensive, they were not heeded as they should have been.

Furthermore, the regulations promulgated in France shortly before the war bear the imprint of the general tendencies that have been pointed out. The most important, in this regard, is the decree of October 28, 1913, entitled 'Regulation as to the management of large units' (a group of armies, an army, an army corps, and, to a certain extent, a body of cavalry).

This document, wherein we readily discern a number of Colonel Grandmaison's ideas, lays down in principle an axiom borrowed from Clausewitz: *War aims at the annihilation of the adversary.* But it admits the possibility, even the necessity, of a rapid execution, at the risk of being contradicted by events.

'In the present status of warfare . . . everything urges the endeavor to reach a decision in the shortest possible time, with a view of bringing the struggle to a speedy close.' It admits, therefore, the 'thunder-clap' after the style of Napoleon: 'The decisive battle . . . constitutes the essential act of the war.' Offensive tactics alone can lead to positive results. However, the regulation does not adopt as its own the German views concerning the *preconceived idea.* In the scheme of manœuvre, it says, 'any disposition would be premature if it is based upon a definitive opinion, arbitrarily formed, of the enemy's purposes, so long as he remains at liberty to change his position.'

In respect to the matter of safety, it reproduces an idea of Grandmaison: 'The best way for a commander to ensure freedom of action is to impose his will on the enemy by a vigorously pushed offensive according to a well-considered controlling plan.' Let us remark in passing that this last clause contradicts the passage previously quoted concerning the preconceived idea.

A very open order facilitates marching and enveloping movements. It lends itself readily, by closing up the intervals, to a subsequent closer formation in view of an actual battle. Theoretically each army corps controls at least one road; thus, on this point again, the regulation approximates German theories.

By reason of the extent of the battle-front, it is difficult to shift the position of large bodies of men materially in the course of the action. The commander of the army, therefore, determines, most frequently beforehand, the direction of the main attack, and the weather conditions in which it will be undertaken — fresh confirmation of what we just now said as to the preconceived idea.

As to the actual method of attack, the regulation does not lay down any fixed rules, although it allows its preference to appear: the main action may be directed either against one wing of the enemy or against his front. Ordinarily, however, the attack on a wing is more advantageous, for it leads toward an enveloping movement. The frontal attack is more difficult, and, generally speaking, has less important results.

Under these conditions it would seem that, in manœuvres preparatory to deployment, an extended disposition is preferable to a deep one. Nevertheless this same regulation has nothing to

say in this regard, and one cannot fail to approve its silence, for the choice manifestly depends upon the special circumstances.

In the explanatory report which accompanies this document, its framers insist further on the advantages of the offensive: 'The conduct of warfare is controlled by the necessity of imparting a powerfully offensive impulse.' But they seem strongly opposed to the concentration of armies on the battlefield, so dear to Moltke and Schlieffen: 'The essential thing is, first of all, to get the forces together, and assume the offensive as soon as they are got together.' As for the offensive itself, it is governed by the same rules as in Germany: 'The action, when once begun, should be pushed vigorously, without reservation, to the extreme limit of our power.' In accord with Grandmaison, the Commission sees in the headlong attack the best means of ensuring the safety of the column: 'A vigorous offensive forces the enemy to adopt defensive measures, and is the surest method of protecting the high command, as well as the troops, against any danger of surprise.'

Above all things we must impose our will on the enemy: 'In war every decision of the high command should be inspired by a determination to assume and retain the initiative of operations.'

Lastly, the Commission cries out against the distinctions between 'demonstrative battle,' 'drawn-out battle,' 'battle of attrition,' and battle pure and simple: 'So far as the executive officer is concerned, the attack must, in all cases, be conducted with the utmost vigor and a firm determination to come to close quarters with the enemy in order to destroy him.' It is the commanding officer's business to arrange the distribution of his forces in such wise that a certain section of the enemy's front will be assaulted less violently than a certain other section.

To sum up — on the eve of the war, the same tendencies toward the most energetic offensive prevailed in both French and German armies. There is no difference except in respect to the details of the attack. We admit the possibility of success in a frontal attack and of breaking through, as well as of success in an attack on the wing; we do not ascribe to the latter, and especially to the attack *en tenaille*, the altogether preponderant importance given to them by Schlieffen and most of the other Germans. Perhaps there is a tendency in France to force the action and to bring the main body into line, whereas in Germany the preliminary battle would be conducted with more moderation. But the substance of both theories is identical.

Let us add, however, that the German staff appears to have grasped much more fully than ours the major importance to be assumed by the fortification of the battlefield, by heavy artillery, and by aviation. In this respect the first weeks of the war taught us some cruel lessons.

However that may be, the inevitable result of the mutual inclination toward a general offensive was that the battles of August, 1914, most frequently took on the aspect of chance combats between two adversaries going straight to the attack without looking back. On our part, our natural impulses, intensified by those resulting from a study of the regulations and of the most authoritative publications, urged us to rush our assaults even more, without giving sufficient thought to artillery preparation and machine-guns. This state of mind, added to serious errors in concentration, and in the conception of the original plan of operations, is sufficient to explain our set-backs at the beginning of the war. The victory of the Marne, and the series of battles and

engagements which preceded it, prove in most conclusive fashion that the offensive is not an infallible method of procedure in war; that, as Clausewitz teaches, the defensive is often susceptible of leading to the happiest results; and, lastly, that heavy artillery, field-fortification, and aviation will henceforth play a part of first importance in war.

As for the Germans, when their headlong rush into France ended in a repulse of which they strove vainly to deny the unparalleled seriousness, they might well be convinced that enveloping attacks are not devoid of the gravest risks. Their effect is irresistible on a single condition — that the adversary remains inactive in face of the blow which threatens one of his flanks. Schlieffen's attack *en tenaille* presents the same disadvantages on a more extensive scale. Not only does it require, for complete success, inertia on the part of the enemy; but it is essential also that nothing shall happen to interfere with its execution.

II

It was in this way that the evolution of present-day doctrines of warfare began in the two armies — an evolution brought about by events, and the end of which has certainly not yet been reached. Let us note, first, that, so far as the Germans are concerned, the present status of warfare, which recalls the seventeenth century by virtue of the importance of the part played by fortification and lines of defense, and by the slowness of offensive operations — this status is the very negation of their ambitions and of their earlier theories. Whereas they formerly maintained that they could carry on a war swiftly, by manœuvres of vast extent and by violent offensive, with speedily decisive results, they have found themselves forced to adopt the siege method with its slow progress, and with the enormous consumption of munitions and matériel which it entails. Their plan manifestly was to crush France in a week or two, thanks to the strategic surprise resulting from the violation of Belgian territory. Then they would have turned against Russia and would easily have worked their will on that immense body, headless and with feet of clay. Their expectations were absolutely falsified.

Under these conditions, we should not be surprised to find them hesitating between diverse tendencies. Sometimes they hold true to the doctrine of envelopment of the adversary's wings; and again they deal straight frontal blows. Sometimes they attribute to artillery preparation its full present importance; at other times they operate by assaults with great masses of infantry, and do not shrink from the immense slaughter made possible by the slavish discipline of a nation fanaticized by a vision of superhuman grandeur.

Although they have met with little but reverses on the Franco-British front since September, 1914, there is no dissembling the fact that elsewhere, on the Russian front, in Roumania, and very recently in Italy, they have achieved most brilliant successes. But we must not fail to recognize the share that diplomatic and *political* measures have had in these victories. Manifestly they have often been due to intrigues most skillfully managed — with the complicity of traitors or simpletons — rather than to purely military calculations and manœuvres. In this regard the recent Austro-German offensive on the Italian front may stand as a typical example.

On the Western front the Germans have been powerless to resort to the same expedients. After vainly attempting an offensive in the grand style in

Flanders, late in 1914, they have confined themselves to an almost continuous defensive. The assault on Verdun, begun in February, 1916, never had, in truth, so extensive an object as the attack on the line of the Yser. The Germans tried to attain a limited objective, rather of a moral than of a material nature.

Let us make a rapid scrutiny of the battle in Flanders. Our adversaries apparently set out to crush the Allies' left wing, in order to open up the existing passage between their central front and the English Channel. They proposed to isolate England as far as possible, — she was their most cordially detested foe, — and, very probably, to make a direct threat at her territory by way of the shore of the Pas de Calais and the North Sea. As the locus of an attack so serious in its proportions and in the consequences which it might bring in its train, the German staff chose the one sector, perhaps, on that vast front, where nature offered insurmountable obstacles to such an attack. Flanders, especially the eastern part, is an almost impracticable country. Though the occasional elevations can almost be called insignificant, the Flemish plain is as difficult for an army as certain mountainous countries. The clayey sub-soil and the abundance of streams make the movement of troops very arduous except on the towing-paths, railroads, canals, and rivers; and all these routes are easy to cut.

Nevertheless, it was through these marshes, these *Watergangs*, these inundated lands, that the Germans rushed to the assault dense columns, marching in step and singing hymns in praise of their bloody fatherland. They had crushed the defense of Antwerp and taken possession of the city. They had entered Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend. They arrived before the Yser, a narrow stream which flows sluggishly through a low plain intersected by canals and drainage ditches. There is water everywhere — in the air which is incessantly saturated by showers, on the earth, and under the earth. To the north, the town of Nieuport, where the main locks are; to the south, Dixmude and Ypres.

It was this front which the Kaiser gave imperative orders to break through, on October 21, 1914, with Furnes as the objective. Four assaulting columns were formed; two were to attack the front between Nieuport and Dixmude, which was held by the Belgian army. The other two converged upon Dixmude, which was occupied by French Admiral Ronarc'h's naval fusiliers.

The general assault was set for the 24th, at nine in the evening. It took place at the precise hour fixed. The first two columns crossed the Yser and advanced toward the canal which runs alongside that stream. In spite of their vigorous resistance the Belgians were forced back to the line Ramscapelle–Perwyse–Dixmude, where they were joined by considerable French reinforcements. Thanks to them, the Allies took the offensive on the 25th, and drove back into the canal the German battalions, no longer supported by their artillery, which was mired in the swamps. It was a complete disaster. All who were unable to recross the canal were killed or drowned.

At the same time Admiral Ronarc'h's fusiliers covered themselves with glory in the defense of Dixmude. Their resistance lasted from October 20, the day when the bombardment began, to November 10, when the Germans entered the town. From 6000 men they were reduced to 2000. Of the 50,000 of the enemy who attacked them, 10,000 lay thickly strewn about the surrounding plain.

This magnificent episode was but one

incident of the battle of Flanders. On October 26, after the disaster of the 25th, the Kaiser had arrived at Thielt, and had given orders to make a fresh attempt toward the South, in the direction of Ypres. During the five following days, five army corps — more than 150,000 men — attacked the 40-kilometre front between that city and La Bassée. British and French vied with one another in tenacity. The last general assault took place on November 10. That was the day when the ruins of Dixmude were wrenched from our grasp. On the 11th there was a fresh effort, this time directed against Ypres alone. The Prussian Guard was engaged and suffered very heavy casualties. On the 15th the German offensive was shattered for good and all. The Kaiser had perforce to renounce the 'To Calais!' with which he had inflamed the ardor of his troops. Thereafter the war took on the form of a siege, on the whole Western front, but a siege in which millions of the Allies were engaged against Fort Deutschland.

Another example of offensive fighting in which our enemy was much more fortunate, was the battle of the Vistula in July and August, 1915. We can see therein the application, on a very vast theatre, of the strategic theories of Field-Marshal von Schlieffen.

The battle of the Donawetz, which began on May 2, 1915, had broken communications between the Russian forces echeloned before the Carpathians and those in Poland. That victory, due mainly to an overwhelming superiority in artillery, had brought about a twofold withdrawal of our allies. They had fallen back, on the one hand, toward the affluents of the Dniester, on the other hand, into the district between the Vistula and the Bug.

Meanwhile, the armies facing each other to the west of the Narew and the Middle Vistula had remained inactive — an inactivity which was inexplicable on the part of the Russians. The German forces on the left flank — the armies of Von Scholz and Von Galivetz — faced the Narew; the centre — Prince Leopold of Bavaria and Von Woirsch — were at the loop of the Vistula, to the west and southwest of Warsaw; the right — Archduke Joseph and Von Mackensen — between the Upper Vistula and the Bug. These last-named armies, which alone had been in action up to this time, had halted on July 2 half-way between the Galician frontier and the Lublin–Cholm front, which the Russians still held.

At that time the line of the opposing forces between the Bobi and the Bug had the shape of a parabolic curve, with its peak on the Bzoura, west of Warsaw. The German armies were deployed on the outer side of this curve, in the most favorable positions for an offensive *en tenaille*. The Russians had the advantage of 'interior lines,' and of a closely knit formation comparatively well-developed. It does not appear that they were able to make the most of these advantages as they should have done.

The German plan was as follows: to join to the eastward of Warsaw the jaws of the vise formed by the four armies on the two wings, while the centre remained stationary. On July 12, 1915, everything was set in motion on the Narew and to the south, between the Bug and the Vistula. On the 25th the German left forced a passage across the Narew from Rojan to Pultusk, thus most seriously threatening the line of the Vistula, at right angles with the former of those streams. The Russians still placed their reliance on the three fortified places — Novo-Georgievsk, at the junction of the Bug and the Narew, Warsaw, and Ivangorod to the south. Those fortifications soon showed them-

selves powerless to resist the heavy artillery. It may be, too, that other causes came into play — the Russians were unfamiliar with the military art.

On July 30 Archduke Joseph entered Lublin, while Mackensen was making rapid progress on the extreme right. At the same time, on the other flank, Von Gallwitz was marching between the Narew and Bug. He even made his way as far as the latter stream. On both flanks the Germans were pushing forward toward the axis of the Russian line of communication — Warsaw–Brest–Litovsk. Mackensen appeared in front of the latter fortress while the Russian forces in the Bzoura had more than twice the distance to go before reaching it.

It was not, however, until August 3 that our allies' centre began a long and difficult retreat, which was destined not to come to an end finally until it reached the Dvina, more than 400 kilometres from the starting-point. Contrary to all anticipations the movement was carried out without excessive losses. If, as seemed likely, the Germans had planned 'to repeat the day of Sedan, on a great scale,' their expectation was defeated. The Russians succeeded in reaching the Niemen and the Upper Bug, near Kovno, Grodno, and Brest-Litovsk. It was from that region that they finally fell back on the defensive positions which they held, with various fluctuations of fortune, until the fall of the Tsar had given over their ill-fated country to a state of anarchy, the deplorable consequences of which are becoming more manifest from day to day.

The French and British armies had not for their adversaries, like the Germans on the Eastern front, forces undermined by treachery, by revolutionary propaganda, and too often lacking the most essential supplies. They were confronted by German troops, supplied with a matériel which was at first greatly superior to theirs, but inferior in numbers and, since the battles of the Marne and of Flanders, somewhat impaired in morale.

III

Thereupon the conflict assumed the shape of siege warfare. There was no alternative but to submit to it, for lack of resources, and especially of munitions. Indeed, we may well believe that this siege warfare on the Franco-British front will be prolonged until the hour, perhaps still far distant, when the demoralization of the German forces shall have gone so far as to result in a complete loss of equilibrium.

In the course of the year 1915 certain undertakings in Champagne and Artois had important results on several occasions, but they were purchased by much bloodshed for lack of sufficient preparation. We were not as yet provided, either with the due proportion of heavy artillery and trench machines, or with a sufficient quantity of munitions. Moreover, the dispositions for conducting the assaults were not always well-judged. Experience led to the establishment of new rules, which differed from those in force on the first day of the war. They were contained in two sheets issued to the armies by Grand Headquarters: 'A Study of the Question of the Attack at the Present Stage of the War: Impressions and Reflections of a Company Commander'; and 'Notes concerning the Attack: Impressions of a Battalion Commander.' The first is founded especially on the enlightenment furnished by the offensive in Artois in May; the second on that by the September battle in Champagne. Here are their most salient ideas.

Of all the phases of infantry attack studied in times of peace, trench-war-

fare makes little use of any except the last — *the assault*. The infantry begins its part of the battle by assault, and its action thereafter is simply a succession of 'waves.' But an essential condition is that the units concerned be brought up to the *parallèles de départ*,[1] in close formation and full numbers, fresh, supplied with what is necessary, well informed as to their objective, and well under the control of their officers. Then it is a question of urging them on with a rush to an objective, where they must establish themselves immovably, and which will serve, in its turn, as a starting-point for a second similar onrush.

In order that a body of infantry may fulfill such a mission, it must carry out its forward movement under much more difficult conditions than formerly. In fact, the men must march in Indian file from the last comparatively sheltered zone to the point of assault, through kilometres of narrow and involved passages. The preparation of the locus of the assault is therefore absolutely indispensable. The end sought is to ensure the outflow at a fixed hour of unfatigued men; the support in due season of sufficient and really fresh reinforcements; abundant supplies of provisions, water, and munitions, and the opportune arrival of troops destined to make the most of the success of the assault.

The possibility of fulfilling these various conditions depends, too, upon a preliminary operation — artillery preparation. Since the outbreak of the war this preparation has taken on constantly increasing importance. In 1915, in default of heavy artillery and of munitions as well, we were fain to be content with results which would appear to-day most inadequate. The most trivial successes were often very costly.

The programme of this preparation was at that time as follows: — to destroy the barbed-wire entanglements; to isolate or wipe out the trench-defenders; to prevent enemy artillery from coming into action; to bar the way to the reserves; and to destroy the machine-guns as soon as their location was revealed.

The chief part of this task fell to the 'seventy-fives' and the trench-guns. But the resort of the Germans to deeper and deeper shelters and to concrete blockhouses and cupolas for machine-guns, was already leading to the intensive use of heavy artillery — a use which has become well-nigh universal since, assuming proportions which had but lately seemed beyond all likelihood.

In the autumn of 1915, the German defensive dispositions presented the following aspect, generally speaking: a continuous line, along the whole front, consisting of two or three trenches one behind the other, at intervals of one hundred to three hundred metres, connected by numerous communication trenches; in many cases each was protected by barbed-wire entanglements; centres of resistance, formed by villages, farmhouses, woods, or even by vast outworks outlined by a tangle of trenches, with machine-guns under cupolas, and light-artillery pieces; a second line of defense, which was not always continuous.

The attack on such a position took the following course: a first line was made up, comprising several assaulting columns; a second line, as strong as the first, accompanied by batteries after the first trench was carried; a reserve, without a special initial assignment, which was to provide reinforcements where necessary and overcome stubborn resistance. In the last line

[1] Certain front lines from which, on the occasion of an important offensive, the assaulting troops can start under the protection of the artillery barrage.

were cavalry, motor-drawn guns, motor machine-guns, battalions of motor-trucks, with crews of pioneers to clear the roads. And lastly, large bodies of infantry, ready to begin new battles and to enter into action two or three hours from the beginning of the operation.

The first line consisted of two or three 'waves' of assault. If the distance to be traversed was more than 100 metres, the first wave comprised whole companies in one line, the men half a pace apart. It rushed forward to the assault immediately upon the cessation of the artillery fire, and tried to reach the enemy trench before the defenders could come out of their shelters. Down to that moment it ordinarily had no occasion to fire.

When the distance was more than 100 metres, a different disposition was adopted for the first wave: a line of skirmishers five paces apart, and 50 metres in their rear the assaulting force properly speaking, in a single line, elbow to elbow, the officers ahead, the file-closers four metres in rear. The skirmishers were supposed to protect by their fire the movement of the assaulting force, the detachments setting out from the starting-point one after another, at a single bound, and marching in step if possible. They did not break into the gymnastic gait until the movement was well developed; the charge proper started about 60 metres from the enemy. Even then they preserved the alignment as far as possible and crossed the barbed wire; then began the hand-to-hand fighting, for which there can be no rules.

When the first trench was taken they swept it clean and re-formed, lying on the ground, ten metres farther on. Then they opened fire on the second trench, and rushed forward again to the assault. The first wave was instructed to break as far ahead as possible. The second started the instant that the first reached the enemy trench.

It does not appear that all these prescribed steps have stood the test of experience. The augmented strength of the German lines, and the resistance of their shelters, have led the high command to restrict the width of the fronts aimed at, and to limit the objectives in respect to depth, while increasing the intensity of the preparation. On the other hand, the Germans have sometimes abandoned the system of continuous trenches, to adopt a system of separate elements, reinforced by nests of machine-guns which are disposed with the greatest care and often constitute veritable points of support. They pretend to regard their lines of defense as flexible, stationing a limited effective in the first line while keeping heavy reserves behind. In case of an assault the first line is easily carried, but strong counter-attacks are able to wipe out the results so easily obtained.

The German theory does not, however, seem to be absolutely settled on these various points. It still wavers between several solutions. One unquestionable fact is that, on the Franco-British front, the Germans have lost their superiority in morale, and the initiative that derives therefrom. In a great majority of cases, those impassioned partisans of the most vigorous offensive are reduced to the defensive pure and simple. If the backsliding of the Russian Maximalists had not come to their assistance, it is probable that the year 1917 would have witnessed decisive events of a nature to hasten the end of the nightmare which has lain so heavily on the civilized world since the first days of August, 1914.

THE NATIONAL ARMY

BY GUSTAVUS OHLINGER

I

HAD any one in the early days of 1917 predicted that in April the United States would formally be at war with Germany; that in May Congress would pass the Selective Service law; that in June nearly ten million men would be registered for service pursuant to the President's proclamation; that in July the order in which they were to appear for examination would be determined; that in August the first quotas would be ready to report; that in September they would begin to arrive at the cantonments; and that by October the training would be well under way — had any one in those early days of uncertainty and indecision possessed the temerity to suggest even the possibility of these achievements, his predictions would have attracted attention only on account of the seeming improbability of their realization. Never did a nation abandon more suddenly and completely its dreams of peace and neutrality and turn to the arts of war.

Even more noteworthy are these results when account is taken of the means by which they were accomplished. Recorded experience would have required a complicated system in some departmental bureau to work out the infinite details of the undertaking. But in this case precedent was thrown aside, and the intelligence and capacity for coöperation of the private citizen were intrusted with the task of providing the recruits for a great army. The draft law of 1863 was administered by a bureau of the War Department and by district boards of enrollment presided over by provost marshals who had the rank and pay of captains of cavalry. The roster of the National Army of 1917 was prepared by civilians, for the law expressly enjoined that the boards charged with the selection of the men should be composed of members 'none of whom shall be connected with the military establishment.'

The enormous volume of work involved in enrolling those subject to the law, in giving them cards of registration, in preparing the lists and numbering the names of registrants preparatory to the drawing, in the physical examination of those called up for service, and in hearing and passing on claims for exemption and discharge, was performed almost entirely without compensation. Well might Provost-Marshal-General Crowder exclaim that 'no great national project was ever attempted with so complete a reliance upon the voluntary coöperation of citizens for its execution.' Democracy had stood the test, and for the time being had earned its right to survive. The voluntary coöperation of free citizens had proved as efficient as any administrative machine devised and imposed by an autocratic government.

Under these remarkable auspices the National Army of 1917 came into being. And who can forget those memorable days when the first quotas entrained for the cantonments? The crowded sidewalks, the bands, the escorts of citizens and officials, and be-

hind them the long lines of serious-faced men, — men of every walk in life: keen-eyed business men, sturdy farmers, neatly dressed clerks, mechanics, barbers, bakers, professional men, a college professor or two, and unskilled laborers, — some with countenances aglow with the consciousness and enthusiasm of patriotic service, others with hardly a perception of their mission showing through their stolid faces; men, too, of almost every racial mould that Europe produces, and many from the countries of Asia; some men with poise and dignity in their walk, a few with slouchy gait and slip-shod appearance — a veritable cross-section of our population, revealing all its racial varieties, types, and conditions of men. And then the ringing bells and shrieking whistles as the trains pulled out — and we almost forgot the tear-stained faces of wives and mothers and sweethearts as we hurried back to work.

In the early summer the sites for the cantonments had been selected. Tracts of farm-land and prairie, from which the latest crops had not even been harvested, suddenly became the scenes of feverish activity. Neighboring communities awakened from their slumbers and felt the thrill of a new life. Sixteen cities, containing in all twenty-four thousand buildings and designed to shelter nearly seven hundred thousand men, were rushed to completion, and each city provided with its own water, sewerage, telephone, and lighting systems, with miles of constructed roads, with its own theatres, fire department, railroad yards, refrigeration plant, bakeries, laundry, post-office, hotels, and hospital — all embodying the latest results of scientific investigation and building practice. The camps in themselves were an epic in enterprise.

And in these cantonments a new epoch in our national life began, and six hundred thousand young men entered upon a new enterprise. Arriving at the cantonment receiving station their names were read: Aboud, Abraham, Adams, Adamski, Annarino, Applegate, Arhondakis, Anderson, Baranek, Beseske, Boerst, Brown, Cassidy, Corwin, Czarnota, Czeniakowski, Czyryla, Dzurda, — every conceivable combination and permutation of the alphabet, — and they were assigned to quarters in the new barracks. Thumb- and finger-prints were taken to assure future identification, and every man was given another rigid physical examination. Any suspicion of defect was subjected to the X-Ray and the latest tests of medical science. Typhoid prophylaxis and vaccination were administered. Defective teeth and minor ailments were treated. In the first few days of its existence the National Army had appreciably raised the average of health in the United States.

Having passed the physical tests, the men were assigned, according to the districts from which they came, to the various line regiments and to the different branches of the service. Later on, a civilian committee from Washington organized for each cantonment a personnel office. Every man was required to fill out a card on which was a printed list of forty-nine occupations arranged in the order of their relative value for military purposes, unskilled labor and the legal profession being bracketed at the bottom of the scale. By means of the entries on these cards and their classification it became possible to assign men according to their trades and experience to the various duties connected with the sheltering, clothing, feeding, equipment, and the transportation and communications of a community of forty thousand souls.

Most of the men had never seen an officer, and most of the officers, fresh from their training at the officers' camps, had never commanded a pla-

toon, but the novelty of the experience and the zest of action inspired all with the spirit of the mighty enterprise.

The first lessons were in military courtesies. The meaning and the importance of the military salute were explained, and in a few days every man in camp was privileged to laugh at the untutored recruit who happened to encounter the commanding general. Not receiving the customary salute, — so the story went the rounds of the barracks, — the general stopped the youth and asked him how long he had been in the cantonment. 'Oh, two days,' was the answer; 'how long have you been here?' 'A little longer than that,' replied the general; 'and how do you like it?' 'Oh, first-rate,' was the response; 'how does it suit you?'

Uniforms were lacking and the ranks at first presented a motley disarray of civilian suits and khaki, comic-opera combinations of military tunics, blue overalls, and mismatched leggings — but all looked forward hopefully, and it was a proud day when the entire company appeared in uniform.

Instruction began with the school of the soldier, and with close-order drill by squads. Constant attention was given to 'setting-up' exercises, for this war makes unprecedented demands on physical endurance. As proficiency was acquired, close-order drill was taught in platoons, companies, and larger units. Then came instruction in extended order, in attack and defense, and in the work of covering detachments.

There were not sufficient rifles to go around, — only sixty to a company, — and the platoons were compelled to take turns in their use. But after ten days' training in the manual of arms, the battalion commander, a regular army officer, was heard to remark that 'regulars could n't do it any better.' The position- and aiming-drill were performed with dummy guns, and sighting was taught with sighting bars which the men made for themselves. The artillery regiments were even more put to it for equipment. For months after the preliminary training had been completed, the men were compelled to wear out their enthusiasm on Quaker guns improvised from cart-wheels logs, stove-pipes, or anything at hand, which, by violating the imagination, could be made to resemble artillery.

By this time French and British officers had arrived, and had begun instruction in the new methods and the new weapons which the war has called into use. An automatic rifle, brought from France, and the only weapon of the kind in the cantonment, went the rounds for purposes of demonstration. Groups from every company were instructed in the art of bomb-throwing. The resources of the country having proved inadequate to supply trench-mortars, a few mechanical geniuses, out of materials at hand, produced a weapon which tested out as satisfactorily as any mortar in actual service. The trench-systems of the Western front were duplicated, the infantry battalions taking turns at digging front-line trenches, communication, supporting, and reserve trenches, and bomb-proof shelters, and in making fascines and sand-bags for the parapets and parados. Barbed wire was strung, and dummies representing German soldiers defending the system were set up. Under conditions as realistic as art could produce, and under the eyes of veterans who had faced the Boche and bested him, the men were taught the 'will of the bayonet,' democracy's answer to Germany's 'will to power.' Whoever witnesses the bayonet practice in any of the cantonments will realize that our men are being prepared, not for the idealities, but for the grim business of war.

Nor was it all work. Men whose

minds and bodies had never been swept by the purifying atmosphere of healthful play learned for the first time the meaning of outdoor sport. At the daily recreation hour forty football games could be seen in progress in all parts of the camp. More than one gridiron star, whose services in the past would have commanded a general's salary, was wearing a uniform and coaching men who had never seen a game. A number of ring champions had been drafted in the first quotas. Their fame spread rapidly through the barracks and they were commandeered for instruction in the manly art. Two big league nines happened to stop at the cantonment and played a ten-inning game in a natural amphitheatre formed by the hills. Twelve dozen balls were lost among the thirty thousand soldiers who covered the hillsides. The next day every battalion had its baseball nine.

After the day's work a lecture or entertainment would pack the liberty theatre or the various camp auditoriums; but there was abundant talent among the men themselves. Moreover, every man's ability in the way of public entertainment had been recorded and classified at headquarters with as much care as his previous military experience and ability to speak French or German. Monotony and discontent are as deadly as an epidemic. Practice in mass singing was encouraged and was taken up by the men with enthusiasm. Battalions on practice march could be heard carrying with lusty voices the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic to some such improvised words as, —

> Watch your step, here comes O-HI-O!
> Watch your step, here comes O-HI-O!
> Watch your step, here comes O-HI-O!
> To fight for liberty!

America's long neglect of her immigrant population was early reflected in the returns made by the personnel office. Out of twenty-four thousand men in one cantonment it was found that over four thousand could speak little or no English, and that thousands more had so imperfect a knowledge of it that their military training was seriously handicapped. One regiment, drawn from a large industrial centre, was said to contain over twenty-five hundred such men. Forty foreign languages and dialects were found to be represented in the division. Most of these men were of necessity transferred from the permanent organizations to the training battalions of the dépôt brigade, and intensive instruction in English through the dramatic method was begun. Many enlisted men volunteered as teachers. On the other hand, one man, who was born in Germany and had been a college professor in civil life, gave instruction in French and German to the division headquarters staff.

In this way civilian garb gave place to khaki, stooping shoulders and careless gait to expanding chests and precision of muscular movement, stolid looks to alertness and attention, inertia to the spirit of the bayonet. Class-distinctions were obliterated, and racial and religious prejudices cast aside, bringing into relief those qualities of sinewy manhood, patriotism, and service which in times past have been the glory of the Republic. Frequently mothers, harassed by rumors that the 'boys were starving,' or that 'half a company had been frozen to death,' or that 'the men were being mistreated,' drifted into camp. They met their boys, were shown over the barracks, sat down to mess, and went away satisfied — hoping against hope that it would all end with the cantonment.

In accordance with the Selective Service law, the men had been organized, as far as practicable, into units corresponding with the sections from which they came. Early in the training

the commanding general ordered that the four platoons from each of the larger cities of the state which made the finest showing should be sent home for an exhibition drill. This had been a powerful incentive to the men. The home cities looked forward to the visit with keen anticipation. The newspapers featured it, and a monster reception was planned. When the day finally arrived, a great throng surged about the railroad station and lined the sidewalks. The whistles sounded, and the long-expected train pulled in. With the celerity and precision attained only by military training two hundred and fifty khaki-clad men had detrained. With steady step, eyes to the front, and seemingly unconscious of the vociferous cheers and shouted greetings of their friends and fellow townsmen, the solid ranks pushed through the parting throngs. The crowd was suddenly silent. It had vaguely sensed a new and mighty purpose.

It was the remaking of the nation.

Were peace to be declared to-morrow, the National Army would have fully justified every effort which it has entailed and every dollar it has cost.

II

Magnificent as are these results, military experts tell us that they represent nevertheless only a fraction of what is necessary before the National Army can reach effectiveness as a fighting machine. They explain that an army is an organization held together and vitalized by moral forces. Neither numbers, nor equipment, nor drill can take their place. Napoleon said that 'in war the moral is to the physical as three is to one.' Men who have experienced the soul-shattering horrors of the present war place the ratio even higher — as high as nine to one. As the French Infantry Drill Regulations express it, 'The moral forces constitute the most powerful factors for success; they give life to all material efforts, and dominate a commander's decisions at every turn. Honor and patriotism inspire the utmost devotion; the spirit of sacrifice and the fixed determination to conquer ensure success; discipline and steadiness guarantee the necessary obedience and the coördination of every effort.'

How gloriously the French have proved all this! The ultimate purpose of every military operation is the destruction of the moral cohesion, the will and courage of the opposing force. So long as these last, the army may be battered in action or torn with losses, but it is not defeated. When they are gone, the army ceases to exist — it becomes a mob. In this condition it is helpless and a prey to the will of the victor.

These moral forces must finally come from the people. This is true in a special degree of the National Army. The splendid young men who volunteered for service in the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Navy have behind them the heritage and traditions of the older organizations of which they are a part. The National Army, on the other hand, is without traditions. Its life is still in the future. It must of necessity draw its moral sustenance from the people at home. There is no other source from which it can obtain it. It represents every element and class of the population. The army as a whole, and every soldier in its ranks, is in constant communication and in intimate touch with those in civil life. The opinions prevailing in the community are immediately reflected in the army; if there be doubt at home there will inevitably be indecision in the camp; racial, religious, and social prejudices in the population tend to foster such differences among the

men and destroy their *esprit de corps*.

The sense of duty among the people will produce a corresponding level in the discipline of the army; their determination to wage the war to a successful conclusion will inspire the will to victory among the soldiers; if the people falter, the army will weaken; it is true of this army in a higher degree than of any army in the past, that its morale is a function of the public spirit of the nation. 'Battles are no longer decisive,' says General von Ludendorff. 'The people must be defeated.' Hence Germany's policy of propaganda for confusing the intelligence, and her system of frightfulness for breaking the spirit of a nation.

That both will be employed against the United States goes without saying, and it behooves us to survey our defenses.

It is evident that the national spirit is determined largely by the character of the population. It will be more potent in a homogeneous people, speaking the same language, than in one made up of varied elements. Partly for this reason, Germany has been a far more important factor in the war than the heterogeneous population of Austria-Hungary. Our own country contains a variety of unassimilated elements. Forty per cent of those living within our continental territory are either foreign-born, or children of the foreign-born. In our large industrial centres, in the East and in the Middle West, from sixty to eighty per cent belongs to this class. What is more, they do not come from Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic stock. In recent years there has been a steady influx of Slavs, Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Turks — people who possess but little affinity with Anglo-Saxon ideals and institutions. So negligent have we been of our national life, that we have permitted our foreign population to segregate itself according to racial groups, each group preserving its native language and only very remotely affected by American thought and ideals. For many of them America symbolizes merely a factory and a boarding-house, and neither of these institutions produces patriotic enthusiasm. Every man is ready to fight for his home, but none for a lodging-house or a workshop. No contribution to the public spirit of the country can be drawn from these sources.

Twenty years ago Germany began to take advantage of our fatuous shortsightedness. Just as unmistakable as the gun-emplacements which she built within the territory of her friendly neighbors are the evidences of her military preparations against the United States. Just as her agents promoted the purposes of Pangermanism in Austria-Hungary by consolidating the German and Magyar elements and by preventing the unification of the other racial groups, so in the United States they have consistently fostered the solidarity of the German section of the population and have sought to hinder all processes of assimilation.

It was no mere accident that, after German immigration had practically ceased and the dwindling circulation of German-language newspapers indicated that their usefulness was ended, these same papers suddenly increased their clientele of German readers, and at the beginning of the Great War, with sudden unanimity, became violent partisans of the German government. Nor is it a coincidence that through all these twenty years a vigorous propaganda for the German language and *Kultur* has been conducted in our schools and colleges, and in our legislatures and administrative bodies. It was a well-thought-out plan for the consolidation of the German element and the disintegration of the rest of the population. In this manner Germany

hoped to exercise a predominating influence upon American policies and to make impossible the development of any national spirit that might offer resistance to her plans of world-empire. To make assurance doubly sure, thousands of her spies and agents insinuated themselves into the peaceful communities of our country and into the offices of our government. Thousands of alien enemies are in the ranks of the National Army.

Common religious belief and enthusiasm for the same political ideals also serve to intensify the public spirit. Religious fanaticism spread the Saracen conquest over Northern Africa and into the Continent of Europe. The formula, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, cherished with the ardor due a religious creed, made the poorly equipped and poorly paid armies of the French Revolution irresistible. But these elements, again, are lacking in the United States. In the pursuit of wealth the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the ideals set forth in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech have been neglected. Those flaming words which inspired the efforts of the past have come to be regarded as glittering generalities. They have ceased to be the foundation of our education. We have made no effort to inculcate them in our foreign population.

We are to-day at war with a people which for generations has been trained in sacrifice and duty to the state. Ever since Stein translated the categorical imperative of Kant into terms of universal military service, the habit of discipline has become the predominating quality of German character. This quality, intensified by heredity and education, has given the German army the moral cohesion which has made it the most perfect military machine the world has known. Our own development, on the other hand, has been in a different direction. Our history has been one of repeated struggles for individual rights and individual advantages. The sense of duty has not been called into play. Our foreign population, reaching these shores, has gladly cast aside the burdens which oppressed it in the home lands. But until the National Army was called out, we offered these people nothing to visualize their duties and obligations to their adopted country.

It is against these sins of omission and apathy in our past that we must contend to-day. The faults and weaknesses in the mass of the population will inevitably be reflected in the army. Most of the foreign-born know little of the purposes of the war. Democracy is for them an ideality devoid of meaning. There is nothing in their social, intellectual, or emotional background to inspire their spirit. Among the native Americans there are many whose education in our history and our ideals has become so attenuated that they view the present struggle with utter indifference. After the novelty of the first few months had worn off, many men discovered that they were in the service against their will and against the wishes of their families, and claims for exemption were multiplied. And, finally, those who entered the cantonments with enlightened patriotism and high purpose have had their spirits sorely tried by the shortcomings of the government and the mood of the people at home.

Those having dependents promptly made allotments for their support. While these allotments were regularly deducted from the soldiers' pay, the government was unable to make prompt payment to the families. The long delay has caused suffering among dependents which has reacted unfavorably upon the men.

Again, men who are called away from

their business pursuits naturally chafe when they find that rifles are slow in arriving, that machine-guns and artillery cannot be supplied, and that they are marking time instead of making rapid progress in the work which they are called to do.

It is said that criticism should be stilled and investigation and inquiry suspended. On the contrary, every criticism and every inquiry prompted by interest in the welfare of the army and its efficiency should be welcomed. It would be a certain omen of defeat if the people did not demand the reasons for apparent failures. A nation indifferent to its armies never won a victory.

That the army has maintained its spirit is due to the splendid character of its leaders and the wonderful leaven of patriotism which it contains. There are within its ranks thousands upon thousands of men who gladly answered the call to service, sacrificing everything they held dear. There are thousands of men of Polish and other stock who, either in their own persons, or from the lips of their fathers, have learned the meaning of Prussian autocracy and realized its menace to human liberty — and these men will acquit themselves in a manner worthy of the countrymen of Kosciusko and Pulaski! Every cantonment can tell of men and families who waived their rights to exemption that they might serve the country in its need; of men who, at large individual expense and inconvenience, submitted to surgical and medical treatment that they might pass the physical tests; of mothers who gave their sons without a murmur. It is these men and women who, to-day, are not only bearing the burden of their own sacrifices, but enlightening their comrades and neighbors, teaching them American ideals, explaining the meaning of the war, and maintaining their spirit under adverse conditions.

But up to the present it has been a personal, individual effort. The National Army is so new that there has been no mobilization of the mass-sentiment of the nation behind it.

It is true that public organizations have been active on behalf of the material well-being of our soldiers. But their appeal has been rather to sympathy and solicitude — sometimes even to pity. A young wife had sent her husband to the cantonment, in the fervor of her patriotism waiving her just claim for exemption. She gradually dropped out of the life of the community. One day her minister called to express his sympathy and condolences. Her patriotism turned to angry indignation. She had made a glorious sacrifice — and in return was regarded as an object of charitable sentiments! It is not sympathy that is needed. Sympathy will not sustain a man through the long months of training, nor will pity nerve his sinews when he is brought finally to the supreme moment of his life, when his bayonet-thrust must be sure and his guard ready. Pity will not support a family throughout the long months of uncertainty. It is not this. It is far more. It is the pride of the country, the confidence in the valor and heroism of the army, and the flaming consciousness of the glory of the service, which must be mobilized. Until there is a vivid mass of realization of these things the country has failed in its spiritual duty to its soldiers.

The army is the cutting edge of the sabre, the government the blade and grip, but the force that must wield it is the people behind the army. If they lack determination, the blade will not be driven home. If there is uncertainty of purpose, the edge will be turned and the blade broken.

We are to-day seeking to overcome the results of fifty years of apathy and

careless living. We are attempting to accomplish within a few months what in the natural course of events would require generations — what in Germany has taken centuries of training and heredity. It seems impossible. But the very existence of the National Army proves that nothing is impossible to this nation when its intelligence and its conscience have once been aroused. Let us address ourselves promptly and vigorously to the Americanization of all who live within our territory by providing them with the opportunities for learning our language and for acquainting themselves with our history and the principles of our government. Until this has been done there is no excuse for continuing in our public schools the teaching of German. The task must no longer be left to charitably inclined individuals and organizations, but must be assumed by the state as a supreme duty. On the other hand, the utilization of such opportunities must be made compulsory.

The present war is the culminating struggle between two systems of political philosophy. It will end in the world being all Prussian or all free. Those who seek at this crisis to undermine our faith in our institutions, or to libel the policy or impugn the motives which brought us into the war, or who in any way would dissipate our determination to win, are no ordinary traitors. Benedict Arnold merely surrendered material resources — these would destroy the soul. The treatment accorded them should be commensurate with the enormity of their crime.

Let us no longer commit the error of extending barren sympathy to those families that have given their sons and husbands and brothers to the country; rather let us proclaim them as the elect of the community, those whom it delights to honor, and behind whom we gladly mobilize all our resources of sacrifice and devotion.

And in our soldiers may we cherish only confidence and pride. The fiery Pentecost will then descend and envelop our people with the glory of the battle for democracy and sweep its armies on to victory!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON MAKING CALLS

I KNOW a boy who dislikes to make calls. Making a call, he says, is 'just sitting on a chair.'

I have had the same feeling, although I had never defined it so nicely. One 'just sits on a chair' — precariously, yet with an odd sense of unhappy security, of having grown to and become part of that chair, as if one dreaded to fall off, yet strongly suspected that any real effort to get up and go away would bring the chair up and away with him. He is, so to speak, like a barnacle on a rock in an ocean of conversation. He may exhibit unbarnacle-like activity, cross and uncross his legs, fold and unfold his arms, twiddle his useful fingers, incline his tired head this way and that to relieve the strain on his neck, assume (like an actor) expressions of interest, amusement, surprise, pleasure, or what not. He may even speak or laugh. But

he remains sitting on his chair. He is more and more certain that he cannot get up.

He is unlike the bottoms of his own trousers. Calmly, quietly, and by imperceptible degrees *they* get up. Higher and higher they ascend kneeward; they have an ambition to achieve the waist. Every little while he must unostentatiously, and with an easy, careless, indifferent, well-bred, and even *blasé* gesture, manage to pull them down.

I am referring, you understand, to the mature, married male. Between boyhood and maturity there is a period (without which there would be fewer marriages, and perhaps none at all) when a call is a personal adventure, and it often happens that the recipient of the call, rather than the caller himself, fears that somehow or other he and his chair have grown together. But my boy friend, as I think you will agree when you consider his situation, does not, strictly speaking, call: he is taken to call. And just so is it with the average mature, married male; the chief difference — and even this does not invariably hold good — is that he dresses himself. He has become part and parcel (particularly parcel) of what is presumably a wise and necessary division of life in which the social end is taken over by a feminine partner. She is the expert. She knows when and where to call, what to say, and when to go home. A man, happily married, has no further responsibilities in this business — except to come cheerfully and sit on his chair without wriggling. Sometimes, indeed, he takes a pleasure in it, but that is only when he has momentarily forgotten that he is making a call. These are his rewarding moments; and then, the first thing he knows, somebody is 'making signs' that it is time to go home!

The wise man, noticing these 'signs,' comes home. He stands not upon the order of his coming, but comes at once.

A call, says Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Sociology*, is 'evidently a remote sequence of that system under which a subordinate ruler had from time to time to show loyalty to a chief ruler by presenting himself to do homage.' The idea is plausible: was it not for this very reason that Cleopatra galleyed down the Cydnus to call on Antony, — a call that would probably have had a different effect on history if the lady had brought a husband, — and Sheba cameled across the desert to call on Solomon? The creditor character of the visitation survives in the common expression 'paying a call.' In both these cases, however, the calls took on a lighter and brighter aspect, a more reciprocally admiring and well-affected intimacy, than was strictly necessary to an act of political homage. One is, after all, human: and the absence of marital partners, whose presence is always a little subduing, must be taken into consideration. 'But Solomon,' you say, 'Solomon?' Sir and madam, I rise to your question. In such a situation a man with seven hundred wives is as good as a bachelor; and I think the fact that Solomon had seven hundred wives proves it.

Later the Feudal System provided natural scope for innumerable calls of this nature; visits, as we should now term them, because it was customary for the callers to bring their nighties — or would have been if the callers had had any. The Dark Ages, curiously enough, lacked this garment. But it was only after the Feudal Period that the call, as we now know and practice it, became a social custom; and even to-day feudalism, in an attenuated form, rules society, and the call is often enough an act of homage to the superior social chief. One might argue (except for the fact that Sheba *gave* as well as exhibited her treasure to Solomon)

that Mrs. Jones is following historic precedent when she brings and exhibits Mr. Jones to Mrs. Smith. Or, again, it might be pointed out that both Cleopatra and Sheba *brought their slaves*. There is, apparently, more than one sequence (as Mr. Spencer would say), but there is also a wide divergence from original type. Only partly and occasionally an act of homage, the call has become, broadly speaking, a recognition of exact social equality, as if the round, dignified American cheese in Grocer Brown's ice-box should receive and return a call from the round, dignified American cheese in Grocer Green's ice-box.

And it has become divisible into as many varieties as Mr. Heinz's pickles. —The *call friendly* ('Let us go and call on the Smiths: I'd like to see them'); the *call compulsory* ('We really *must* make that call on the Smiths'); the *call curious* ('I wonder if it's so, what I heard yesterday about the Smiths'); the *call convenient* ('As we have n't anything better to do this evening, we might call on the Smiths'); the *call proud* ('Suppose we get out the new motor, and run round to the Smiths'); and so forth, and so forth, But, however we look at it, the call is dependent upon feminine initiative. Our mature, married male, unless he has had already a call to the ministry, has no call, socially speaking, to make calls. It is his wife's business. As the British soldiers sang at one period of the war, 'He's there because he's there, because he's there, because he's there.' But it is his plain duty to *sit on his chair*. I do not hold it legitimate in him to 'sneak off' with Mr. Smith — and smoke.

Fortunately, however, once he is there, little else is expected of him — and nothing that a man should not be willing to do for his wife. A smile, an attentive manner; the general effect of having combed his hair and washed behind his ears, a word now and then to show that he is awake (I am assuming that he controls the tendency to wriggle on his chair) — and no more is needed. He is a lay figure, but not necessarily a lay figure of speech. I do not know why he is there, unless to prove to their little world that he still loves his wife; that he is, in short, *attached* to her, so that wherever she goeth there he goeth also.

Unless a man who is taken to call is of an abnormally lively conversational habit, quick to think of something that may pass for a contribution to current thought, and even quicker to get it out, he had best accept his position as merely decorative, and try to be as decorative as possible. Either he must be so quick that the first words of his sentence have leaped into life before he is himself aware of what is to come hurrying after them, or he must be so slow that the only sentence he has is still painfully climbing to the surface long after the proper time for its appearance has passed and been forgotten. Swallow it, my dear sir, swallow it. Silence, accompanied by a wise, appreciative glance of the eye, is better; for a man who has mastered the art of the wise look does his wife credit, and is taken home from a call with his faculties unimpaired and his self-respect undiminished: he is the same man as when he was taken out. But not so the man who starts, hesitates, and stops, as if he actually said, 'Hold-on-there-I-'ve-got-a-fine-idea — but — er — on second thought — er — I — er — that is — I guess — er — it is n't — worth hearing.'

Such a man, I say, adds little to the pleasure of himself or the company; he attracts attention only to disappoint: and others are kind as well as sensible to ignore him. He should have kept on rapidly and developed his fine idea to the bitter end. Nor is it wise to at-

tempt to shine, to dazzle, to surprise with a clever epigram, thoughtfully composed and tested by imaginary utterance before an imaginary charmed circle while dressing; for nothing so diminishes confidence in an epigram as successive failures to get it into circulation. In calling, one must jump on the train of thought as it speeds through a way station; and there is no happy mean between jumping on a passing train and standing still on the platform — except, as I have suggested, a pleasant wave of the hand as the train passes.

'There are not many situations,' said Dr. Johnson, 'more incessantly uneasy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak without courage to take it when offered, and who, though he resolves to give a specimen of his abilities, always finds some reason or other for delaying to the next minute.'

I know that resolve; and yet how often have I, too, failed at the crucial moment to give the hoped-for specimen of my abilities! 'Not yet,' I said to myself, 'not yet. The time is not ripe.' And so I waited, incessantly uneasy, — as Dr. Johnson so well puts it, — but always finding some reason or other to postpone the fireworks. I was beset by a kind of gross selfishness — an unwillingness to give *anybody* a specimen of my abilities. Let them chatter! Little do they guess — and never will they know — the abilities sitting on this chair! Give *them* a specimen! Yet I must confess also that my specimen seemed somehow isolated and apart from my environment. It was all right in itself, but it needed a setting; it was like a button without a coat, like an eye without a face, like a kiss without a companion.

And so I come back to my young friend Humphrey; and it seems to me that, with respect to calls, the life of man is in three stages. At first he is a child, and is taken to call by his mother, and he 'just sits on a chair.' But sometimes in that family there is another child — it may be a boy child or a girl child; and so, presently, he finds a little playmate, and begins to play, until his mother decides it is time the call was over, and she takes him home. Then he grows older; he makes calls all by himself; and so impressed is he (being at the impressionable age) by the satisfaction derived from certain of these calls that he marries the young woman, God willing, and makes the call permanent. After that, his wife takes him to call and he 'just sits on a chair.' But it sometimes happens, even as when he was a child, that he finds a little playmate: and then, when all is well and he has quite forgotten that he is making a call, his wife decides it is time that the call was over.

And she takes him home.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

I ALWAYS think of him as the general countryside directory, for, if in need of information in regard to anything within a radius of twelve miles around my summer home, I turn to Henry True. When the fickle appetite of an invalid member of the household demanded potatoes in the early summer, he told me confidentially that I could get some of those, at that time extremely precious, vegetables from a farmer on Green Prairie. He assured me that it was nothing to him whether I bought of his friend or not.

During the hot days of July, when unexpected guests suddenly descended from their automobiles on us in alarming numbers, I flew to the telephone, and asked Henry if he knew anybody anywhere who would and could help in our kitchen.

'Why, yes,' he answered, 'there's a

newcomer girl staying with the Ole Olsens on the Barberry Road. She can't talk much English, but I guess she can peel vegetables and wash dishes all right enough. I'm supervising the new macadam over there and if you want me to, I'll tell Ole to have her ready when you come for her, any time you say. Of course it's nothing to me whether you take her or not. I don't care one way or the other.'

I thanked him and said warmly that it was a great deal to me.

Henry can always find a man, even in these war times, to do an odd job on our place. He knows those who can best spade a garden and those who dabble in cement. He always urges me not to employ any one on his say-so, and he never fails to declare that it is nothing to him, one way or the other.

One autumn when our middle-aged cook expressed a desire to stay in the country during the winter, he knew of just the place for her as working housekeeper, with a delightful old couple in a village ten miles from us. He did not forget to say that it was nothing to him whether she went to the retired country banker and his wife or not; but Matilda went, and had a happy winter.

Although he is vice-president of the woolen mill company, owns a large farm, which he farms with a shareman, is roadmaster of the township, and teaches singing-school in the district-school community centres, Henry yet has time to raise small fruits for market in his home yard. He often brings his luscious berries to our door, and as I stand by his little car, wondering how many boxes I can use, for I am sorely tempted to buy him out, he tells me that he doesn't expect to make money on them, that he raises them for pastime mostly, but as long as he has them he thinks he might as well sell some.

'It's nothing to me whether you buy or not. Take them or leave them. I just come round this way when I'm out with a crate or two, so if you do want some you can have them. Now these red caps are extra fine. If I was recommending any, it would be them, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other, whether you buy them or not. There's plenty that do want them, and even if there were n't it would n't make any difference to me, for Sarah can put them up all right. I guess really it's her patriotic duty to can them now, you know. Well, yes, of course you can have eight boxes or more if you want them. The folks down the other end of the lake will probably be a little disappointed if I don't have any left for them, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other, who gets them. I guess Sarah won't have many to can to-day.'

'Henry,' I said, 'I hear that you and Sarah are going to have your silver wedding on the seventeenth. I'm sorry that I shall not be here at that time. I have to go to the city for a few days just then.'

'Well, of course, we'd like to have you come to the blow-out all right, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other. We've got along and prospered all right, and I'm perfectly satisfied to keep still about it; but the children want to have a party, and I guess Sarah thinks she'll gather in a little solid silver, maybe. Steel knives and forks are good enough for me. I'm not proud myself. I told Sarah this morning that any one who really wanted to give me a present could just hand me a silver dollar. I'd rather have a collection of them than any other pieces of silver I know of.'

For a moment I thought he was joking, but I never had heard him joke, and glancing into my purse, which I had not closed since buying the berries, I saw two silver dollars. I proffered

them rather timidly, I must confess, with my best wishes.

'Well, as my boys say, you came across pretty quick. Thank you kindly.' He pocketed the coins, and then looking at me with a sudden thought, added, 'I suppose one of these is for Sarah.'

'No,' I laughed, 'I shall get a little keepsake in the city for her, in memory of our long friendship. But it's just like you, Henry, to want to divide with her.'

'Oh, well, it's nothing to me, one way or the other, which of us has the money, she or me.'

There are people who say that Henry is mean, and some of his ways are strange and may be misunderstood by those who don't know his great justness. It is true that, when asked to have a cigar or a drink, he has been heard to reply that he does n't smoke or use alcohol, but that he would take the price. He always has money to lend. He charges interest, of course, but he is never hard on his debtors. I knew of his canceling an unfortunate farmer's note for a load of pumpkins one autumn, when his own cellar was full of the golden fruit, for which there was no market. Every child who wanted a jack o' lantern, every housewife who wanted a pie, was welcome to them, for, as he said to me when I went for my share, it was nothing to him, one way or the other, whether the neighbors took them or he threw them out for the cattle.

At the dance in celebration of the completion of a large new barn on the True farm, Henry came across the floor in my direction, towing a youth taller and lankier than himself. Dispensing with superfluous formal introduction he said, 'This young fellow saw you across the room, and he thinks he wants to dance the fox-trot or something with you. I never saw him dance. I don't know whether he's a good dancer or not, but I told him I knew you, and I'd bring him over, and if you wanted to try him you could. But you need n't take him on my say-so. It's nothing to me, one way or the other.'

At the end of the fox-trot, when my partner had left, Henry turned to me with a questioning look. 'He was all right, was n't he? His father used to waltz and polka harder than any one round here, so I thought dancing must come easy to him. But of course I could n't recommend him, because it was nothing to me whether you danced with him or not.'

'Why don't you speak for yourself, Henry? Are n't you going to ask me to dance?'

'Well, I'm not dancing much tonight. I've got on new shoes and they're kind of stiff. See those shoes.' He pushed forward a large broad foot in a shiny shoe, for my inspection. 'Is n't that a pretty good-looking shoe for nothing?'

'Yes, indeed. Were they a present to you?'

'Well, sort of a present. Anyway, I got them free. You see I took some of my grapes and pears over to the Butterworth County fair to exhibit, and there was a firm over there offering a pair of shoes to the man on the grounds who had the biggest feet. I got them.'

'Just for the size of your feet!'

'Yes; but I did have to walk round the fair grounds all the rest of the day carrying two signs, one in front and one behind, telling how I got the shoes.'

'Why, Henry!' I cried, somewhat aghast at the thought of my old friend as a sandwich-man.

'Oh, I did n't mind that. The signs were n't heavy. It was nothing to me, one way or the other.'

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ONLY THE NAVAL RESERVE

BY RALPH E. CROPLEY

In the history of the world there has never been a time when the sea has held the same dramatic appeal to mankind that it holds to-day. Many a ship sails from port and is never heard of again. Others return with their bridges shot away, their funnels riddled with shell-holes, and gaping wounds in their sides, and bring us tales almost unbelievable.

In comparison with the number of ships passing through the war zone, the number sunk has been almost infinitesimal; but this is due, not so much to the efficiency of the British Navy as to the merchant-ship men themselves. Without their unrecorded pluck and endurance during the past three years, as Admiral Jellicoe has said, 'the Navy, and indeed England, could not have existed.' It is they who have gathered the great armies of the Allies from the ends of the earth. It is they who fuel and provision the dreadnoughts. With their lives the Allies have purchased every ton of food they have imported.

As members of the Naval Reserve, they have hunted submarines in all kinds of weather. They have swept the sea for mines, and hardly a day has passed when some of them have not been blown up. They man tugs, salvage the wounded, and convoy the well. They have been called upon for every sort of service — to navigate unlighted coasts, zigzagging at full speed, day and night, through dense fog, without blowing a whistle; to bring their torpedoed craft into port, expecting every moment to have her sink beneath them.

Some day the historian, and after him the poet, will tell their story. This chronicle of war, gathered piecemeal from the laconic narratives of imperturbable survivors, — British answers to Yankee questions, — from old sea friends of mine, under the mellowing influence of tobacco, and pieced together from odds and ends of information is here set down with a due sense of its inadequacy.

But, whoever tells the story, it stirs the blood to read of the Avocet, which left the river Meuse in calm weather and with a smooth sea, *en route* from Rotterdam to England. The land was still on the horizon when three German aeroplanes out of Belgium swooped down on her. Two were light aircraft, while the third, a battle-plane, was handled with great skill, attacking the ship from an elevation as low as eight hundred feet. The great plane would fly over her from stem to stern so as to have her full length for a target and not her beam only. But each time that it laid a course parallel to the ship, the Avocet's officers would swing her to

port or starboard, to get her out of line. Then the enemy overhead would sweep around in a circle, and the manœuvre would begin once more.

The two smaller aeroplanes were less skillfully manœuvred, flying across the ship from starboard to port and from port to starboard. If any one of the three had dared to descend to a lower level, the Avocet must have been hit and sunk; but the crew with their rifles maintained a constant fire upon them. Finally, the chief officer was fortunate enough to explode a distress-signal rocket within a few feet of the battle-plane, and the most formidable antagonist had to keep a higher altitude.

The fight lasted half an hour. The Germans dropped thirty-five bombs, all of which fell close, several missing the mark by not more than seven feet; and throughout the fight the Avocet was in danger from floating mines as well. Furthermore, before running out of bombs, the battle-plane turned its machine-gun on the ship, hoping thereby to kill the crew or drive them to cover, so that, being no longer so cleverly handled, she would be an easier mark for the bombs.

When the three Huns flew away, the Avocet's decks were littered with shrapnel; yet nobody was hurt, and the lookout man in the bows stuck to his post throughout. He actually reported a floating mine dead ahead, while the fight was at its hottest, so faithful a watch did he keep.

Even in these mad days, we can still wonder at the rash courage of the merchant skipper of the Straton, dashing in amid the wreckage of the sinking Runo, and saving two hundred lives despite the mines which could be seen floating about her. And who can fail to admire the dauntlessness of the old fishermen of Britain and of France, — men retired from the sea a score of years ago, — who, when their sons took up mine-sweeping, went back to the worn-out trawlers condemned by the Admiralty as unseaworthy, and with antiquated gear resumed the dragging of their trawls, assisted by their grandsons!

For over two years the majority of the Allies' merchant ships traversed the danger zone and the Mediterranean without armament or convoy, and in many cases without wireless outfit. This statement is equally true of the transports: witness the case of the Ramazon, from which only three men were saved after she had been literally shelled to pieces by a U-boat.

Another case was that of the Mercian. She was jammed to the gunwales with some three thousand troops, bound for Gallipoli. She had no gun, nor was she convoyed. A submarine came up and began shelling her. Captain Walker took the wheel himself, and for over two hours drove his comparatively slow-moving ship in flight. Not once did his nerve fail, while the storm of shrapnel fell all over the ship. A brother captain of his told me that Walker's coat was literally riddled, though not a shot wounded him; that there were about ninety troops killed on board. During the chase some of the troops and crew, thinking the game was up, attempted to launch a boat. As it was being lowered, one fall slipped and the bow dropped, spilling out all except about fourteen, who clung to the thwarts and seats. Suspended thus with one end dragging in the water, the boat retarded the Mercian's speed and allowed the submarine to gain. Somebody had presence of mind to get an axe and cut the davit-falls which held the boat, and let her drop away. In going down she miraculously missed the propeller, which, however, cut off the leg of one of the wireless men. Two hours later, the men who had clung to the boat were all picked up by the

transport Cardiganshire. They had all got to the lifeboat, which floated, although full of water. Some one, it seems, had hauled the wireless operator aboard, and put a tourniquet on his leg. The poor fellow was taken on to Malta, where he died. Captain Walker, by his nerve, saved the Mercian and twenty-nine hundred of the troops from destruction. If he had worn the uniform of the Army or Navy he would have received the Victoria Cross. As it was, I am told that he received from his government the Military Medal, only because the officers of the troops he had on board demanded it for him.

In one case justice has been done a merchant sailor, for he has received as noble a reward, I think, as was ever bestowed. The Teviot, a little tub of a cargo boat, some 330 feet in length, was leaving Ostend, and it was understood that she would be the last boat to leave that port for England and safety, as the Germans were in the act of entering the town. People fought desperately for a chance to board her, and she was crowded with refugees.

She was commanded by Captain Braithwaite — a man of forty-odd, robust and thick-set, with a complexion like raw beef, an accent thicker than gruel, and a resounding laugh that seemed to start in his boots.

Just as the Teviot cleared the breakwater and pointed her nose toward England, Braithwaite saw a party of nuns being chased along the beach by German soldiers. Without a moment's hesitation, although the sea was fairly rough and refugees were clinging to the ship almost by their finger-tips, he backed his little craft toward the beach until he almost put her aground, then lowered his lifeboats, and, in spite of the rifle-fire along the beach, rescued eighty nuns, including the Mother Superior.

In an agony of terror, the poor nuns fell on their knees on the sand, and prayed that the boats might arrive in time. What a picture! the lifeboats in the surf, and the British tars splashing through it, each with a sister in his arms.

A letter endorsed by Cardinal Mercier was sent to Captain Braithwaite, in which the Mother Superior wrote that she had no hesitancy in saying that his action had saved the nuns from outrage. She added that, so long as her holy Order exists, prayers will be said for him and his children and his children's children, and that all the influence that the Order can command will always be employed for the benefit of his family.

Prayers could not save him, poor fellow. He was drowned not long ago in the Mediterranean, when the big ship Aragon was torpedoed. Knowing him, as I did, and knowing the part that he played in the Dardanelles with his transport, the Cardiganshire, pushing her always to the fore, and seeing to it that his chief officer got the Military Medal rather than himself, I am sure that he went down on the Aragon's bridge because there were still troops on board when she sank.

I have seen recently a letter from an officer of the Wilson Liner Toro, which was torpedoed in the Chops of the Channel two hundred miles from shore. Her crew of twenty-five took to the boats, twelve in one, thirteen in another, when the German pirate came alongside and called for the captain and took him aboard the submarine. Unless the submarine has been destroyed, he is interned in Germany today; for only by delivering captains there can the U-boat crews get their prize-money for breaking the laws of God and man.

Having stowed the Toro's captain below, the commander ordered the masts

and sails of the lifeboats destroyed before the eyes of the desperate crew. Then he shouted, in excellent English, 'Now, row, you British bastards, row!'

For men in an open boat, two hundred miles from land, with oars for motive power, the chances are slim. Of the two boats from the Toro one has never been heard from. The other, after five days of rowing, when the oars were practically worn out, was picked up about fifty miles farther from land than where the ship was sunk. The rescuing craft was bound for Sierra Leone; she took the men there, where they trans-shipped for England aboard another vessel, which was in its turn torpedoed. It took the survivors of the Toro just nine weeks to make the two hundred miles!

On Tuesday evening, July 31, 1917, at eight o'clock, two hundred miles from shore, the Belgian Prince was torpedoed without warning. After the men had taken to the boats, the submarine steamed in among them and ordered them alongside. The captain was taken below, and the crew, thirty-eight of them, were lined up on the deck, which was just awash. Then the Germans removed their life-belts and stove in the Prince's boats with axes, and going below, closed the trap-door. Thereupon, the U-boat promptly got under way, and steamed about two miles from the sinking Prince, where she submerged, offering her deck passengers the alternative of drowning, or swimming back two miles to the wreckage of their ship. The chief engineer happened to be provided with a pneumatic waistcoat. But for that, the ship might have gone down leaving no trace behind. He blew up this waistcoat of his, and for several hours supported a cabin boy, till the boy died from exposure. Finally, the engineer was himself picked up, after being in the water eleven hours. Another engineer did manage to swim back to the wreckage of the ship.

Less familiar, perhaps, is the case of the Anglo-Californian, early in July, 1915. She had left Montreal a week or so before, heavily laden with war materials. She had been advised of the sinking without warning, just four days earlier, off the Irish coast, of the big Leyland Liner Armenian, with a cargo of American mules; and it was but two months since the Lusitania massacre! Thus her officers and crew were keenly alive to the prospect of the new type of murder; and so, when a submarine emerged astern of her and fired a shell, Captain Parslow yelled down the tube to the engine-room to speed her up. At the same time, he sent out S.O.S. signals, and a number of destroyers started in his direction.

The submarine on the surface showed greater speed than the Anglo-Californian, and, as she rapidly overhauled her, fired shell after shell. It was not long before the wireless was put out of commission, and things looked pretty blue for the ship. Finding that he could not escape, Captain Parslow adopted the tactics of a cornered animal, manœuvring his ship so that he kept her pointed at the enemy, thus preventing him from firing a torpedo with any good chance of success. The U-boat steamed round and round the big cargo boat, doing her best to get into a position where she could deal her a death-blow, all the while pouring shells into her. Frequently she came so close that rifle-fire was effective.

Throughout it all, amid that rain of death, Captain Parslow stood on the bridge and outmanœuvred the German assassin. Finally a shot struck the bridge itself. The concussion killed Parslow outright and mutilated his body terribly. His son, the second officer, who stood beside him on the bridge, was knocked down, but not

hurt. As the submarine was then close in and using rifle-fire, young Parslow crawled on his stomach across the shell-torn floor, grabbed the steering-wheel, and, keeping an eye on the enemy through holes in the canvas about the bridge-rail, manœuvred the ship as cleverly as his father had done. Another shell burst on the bridge and broke a spoke of the wheel, but young Parslow still gripped it, and there he stayed until the British destroyers appeared — four hours after the fight began — and the submarine was forced to submerge.

The Anglo-Californian's casualties were nine killed and eight wounded. As she entered Queenstown Harbor on the morning of July 5, she was a monument of German frightfulness, — her sides riddled with shell-holes, her decks splintered, and fragments of shrapnel embedded in them. Her escape was accomplished by no other means than the indomitable spirit of the Parslows, combined with their masterly seamanship.

The captain of the little collier, Wandle, in August, 1916, was blown off his bridge by the concussion from a shell, but picked himself up and saw to it that his crew replied to the submarines shot for shot, until he finally sank her. The Wandle had a triumphal progress up the Thames to London, her shattered bulwarks and shell-torn superstructure giving abundant proof of her daring.

The Tintoretto was bound from Gallipoli to Alexandria, empty. She had no wireless and her only armament was an old 12-pounder. Two U-boats lying alongside a supply ship came across her course. All three made for her. The Tintoretto's first shot was a lucky one: it hit one of the submarines, which, for some reason or other, blew up. The other one was driven out of range of the 12-pounder, and the Tintoretto's captain — his name was Trantor — went aft and with his own hands chopped a hole in the deck, so that his 12-pounder could be tilted to cover the submarine, whose gun outpointed it. The second U-boat was sunk at last, and then Trantor took on the supply ship. Although she was slower than the Tintoretto, she had a 4.7 gun, and Trantor was forced to run from her. On reaching Alexandria, his crew collapsed. Trantor was the toast of the town; but I have yet to learn that he has received from his government the recognition that his exploit deserved.

Captain Kinneir, of the Ortega, — an 8000-ton passenger liner then plying between Liverpool and Valparaiso and Panama, — was ordered to lay to by a German cruiser just north of Cape Horn. He steered his ship into Nelson Straits, a narrow, uncharted passage, with towering mountains on either side, — the gloomiest place in the world, — and got away because his pursuer dared not follow. There is no anchorage in the straits, and no ship of half her size had ever before ventured into them.

We have the record, too, of Frank Claret, captain of the Minnehaha, which went down four minutes after she was struck, forty-three of her crew being either killed or drowned. The captain rescued many of his men personally, swimming about and helping them to places where they could hold on till they were picked up. On the bridge or in the water, he was still master. One of the engineers was enormously fat. When the torpedo struck, he had on nothing in the world but an undershirt. Donning a life-preserver, he went overboard, and finally managed to hoist himself onto a raft, where he found a camp-chair waiting for him. There he enthroned himself with much comfort. The pleasant sight did much to cheer the crew as they clung to float-

ing wreckage. Chief Officer Abbey gave his life-belt to an injured fireman, then became exhausted himself before help could reach him. One of the wireless boys took a message from the captain on the bridge, went back to the wireless room, and was drowned as he was sending the message. This was the Minnehaha's first trip under convoy, after escaping disaster for over three years unescorted.

And what of Custance of the Arcadian, who took so many of us pleasure-seeking travelers to Bermuda, or entertained us royally during excursions to 'the land of the Midnight Sun.' A little slip of a man he is, whose eyes would not blink in a gale of wind — a man who takes everything terribly to heart. He arrived in New York on Christmas Day, 1917, after an absence of five weeks — arrived ready, as usual, to go to sea again, though he had just been torpedoed and had struggled a hundred miles into port, in the teeth of a gale, with the ship gradually sinking beneath him, and a crew of Chinamen who had to be held at bay with a gun.

It was Custance, in command of the tiny mine-sweeper Mingary, who held off three submarines and saved the battle cruiser Warspite as she was limping home from the Jutland battle. For two years he never saw his family, but stuck to his perilous mine-sweeping job around the Shetland Islands, that hell of storms and Germans! From the big cruising steamship Arcadian he went to his little mine-sweeper, and led the line in that hazardous work, once having the whole after part of his craft blown off. Then for a time he was on the Maid of Honor, a patrol yacht, every night convoying ships across to France and coming back by day.

Now, the nature of this work of the Channel patrol is forcibly described in this fragment of a letter from one of those engaged in it: —

'The weather round about here has been too damnable for words lately, and life on a patrol boat has been no cinch. Came down harbor yesterday in a regular blizzard, — could barely see fifty yards ahead at times, and about three inches of snow all over the ship, — freezing like the devil. There's an infernal no'westerly wind blowing, and this packet rolls about like a sick-headache. It's no joke monkeying about in a tiny craft of this size, hunting "tin fishes." In daylight it's bad enough, but at night it's extremely dangerous, as one can't see the seas and one's liable to half swamp one's self in turning. And as far as any comfort below goes, there is n't any. Everything is damp and cold, and the steward loses the greater part of your food in bringing it to you, and what you finally receive is a cold unpalatable mess. Yet, by God! it's something to be out here having a chance to bag a bally German swine!'

The Admiralty finally put Custance in hospital, but as soon as they let him out, off to sea again he went, and he is now doing most valuable service as commodore of a convoy.

The seafaring men who have ferried so many of us across the Atlantic have certainly upheld the traditions of their forefathers. They have fought with their heads as well as with their guns, like Haddock of the Olympic, who hoodwinked the Germans with his dummy dreadnoughts. To Haddock, and to Haddock alone, it is due that so many troops got to Gallipoli on unarmed transports while the Grand Fleet remained intact in the North Sea.

Haddock is a master of marine camouflage. His dummy Queen Elizabeth kept the whole Austrian fleet bottled up in the Adriatic. She was nothing more formidable than the old Royal Mail Liner Oruba, which used to

run from New York to Bermuda. In this connection it is diverting to remember how our German-American press denounced England as a liar for saying that the famous battle-cruiser Tiger was not sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean. The real Tiger was at that time, and still is, with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea, and I hear regularly from a former merchant-ship officer who fought aboard her in the Jutland battle, after she was said to have been sunk, and who has been raised to the rank of lieutenant-commander for valor. But her replica, Haddock's dummy, — the old American Liner Merion, of the Philadelphia–Liverpool line, — lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean.

Captain Braithwaite, of whom I have already spoken, was present on a transport when the submarine let five transports go by in order to plug the dummy Tiger; he told me that it was most ridiculous to see men hustle canvas 6-inch guns below whenever a neutral ship hove in sight; and that, when the torpedo struck her, many men floated ashore astride wooden 14.7 guns. The torpedo worked more havoc on the dummy's decks than with her side, for to get her down so that she would have the freeboard of a battle-cruiser, she had been loaded with cement and stones, and the explosion filled the air with flying missiles which fell back on her decks. The strangest feature of the whole episode is that, although loaded beyond the safety mark with a very heavy cargo, the dummy did not sink for twenty-four hours.

Haddock's 'Suicide Squadron' of old liners is no more; but without their aid in convoying the transports to the Dardanelles, the German fleet might have succeeded in breaking through the cordon spread by the British Grand Fleet about the North Sea; for that fleet would have had to be weakened to supply ships for the service which the dummies performed.

It is unnecessary to introduce the Carmania to the American traveling public. Soon after the war began, she was prepared for service as an auxiliary cruiser. She came across to Bermuda and was taken up a tortuous channel to the Navy Yard. It is a wonder to this day how such a leviathan ever got safely into and out of that channel.

From Bermuda she steamed south, looking for the Kronprinz Wilhelm and the big Cap Trafalgar, which had been transformed into raiders. Three hundred miles off Rio de Janeiro she fell in with the Cap Trafalgar, protecting neutral steamers which had been sent out to coal the German raiders. Each ship was of about 20,000 tons and over 600 feet in length, and they were built for passenger liners, not fighting ships.

The Carmania was commanded by a regular naval officer, but she was navigated by merchant-ship officers.

The Cap Trafalgar was much more heavily armed than the Carmania. Her guns were 6-inch against the Carmania's 4.7. The fight lasted two hours; then the Cap Trafalgar rolled over on her side and sank. About one hundred and fifty shots were fired on each side. The Carmania's fire was aimed at the water-line, whereas the Cap Trafalgar fired at the Carmania's superstructure. The latter's main bridge was shot away, and she was manœuvred during most of the battle from the second officer's bridge at the stern.

When the Cap Trafalgar sank, the Carmania was on fire fore and aft, and had not the British cruiser Bristol come to her assistance, she would have been gutted, as her whole water-system was shot to pieces. It was a wonderful battle, and the skillful manœuvring of the merchant-ship men kept the Carmania bow on to the Cap Trafalgar, thereby offering a smaller target.

After the battle the Carmania's dead were buried, and the British cruiser Marlborough accompanied her to Gibraltar for repairs. The long trip of several thousand miles was accomplished safely; but she was navigated entirely from the tiny bridge at the very stern, the bridge on which the second officer keeps watch when she goes in or out of port. The fight took place in mid-September, 1914.

The other day the Carmania passed up the Hudson River, and a British merchant officer in the Naval Reserve, who was looking from my office window, came to the salute. That shows how merchant men feel toward the Carmania; for her fight with the Cap Trafalgar was the first big sea-battle of the war, and the merchant-ship men proved thereby their value to the nation.

The three Americans who refused to leave the tug Vigilant, and who brought her into port after she had been abandoned by her captain and the rest of the crew, are certainly worthy of niches in some Hall of Fame. She was one of the American tugs purchased by Great Britain, and started across the Atlantic under her own steam. It was in the late autumn of 1916; even in a calm summer sea such a voyage is a risky thing for a tugboat, and she was in difficulty from the start. During the entire trip she was smothered in huge seas; in mid-Atlantic she was so sorely tried that, when the Holland-America Liner Ryndam came along, the Vigilant's captain deemed it his duty to abandon her and save the lives of his crew, for he had abandoned hope of getting her safely across.

But the three Yankees — Ferguson, Smith, and Welch — thought differently, and chose to stay by the ship. After the Ryndam had disappeared below the horizon, the weather grew worse, till the little tug was having a taste of the most violent gale seen on the Atlantic in 1916. She was simply buried beneath great seas, all the gear on deck went by the board, and at last the steering-gear got jammed and the tug was thrown on her beam-ends. As she wallowed in the trough, it seemed impossible that she could live; but the next minute found her still there, with Ferguson battened in the pilot-house, Welch at the engine, and Smith in the stoke-hold, firing the boiler whenever the lurching allowed him to keep his feet for a moment.

Live she did, or we should never have heard the tale. For three days the men had neither food nor drink; yet, weak to the point of exhaustion, and sustained only by their own Yankee grit and the incalculable good fortune which often smiles upon a daring adventure, they brought the Vigilant into Bantry Bay.

There are, of course, records which furnish more exciting reading; but until we entered the war, this was the first real exhibition for many years of old-time Yankee seamanship.

I have talked with many a naval officer about the part played by the fishermen of France and England in the war. One and all are loud in their praise, for the fishermen have proved to be, in very truth, the eyes and ears of the Navy. They have kept the sea in weather so vile that they would never have dreamed of facing it in times of peace. They have gone everywhere and done everything — done work for which no gold could adequately reward them. I know of a fishing trawler, without a gun, which pursued a U-boat and by sheer persistence forced her to submerge and let the merchant ship she was chasing make her escape. And there is the story of a fisherman at a trawler's wheel, who, when the wheel was smashed in his hands by a shell from a submarine, kept on steering with the broken spokes while his mates fought on. Of the fisherman skipper of the Pelican it is told that he

alone refused to abandon his craft when a mine got entangled in the mine-sweeping tackle as it was being hauled aboard; and, before anybody realized the danger, the mine was close alongside. The least lurch would have caused the vessel to be blown to atoms. Expecting each moment to be his last, the captain worked to clear away the mine. His nerve won the day; but as the mine drifted astern, for some unknown reason it exploded, and nearly swamped the lifeboat standing by.

This mine-sweeping business is terribly hard on the nerves. One moment a group of ships will be sailing along together on a tranquil sea. The next moment there comes a flash and a bang, and a ship and her crew have disappeared. And this is almost a daily occurrence somewhere in the danger zone. Because these hardy seamen do not wear the brass buttons of the regular Navy or Army, the general public has not shown the interest in them that it should have shown, nor has their valor been adequately rewarded.

The following copy of a letter written by Captain Chave of the Alnwick Castle to her owners was published in the English newspapers: it describes a typical experience of the sort that merchantmen have had to go through during this war.

FRENCH S.S. VENEZIA
At Sea, March 28, 1917.

THE UNION CASTLE MAIL S.S. CO.,
LONDON.

GENTLEMEN, —

With deep regret I have to report the loss of your steamer Alnwick Castle, which was torpedoed without warning at 6:10 A.M. on Monday, March 19, in a position about 320 miles from the Scilly Islands.

At the time of the disaster there were on board, besides 100 members of my own crew and 14 passengers, the captain and 24 of the crew of the collier transport Trevose whom I had rescued from their boats at 5:30 P.M. on the previous day, Sunday, March 18, their ship having been torpedoed at 11 A.M. that day, two Arab firemen being killed by the explosion, which wrecked the engine room. . . .

I was being served with morning coffee at about 6:10 A.M., when the explosion occurred, blowing up the hatches and beams from No. 2 and sending up a high column of water and débris which fell back on the bridge. The chief officer put the engines full astern, and I directed him to get the boats away. All our six boats were safely launched and left the ship, which was rapidly sinking by the head.

The forecastle was now (6:30 A.M.) just dipping, though the ship maintained an upright position without list. The people in my boat were clamoring for me to come, as they were alarmed by the danger of the ship plunging. The purser informed me that every one was out of the ship, and I then took Mr. Carnaby from his post, and we went down to No. 1 boat and pulled away. At a safe distance we waited to see the end of the Alnwick Castle. Then we observed the submarine quietly emerge from the sea, end on to the ship, with a gun trained on her. She showed no periscope — just a conning tower as she lay there — silent and sinister. In about 10 minutes the Alnwick Castle plunged bow first below the surface; her whistle gave one blast and the main topmast broke off; there was a smothered roar and a cloud of dirt, and we were left in our boats, 139 people, 300 miles from land. The submarine lay between the boats, but whether she spoke to any of them I do not know. She proceeded northeast after a steamer which was homeward bound about four miles away, and soon after we saw a tall column of water, etc., and knew that she had found another victim.

I got in touch with all the boats, and from the number of their occupants I was satisfied that every one was safely in them. The one lady passenger and her baby three months old were with the stewardess in the chief officer's boat. I directed the third officer to transfer four of his men to the second officer's boat to equalize the number, and told them all to steer between east and east northeast for the Channel. We all made sail before a light westerly wind, which freshened before sunset, when we reefed down. After dark I saw no more of the other boats. That was Monday, March 19.

I found only three men who could help me to steer, and one of these subsequently became delirious, leaving only three of us. At 2 A.M., Tuesday, the wind and sea had increased to a force when I deemed it unsafe to sail any longer; also it was working to the northwest and north-northwest. I furled the sail and streamed the sea-anchor, and we used the canvas boat-cover to afford us some shelter from the constant spray and bitter wind. At daylight we found our sea-anchor and the rudder had both gone. There was too much sea to sail; we manœuvred with oars, while I lashed two oars together and made another sea-anchor. We spent the whole of Tuesday fighting the sea, struggling with oars to assist the sea-anchor to head the boat up to the waves, constantly soaked with cold spray and pierced with the bitter wind, which was now from the north. I served out water twice daily, one dipper between two men, which made a portion about equal to one third of a condensed-milk tin. We divided a tin of milk between four men once a day, and a tin of beef (6 pounds) was more than sufficient to provide a portion for each person (29) once a day.

At midnight Tuesday–Wednesday, the northerly wind fell light, and we made sail again, the wind gradually working to northeast and increasing after sunrise. All the morning and afternoon of Wednesday we kept under way, until about 8 P.M. when I was compelled to heave to again. During this day the iron step of our mast gave way and our mast and sail went overboard, but we saved them, and were able to improvise a new step with the aid of an axe and piece of wood fitted to support the boat-cover strongback. We were now feeling the pangs of thirst as well as the exhaustion of labor and exposure and want of sleep. Some pitiful appeals were made for water. I issued an extra ration to a few of the weaker ones only.

During the night of Wednesday–Thursday the wind dropped for a couple of hours and several showers of hail fell. The hailstones were eagerly scraped from our clothing and swallowed. I ordered the sail to be spread out in the hope of catching water from a rain shower, but we were disappointed in this, for the rain was too light. Several of the men were getting light-headed and I found that they had been drinking salt-water in spite of my earnest and vehement order.

It was with great difficulty that any one could be prevailed on to bail out the water, which seemed to leak into the boat at an astonishing rate, perhaps due to some rivets having been started by the pounding she had received.

At 4 A.M. the wind came away again from northeast and we made sail; but unfortunately it freshened again and we were constantly soaked with spray and had to be always baling. Our water was now very low and we decided to mix condensed milk with it. Most of the men were helpless and several were raving in delirium. The foreman cattleman, W. Kitcher, died and was buried. Soon after dark the sea became confused and angry; I furled

the tiny reef-sail and put out the sea-anchor. At 8 P.M. we were swamped by a breaking sea and I thought all was over. A moan of despair rose in the darkness, but I shouted to them, 'Bail, bail, bail!' and assured them that the boat could not sink. How they found the bailers and buckets in the dark, I don't know, but they managed to free the boat, while I shifted the sea-anchor to the stern and made a tiny bit of sail and got her away before the wind. After that escape the wind died away about midnight and we spent a most distressing night. Several of the men collapsed, others temporarily lost their reason; and one of these became pugnacious and climbed about the boat uttering complaints and threats.

The horror of that night, together with the physical suffering, are beyond my power of description. Before daylight, however, on March 23, the wind permitting, I managed with the help of the few who remained able, to set sail again, hoping now to be in the Bay of Biscay and to surely see some vessel to succor us. Never a sail or wisp of smoke had we seen. When daylight came, the appeals for water were so angry and insistent that I deemed it best to make an issue at once. After that had gone round amid much cursing and snatching, we could see that only one more issue remained. One fireman, Thomas, was dead; another was nearly gone; my steward, Buckley, was almost gone; we tried to pour some milk and water down his throat, but he could not swallow. No one could eat biscuits; it was impossible to swallow anything solid; our throats were afire, our lips furred, our limbs numbed, our hands were white and bloodless. During the forenoon Friday, another fireman, named Tribe, died, and my steward Buckley died; also a cattleman, whose only name I could get as Peter, collapsed and died about noon.

To our unspeakable relief we were rescued about 1:30 P.M. on Friday, 23, by the French steamer Venezia of the Fabre Line, for New York for horses. A considerable swell was running, and in our enfeebled state we were unable properly to manœuvre our boat; but the French captain, M. Paul Bonifacie, handled his empty vessel with great skill and brought her alongside us, sending out a lifebuoy on a line for us to seize. We were unable to climb the ladders, so they hoisted us one by one in ropes, until the 24 live men were aboard.

The four dead bodies were left in the boat, and the gunners of the Venezia fired at her in order to destroy her, but the shots did not take effect.

I earnestly hope that the other five boats have been picked up, for I fear that neither of the small accident boats had much chance of surviving the weather I experienced. At present I have not regained fully the use of my hands and feet, but hope to be fit again before my arrival in England, when I trust you will honor me with appointment to another ship.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

BENJ. CHAVE.

To collect these little stories of the sea has required a deal of perseverance. For these men will talk to you about the excellent work of the American destroyers in the war zone, about what some other skipper has done; but never will you learn from the lips of a British merchant-ship officer of his own gallant deeds, of the stout heart he has shown in saving his ship and the lives of men, women, and children imperiled by the Teuton murderers. There have been no conscientious objectors among them. They have done what it has been necessary for them to do, facing death daily and hourly.

THEIR WAR

BY HETTY HEMENWAY

I

It was before the war, and women of the British Empire did not take their young sons as seriously as they do now.

Edwin was seventeen years old. His voice had changed, and he had reached an age when he was a mystery to his mother. His manner was aloof; he behaved like an alien in his own home and toward his own family — a curious alien in a far-away country, lonely and rejoicing in his loneliness. From a rude and boisterous lad who had filled the house with jarring, joyous noise, he became suddenly taciturn and silent for days. When his mother scolded or cajoled him, a little wistfully or fretfully, as the case might be, he looked down at her from his strange new height, and said, as if it cost him a physical effort to say so many words, —

'I don't know what you mean.'

He seemed so embarrassed at being asked questions or talked to about himself that she took pity and tried to let him alone. She felt instinctively that he was preoccupied by some inward process, so marvelous, so delicate, so absorbing, that to be asked questions was like interrupting a painter before his unfinished canvas, or an inventor at his engine. The eyes he turned toward her had the same harsh look of absorbed devotion suddenly disturbed. 'Let me alone,' they said.

She became quite plaintive about it, wondered if he did n't love her any more; and when she asked he bantered her. Bantering was his defense, and with it he parried any sentiment or attempts to get at the real him.

Silent and gruff to the point of surliness, except for irritating fits of rough puppy play, he stood quite aloof from the world about him. He read with avidity books of adventure and travel, and was mad about machinery, and would spend hours in a sort of blissful coma or grouch, oblivious, so far as the rest of the world was concerned, over a broken-down automobile, or tinkering in the blistering sun the engine of his motor-boat. He was fond of music, and went passionately to the theatre, always with other youths of his own age, where, fortified by a row on each side of him, he blushed and grinned at the antics of the chorus girls.

His hair was always rumpled; he wore a soft shirt, a despicable tie, an old Norfolk jacket, and looked too uncouth for words.

'Edwin Byrne, what can I do to make you look like a gentleman?' his mother would say at least three times a day.

Naturally, therefore, she was greatly surprised one afternoon at the theatre, when, as she scanned the house with her opera-glasses, she spied Edwin in a seat at the back, in the orchestra pit — faultlessly dressed, his blond hair soaked with water, and wearing a suit which she did not even know that he possessed.

He was staring straight ahead of him. 'He's not afraid to show how much he loves music, because he has

no idea that any one is watching him,' thought the mother, astutely; and from this point of vantage, therefore, she watched. She saw Edwin get up and of his own free will speak to a middle-aged lady a few rows in front of him. The lady seemed well acquainted with him, and he sat down beside her and conversed with perfect ease and cordiality. His mother watched him, agape. She had chronically worried about his manners when she was not present to remind and prompt him, as she had done since he was six years old; to whisper, 'Don't forget to be very polite to Mrs. S——.' If she had only known, it was this very admonition that made his manner toward Mrs. S—— positively adamantine in its abject frigidity.

A little girl who was seated on the other side of her mother poked a vivacious word into the conversation occasionally, and then drew back, twisting her hands with embarrassment. Edwin hated little girls, especially pert little girls with grown-up manners — at least so his mother had always supposed. Yet he sat beside the strange lady during the rest of the opera.

After the curtain went down, as Mrs. Byrne was getting into her carriage, she saw her son helping the other lady into hers. The girl's smart dress came only to the top of her boots, and her hair was tied up in two great childish bows. She was talking in the same affectedly grown-up manner. 'Why, she's not such a child after all,' thought the mother; 'she might be fifteen!' It had not occurred to her before that a girl who reached only to her tall son's shoulder could be his contemporary. She tried to signal from her carriage, but the boy had disappeared. On her way home she stopped at a friend's house for tea, and burst out about her son.

'Edwin's got a girl! It's that fearfully common Mrs. Gilbert's daughter. I recognized them at the play; is n't it too delicious!'

And her hostess, Mrs. Betts, an invalid, who took an eager interest in all young people's affairs, laughed, and said archly, —

'He's such a dear, handsome boy! I suppose he will have a hundred affairs before he's through; but the first is always so amusing!'

When Mrs. Byrne came home she found Edwin, again in his old Norfolk coat, his hair rumpled, sitting in the back drawing-room, reading the newspaper, his feet on the damask sofa.

'I saw you at the opera this afternoon, but you did n't see me,' she said archly, frowning at his muddy shoes.

He gave her a startled, terrible look.

'Who was the nice-looking lady and the pretty girl you were talking to? Was it Mrs. Thomas Gilbert?' continued his mother pleasantly, trying to account for the horror in the boy's eyes.

'What girl? I don't know. Guess her name's Gilbert. Met 'em — somewhere. Don't know 'em at all,' stammered Edwin.

'Mrs. Thomas Gilbert,' continued the mother cordially; 'I never met her, but I know who she is.'

Silence.

'Don't they live on Albert Square?' Mrs. Byrne pursued. 'Did n't the father make his money in bath-tubs?'

'Guess so. Don't know anything about 'em,' almost shouted Edwin.

'Why, I dare say they are nice enough people.'

Mrs. Byrne remembered a little book she had read, called *Adolescent Boys*, in which the writer advised mothers to ask nice girls of their own choice to their houses, rather than let boys seek companionship at random. And after all, bath-tubs are perfectly respectable! So, after a pause, she said, —

'Would n't you like to ask that little girl here, or go to the theatre?'

But this natural suggestion was met by a look of such positive hatred and agony that she was really frightened and hastened to change the subject.

'What do you think of the news?' she asked, reading over Edwin's shoulder the staring headlines of his paper: 'Austria's ultimatum to Servia? Every one was talking about it where I went for tea.'

'It looks like a mix-up,' said Edwin, enormously relieved by the change of subject.

'Not war!' murmured his mother, and scolded him for putting his muddy shoes on the damask sofa. Her thought of the mix-up was, 'Nothing will come of this,' meaning, 'Nothing that will remotely affect Edwin or me personally.'

Other mothers, reading the headlines that same evening in quiet homes throughout Canada, were asking the same thing: 'Will this affect us?' 'Not war,' was their startled opinion; and while with Mrs. Byrne they voiced the general conviction and waited with the almost pleasurable horror and awe which perverse human nature experiences on the brink of a cataclysm, within the week their homes across the sea felt and were stirred by the strange vibration that arose, swaying, gaining in impetus, as on the highways, under the windows of Germany, the mightiest army in the world marched by.

But when, in its time, came the invasion of Belgium and the declaration of war by Great Britain, then instantly the panicky thought of mothers throughout Britain's great dominion was, 'Who is to fight this war?'

'Thank Heaven, Edwin is only seventeen!' thought one Canadian mother to herself.

Edwin, in those first days of war, was thrilled out of his usual silence, and his voice became hoarse with excitement. It rang through the house, and his leaping footsteps shook the stairs whenever a newsboy was heard at the street-corner. It was he who came bursting in to give the first news, calling, —

'Mother! Mother!'

'I'm here,' she called back. She was sewing in her room.

'Canada calls for volunteers, mother; see, for volunteers.' He held a newspaper in his hand.

'Oh!' she said. At that moment all over the country women were saying, 'Oh!' The cry was echoed in the pantry, and in the nursery, and across the vast plains from the ranchmen's homes.

Down the street a newsboy went shouting, —

'Canada calls for volunteers for the mother country!'

'Hear that!' said Edwin.

He threw his arms round his mother's neck and hugged her with all his brutal young strength. His face was aglow as if with rapture.

Mrs. Byrne, looking up at him, was listening.

'Thank goodness, he's only seventeen!' she comforted herself. 'They surely won't take boys as young as he.'

She kept saying it in Edwin's hearing.

'Oh, I think mothers are so brave nowadays; they don't think of themselves at all. I don't know how I'd bear it; but I am so lucky, for they can't want boys as young as seventeen!'

Silently she reckoned up the young men she knew, whose death would be a personal loss to her or her friends, and she sighed with relief. She had none to give.

Five weeks later — just four months before Edwin's eighteenth birthday — he came into the room where his mother was waiting for tea. He kicked the wood-fire for five minutes, whistled, spilled the matches, swore under

his breath, and kicked them into the ashes.

'I've enlisted,' he said.

He looked guilty and ashamed, and he kicked the matches steadily and uneasily, his eyes bent on the floor.

His mother continued fussing with the tea-cups. Presently she said, 'I expected it.' Her hand did not tremble, but for some reason she blushed like a young girl.

Instead of shopping and doing errands that afternoon, as she usually did, she walked. She walked in an unaccustomed part of the town. She went into a little park — an island of dusty green among shabby old houses — and sat down. The sun was very hot, in the later afternoon, slanting through the trees and zigzagging dazzling patterns on the walks and iron benches. She had forgotten her parasol, but she did not take the trouble to move into the shade. She sat motionless; her face was flushed from the heat, and its refined and delicate lines sagged with weariness, showing the innocent sadness and quiet pathos that we see sometimes on the faces of middle-aged, quite conventional women, when they are asleep or quite alone and off-guard, or after they are dead and laid out in their caskets.

In the distance a hurdy-gurdy was playing war-tunes. People passed to and fro on the gravel walks. The air was sweet and drowsy, with the chirping of sparrows and the high, sweet voices of children and the incessant purring and calling of the city.

There were three figures which sat silently on the benches that hazy October afternoon. A heavy, sodden woman in the corner, who was talking to herself and crying in a luxurious drunken stupor, dizzy and lulled from her misery; a young fellow with a consumptive's cough, who was reading a stray page of a newspaper which the wind had been blowing about for days in the dirt; and the lady in lilac and black, sitting in the full glare of the sun, without a parasol.

A boy and a girl walked by and saw nothing. The boy was tall and slender; the girl reached only to his shoulder; but she was doing all the talking, in a shrill, very young voice, with a little grown-up emphasis, and she twisted her hands nervously and excitedly as she talked.

The mother watched them; she watched Edwin every time the piquant, sharp face, the soft mouth with its incessant flow of words, was turned upward in his direction. Impossible not to follow the expression in Edward's eyes as he looked down at the top of her head, with its big bows bobbing. They walked side by side in the checkered sunlight, and the birds chirped, and the children called in their high, sweet voices, and the Vesper bells tolled the hour.

The mother stared after the retreating figures. She was aware of a sense of consternation. Her eyes clung to Edwin's slight figure disappearing under the trees beside that of the girl. It brought a choking feeling into her throat, and she was reminded quite suddenly that she had had Edwin in this very spot sixteen years ago, being wheeled in his perambulator — a big, handsome, placid baby. She remembered how she had smiled to herself at the majestic and austere gait of the nurse — 'Just as if,' she had thought indulgently, 'she were pushing royalty!'

The sun was very hot; she felt withered and close to tears. She got up abruptly and walked away.

The intoxicated woman watched her, grunting and murmuring to herself. The girl and boy came walking back slowly and sat down on the bench the lady had vacated.

'I like you best of anybody I know,' he said.

His voice trembled, and his eyes, sustained by some hidden energy, gazed steadily ahead. It was as if a shy animal had come suddenly out of his cave because he was hungry.

'I think I love you,' he said.

The girl sat motionless and silent, but the big bows fluttered like a butterfly poised on the chalice of a flower.

'I think it is time to go home,' said she, with a grown-up manner of acute propriety; her thin face, her little, thin, vivacious face was unable and too young to conceal its ecstasy. For a moment her head brushed his sleeve. 'I like you,' she said, in a little sharp voice. 'I like you a hundred times better than mother or father,' she added, with a frightened look at the sacrilegious thing she was saying. Her eyes were on a level with Edwin's shoulder. She could smell the dry-grass odor of his rough tweed jacket. She sat silent and immovable as a statue, and so did he. 'I love you,' she said.

II

Edwin went into training. He came home only occasionally. He looked as gawky and boyish as ever, but his uniform gave him prestige in his home. The servants showed at once that they recognized the change. As they waited at table, they watched the glittering word inscribed across his shoulder-straps: 'Canada.' His mother's attitude underwent a change, too. It reflected some of the tenderness and the infinite pride which she felt underneath, and was not tinged as formerly with much of a parent's patronizing, possessive, and slightly contemptuous authority. Edwin squirmed a little under the new deference of her manner.

When he came home from the training-camp on his hasty visits, he was always out at tea-time. His mother wondered, and guessed shrewdly where he had been. At a bazaar where she was serving tea to soldiers, she noticed a girl who glanced often in her direction. Mrs. Byrne was immediately and subtly aware that she was an object of exciting interest to this girl, with a thin face framed in the big bows on the back of her hair. She went up to speak to her. The girl blushed, twisted her hands with embarrassment, and looked at her with very bright, shrewd eyes.

'I want to talk to you,' Mrs. Byrne said, pleasantly, 'because I have seen you twice before, and because you know Edwin.'

The girl's eyes devoured her when she said, 'Edwin.' With him she was a grown-up young lady, but with his mother she was a child on the rack before a stranger.

Beyond the most ordinary courtesies she had nothing to say. Mrs. Byrne smiled at her and she squirmed bashfully.

'What children they are!' the mother thought; 'what children! what children!'

A hint of amused condescension lurked in her smile, the polite surface reflection of an inner jealousy.

Nevertheless, when her son came home for a night, she intended to say to him, 'Edwin, dear, don't you think it would be nice? I'd so enjoy meeting the little Gilbert girl. She and I worked together at the bazaar. Could n't we have her here to dinner? We could go to the theatre afterwards.'

She had thought this all out carefully. She meant to say it in a matter-of-fact way that would not ruffle her son's new dignity, for she had not forgotten the horror in his eyes the night after the opera, when she had suggested this same thing. She plucked up courage to make her little speech as he was drinking tea, although she was conscious that Edwin was preoccupied and not listening to her mild

chatter. Absent-mindedly he pulled her little dog's ears. Suddenly he said, —

'Oh, by the way, mother.'

'Yes?'

'Hum, by the way,' he said again; then, stumblingly, — 'Er — Doris Gilbert told me she met you at some bazaar or something. They've been very nice to me, and I thought it would be only decent to ask her here to dinner, you know, and then go to the theatre, I suppose. There's a ripping show in town now; I'd rather like to see it. You could send a note around by Jameson, could n't you?'

Mrs. Byrne's tone was suitably cordial, yet matter-of-fact.

'Why, yes; I think that would be a good idea. If they've been polite to you, you must be cordial in return.

Edwin seemed reassured, but he continued to pull Jackie's ears without looking at his mother. He could guess that hateful amusement in her eyes bent cautiously on the tea-table.

'She would n't be allowed to go to the theatre without an older person, I suppose,' he said hesitatingly; 'so won't you come with us?'

'Why, certainly; I 'd love it,' declared Mrs. Byrne enthusiastically.

She sat down and wrote the note, and Edwin took it and gave it to the errand boy. He returned to the library and, without looking at his mother, he lay down on the sofa and picked up a magazine.

'Edwin, dear, don't put your feet on the sofa.'

'I'm sorry, mother.'

He realized helplessly that the tenseness of his anticipation was being communicated to his mother. He felt suddenly unable to endure her presence, and lounged out of the room, whistling. He wandered uncertainly all over the house, loitering at the windows and staring out, and finally up to the fourth floor, which was not used now. The big room at the corner had been his nursery before he went to school. The air was parched and motionless. He opened a window from which the iron bars had never been removed, and stood looking out. The evening wind blew past him. It tasted curiously and faintly of the sea. He stood there, twisting his hands like a nervous girl and staring out over the crouching roofs. It was sombre late afternoon, and the deep-tinted sky had absorbed all the warmth from the streets, leaving them dreary and windblown except for shafts of sunlight which glittered coldly on iron gateposts and window-panes. Carriages passed in a preoccupied procession, and a solemn hubbub arose from the city.

The boy at the window leaned his curly head against the iron bars. He felt remote and deliciously concealed in the darkness. His eyes were full of an almost painful preoccupation and avidity, and he sighed helplessly from the intensity and burden of his mood, his inability to cope with the fierce raptures and melancholy of his first love. Beneath it all there lurked a foreboding that made the wistfulness of it terrible.

'At this time next year I'll probably be dead,' he said to himself.

He had enlisted, he was going to the war, and yet, until that moment death had seemed immeasurably remote. It had always been remote, except once when he was a small boy, when, for some reason, it had seemed near. He had cried of nights before going to sleep, and his mother had sat by his bed, and he had told her that he was sick, just because he felt too terribly ashamed to tell her that he was afraid. It was in this very corner room — in that little iron bed, now shrouded and pushed into a shadowy corner — that he had felt this fear. How it all came back, that agony of dread, clutching at

his heart! Edwin smiled compassionately, and a little tremulously, at the small boy that he had been, with rumpled hair and scared eyes, sitting up in bed and crying to his mother and his nurse that he was sick. Now he closed his eyes and patently throttled this self-same fear. When he opened them again, a lamplighter was coming down the street, touching the lamps, which flared up faintly in the pale twilight. A grocer's boy swung himself whistling on to his team and the horse trotted off contentedly, with no one holding the reins.

'They 'll go, too,' thought Edwin, leaning out and seeing that the lamplighter and the grocer were youngsters. The fear began rapidly to abate. 'We 'll all go, all the boys together,' thought Edwin; and he felt suddenly quite comforted and happy again. 'All together,' he repeated to himself. 'Just for a moment we 'll be alone, and then all together.'

The grocer's boy was whistling on his team, and a newsboy took up the tune. 'All together — all together — all together,' the refrain seemed to be. The boy at the window felt such a flood of comradeship surging through him that it carried away the fear. No thought of religion, none of the conventional religious and patriotic sermons which had been dealt out to Edwin and his friends at training-camps by fervid ministers, came back into his head.

Now, at the window in his old nursery, it was just this feeling that gave him almighty comfort. 'We 'll all go together.' And although he could not put his emotion into words, his pulse raced and he rejoiced to be part of that glorious company of boys — all together, and reckless in their desire to do a big share, surging, yelling, racing down to die.

An errand boy was coming down the street with a note, and Edwin saw him away off, and his heart gave a great, joyful bound and immediately he knew that he hated the thought of death, and all his boundless, boyish optimism rose and assured him that he, at any rate, would not be killed.

Doris arrived. Hair crimped, bows immense, her face radiant and anxious with the effort of appearing quite sophisticated and at ease.

'Overdressed,' Mrs. Byrne decided, as she welcomed her warmly, a vague superciliousness stealing into her manner.

It was not a very gay party, and Mrs. Byrne wondered if it were her fault. Edwin and the girl with the grown-up manners baffled her. They were so terribly polite to her, and addressed all their conversation to her, instead of to each other.

After dinner she kept saying, 'Now don't mind me; I'm an old lady and don't expect any attention.'

But instead of putting them at their ease, everything she said in a playful or laughing manner made them more polite toward her, and more formal and more distant toward each other.

But at the theatre she sat one seat away, because they had not been able to get three seats together, and suddenly those two had a great deal to say. 'What *do* they talk about?' she wondered. All through the rest of the performance Mrs. Byrne asked herself if they could be engaged. No; the idea was too absurd. She only a baby — and Edwin! Why, he was a child, too, of course. She watched his big hand on the back of the seat, the strong blue veins running to the finger-tips, and the square set of his shoulders. 'He's only a child,' she thought, stubbornly.

The 'children's' low tones reached her occasionally.

'You'll forget me.'

'No, I won't.'

'Yes, you will.'

'No; you don't know.'

'Don't know what?'

'I'll tell you some day.'

And so on — a duet, meaningless and stupid except for the two who understood it; the love-language of the race.

III

It was the language that Edwin was to carry in his speechless heart for two years. After the evening at the theatre his mother saw little of him. He seldom got home now. His regiment was awaiting orders to proceed secretly to France. Although she was expecting it momentarily, when the summons came it of course seemed sudden. Coming home from a walk, on one of those interminable autumn afternoons, the door was opened by her housemaid who explained in French, —

'Mr. Edwin's home from camp. He's leaving in an hour. We tried to get hold of you. He's leaving for the other side. He's up on the fourth floor.'

As Mrs. Byrne brushed by her, the woman tried to compose her face to conceal that extraordinary excitement, almost pleasurable, partly nervous, which we see on the faces of people under the stimulus of a tragedy.

His mother sped up to the fourth floor, that part of the house which was never used now. She went up the stairs carpeted with sheeting, which had been laid down to keep the dust out. The stairs were still barred by a little white gate that had been put up to keep Edwin from falling when he was a baby. The blinds were drawn. A streak of light fell across a door ajar.

Edwin was standing in the dismantled room. He loomed up very big, a giant against the dwarfed child's furniture that was stored there, shrouded in sheets like shriveled ghosts. Once he had not been able to reach his head above the table. He stood motionless in the middle of the room, the streak of sunlight striking him full in the eyes. What was he doing in that deserted nursery? Why was he there? At the rustle of his mother's dress he started, and his face lost its dreamy expression.

'It's you,' he said.

She went up to him and leaned against him.

'So you have to go at once, Edwin,' she said. She stroked his arm.

They sat down on two little children's chairs in the middle of the shrouded room. They seemed to have nothing to say to each other. No; they were strangers so far as communion went, with the strange, terrible shyness which exists between members of the same family.

She held his hand, and leaned harder against him. It reminded her of an incident long ago, when she had sat just like this — with Edwin's father. He was only a few years older than Edwin was now, when he married her, and he had seemed grown up to her! Oh, yes, entirely so, grandly grown up! She continued to lean against Edwin. For, after all, he might not confide in her, he might not tell her all his innermost thoughts as he probably did that little silly Doris, but he was flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, just the same, — hers more than he could ever be anybody else's, — and he loved her. He had nothing to say to her but what he would say to a stranger; but he had come from her body, she had suckled him at her breast, his first look of recognition had been for her. The first time he had held out his arms, it had been to her. The first word he had spoken had been, 'Mother.' Every memory and impression, every tendency of his childhood which would be the background upon which the remainder of his life would rest, was built upon her. She leaned against him and willed him to put his arm around her.

'My only one — my only one!' she moaned to herself. Aloud she said, 'Edwin, dear, don't forget to write to your Aunt Louisa from France. She's so sensitive — she'll be heartbroken. Now don't forget to send a card or something, and don't forget about writing me very often, darling; and remember about boiled drinking water, and all the little things like that. Be careful and sensible; there's no use in running any more risk —'

But Edwin was not listening. He withdrew his hand.

'Mother,' he said, abruptly, with a sort of desperation, 'I suppose I'm too young to get married?'

Mrs. Byrne was taken aback.

Afterwards, in going over and over it in her mind, what he had said and what she had said, she feared that she had not been sympathetic enough. Of course, it was too absurd — married at seventeen! But it was not easy to tell him so, poor child. You see he felt that way, leaving for the front. This war made all such little affairs so poignant, which normally would have passed with a shrug.

'It really would n't be fair to yourself or to her,' she said, in her reasonable voice, the voice which she had used toward him as a child, and which intimated, 'You're old enough to know better.' 'It would n't do at all, dear; in four or five years, if you feel the same way —'

'But,' said Edwin, coloring horribly, his eyes on the floor, 'but supposing I should get killed — of course I won't,' he added, grinning.

'Oh, you won't!' cried his mother. But his words and his sheepish smile made her feel almost giddy. Beneath the terror cowered another sensation. How ridiculous that he should think that he cared seriously for that little common chit; that his mind should be on her now!

'You must n't take it so seriously, Edwin,' she said. 'You'll know dozens of girls before you find the right one. Just because this is your first —'

Instantly she felt Edwin harden. It was the tone of patronage in her voice; the insinuation that he was too young to know the real thing.

The clock was striking downstairs — six. They went down together into Edwin's room, and he showed her some of the things he had bought for his outfit. It was getting nearer to quarter past six; she felt herself beginning to tremble. She watched Edwin put on his overcoat. Was it possible that he was going! The taxi was churning outside. What an incessant, impertinent noise it made! She wanted to scream it down. Thoughts whirled through her brain with the swiftness of a dream. What did he mean by going up to that forsaken nursery? How hard he had tried to say, 'Supposing I am killed,' when he had pleaded with her in his dumb way to find him old enough, and she had refused to admit the dignity of his childish love! By her patronizing attitude she had scoffed at it. After all, perhaps he was just reaching out his hand to grasp it alive, to fulfill it. Did he have a premonition that he would never know fulfillment?

Edwin reached for his hat. He put his arm around her and looked away. She longed to throw her whole weight against him, to let him see how she was trembling, how he was taking her life away, and the life of this waiting, breathless house with him. He was so dumb, so far away, even when he kissed her! But all of a sudden, looking up at him, she saw that Edwin was struggling with tears. Yes, he was almost crying — Edwin, who had not cried since he was twelve years old! who would rather die than have his mother see him cry!

'O Edwin!' she said; and there was

a mixture of triumph in the despair of her cry.

He broke away from her, ran down the steps, lifted his cap, got into the taxi — and was gone!

That night she heard the sound of marching feet in the distant street. She sat up in bed and listened to that sound. It seemed as elemental and eternal as thunder or the beating of waves. The window was open, and the city was very still. Tramp, tramp, tramp. Presently it grew fainter and ceased. She shut the window and lay down and slept, but all night they marched with her in her dreams, and sometimes they passed close to her and their faces were averted — but she knew them. They were all — every one of them — Edwin's.

IV

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going?

That rollicking air she had sung to Edwin, that small, placid boy sitting in her lap. Her nurse had sung it to her. Just a nursery song, with its sinister question, 'Where are you going?' It ran through her head night and day, and whenever she heard marching men, they marched for her to that tune. Now, after two years, she still found herself humming it unconsciously when she was alone. It was with her as she read Edwin's letter.

It was autumn when Edwin left. The last of the year came round once more and passed into winter. Edwin was still in France. The second autumn of his absence was interminable. The atmosphere seemed to be waiting quietly, hopelessly, as a prisoner in his cell waits for death.

Mrs. Byrne's house was quiet. It seemed to be waiting, too. It had been waiting silently these two years. Mrs. Byrne could hear the sound of her own breathing as she sat in the library, reading Edwin's letters. She read his latest one, received that morning, and she sighed. For months he had been talking of leave, and always it was delayed. His letters were not very satisfactory. They were stilted and were like the required letters which boys write home on Sundays from boarding-school. Edwin's letters were dumb and immature, like himself. They evoked tenderness because of their self-consciousness and inadequacy, but they were not the spontaneous and precocious accounts of impressions of the war which could be read aloud, with tremulous, surreptitious pride and a fluttering heart, to a little circle of admiring friends.

Mrs. Byrne had a friend who made a collection of such letters. She was the invalid Mrs. Brett, the eager confidant of many young people in town; also of their mothers, from whom she begged these letters from the front.

'I don't care what the graybeards and writers who've never been there have to say about it,' she said to Mrs. Byrne. 'The men over thirty-five talk too much. I want to hear what the boys, who are doing it, say. It's *their war*, you know.'

There was one letter which struck Mrs. Byrne's fancy. She kept looking at it.

'That was given me by a little girl friend of mine. She would n't tell me his name — but she had reams from him, so I guess it was her very best friend. Such fine, interesting letters, too. She only gave me parts. Read it,' she said to Mrs. Byrne, who could not take her eyes from its closely written pages.

'You ask me,' said the young writer, 'what the war is like. Sometimes it's all right; but when I think about it, it reminds me of an incident when I was a little boy. Some one gave me a glass jar with a cover, and I went out into

the garden and collected all the insects I could find. At first I thought it was fun to see them go spinning desperately round and round, the big ones racing over the little ones, and all so anxious. It gave me a kind of pleasure to watch them, because they could n't escape; but afterwards I felt kind of sick and I buried them in a corner of the garden where I never played; but always I had the feeling that *it* was still there, and at night I dreamed I was one of them, just a speck running desperately in circles, too, and all of them on top of me, and trampling me, and no way out, just to keep on running hideously.'

Mrs. Byrne was so much touched by this letter that she asked her friend to give it to her.

'Edwin used to collect insects like that and torture them,' she said. 'It was a phase he went through when he was little.'

'We all go through phases, as we develop. The world is going through a phase like that now,' said Mrs. Brett. 'Presently it will feel sick, too, and we grown-ups will have that guilty feeling that "*it*" is still there. All these young bodies under the earth,' she murmured to herself.

Mrs. Byrne took the letter home and put it away among Edwin's. The handwriting on all the letters was the same. Wistfully, Mrs. Byrne, sitting in her library that autumnal afternoon, reread Edwin's short prosaic letters to herself. The postscript of the last one was more encouraging.

'I surely expect to get leave soon, for six weeks — any time now.'

So he wrote to Doris 'reams,' her friend had said, and he told her everything, and when he came back he would want to marry her — or at least be formally engaged. He was twenty now. Mrs. Byrne knew that she would not oppose it. Could she still tell him he was too young, when for these two years he had been enduring the things which only the very young have the fortitude to bear?

She read the postscript again, in which he spoke so confidently of a 'furlough.' Blithely he would come sailing home over the sea within whose treacherous gelatine heart lurked the enemy waiting with patience. The house would ring with his voice. The cadence of his laughter would break the spell of these silent halls and rooms. He would come back, familiar and amazing; but — the mother smiled tenderly and very queerly — but only to be out all the time with some one else, in some one else's house. Hers was the biggest and the grandest house in town, but she was sure it was the quietest. Its stillness was intense, as if the rooms were waiting, holding their breath to listen. The shadows were deepening and reaching out shaggy arms up the white stairway.

Gradually it seemed to Mrs. Byrne that some one was calling from the fourth floor, 'Mother! Mother!' It was only her imagination, but it recalled something of long ago which had slipped from her memory — how Edwin used to call to her at one time, when he was little, and had fits of being afraid at night.

'Mother, mother, I'm sick!' She could all but hear him now, like that. She had known that he was not sick, but afraid; but she had said nothing, and had sat night after night by his bedside till he dropped off to sleep again.

French-Canadian mothers hold to a superstition that when their sons fall in battle they can hear them calling, 'Mother, mother!' Mrs. Byrne thought of this and she listened; but only the wind moved restlessly through the fog on the banks, and the sea strained at the aching pebbles and whispered to the impassive shore.

V

The same surly waters. An untidy, hurrying seaport town on the channel. A bleak park rustling with filthy papers and débris. Some overturned benches, and the tossing sea, and a soldier's form silhouetted against it. A very young soldier, one could tell by the solid boyishness of his shoulders, and by that particularly naïve and youthful look at the back of the head.

A woman sat watching him, but the soldier did not see her. He was looking out to sea. She approached him and spoke to him, holding out her hands with the gesture of a beggar. He regarded her with pity and aversion, not unmixed with fright. He walked away, pretending not to see her, and entered the hotel. He was ragged and dirty and emaciated; his long, straight hair fell over his forehead, and his eyes looked through it like an unkempt dog's. This gave him a shaggy, almost ferocious expression.

He lounged into the hotel and bought a box of cigarettes from the woman at the desk. She smiled at him uncertainly. She was a middle-aged woman, with a big, motherly breast.

'Monsieur part chez lui en permission?' she asked.

He smiled at her shyly, a smile on his lean face which always appealed to women.

'Qu'il est jeune, qu'il est beau!' thought the woman. She watched him go upstairs, smoking a cigarette.

Upstairs, in the dreary vastness of the hotel bedroom, with the lace curtains and plush furniture heavy and grim with dust, he overhauled his kit. He took out some of his filthy clothes and, putting them in the grate, he lit a match and burned them. His face wore the same look of aversion with which he had regarded the woman.

He stretched himself on the bed and went to sleep. His long, fair hair came over his eyes, and gave him that shaggy, half-ferocious aspect, and he slept with a frown on his face — the pathetic, innocent frown that we see on the faces of children in slumber.

There came a knock on the door, and a telegram was pushed in from underneath. There came three knocks, but the boy did not waken. Soldiers who have been on the firing-line do not waken easily; but the rustle of the paper under the door worried the sleeper. Once he started, shouting in his sleep; then he smiled, started up, and saw the yellow square of paper lying on the floor. It seemed to be blinking at him.

Fifteen minutes later, the woman at the desk saw him come downstairs and pass out through the door. He had his kit in his hand.

'Le bateau ne part que ce soir, monsieur,' she called after him.

'I am not going home; I'm going back,' he said, pointing in the opposite direction. He showed her his telegram, which was a summons back to the front. His senior officer had been killed, and his furlough had been postponed indefinitely. Edwin smiled, for fear she should fathom the depth of his disappointment; and she was touched by the appeal of that smile, with the infinite sadness of its youthfulness.

Outside, the bleak wind whistled over the dreary park. The ocean tossed and sifted, sobbing softly. The soldier walked away in the direction he had pointed.

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going?

Back went Edwin, of course, to the noise of modern warfare, and, through the noise, suffocated and stunned to nothingness by the screaming of the shells, the rasping voices of young men calling hoarsely to one another.

They were making a trench-attack.

With startling suddenness, from one of the countless intersecting, criss-cross ditches which looked like excavations in a desert, yelling, kicking against the mud, came a company of brown-clad figures.

'One, two, three, four, charge!'

The brown line struggled forward, heads down, running, feet kicking against the grip of the mud. The faces and the bodies of the men were contorted with the effort of running ankle-deep in mud, like men drowning. They ploughed forward, held back by something, like men passing through a bog. The atmosphere was full of specks and masses, as if seen through dirty spectacles. Against this tornado of black hail, the line wavered. Some fell back in somersaults, and rolled over and over with hideous suddenness. It gave the line the appearance of a child's toy attached to a string which was being bobbed forward and backward without ever getting there — or of insects struggling out of a disrupted home.

One slim, brown-clad figure forged ahead with marvelous safety, head down, straight, fair hair tossing in his eyes, which had the expression of eyes held open under water. He waved his arms and called hoarsely. His human voice was stifled to emptiness under the crying of the shells, but it was wonderful to see him running safely amid the hailstorm of bullets, and the green-and-blue flare of the trench-fuses, and the explosions of the shells devouring and burrowing into the dumb, shuddering earth. The mud was whipped like the sea under the rain of the bullets all about him, and he kept on running.

The brown line moved forward with horrible slowness. It was made jagged by the dozens who fell rolling over and over. The leader, panting desperately, and gathering all his strength for the leap, was struck down a few yards away from the opposing trench, where, against the shadow of the rampart, was silhouetted a grim row of helmets.

The brown line passed over the leader, trampling him into the soft mud, and jumped into the trench. One comrade stopped for the breath of a second.

'That you, Edwin?' he called to the crumpled body, choking blood.

Queer that that huddled, writhing figure in the mud, four yards before the enemy's trench, could still think; but his head was full of fancies and thoughts which seemed to fill the whole world, like insects, innumerable countless insects which swarmed. They swarmed inside of a glass jar, they ran ten deep over each other, and he felt sorry for them to the point of sickness, because of their eagerness to live. His whole being crawled with utter repulsion, and he tried to rouse himself and shake them off in a frenzy of disgust and horror, for they were treading upon him — he could feel them treading him hideously to death.

He screamed to his mother and nurse that he was sick, and his mother came and sat by his bedside, and he was ashamed to tell her that he was afraid. The world was full of troubled, noisy darkness. It traveled a long way off. His mother was a long way off, too, but some one was there with him. Strange, and stranger still that those big bows of ribbon pressing against his shoulder could hurt him so much.

VI

Mrs. Byrne took Edwin's death quietly. She was outwardly contained and, as usual, an attitude of crushed, desperate bravado appealed to her friends as wonderful. 'No one would know,' people said, admiringly; and no one did know. Only her face betrayed her. It became old and curiously small and withered, and when her friends

comforted her a little too persistently and tried to penetrate the frozen armor of her grief, she said simply, —

'I never loved any one but Edwin.'

Her pent-up despair was physically painful, and she felt no desire to relieve herself by sharing it. She was afraid she would 'break down,' as she expressed it. She did not feel the necessity of crying except, overwhelmingly, in the presence of people — boys especially, tanned square-shouldered boys in khaki.

One sat in front of her with his sister, in church. The clergyman read the lesson — from the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians: 'Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' The boy sat erect and decorous, and his untroubled glance roamed the church; but Mrs. Byrne, sitting behind him, suddenly wanted to cry out and beat her breast as savages do in an ecstasy of religious fervor. 'Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' Above all, 'Hopeth all things' — yes, that was like Edwin. It was like all the boys in this war. She was so overcome with emotion that she had to leave the church.

She was at a dressmaker's only five days after the official news of Edwin's death. Many people were ordering mourning, it seemed. Two war-widows were ahead of her. She was put into a fitting-room and politely requested to wait. A discussion was going on on the other side of the partition. A girlish, high-pitched voice, contending, and the worried, low tones of an older woman.

'Darling, it would n't do.'

'Why not?' in a hard, sharp staccato.

'Because, dear, you're too young; it would make a very wrong impression.'

'What impression?'

'Why, that you were engaged, or something. It would be absurd, dear. I'm older; take my word for it.' And then, in gentle remonstrance, 'There was nothing serious between you.'

Mrs. Byrne listened. There was dead silence on the other side of the partition; then the curtain trembled; some one was crying. Between the curtain and the door Mrs. Byrne could see a girl with her head in her mother's lap: an incongruous picture, draped in a long, black garment of imposing mourning. The mother, horrified, was trying to calm her, but she would not be calmed. The big black bows on the small head shook convulsively.

'I — don't see — why I can't wear it! I — will, too — wear it. I will — have crêpe on — me. Stop — saying — "hush!" If — he — was old — enough — to fight this — war — I'm old enough — We were — we were the next thing to engaged.'

She raised her tear-stained face, and, still crying, her head on her arm, she drew the mourning more closely about her thin shoulders; choking desperately, as she rose she tripped all over the absurd garment.

'How can you say it was n't serious, when I'll never forget him or be happy again — never — never — never!' she cried to her mother, who cringed and with a horrified face continued to say, 'Sh — sh!'

But it was too late; some one had heard — the little lady in the next fitting-room, whose dress was half unbuttoned, and whose mild face as she drew aside the curtains looked scared as only mild faces can look.

'Don't,' said Mrs. Byrne; 'don't say "sh!" Oh, Mrs. Gilbert, let her wear it. He did like her. He loved her — the best; but I thought just what you did — that he was — too young; but you understand.' She choked, and her face became quite queer. 'We found

them old enough to send them out there to the horror.' She fumbled with palsied hands at her unbuttoned waist; she tried helplessly to control her voice. 'She's right; this is her sorrow. Let it be black, all black. It's all black for them.'

Just then the dressmaker came in. She found the two ladies staring hysterically at each other, and a little girl half-dressed in a mourning gown which had been designed for a stately widow.

'Mrs. Byrne, I'm ready for you,' she said. 'That's a stunning dress your daughter has on, Mrs. Gilbert; but I could give her something more suitable.'

'We'll order this,' said her customer.

'With crêpe on it, and like this,' said the girl, with cheeks aflame.

Mrs. Byrne tried on her gown and went home. She hurried all the way as if she were afraid of being too late for an engagement. She opened the front door with her latchkey and stole stealthily up the four flights to the sheeted room at the corner. A little white gate stood open expectantly. Two stubby little children's chairs were drawn up amicably together in the middle of the room. Over by the window a chair looked as if it had been placed there for her by some one. Alone amid the whispering memories of this shrouded room, Mrs. Byrne allowed herself the luxury of thinking of nothing but Edwin.

At the dressmaker's, a very young girl, self-important but painstaking, as a bride should be, was still selecting and fussing over her mourning.

A GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID

LETTERS OF EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, 2D

SUDBURY, *May* 12, 1915.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Went to the Post Office and found your letter. It was good to hear from you, and your feeling about the Lusitania. The dishonor to the flag is great, but it seems to me more a dishonor to manhood and humanity. I can see very little patriotism or flags or countries; it is more a struggle of mankind to defend the principles of humanity and chivalry which the Creator has handed down, even though the defenders themselves have abused and sinned against the very principles they now defend. It is as though the world has sinned to a point where it divided, the one half going over the bounds of human possibility, the other stopping and reaching back to former good and true tradition to resist the impulse of the lost half to swallow it up as well.

I feel that we are only at the beginning and must really fight for existence. Germany has shown herself to be a terrible menace, and she is beginning to feel confidence in her own resources to defy the world. No country or flag can be mine except the United States, but if I could go to this war as a citizen of the world, I would pray to be allowed to do it.

TORONTO, *May* 15, 1915.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. I—— called me up and said that Mr. H—— was going to put me in charge of a bridge about to be built in the Muskoka district; I saw Mr. H—— and he said that if I wanted the job I could have it. It is a position that I could have desired only in my dreams. The bridge is a good size and on a curve, which requires special engineering work to lay out; and not only that, but the centre piers will have to be sunk to rock-bottom, through about forty feet of mud by means of compressed-air caissons. Not only will I have complete charge of all the engineering work, but, as the contract is to be carried out on a cost plus per cent basis, I will also have to keep strict account of all labor and material and be responsible for any waste or uneconomic methods in the construction. In other words, I will be General Manager of the whole job, and this will be even harder because I have only two helpers when I could easily use five. My ability will be taxed to the utmost, which is the desire of my heart.

And yet, mother, I went in to Mr. H—— this morning and told him that I could only accept the position with the understanding that, if the United States declared war and called for volunteers, I would leave at once. I am so full of that, it drowns out every ambition or desire or thought of the future that I have. I have nothing but a great big desire to give myself to help in this battle against evil.

BALA, *May* 19, 1915.

I want to tell you what I said in that letter that never reached you. The affair of the Lusitania has gone through me again and again. I feel as if I could not just go ahead as I have since the war started, making plans for my own advancement, or my own family's welfare. It is not the isolated case of the Lusitania, or that Americans were among those to suffer, but the realization that it has brought of the actual conditions in Europe and the German attitude. It seems to me that the only remedy is in the thousands of men who feel called to offer themselves for whatever they are worth. Just now, it seems to me that America is in an impossible position. Honor demands that we enter the war, humanity that we stay out. I will do nothing until the United States course is definitely decided; but above everything in the world, I want to go to the war, and I want you and father to tell me that I can govern myself by what knowledge and judgment I have, with the surety of your confidence in me to do right. I think I can manage to serve in some way, if only you will give me the inspiration of your approval and trust, you and father.

TORONTO, *May* 24, 1915.

I can't say how grateful I am that you can feel able to give me for whatever purpose may be intended, for now I shall definitely plan to offer my services in some capacity in the war. This bridge-work here came in such an unasked, unexpected way, at a time when such opportunities are almost unthought-of, that I feel that I must keep on with it at present; but if I cannot enlist here, I will plan to go directly to Europe in the fall.

BALA, *May* 27, 1915.

Your letter came yesterday A.M. It almost answered the thought in my last, — I mean the following guidance as well as one can see it, — and I feel just as you do about seeing this work through if I can. Of course I have thought of Red Cross work, but there are many who are only fitted for that; and many Americans who would only think of doing that. My wish would be

to go into the Army and let the Superior governing decide my duties. However, there is no doubt a Guiding Hand in all these matters. I believe in following, just as you; but I think there is inward guidance as well as outward. What I meant by humanity restraining the United States is the fact that, in spite of all our failure in national protest against outrages, still our very spirit has been standing between the nations and their people that are in Germany's power. The thousands of Belgians who have nothing in the world are fed and clothed by us because Germany in the nature of our 'friendly relations' cannot help but permit it. This would be cut off in case of war. Through us the Allies are able to be in some way cognizant of the condition of their prisoners of war, and Germany cannot openly resent our investigation and supervision in such matters. Our representative in the German Court is a guaranty against open ill-treatment of the thousands of interned and noncombatant enemies in Germany. Once the United States declares war, a great silent circle will be stretched around the space enclosed by the German lines, and what will happen inside that circle is all conjecture.

SHAW'S CREEK, *August* 12, 1915.

Your letter came yesterday, and it was a comfort and help to know that you feel as strongly as I do about the war and are making it easier for me in my plans. I still hope the United States will have an awakening, but if affairs are not definite by fall, I still want to do something, whatever it can be; and the first thing logically seems now to try to enlist in Canada, if there is any branch of the service that will have me. My eyes will undoubtedly be a stumbling-block; but there must be some way. I can't think that I would be useless.

SHAW'S CREEK, *August* 25, 1915.

Mother dear, I think it is nearly impossible for me to get in with them. The eye examination is still one which only a piece of luck would allow me to pass; and I am an American, which is in my disfavor, even if I am willing to take the oath of allegiance. I think the Hospital Corps will be my best chance, and if I am not able to get into the regular army service, there are some independent organizations. The best chances are, I think, in Canada, so I will try here first; but it may be that I will have to try America, or my first plan of going to England. Things must work out, as they always do. I know that in those moments when the thought of my possible going away comes, and for a moment seems overwhelming, it would help to think of the women and children, still unhardened to blind terrors, who have been stricken, — I do not mean killed, but have had all that was humanly dear and comforting snatched horribly away, — and the victory that must be gained to put an end to all this horror. Remember that your strength is the mother strength that sacrifices itself for the children and the weak. I am your child, but no longer a human child with the necessities of human children; and yet, mother, in the greatest way, the spiritual way, I need you more every day, and in that need you are always giving and helping me, and are always with me.

BALA, *September* 30, 1915.

The work here is finished. There was some talk of putting in two additional piers, but it has been decided against, I am glad to say, for I think it would have spoiled the proportions. I am going in to Toronto, where I have a few construction plans to finish up; then up here for a final inspection Monday or Tuesday; and then, I hope, home.

I am going to try to enlist here, because being in Canada is a definite chance, and I want to feel that I have not lost any opportunity. However, I am certain my eyesight will debar me.

TORONTO, *October* 2, 1915.

I have wonderful news. I have been accepted, the thing we have wanted and prayed for so long; and in the Engineers, where the work will be constructive, as you wanted so much. I will tell you just how it happened. I made up my mind I would go to the Armories this afternoon and do my best to get in. I went into the Armories and asked where to go to join, and was directed to a room upstairs which was full of people, principally sergeant-majors, by the amount of chevrons. I went up to one and said that I wanted to enlist, and he asked me what regiment. I said I did n't know, and asked him if there were any engineers recruiting. He said, 'Yes,' and directed me down about half a dozen corridors, asking my way as I went.

In the last corridor a soldier was standing, writing something on the wall. I asked him if he could tell me which room was the Engineers' office, — there are no signs, — and he said, 'Which Engineers do you wish to join, the Pioneers?' Then I saw that he was an officer, captain or lieutenant, I do not know which. I must have looked blank, not knowing what varieties of Engineers there were. So he took me into a room and began to tell me about the Pioneers. It is a regiment formed to do all kinds of construction work, railroads, highways, trenches, sanitary sewer work in camps, etc.; just exactly the thing we thought of. He said there was going to be lots of hard work swinging a pick, probably, and the likes of that, and the men are a rough crowd, — tradesmen of all sorts, carpenters, masons, plumbers, pipe-layers.

Well, as he talked, I almost grew sick, because it was so exactly the thing I longed for, and I was sure I could n't pass the eye-test. So I said, 'That just suits me if I can only pass the physical examination.' He said, 'There won't be much trouble about that by the look of you.' I had left my spectacles at home! He saw that I was a University man, and said that I had a good chance to become a non-commissioned officer. Then he took me to the recruiting-room, and I was given my application papers, and went up to the doctor.

You can imagine that I was nervous by that time. I stripped, and went to the doctor after they had measured me up. The first thing he did was to ask me to read letters on a card across the room, and, of course, the letters on the last line were just too small for me to read; they jumped and danced, and, strain as I would, I just could n't see them. I told him I was nervous, so he gave me plenty of time, and switched me over to a card by the window instead of the electric light. Finally, I blurted out a guess. I was not sure whether I was anywhere near right. Anyway, he thought it over, and said he thought he would give me a chance. . . .

Does n't it seem like Providence again, mother, after all the waiting, and the work at Shaw's Creek just nicely finished up. Much love, dearest mother, to you and father, and thank you both for making me feel that I can do this with your blessing.

IN CAMP, *March* 22, 1916.

The trenches twist and turn so, a precaution against enfilade fire in the event of the enemy's occupying any position, that we seemed to walk miles before we reached our destination. It was a new support trench about forty yards back of the front line. Saturday

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night, I was on a 'carrying party,' whose duty was to carry timber, wire, etc., from a material pile to the working party. Sunday night we went in again, and I was in a digging gang. Some of the new work had fallen in, and we had to remove the sand-bags and dig down in front of the screens and push the latter out, wire them back, fill up behind them, and put back the bags. It sounds simple enough, but the digging was the worst I ever struck. Sticky mud that clings to your shovel, so that you can only get rid of one shovelful out of every three, and that by effort. After two or three hours of it, I am all in and ready to admit it. We usually work from sundown till about midnight, although whatever task is given has to be finished. . . .

April 13, 1916.

A soldier must live from day to day, with no thought of the future, just a steadfast purpose of carrying out orders and being stronger and steadier than he naturally is; and faith and trust in God's purpose make it possible for me. Do you not think that the war is making people less selfish in the world and in the United States? Surely it must, when in so many places people are sacrificing their dear ones and their money for a cause. Even if it seems to some more a question of honor and family, or national tradition, than justice or freedom.

I often think of the rank and file of the German Army, and even the junior officers. They are suffering untold hardships, and showing magnificent bravery in the face of heavy odds, as much, or perhaps more, than the soldiers of the Allies. Although one must be here to realize that men have risen to a height of courage and endurance in this war that people living in modern civilization never dreamed of. Surely, some gain must come from this tremendous effort and conquest of self, and Germany must not be entirely a loser, when her sons, even if forced, have paid such a price. I hope for a Europe of republics and personal freedom as the only adequate result. Of course, we strain against national characteristics or nature that makes submarines and Zeppelins possible. Such things are the result, it seems to me, of forced acquiescence in tyranny and wrong government, and time must wear it down. The races will never be able to understand each other; but you have heard the cries for reprisal, much more horrible than the deed if carried out, and we know our South, the dealings with the Negro there. Freedom, and then the conquering of self, are the great hopes that the war holds out, and it is more than worth that.

April 18, 1916.

Yesterday, I had yours and father's letters of March 31st, and a Fraternity notice forwarded, a dear little colored picture of the 'frog footman,' from Billy, and a lovely note from Father S——, saying that I was being prayed for twice daily in the school chapel. How much that means to me! You say to tell you what your 'bit' can be. Dear mother, that is it. You are praying not just for me, but for all of us out here, and the German soldiers too. I often think of you at early mass and in 'St. Savior's,' and so many other times of the day, praying. That is the great thing, for it all lies with God, and in his own way He always answers prayers; so when I think that you and father and Father W—— and Father S—— and so many others are praying, it is a great comfort and strength. When I am under fire, I pray not only for protection, or a worthy dying, but for courage, not to lose my control and to help others.

This is one of my 'green envelope'

letters, so I can write out. Our work is not so dangerous, or, what is worse, does not require so much endurance as that of the infantry, who are on duty for two or three days, and constantly subject to attacks or bombardments. We work for three or four hours, and then go back where we can rest and get a new strength for our spirit; and then, of course, our danger just now is not great, though once or twice we have been in bad positions; and that reminds me that I have another 'cross day' for you, April 14th.

We never know when we will be called on. As the spring advances there are indications of a new activity. So you can pray, and I rest in the strength of your prayers. I could easily write you without letting you know that there was danger, but I know you are brave and strong, I can feel it, and you are always near me, so I tell you special things in order that you can pray specially and give thanks specially. So the one great thing I need is courage and self-control in danger. Not only for myself, but for others. There is nothing which so encourages and gives heart to the weak as the strength and coolness of others; and there are many boys here, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, full of bravery, but too young for a man's steadiness. Pray for them, too.

There is something I have wanted to ask you, in case, as Dean S—— put it, the soldier should 'pass through battle into peace.' Will you write to Nurse H——? otherwise, I do not know how she will get the news.

I am glad that I have been able to write all this to-day, for I wanted you to know and be with me, yet I wanted you to know, too, that I am happy and not in any fear or strain, but just as you are, going about my work each day, trusting in the comfort of being 'safe in the hands of the one disposing Power.'

Boulogne-sur-Mer, *April* 26, 1916.

Dearest Mother, —

The dearest old lady, who is a regular hospital visitor, has just been to see me and given me this paper to write to you. It is really the first chance I have had, for the sisters here are terribly busy, and one hates to bother them. I was wounded in the left shoulder by a piece of shrapnel, very early, about 12.30, Easter morning. . . . Everything would be fine were it not for the fear of your anxiety. The wound is a small one, and has never given a minute's pain. I was taken to a clearing hospital in a field ambulance, arriving about 6 A.M., Sunday, and left Tuesday afternoon, arriving here about 11 P.M. We came on the hospital train, which was a beauty. This is a lovely hospital, in a big casino, right on the seashore, and every one is lovely to me. Yesterday the doctor removed the shrapnel, a little round bullet, so now I am all right. . . .

To-morrow, or the next day, I am booked to go to England. Is not that fine? It is like having an Easter vacation. I will write again very soon, and cable my address when I know it. Very much love to you all.

King George Hospital,
London, *May* 26, 1916.

Dear Father Ward, —

Your letter of April 7th, with the Easter card enclosed, was forwarded to me from France, and I received your letter of May 5th last week. Does it not seem a coincidence that the Lenten season so exactly confined my stay in the War Zone? We landed at the dock in France shortly after midnight on Ash Wednesday morning, March 8th, and I was wounded as near to midnight on Easter morning as it could possibly have been. I had looked at my watch about five minutes to twelve and as nearly as I can judge was hit

about ten or fifteen minutes later. It is a Lent I am not likely to forget. . . .

The life out there is certainly very much disassociated from that of an ordinary mortal; in fact, you can only realize it while you are actually there. I have completely lost my memory of the realization already. In a way, it is living in the constant shadow of death. The hardships in living — wet clothes, rough food, lack of washing — are only incidents which one might undergo anywhere. But there is always the consciousness that one must soon go back to face danger. Yet the surprising thing is, how easily the burden of anxiety is thrown off once you leave the firing-line. In our case, of course, we usually reached camp on our return about 4 A.M., with a feeling of wonderful peace, ate a breakfast of hot tea and biscuit and cheese, then had a dreamless and very refreshing sleep, and woke up about eleven for our real breakfast of bacon. Then the rest of the day until supper-time was spent in a care-free spirit.

When you are on the firing-line, unless the fire is rather fierce, and always in the lulls which come, there is the same feeling of a strain slipping off one's shoulders. So that actually the time that one is under a real strain is not very long. I suppose one of the greatest fears a man has to fight is that his nerve will give way or that he will be cowardly in some way.

I have found in every trying circumstance that praying is a wonderful comfort. I do not know how a man can go through it who has not a belief in God to fall back on.

Your letters help me very much, with the knowledge of your prayer and what you say about God's Presence.

A man fully realizes his own physical futility in the face of modern warfare. There is nothing then to fall back on but his will-power, and I know that mine is worthless excepting I have the spiritual help which comes from my belief in God. Your words all help and strengthen that, so you are and will be a great help to me in the future.

(*On his recovery, Abbey was given a commission and returned immediately to the front.*)

December 18, 1916.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

I am still in the trenches, my tour not being over until next Saturday; but I am not in the front line, but in the supports. We only stay in the front line three days at a time. I have just been reading over the little *Manual of Prayers for Workers*, which you sent me some time ago. It is fine, especially the plea for duty before everything. There is a paragraph by Dean Church on 'Manliness — which takes for granted that man is called to a continual struggle with difficulties and makes it a point of honor not to be dismayed by them,' and 'Quality — which seizes on the idea of duty as something which leaves a man no choice.' That is the quality which I need most now, the strength to do my duty, and I pray for it hourly, and I know that you do it for me, too. When I get out into billets my letters will be more interesting, but here there is little or nothing to tell you now. I can tell you, though, that my thoughts are with you and father and with your anxieties and cares. You must just go ahead bravely with your duties as I must. Remember that I am well and happy and of a good heart.

Christmas Day, 1916.

To-day is my second Christmas away from home in my twenty-eight years. What joy it will be if God grants us one together again after this long separation! I am going to start by telling

you where I am. Picture a little French village, with one long, narrow, cobbled street. At one end the street leaves the village and crosses over a deep railway cut and then wanders away through the rolling country. I should have told you that the village is on a hilltop. From the railway bridge, the street runs perhaps a hundred yards, then turns ninety degrees to the left and runs down hill. . . . The houses are low, one-storied affairs of stone or white plaster, and tile roofs, and are lined right along the street. . . . There are several larger houses, with courtyards in front with high walls. It is all beautifully picturesque in spite of my description. . . . Altogether it is a very picturesque old place, and less than four miles from that famous streak of mud which separates the Allies and Germans. The men are living in the loft of the barn, a big lone place, and they have straw and bunks and brazier fires; but it is pretty cold and dark there just the same. Still, the magnificent spirit of making the best of grim situations keeps them happy and cheerful. They sit at the long table with candles, and write letters or play cards, or around the braziers, and sing and tell stories. Just now they are patiently waiting for their Christmas dinner, which is due in about 15 minutes. I hope it will be a good one.

Sunday morning at eight our chaplain had an early celebration in the Y.M.C.A. hut, which I went to; and, by the way, we have a splendid chaplain. Then I spent the morning straightening up my things and getting them clean, with my batman's assistance. In the afternoon, we went and had a bath, which was a great luxury; and then at six the captain took the whole company to an evening service in an old factory which had been fixed up as a cinema hall. It was just a big, brick building, bare to the roof, with benches and a platform at one end, lighted up with two or three lamps. . . . The place was filled and the service was a hearty one. We sang Christmas hymns, 'Hark the Herald Angels,' and some that I did not know, and had an address. I do not think that I will ever forget the circumstances. It reminded me of the picture that I sent you of the French soldiers. This morning, the 'Padre,' as they call the chaplain, had another early service at eight, to which I went. . . . It is strange to be back again in this life at the Front, and now I am more really in it than ever, doing the actual infantry duty. Two nights last week I was out in 'No-Man's Land,' between our lines and the Germans, in charge of a barbed-wire party, and managed to feel quite at home and comfortable there. It is a wonderful experience, and if one can live through it, will change life.

I am sure now that I can never go back and go on with my own work for myself. If God wills that I do go back, I must go into service of some sort; perhaps I will be able to go into the church, and your long-cherished hopes and prayers will be fulfilled. Life, here, is such a feeble little thing, so uncertain from hour to hour, that one cannot help knowing that it is a gift and entirely in God's hands. I desperately need that courage of duty to help me in my work, and if I have it now to face death, then I must have it afterward to face life. It is very late now, so I must stop.

With my dearest Christmas love to you and father.

January 1, 1917.

This is the first day of the year, which I hope and pray will bring us all peace. What a strange time we have come to live in, with nearly the whole world involved in a terrible struggle and conflict! How little you thought, when you were a child with the echo

of the terrible Civil War in your heart, that you would some day have a son in the battle-line; and now, although we know that Germany is desperately anxious for peace, and Austria even more, yet we know too that we must go ahead and fight until the invaded countries are free and the menace to future generations destroyed. When one thinks of the thousands of men who have given their lives that this victory may be won, and when one realizes that now, as we keep steadily on, we can surely win, the thought of anything else is weak and dishonorable and unworthy of God who is guiding us. I often think of Nurse Cavell and how bravely and calmly she gave her life for the cause; that should help you too, for she was a woman just as you are, and the same sort of woman, I imagine. Thousands of splendid men have given their lives, and women have given their sons and husbands, and we coming after must offer the same thing and be willing to give it, too, for it is a common cause. If we stop and think for a minute of the terror and misery and tragedy that have been wrought, and we know that this can be spared future generations if we press on to the finish, how little one life seems for one to give; and yet it is all that is asked of us.

Mother, if you could only see these boys in the ranks, cheerfully enduring the most frightful hardships, and facing horrors with the most inspiring and indomitable courage and determination, your heart would nearly burst with joy and pride, and you would know that God was going to give us victory. Just now the trenches are in a frightful condition of mud and water, and it is utterly impossible for the men to keep dry or to have dry dug-outs to sleep in. They are in a state of misery, as far as physical comfort goes, for days at a time; and yet they stand all night, often for sixteen hours at a stretch, in pouring rain and under intermittent fire, looking out over the parapet into the darkness of 'No-Man's Land,' guarding humanity; and if you walk along and ask them how they are getting on, the answer will be a cheery, 'Everything fine, sir.' Then they will go out at night on working parties and stand in water up to their knees and try to shovel mud that won't shovel, for four hours at a time, perhaps without any supper; and let a bombardment start, they will quietly take their posts in exposed positions, and stay there or drop. This is just trench-routine. You know what they did at the Somme, advancing into the mouth of an indescribable hell.

These are just New Year's thoughts, and come chiefly from the thought of that final peace which I hope this year will bring, and the peace which the enemy is spreading abroad in a final endeavor to stem the tide.

January 4, 1917.

You have so answered my thoughts, as to the event of my finishing my work out here. It is a tremendous comfort to think of you facing the issue and 'carrying on' so bravely. After all, that is what we are called on to do in this life, wherever we are, and the final moment for all of us may come at any time. We both trust in God's will and direction; for the rest, it is the business of the hour. How wonderful it will be if we can be together again at home! You are right to be praying for my courage; that is my greatest need and much depends on it. Do you remember that I used to give you dates for Thanksgiving, for mercies shown to me? Another one is December 20th. I have told you how comfortable I am here in my farmhouse billet, with bed and fire and man to look after things. There is n't much free time until after 9.30

in the evening, for we have lectures or exams from dinner-time until then. Usually I am quite tired, so my letter-writing is a little dull. Germany's attitude toward the smaller neutral states is becoming threatening. Surely the U.S. cannot suffer another violation of neutral territory.

Dearest mother, good-night; one of my chief helps and desires now is writing to you, so you may be sure letters are always on the way.

January 31, 1917.

I am writing this in a front-line dug-out. This is our third day in the line, and we have three more to go, I think, possibly a few more. It has been quite cold and the ground is still covered with snow. Last night it snowed quite a lot more. It is a very pretty picture, and a new one to me, to see the trenches in this condition. The nights just now are very moonlight, and one gets to like going through the trenches and out in the saps. So far things have been very quiet. Last night was especially so, and this morning I was on duty at six o'clock, just as day was breaking, and it was the most beautiful rosy dawn. The guns had been quiet for an hour or two, and some sweet-noted birds were fluttering around. Things of that sort bring home the realization of the peacefulness of peace. It is hard for me to feel justified in deliberate hostile planning, and yet one cannot help doing it. I must remember that, although perhaps these men desire peace as greatly as any one, yet they are the tools of those who have destroyed peace; and we can only gain our end by continually harassing and destroying them, and wearing down their morale. It is a grim business, and I hope it will come to an end before many months. What everything really hinges on is a concentrated offensive, and I hope that it may not be long in coming. I have not seen a paper now since last Saturday, and one is quite isolated here, so I do not know what developments may have taken place on other fronts. There are always rumors circulating. Time passes quickly enough, but one longs for the day of decision to come. However, it is not for me, who have been here but a little more than a month, to be impatient, when some have been here two years.

Dearest mother, good-bye for a while.

February 21, 1917. *Ash Wednesday.*

Here we are at the beginning of another Lent, although it is not quite a year since the first time that I came to France. This week I have had your long letter of January 26th, one from father, and the crucifix. It is just the same as the first, and I am glad to have it again pinned inside of my breast pocket. Thank you for having it fixed and sent so quickly.

My letters do not seem to have any news in them, because there is so much to repress that I long to tell you. You must know how much I think of you, and long that you could be spared all this anxiety, and yet I know that you rejoice to bear that part in the victory that must be won. Dearest mother, you will never know how much I owe to you for strength and courage and inspiration to carry me through this.

I am sitting here now in my room, writing at a big round-fronted table, by the light of two candles. My books and various possessions are on the table, and it reminds me in a way of my Toronto table. My high bed, with its white sheet and counterpane and white pillow, is at my right side, and on the left a casement window which opens into the barnyard. The door is right behind me and opens into the kitchen, and on both sides of it I have hooks to hang my clothes on. A little while ago they were all in there by the stove, the

children chatting away; but now they are in bed. Some time ago, too, madame gave me a soft 'Bon soir, monsieur,' and went into her part of the house, which is on the opposite side of the kitchen.

I love the politeness of the French people and children, the infinite compliment they are able to express in their 'monsieur,' without the slightest trace of servility. Say 'Hello' to the veriest ragamuffin, and you will always receive a polite 'Bon jour, monsieur.' Madame Duployez, who does my washing beautifully, and whose husband in civilian life is a coal-miner, entertains me in her kitchen and living-room as nicely as I have ever been entertained, and I always enjoy my visits there. If you receive a letter in French, you must answer it in the same language. It is very late. I must write oftener. Forgive the apparent dryness of this. Dearest mother, you know how much love and thought I have for you always.

April 7, 1917.

I am going to start my Easter letter to you to-night, and finish it in the morning. I had a wonderful mail the other day. Four or five letters from you, dated February 24th (marked 'damaged by sea-water'), March 10th, 12th, and 16th. Besides those, I have your letters of March 1st and 4th. The last letter had your beautiful Easter card, so your timing this time was just right.

I am rejoicing with you in the great decision of the country to join the Allies. It has been a wonderful inspiration and encouragement to every one out here, and a joy to me, and I know what a great relief and comfort it is to you after the long strain of waiting and suffering. Now we are giving and fighting for our own flag and native country. I am looking forward to Easter with that happy thought in my heart and soul. It is late now, so, dearest mother, I will say good-night.

Easter morning.

Happy Easter, dearest mother. I have been to the communion service in the Y.M.C.A. tent, and now have just finished my breakfast. It is a beautiful, sunshiny spring day, one of the loveliest we have had for weeks. After the service, the chaplain handed out copies of this poem. I am sending it to you as an Easter memento of the firing-line. It is very wonderful, and I think the epitome of what one feels out here. I am very well and happy just now, and we are all full of the inspiration and encouragement that this great new Ally, the U.S., and all the fine success of the French and British farther south, have given us. It is only a question of pushing steadily and determinedly ahead now, and we will win. There are lots of strong men here, and lots more ready to come from England and America, so we go ahead with that thought in our hearts. I wish I could tell you more about things now, but perhaps that will come later. To-day I am in a comfortable wooden hut on a hillside, right in the centre of every kind of activity of a warlike nature. This section of country is entirely given over to the military, and it is teeming with life. Well, dearest mother, I must stop for a while now. My dearest love to you and father always.

From your son EDWIN.

Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter darkness hurled,
Farther than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled,
Live such as fought, and sailed, and ruled, and lived, and made our world.

And ofttimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens newly made,
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, 'gentlemen unafraid.'

In the Field, *April* 22, 1917.

W. B. Abbey, Esq.,
523 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Abbey,—

I would like to write you concerning the death of your son in action on the morning of April 10th, about 9 o'clock. It is my duty to write even more, because I thought very highly of him as a gentleman and a friend. At the time of his death, he was in charge of one of our most dangerous posts. It was a strong point in front of our trench and a little distance over the crest of Vimy Ridge. It was necessary to hold it in order to deny to the enemy the approach up the hill to the crest. Because of the loss we had suffered in the post, it was almost decided to withdraw from the post during the day, but your son came and argued that he should continue to hold the post because of its importance. In this he showed his fine devotion to duty and disregard of danger. On his way out to the post he was shot and killed by an enemy sniper.

His grave is marked by the Graves Registration Committee, and later a suitable mark will be set up by the battalion.

The chaplain later read the service over his grave.

I would like to assure you of my genuine sympathy in your great loss. I feel a sense of personal loss myself, for one does n't often meet such fine fellows. In my brief experience with him, he had always shown himself a gallant soldier and a thorough gentleman.

Yours sincerely,
A. P. Menzies,
Major 4th C.M.R.

[*Found in soldier's kit, forwarded to his mother from Ottawa*]

France, *April* 6, 1917.
Good Friday.

Dearest Mother and Father,—

We are going up to an attack in a short time, and I am going to leave this note to be sent to you in case, by God's will, this is to be my final work. I have made my Communion, and go with a light heart and a determination to do all that I possibly can to help in this fight against evil, for God and humanity. I do not think of death or expect it, but I am not afraid of it, and will give my life gladly if it is asked. It is my greatest comfort that I know that you too will gladly give all that is asked, and live on happily doing all that can be done, grateful to God for his acceptance of our sacrifice. To-day the news came to us here that the United States had joined the Allies, so I go with the happy consciousness that I am, and you are, fighting for our dear Flag, as thousands of Americans have before us, in the cause of Liberty. It may be comfort for you to know that I have a great company of comrades, men and officers all filled with determination and cheerful courage.

My dearest love to S—— and H—— and their dear children. My heart is full of gratitude for having such love as they have given me. My dearest love to all my friends, all who have loved me and whom I love.

Now, dearest mother, and dearest father, I will say good-bye for a time. You have given me my faith which makes this so easy for me, and a wonderful example and inspiration of courage and unselfishness. All my love, and God bless you both.

Your Son.

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE. III

MARGARET AND MARGHARETTA

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

MARGARET, Mamie's successor, was a woman in the middle forties. There were little shadowy modelings in her brow which made you think of the smooth hollows of a shell. She gave one the impression of something cast up from the sea and dragged back into it many times. She came of a large family, and although her people had treated her badly (according to her own story), she took pride nevertheless in speaking of them. 'Me brother Pat,' I may say, was never spoken of without her head going up. She had a taste for distinction, and pride of race was strong in her.

She went on a tour of inspection when she had been with us a few hours.

'Oh, it's a noble place,' she said. 'You can see plainer nor your eyes, it's been lived in by the gentility! That house has the air of a grand lady, ma'am, sittin' quiet with her hands folded. And them elms, too, like the grand slow wavin' of a fan. Them parlors with their long windys have got the air of havin' seen folk. Me brother Pat worked for a place like this once.' This with her head up and looking all round. 'There's a rich squire lived here at the least,' — with her eyes narrowed shrewdly and her head nodding, I can give you no idea how knowingly. 'Yes; and belike maybe a lord. And there were ladies (seems I can see them, God save me!) and little childer, I'll give warrant, little childer that knew how to behave themselves in the like of these rooms. Don't it look dreamin' now, ma'am? Would n't you say it was thinkin'?' This with her head on one side, listening, it seemed, for the unseen presences to go by.

Margaret had a great fondness for animals and an extraordinary understanding of them. She had a way of talking with bird and beast that lent reality to the legends of St. Francis. The 'Sermon to the Birds' is no more intimate, nor that to the fishes more appropriate than the daily admonitions she gave to the pig, the counsel she tendered the chickens, to which they listened with grave attention, the pig as if hypnotized, his two forefeet planted stolidly, his eyes fixed upon her; the chickens with their heads turned consideringly, now on this side now on the other, and with little guttural comments of question or approval. The wolf reputed to have put his paw in the saint's hand seemed infinitely less legendary to me after I had seen the pig, released from his pen, follow her to the kitchen stoop, and, with manners as gentlemanly as he could counterfeit, eat out of a pan she held for him. When he had finished, she offered him her hand, as if to pledge him to further good manners; and he made a clumsy pawing motion and managed with her help to get a hoof into her

palm. She gave it a grave shake and released it.

'You're improvin',' was all she said; while the pig, delighted, no doubt, with his new accomplishment, took to his four feet, with squeals of delight, around the corner of the house.

One day there came from about her person a strange chirping, a trifle muffled, like the chirping of a tiny chicken. She absolutely ignored it. She held her head stiff and high, as she was wont to do when she served us or when she referred to 'me brother Pat.' But when she saw that the day could not after all be carried by a mere haughty ignoring of facts, she spoke.

'Poor little uneducated abandoned fowl, ma'am, to cry out against its own interests! I'm sorry, but I could n't leave it in the cold. So, for the love of its mother and God's mother, I'm carryin' it in me bosom to keep it warm. And I'd think you'd be offended if I did n't believe you're a follower of Him that carried the lambs there too!'

It was in such ways that she left you no argument, disarmed all objection, and pursued her own way and predilections, as the saints, the poor, and other chosen of the Lord have, I believe, always done.

She assumed a devoted possession of me and my affairs. When these fared ill, she was as Babylon desolated; when they went comparatively well, she was overjoyed, her step lightened, her head went up; she was a city set upon a hill, that cannot be hid. But it was toward those whom she took to be my enemies that she really shone. By shrewd guesses and by dint of a few downright questions, she figured out that a deal of sorrow and calamity had come to me through the selfishness of others. That was enough for her! Might the Lord smite them! Might a murrain seize them and their cattle!

'But they have no cattle, Margaret! They live in a very large city.'

(It was always a temptation to see how she would right herself.)

'Then may devastation befittin' them fall on their basements and their battlements! May their balustrades burst and a sign of pestilence be put upon their door-sills! And — now God forgive me — whenever He's willin' to take them — for it's He would know what to do with them,' — this with a fierce knowing nod, — 'He has my willin'ness they should go! I'd think it a fairer earth without them, and I'd greet the sun the friendlier in the morn'n' for knowin' He'd not set his bright eye on them.'

Many batter-cakes were stirred to rounded periods of this sort, and omelettes beaten the stiffer for her indignation.

Once it came to her in a roundabout way that illness had fallen upon one of these whom for my sake she despised. She looked shrewdly at something at a very long distance, invisible to any but herself, winked one eye very deliberately, with incredible calculation; then nodded her head slowly, like a witch or sibyl.

'*What* did I tell ye! The currrse is beginnin' to work!'

Funny as it was there was something awful in it too.

'But, Margaret, I don't wish them any ill. I don't believe people make others suffer like that if they are in their right minds. Perhaps they think they are doing right.'

'Of *courrrse* they do! If they ever could think they were wrong, there'd be salvation for them! But you see how clear it is that they're doomed to destruction!'

'It's slow waitin' on the Lord,' she said one day wearily. 'And oh, it's meself would like to stir them up a little cake befittin' them!'

I know she thought me a weakling as to hate. But for the insuperable difficulty of several centuries, I believe she would have left me, to ally herself with the Borgias.

When she had been with me some time, she had a serious illness. She had been subject to periodical attacks of the kind, it seems, since her girlhood.

'I did n't tell you,' she said simply, 'for if I had, ye would n't have engaged me; and I liked the looks of ye.' Then, triumphantly, 'Nor was I mistaken.'

This was the beginning of a system of appeals, searching and frequent, which yet never took the direct form of appeal.

'It's I can't be sayin' how I love this old house,' she would say irrelevantly one day; and the next, 'Me brother Pat has been very kind to me at times — at *times!*' — here a slow wink and nod at the invisible — 'but it's not your own, God save me, that'll do for you in misfortune! No, ma'am, it's not your own!'

She began giving me little presents, a lace collar first. I insisted that I would rather she kept it herself.

'God save us! And all you've done for me!' Her tone was almost despair. 'And you would n't let me do that for you! A bit of a lace collar!'

The next time it was a strange mosaic cross; and the next, a queerly contrived egg-beater; again, a very fine and beautiful handkerchief — all of these produced from her trunk. She always had some ingenious tale of how she had come by them.

Meanwhile her attacks were becoming more frequent. At such times she was like one possessed by some spirit. Her mind would wander suddenly, always to her childhood and the Green Isle. She would be calling the cows home at evening, or talking to the pig. When the 'spirit' left her, she would be trembling and almost helpless for days and needed much care.

When she was well enough for me to leave her, I went to see her doctor and her people. The first suggested the alms-house: the others thought that they were not called on to keep her unless she would agree to do exactly as they bade her do, and would renounce her proud ways.

Of course I kept her with me. There are extravagances of poverty which may be allowed, as well as of wealth. Something, too, must be conceded to the spirit of adventure and recklessness. It may be at this crossroads that the provident will bid me adieu. I am sorry to lose their company, for, despite their lesser distinction and certain plebeian tendencies, I like the provident; but before they determine to depart, I may be allowed to wonder whether they have ever been in such close relation with the poor as I was then. Have they ever felt the persistent appeal of a Margaret, I wonder, or seen her eyes go twenty times a day to them as to one who held her fate in their keeping? I think perhaps they will not have overheard her say to the pig in a moment of half-gay thankfulness, 'Arrah! God save us! are ye glad as ye should be ye're with people that have got a heart?' Or perhaps the provident will scarcely have been vouchsafed a terrible understanding, as I had at that time, of the dark possibilities of life, or have known what it was to wonder where the next meals would come from.

'But,' argue the provident, 'could she not have gone to her people?' Which, being interpreted, means: 'Should she not have taken thankfully the grudged and conditioned charity with dominion, offered her by those in more fortunate circumstances?'

And to that I answer, 'If you think so, then I can only judge that you know

little "how salt is the bread of others and how steep their stairs"; and I can but refer you to one who has spoken immortally of these matters.'

One day, when she had been ill for more than a week, I told her that she might stay on with me and be cared for, and have a certain very moderate wage, and do only such little light work as she felt able to, all the heavier being taken over by a stronger woman.

She pricked her head up and spoke from a white pillow, equal to fate once more: —

'Now, God save us! If it is n't always good that be growin' out of evil! I'll be yer *housekeeper!* And who'll ye have for a cook? 'T is I'll be keepin' the key of things! Bring along the cook! Black or white, I don't care. *I* kin manage her!' (This threateningly).

This was alarming, but I counted upon inspiration and ingenuity when the time came.

I found a West India darky, whose condition also needed improving. She was a fine type. She might have walked out of the jungles of Africa; magnificently powerful, a little old. She was as irrevocably Protestant as Margaret was Catholic. I urged each privately to remember that they were both the Lord's children and therefore sisters. Augusta took this in solemn religious spirit, — such a speech on my part bound her to me forever, — but Margaret, with a chip on her shoulder, said, —

'She can call herself a Christian if she likes, but it is an insult to the Lord, for she's nothin' better nor a heathen! Black like that!'

'But, Margaret, you said you would not object to a black woman.'

'No, ma'am, nor I don't!' said Margaret, veering swiftly after her own manner; 'it's her pink lips I can't shtand.'

This was the beginning of their warfare; which not inconsistently was made infinitely the more bitter by Augusta's fixed resolve to be a Christian.

Impossible as Margaret was, I could see that her appealing and lovable qualities played on Augusta as they had long played on me.

'The poor afflicted soul!' said Augusta; 'look at the poor thin temples. You don't know, ma'am, how I pray for her every night!'

Margaret, passing by unexpectedly, overheard this and cried out, —

'Oh, God save us! Then I am lost. The Lord will abandon me now for sure! He'll never forgive me such company! That's the wurst yet!'

Then she went off for a long conversation with the pig. When she came back she was in a changed mood.

'Don't mind what I say,' she said to me. 'If God can forgive me, I don't know I'm sure, why you can't!' Then she put a rosy-cheeked apple beside Augusta. 'And I think you'll find this pleasant to the taste.'

Remembering the Borgias, I should have been loath to taste it; but Augusta bit into it with immediate Christian forgiveness. Yet late that afternoon the wind had shifted again into the old quarter. Happening to go into the woodshed, I found Augusta there crying.

'What in the world is the matter, Augusta?' I asked.

'I'm crying,' she said, anticipating Shaw and Androcles, 'because I'm a Christian and I can't strike her!'

She raised her old bloodshot eyes, not to me, but to heaven. I have seen the same look in the eyes of an old dog teased by a pert mongrel, and crippled and rendered helpless by rheumatism as was Augusta by her Christianity.

It was Margaret herself at last, who announced that she would be obliged to leave me. She spoke with a dignity

which she had held over, I suppose, from regal years submerged but not forgotten.

'It's I will have to be goin'; I've stayed as long as I can. I've stood a great deal, — for ye'll stand a terrible lot for them ye're fond of, — and I've been terrible fond of you, more than of me own — and am to this day. But I can't honest say it's of your deservin'! There's a sayin' that we love best them that mistreat us most, and I'm for thinkin' it may be true. I'd have stayed to help you, but I must be havin' *some* thought of meself! Though you 've treated me as I would n't treat me own,' — this tellingly, — 'and asked me to live under the roof with one of them the Lord has abandoned — yet I've a kindly feelin' in me heart still for ye, and if ye were in need and ye'd come to me, maybe I would n't say ye nay — I don't know. I'm a forgivin' disposition, more than is for me own good, God knows! I've hated yer enemies and doomed them to desthruction!'

I patted her hand good-bye between two perfectly well balanced desires to laugh and to cry. She was so funny, so incredible, so bent, since the foundations of the world, on proving herself right and everybody else wrong. She was not Margaret, merely, whom chance and trouble had brought into my path — she was a very piece of humanity, decked out in unaccustomed bonnet and unlikely feather, best petticoat and a grand pair of black kid gloves — humanity, the ancient, the amusing, the faulty, the incredible, the pathetic, the endeared. And it was as that that she rode away in the funny old jolting farm wagon, her chin in the air, her eyes glancing around haughtily, scanning the old place she had loved and clung to, but scanning it scornfully now, as if she had never laid eyes on it before, and were saying, 'Ye puir thing! — with yer air of deelapidation! Who — God save us — are you?'

All this was some years ago. By a curious chance, — which has the air of being something more considerable, — it was while I was writing these very paragraphs about Margaret that I had a letter from her, the first since she rode away. It was very characteristic, written in a scrawly and benevolent hand: —

> Will you please let me hear, ma'am, whether you're dead or alive. I've had you on my mind, and for six weeks I can't sleep night or day for thinking of you.
>
> Your old servant,
>
> MARGARET.

Let no one tell me that this is mere coincidence. New proof it is to one who has long dealt with the poor, of strange powers of which they are possessed. Here is a sister, I tell you, — 'plainer nor your eyes,' — to the old blind man, who used to come tap-tap, tap-tapping up the shadowy stairs and into the nursery for the penny I had withheld.

Margaret had come back also. Useless to suppose that I could hide from her in the silence and shadows of the intervening years. She had with her shrewd eye found me out. She had not come, like the blind man, to exact money of me, no; but like a witch disembodied, and through the mail, she had come to levy a more precious tax — to collect as of old the old sympathetic affection; the old toll I had paid her so often before; the tribute she had demanded and received times without number — not for labors rendered, no, nor for accountable values received, but rather by a kind of royal prerogative. Indeed, I take it to be a thing proved, to which this is but slight additional testimony, that these are, how much more than kings, — and it would seem by the grace of God, — sovereigns and rulers over us.

But there is still further testimony, of another order, which I feel called on to bear.

II

When we first went to live in the country, in the old house of which I have written, we had a sufficiently large task merely to make the house itself livable. But as time went on, we attempted to do a very little farming.

How greatly did this broaden and extend my experience as to the poor! There were the boys from ten to sixteen who came (again, these were those whose condition needed improving) to do work on the farm for the summers: Joseph, the Hebrew, who from his long and elaborate prayers should have been at least a priest of the Temple; Lester, so practised in picking locks and purloining that it was sheer waste of genius to place him in a home like ours, where jewelry and other returns for his skill were so slender. He did the best he could with the circumstances, but how meagre they were, after all!

There was the little girl, too, who could dance and recite and sing ragtime, having done so in vaudeville. Our home offered her neither audience nor stage, nor was there a footlight in the house. And there was the young Apollo, who at the least could have shepherded the sheep of Admetus; we had no sheep — only one cow.

Then there was Ernest, capable of really heroic devotion. How far did our possibilities fall short of his gifts! I did not engage him — he engaged me. I was setting out the disadvantages as usual, when he blurted out generously, 'I like you, and I am going to take this position!' He was blond, German, of the perfectly good-natured type and of heroic proportions. But, like the ancient heroes of his race, he was fond of the cup that both cheers and inebriates. I used to remonstrate with him and received always one answer, given stubbornly: 'You know I'd jump in the river for you!'

I tried my best to show him that what was desirable was, not that he should fling himself into the river, only that he should refrain from the cup! Useless, useless! He wanted a more royal opportunity. To be sober, trustworthy, honorable, daily dependable — these were too trifling! Give him something worthy of his powers! The unlikely and surprising were pleasing to his temperament. He would how generously neglect his work to bring home from the field rabbits, which he shot with an old muzzle-loader, requiring days of toil before it could be got to work at all. Once he produced a pheasant. Lacking the Nemean lion, he butchered a pig, and smoked the pork for me, by an incredibly laborious method, under two barrels, one on top of the other. He hewed down trees with terrible strokes, and built me with Herculean effort a corn-crib of gigantic size to hold a handful of corn he had raised.

All these things, while I appreciated them, left his grave fault uncorrected. But to rebuke him on this score was to quarrel with Hercules for some trifling mistake in his spinning. 'You *know* I would jump in the river for you!' he would reiterate.

There really is something ample in their conceptions of life which goes beyond our small bickerings as to honor and honesty. There is a largeness about them which makes our code look small indeed.

After Ernest's departure, another came for a few months, who had surprising resources. He made a practice of bringing me gifts from I do not know where — strawberries, asparagus, and other delicacies, given him presumably, and for the most part, by gardeners of gentlemen's estates in the outlying land — 'friends of his.'

I suggested, with misgivings as to ethics, that I ought to pay for these things; but he smiled benevolently as a king on a subject, and with a manner as bounteous. I had the impression that the world was his.

In the face of his generosities, I felt my behaviors to be feeble and inadequate. These were bounties of a kind to which I was unaccustomed and parvenu, I who had none of the ancient quarterings which would have entitled me to such gratuities; I who had been brought up to the deplorably plebeian idea that one must pay for what one takes.

These are occasions, when, frankly, I am at a loss how to deport myself. I do not know the behaviors befitting. My etiquette does not go so far; and Chesterfield, who covers so many points, stops short of this: he says nothing on the subject.

Oh, royal ways! Oh, fine prerogatives! What hope have I, who am but descended from the founders of a mere country, from men who fought and poured out their blood rather than pay for what they did not receive — what hope is there that I shall ever attain to that gracious and lordly company which receives, as a right, that for which it does not pay!

I have named but a few of these princely characters and their deportments; but remembering them all and weighing all their values, I believe that 'the brightest jewel in my crown wad' still be — Margharetta.

I have never been entirely certain that Margharetta was not descended from the Bourbons. Her husband was in jail for theft, and was a poet. 'I will show you some of his poetry,' she promised me in the first five minutes of my acquaintance with her. 'Some of my friends say he is as great a poet as Shakespeare.'

Like Marie Antoinette, she had three children. Her husband's misfortune had made it necessary to put these under the care of others. She talked of them incessantly, and assured me that no heart could bleed like a mother's.

As we drove up from the station, she looked all about her, with the air of a Siddons.

'Would n't Ethel enjoy this scenery!' she remarked, still very grand, but almost awed, it seemed. 'She's such a poetic child!' (Ethel was the oldest, a little girl of ten.) 'And these trees!' she said solemnly, as we entered the grave lordly shadows of the hemlocks. 'Would n't Richard enjoy them, now!' (Richard was the Dauphin, aged six.)

When we at last got to the house, and she entered the kitchen in her grand manner, it seemed to grow large — as the lintels and chambers of the Greeks are said to have done when the gods visited them. The walls seemed to widen out, and the pans and kettles took on a shining stateliness. I have difficulty when writing of her to keep myself to fact, so gracious, so spacious, was her manner. I know, for instance, that her dresses all dipped a little at the back, yet I have the greatest temptation to say she wore a court train, so much was that the enlarging impression that she at all times conveyed. She was the most dominating personality, I believe, that I have ever known. Like a French verb, she seemed to cover and account for all possibilities. She reminded you of the infinitive, the subjunctive, the future, the indicative, the *plus-que-parfait*. Entering the dining-room, her handsome hands bearing — always a little aloft — the corned beef or pot roast that should have been a peacock at the very least, she conveyed, silently, time and tense and person, passive and active: 'I am'; 'let us love'; 'let us have'; 'thou hast'; 'I have *not*'; '*if* I had!'

Added to the many unconscious appeals that Margharetta was forever making to me, she finally made a direct one. Informing me once more that no heart could bleed like a mother's, she begged to be allowed to have, if it were only one of her children with her, the little girl aged ten. I consented, and went myself to fetch her.

She was a beautiful child. She had a great deal of Margharetta's own handsome insolent beauty, but she had in addition a craft and ability for lying and deception astounding in one so young. Ten years old by the calendar she no doubt was; but by sundry other reckonings, she might have been ten thousand — a strange, pathetic, puzzling little girl.

For a time Margharetta's heart was staunched. But ere long it began to bleed afresh for the one who was, it was now clear, her dearest — Richard, the little Dauphin. She would stand looking out of the window, the picture of wretchedness. 'He is such an angelic little fellow! I can't begin to tell you! Oh, if I could only see him! If I could only have him in my arms once more!'

I make no apology. I only tell the event, perhaps a little shamefacedly. It was not long after this that I went and fetched Richard also.

If his sister was ten thousand, Richard was, I think, of prehistoric origin. He had carried over from the Stone Age a strange ability for having his own way at heavy cost. He had never been in the country. His passion for flowers would have been a hopeful and poetic thing, had it but been accompanied by a knowledge of what flowers were. He would appear in full rapture, bearing a huge bouquet of young bean-plants or a large nosegay of freshly planted cabbages. Never, despite my faithful efforts, did he lose his passionate love of flowers, and never, despite my equally faithful endeavors, did he learn to know what flowers were. I think they were to him anything that could be gathered with greatest ease in largest bunches. With this definition in mind, it will be seen that a vegetable garden offers superlative opportunities.

Margharetta could see in all this nothing but a newly interesting phase of her darling. I was there when he brought her his third generous bouquet. She took it into her gracious handsome hands, held it off a little, then appealed to me for appreciation: —

'Now, is n't that his mother's boy? He brings everything to *me*.'

I had explained to Margharetta before that, right as filial affection undoubtedly is, the gathering of young tomato-plants from the garden had come to be fearfully wrong. I now repeated this severely, then addressed the Dauphin direct.

'You are never, *never* to gather anything from the garden again; do you understand?'

Back went the Dauphin's head suddenly; his face became a purple mask of tragedy; his eyes rained intolerable tears; he broke forth into a most wild and tragic wail.

Margharetta stooped, gathered him to her bosom with one of her finest gestures, lifted him sobbing in her arms, laid his head against her shoulder, held it there with a possessive queenly hand, and with a colder look thrown at me, I am sure, than ever the Bourbons threw at the mob, carried him upstairs.

Later she explained to me haughtily what the Dauphin had meanwhile explained to her — he had been *told* to gather those plants.

'*Told* to gather them?'

'Yes. Come, lamb, tell just what Tony said to you.'

'Tony said,' began Richard, a little breathless, but resolved, and twisting and braiding his fingers as he spoke, 'Tony said, "You can have *all* the flowers you want, *every* day, and I think your mother would like the tomato-plants best."'

This sudden opera-bouffe turn of affairs really took me off my feet. When I suggested that it was quite certain that Tony would contradict Richard's statement, Margharetta's reply was perfectly consistent. Did I suppose she would take the word of 'a no-account Eye-talian' against that of her darling?'

So I found myself once more face to face with that total disregard of fact and probabilities which I had now come to know as one of the leading characteristics of her class. It was for me to remember that miracle waits upon them; that nothing is improbable to them if it but coincide with their desires; that truth shall not serve them unless it goes dressed in their livery. Nothing could be done about the matter. We were at a deadlock. What were mere logic and reason? What are they ever in the face of a faith chosen and adhered to?

Margharetta stood firm in an unshaken faith in her own, while I departed, to wonder why it is that humanity deports itself as decently as it does, with these dark powers, not only at work in it, but hugely at work in it, all the while.

The days went on. In the course of becoming acquainted with the country, the little Princess and the Dauphin underwent, of course, many tragic adventures. Though they had me so well in command that I ran to do their bidding, or flew to their rescue, at a mere summoning shriek, wind, water, fire, cats, dogs, cows, horses, poison ivy, snapping turtles, and sundry other folk were not so biddable.

This recalcitrancy led to tragedies innumerable. When either or both children were hurt by some fact or reality which by mere royal habit they had haughtily ignored, and when they were beaten in the fray and wounded, Margharetta was as one bereft of her senses. Panic seized her. She flung herself upon my mercy and my intelligence. She wrung her hands. She was distraught. She could do nothing herself for her darlings, but was wild with gratitude and watched with tragic animal eyes everything that I was able to do for them. How wonderful I was at such moments! How could she ever thank me! Then from my ministrations she would receive into her arms the battered Princess or dilapidated Dauphin, as it might have been from the hands of a relented Providence.

My own glory lasted only during the danger, however. Her darlings secure, she was not long in reascending her throne, and continued to behave with entire consistency as to her probable ancestry. She was the only real queen, with all a queen's regality and insolence, that I have ever dealt with. It is clear to me now that I was hypnotized by her manner to think it a privilege to be of use to her in the calamities of herself and her family. It is true I did at last make a fearful revolutionary stand for liberty, and bundled her and the young Princess of ten and ten thousand, and the little prehistoric Dauphin off one day, and began as best I could to reconstruct life; but not before I had come fearfully near, in the Versailles manner in which Margharetta had conducted herself and our kitchen, being a 'condition' myself.

It is now five years ago, 'of a sunny morning,' since they left us, and the post brought me the other day a short letter from Margharetta enclosing a 'poem' by her husband, on the death of the little girl. She 'wanted me to

know.' I feel quite sure that the letter was divided between sorrow for her loss and pride in her husband's performance.

The circumstance touched me more than I would have supposed possible. I thought of course of a mother's 'bleeding heart.' Poor Margharetta, for all her queenliness and all her disregard of fact, brought at last with the humblest of us to face the one supreme reality; and weaving as best she could some fancy about that, too, and turning away her face from it toward some consolation of reunion which (the verses promised this) was to be given her in another life, and, I doubt not, also toward the pride in this life of being wedded to a man (let us waive the matter of the jail) who could write poetry, and was, some thought, 'as great as Shakespeare.'

(*To be concluded*)

MORN LIKE A THOUSAND SHINING SPEARS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

Morn like a thousand shining spears
Terrible in the East appears.
O hide me, leaves of lovely gloom,
Where the young Dreams like lilies bloom!

What is this music that I lose
Now, in a world of fading clues?
What wonders from beyond the seas
And wild Arabian fragrancies?

That which is come requires of me
My utter truth and mystery.
Return, O Dreams, return to-night!
My lover is the armèd Light.

YOUTH

[The writer of this letter, printed just as it was written, is a boy of nineteen, who at the time was making his third flight without guidance. — The Editors.]

January 3, 1918.

Dear Aunt Lot, —

Where on earth do you think I am? To tell you the honest truth, I'm not on earth at all. I am 5000 feet in the air! All alone! The engine is making such a noise that I can't hear myself think, but it is very smooth up here at 5000 feet, so I can run the 'bus with my left hand and write to you with my right! I am beginning to think that I am *some* aviator now, because I can go up and write letters in the air.

I just received your Page & Shaw's chocolates to-day. They have followed me all over England, and finally got here. There is a little box on the instrument-board of this plane, and in it are six or seven chocolate gum-drops which I shall eat.

The flight commander sent me up and said, 'Fly around for an hour'; so here I am, with a board on one knee to write on. Is n't this a novel letter? I see another machine over the town doing circles. I guess it's Tom ——. We were told to meet at 2000 feet over the town and fly around together. I'm at 5000, and I'm going to dive to 2000 and wave at him. Whee! Motor off, stick forward, and down we go! Gad, it's bumpy down here at 2000! It's Tom all right, because I know the number of his machine. He waved — I waved. I shall climb.

I hate this bumpy strata of air I'm in now. Smooth again. I'm now at 6000 feet, still climbing. Tom is about 5000 feet, but passing directly under me. It's colder than all get out up here now. So I'll have to put on my glove again and write with my left hand and drive with my right. This can't be done, so I'll stop writing for a minute or so.

I'm now at 8500, and have completely lost sight of the ærodrome. I've lost sight of Tom also. Engine off, nose down, spiral, look all over the sky for Tom. I see him going down. I'll let him go, because it's too wonderful up here. I guess Tom has had engine-trouble or run out of petrol. He sees me and is waving with both hands. Down I go after him, over 100 miles an hour. I'm now at 3000 again. Tom has landed in a field about half a mile from the aerodrome. A lot of people are running to his machine from some little farmhouses. No, he has n't crashed. I can see him getting out of his machine. Out of petrol, I guess. They must have forgotten to fill his tank up before he went. I hope he has had sense enough to telephone to the aerodrome for some petrol. He's now sitting calmly on top of his 'bus.

I've been up half an hour. I shall climb to 10,000 feet and spiral to the aerodrome, just for practice. On the way up there I shall eat the chocolate gum-drops.

I've lost the aerodrome again! I'm now at 9000 feet, and am getting very cold, so I'll turn around and glide in. I'll stall first, just for the sinking sensation. Going only 30 miles an hour, motor off, and about to sink — sinking, nose level. Controls have very little effect at this speed. I'm merely dropping, nose down, and get up speed — 50, 70, 90, 110 miles an hour. Flatten out, 90, 80, 70, 65, motor on again,

and away we go — 7000 feet now. All chocolate gum-drops eaten!

Ah, — I see the aerodrome again. Tom's machine is just leaving the ground; it's getting further and further away from its shadow. I'm all alone in this aeroplane, with one empty seat in front. I wish you were in it; I'd give you some wonderful thrills that would make 70 miles an hour down a crowded street in an automobile seem like riding in a baby carriage!

Do I dare try a loop? I believe not — not yet anyway. I'm right over the 'drome at 6000 feet, so I'll try a spin. Whee! Three times wing over wing was all I did, but what a sensation — dropping all the time! There are three other machines trying to get into the aerodrome, and they are all below me, so have right of way. They're in now, so down I glide — need right hand for landing, and so I must stop.

Now at 1000 feet. Bumpy again and can't make the aerodrome from here, so must fly around it and try again.

Well, I've got to do the rest with my right hand! Much love, and how I miss my dear old aunt!

Your loving nephew,
(200 feet from ground)
JOHNNIE.

P.S. I'm now on terra firma, engine stopped (my fault), and calmly stranded in the middle of the field, waiting for some one to come out and swing my propeller again, so I can 'taxi' back to the sheds. Had a great flight — 1 hour and 10 minutes, with a very good landing, except for letting the engine stop. Well anyway this is *some* letter. My poor hand is cold as ice, but I had a great time. Only four more hours to do in the air, before I transfer from 'C' flight into 'A' Flight, where we learn to do stunts.

JOHNNIE.

THE CHANGING CHARACTER OF LIBRARIES

BY JOHN COTTON DANA

THE day of the library of books has gone by; the day of the library of useful print has come. The tradition that a library is a collection of books, and of books only, is still very strong; but it is a tradition and not a reasoned belief. The fact that a library should be a collection of records of human thought and action, and of the thought and action of yesterday as well as of all recorded times, is now favorably accepted by many, and is daily weakening the hold of the ancient library tradition.

The old belief was that the units which compose a library are books and books only, and must be treated as books even if they are not books. This may be illustrated by two incidents. The first is that of an unused theatre ticket which worked its way by some unhappy chance into the mechanism of one of our great libraries. Once within the grasp of workers trained to

treat all things that come into the library as if they were books, whether endued with the integuments of bookishness or not, it was straightway treated as a book. It was solemnly entered as No. 348,756 in the volume of records devoted to the serial entry of all incoming books; then, having been just as solemnly considered as to its form and content, it was pronounced a prose treatise on the drama in America — being, as it was, a ticket to one of Clyde Fitch's comedies; next, it was given a cabalistic mark, say, 748.62F47, indicative of its assumed content, and saying also that it must forever stand among books on the American drama, before books by authors whose names began with *Fj* and after any whose names began with *Fh*. That it might be found when asked for, it was recorded on a card under the entry-word Fitch, on another under 'Drama,' on another under 'Theatre,' and on still others under words of appropriate exhaustiveness. It underwent also other treatment proper to the book which, for the purpose of carrying out the ancient library cult, it was supposed to be.

All this happened a few years ago, and, unless time and the elements have devoured it, that tiny bit of printed pasteboard still exalts itself as a book on the shelves and in the vast catalogue of a great library. That it may have been thus treated partly in fun, as a satire on the over-refinement of the process of making records of books and of treating as books everything a library may possess, does not decrease the value of the incident as an illustration of the strength of the tradition that the component units of a library are books, and that if, by chance, any are not books, then the error lies in them and not in the tradition!

The other illustration is found in the conclusion, arrived at again and again, even in very recent years, by practitioners of library technique, that, as a library is a collection of books, a pamphlet, in its original and degrading dress of mere paper, cannot be given admission to it. The pamphlet that would become part of a library must first be bound, no matter if it is of four pages only, and then can be, and should be, submitted to all the sacred ceremonies which have been devised for the installation of a library's proper unit, a bound volume.

The library of records, the library of useful print, which is taking the place of the library of books only, it is impossible as yet to describe, for it is in process of making and daily takes on new features. It has books, of course. The qualities which distinguish it from a library of the type that prevails today are qualities due to the inclusion of new material and not to the exclusion of old material. This new material daily increases in quantity and in variety.

Some of the characteristics of the new type of library may be noted in the special collections of books, and of other records of thought and action, formed in the last ten years in hundreds of banks, trust companies, railroad central offices, insurance companies, and industrial plants of every kind. The reference here is not to the libraries gathered for the recreation and general enlightenment of minor employees, or to the mere official records of the institutions themselves, but to collections made with the very definite purpose of having at hand a carefully collected and skillfully mastered mass of information bearing directly upon the activities of the several institutions by which they are established. These collections already have the trade name of special libraries, and most of their administrators are members of an independent library

organization of their own. The material gathered in them is of infinite variety, ranging from the latest English Blue Book on education in India to the prospectus of a company for the exploitation of a peat bog in Maine.

And the method of handling the material is as varied as is the material itself. Since much of it consists of excerpts from papers, books, and journals, or is of the lowly pamphlet class, it is very conveniently kept in one of the many forms of the familiar vertical file. The methods of classification and marking used to make it easy to discover each piece as needed are adjusted as skillfully as may be to the size, character and method of use of each collection.

These special libraries tell us quite plainly what are to be some of the characteristics of the coming general library of records; for just as the modern enterprise, of whatever kind, finds that it needs a library of records to help it to be wise in its special work, so will each community find that it needs a similar library of records, wider in its range but of like material, to help it to be wise also.

Thus far the argument for the enlargement of the conception of the general library has proceeded mainly from the needs of those who use the library.

This argument is greatly reinforced by a glance at the vast quantity of the records themselves of man's thought and action which we are now producing, and at the physical characteristics of those records.

In passing, mention should be made of the records of sound and action found in the phonograph disk and the 'movie' film. These present a problem to librarians which is so new and vast that they have not even ventured to think of attacking it, though they hesitatingly confess that, if libraries are to continue to be the storehouses of records of the world's activities, then the records which the camera and the phonograph make, and the records of like importance made by other inventions which are surely on the way, must find in libraries their proper homes. But, of books which are so obviously not books as are these two marvelous records, it is not yet possible to say more than that the library of the future must admit them, and must adjust its ancient methods to their proper care.

As to printed records, these have increased marvelously in quantity in the last thirty years. The increase does not seem very remarkable if measured only by the growth of book-publication; but measured by the growth of printing as an industry and by the growth of journal and pamphlet publications, it is most astounding. In 1889 the value of the total output of the printing press in this country was $313,000,000; in twenty years it increased, in 1909, to $738,000,000, or 230 per cent. Since 1909 the growth of the industry has been more rapid than ever before. There is ample evidence to be had for the conclusion that the production, and consumption, of print are now just beginning their era of great development.

A relatively small part of this increase has been in book-production; much of it has been in posters, circulars, and commercial blanks and forms of countless kinds; but a very large part of it has been in pamphlets and journals. No library can keep all these things. Did one now attempt to preserve even one copy of all things printed, it would in a few weeks fill every square inch of its storage space. The printing press has outrun the most enthusiastic and richest of collectors, public or private. The day of completeness, even in the records of things

printed on subjects of the day, has passed.

Note, now, that the printer's products are, not only of a quantity which is overwhelming, but also of a quality which is peculiarly, and fortunately, ephemeral. The word ephemeral here means, not that a given piece of print is of slight value, — for it may be in its brief day of the very highest value, — but that its value soon passes, since other printed things soon take its place. It is ephemeral in its form, usually that of pamphlets and journals printed on paper which can endure for a few years only; and is published with the definite thought that it will be used for a short time and will then be cast aside as out of date.

It is in this ephemeral quality, as well as in the prodigious quantity of our rising flood of print, that we find the definite and sufficient reason for the change from the library of books only to the library of records.

Books, journals, and pamphlets, and many other things not here touched on, are all needed to form a helpful record of man's thoughts and activities. And the journals and the pamphlets are to-day so essential to the fullness of these records, and they so far outweigh books in quantity and, for the day at least, in importance, that they must be included in the field which the library covers; and, being included, they compel a diversion to them of a great part of the librarian's activities.

To prove this statement to those who have not noted the change in character of the products of the press which has in recent years accompanied the increase in quantity, it would be necessary to present an imposing and tiring array of figures. It is enough here to give two illustrations.

The Library of Congress compiled and published a few months ago a pamphlet — note that it is a pamphlet and not a book — called *The United States at War*. It contains a list, far from complete, of the names of more than one hundred and fifty auxiliary and volunteer organizations, most of them formed since the great war opened and many of them since our country began to take part in it. Many of these organizations publish pamphlets or journals, not books save in very few cases; and each and every one of their publications is to-day of some importance, and in many cases of great importance, as a record of man's thoughts and actions, and should find its place, temporarily, in many of our libraries. Here then are new thousands of 'records.' If a library does not make many of them easily accessible, it will fail in what is a library's chief function, that of adding to a community's efficiency by keeping it informed on whatever of importance may be doing in the world.

In recent years we have seen rise in this country a cult of altruism of quite unexampled vigor. It has shown itself, among other ways, in the publication of journals and pamphlets, and chiefly the latter, issued to explain the purpose and the methods of a given organization, or to spread abroad certain opinions, information, and advice to the wider acceptance and use of which that organization devotes itself. Of these societies of altruistic endeavor a very incomplete list, made a few years ago, included more than fifteen hundred. Their publications, within the space of one year, are numbered by the thousands. Of those publications the same things may be said that have been said of the publications of the societies named in *The United States at War*. They are pamphlets, not books; they record some of the most interesting and immediately important of man's thoughts and actions; they must be found in our libraries of records;

they cannot be treated as books, for so to treat them would exhaust the financial resources of our largest libraries; they are ephemeral by intent, in that they are published with the expectation that they will soon be superseded by others. To handle them efficiently and with sound economy, libraries must take on certain new characteristics and become in a large part filing devices for temporary storage, joined to easy accessibility, of material which is of great value to-day, but of little or no value to-morrow.

It should be noted, as bearing on the general argument in hand, that it costs a library from twenty to fifty cents to prepare for use each and every book it adds, as a book, to its collections, and, the larger the collection, the greater the cost. Hence, to treat as books all the pamphlets which a modern library should acquire and master would entail an enormous initial cost, and would load shelves and catalogues with things that would soon be quite useless.

These two illustrations refer only to a mere fraction of to-day's vast stream of printed things which are ephemeral in content and in physical character. It would be easy to add others. The Federal Government now publishes some fifty pamphlet lists of its publications. The number of entries in these lists ranges from a few score to nearly two thousand. These publications are nearly all in pamphlet form. They cover thousands of subjects. To the Congressional Record and its many monthly journals the government has now added two daily papers, both in the form of pamphlets. Of trade journals one zealous inquirer has recently collected one copy each of about two thousand titles, and has not exhausted the subject. These merely suggest the size of our modern flood of print.

To check this flood is quite impossible. It creates daily, by its mere presence, new armies of readers for its use. The efforts to-day being made by these armies of readers and inquirers to master their flood of print, to find a way through it to the specific lines, the paragraphs, the pages, or chapters which they need, again illustrate its quantity. Indexes to journals multiply. Keys, guides, and lists of countless kinds are constantly appearing. Libraries, societies, city and state and national governments, are combining to form agencies which shall gather and arrange, not all the print of the day, — of that they quite despair, — but merely the indexes to the print of the day. So far has the printer outpaced the old type of library — a collection of books.

It would be idle to attempt to describe this Niagara of print. A description adequate to-day, could one be made, would be quite incomplete tomorrow. It is a stream beside which the 'flood of books,' at times so feelingly alluded to, is a mere rivulet. We do not need to fear that it will ever wipe out of existence all of the library's ancient bookishness; but it already demands that, to the library's old-time methods for records in books only, be added new methods for all records.

THE SPRING BIRD PROCESSION

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

ONE of the new pleasures of country life when one has made the acquaintance of the birds is to witness the northward bird procession as it passes or tarries with us in the spring — a procession which lasts from April till June and has some new feature daily.

The migrating wild creatures, whether birds or beasts, always arrest the attention. They seem to link up animal life with the great currents of the globe. It is moving day on a continental scale. It is the call of the primal instinct to increase and multiply, suddenly setting in motion whole tribes and races. The first phœbe bird, the first song sparrow, the first robin or bluebird in March or early April, is like the first ripple of the rising tide on the shore.

In my boyhood the vast armies of the passenger pigeons were one of the most notable spring tokens. Often late in March, or early in April, the naked beech-woods would suddenly become blue with them, and vocal with their soft, child-like calls; or all day the sky would be streaked with the long lines or dense masses of the moving armies. The last great flight of them that I ever beheld was on the tenth of April, 1875, when, for the greater part of the day, one could not at any moment look skyward above the Hudson River Valley without seeing several flocks, great and small, of the migrating birds. But that spectacle was never repeated as it had been for generations before. The pigeons never came back. Death and destruction, in the shape of the greed and cupidity of man, were on their trail. The hosts were pursued from state to state by professional pot-hunters and netters, and the numbers so reduced, and their flocking instinct so disorganized, that their vast migrating bands disappeared, and they were seen only in loosely scattered and diminishing flocks in different parts of the West during the remainder of the century. A friend of mine shot a few in Indiana in the early eighties, and scattered bands of them have occasionally been reported, here and there, up to within a few years. The last time that my eyes beheld a passenger pigeon was in the fall of 1876 when I was out for grouse. I saw a solitary cock sitting in a tree. I killed it, little dreaming that, so far as I was concerned, I was killing the last pigeon.

What man now in his old age who witnessed in youth that spring or fall festival and migration of the passenger pigeons would not hail it as one of the gladdest hours of his life if he could be permitted to witness it once more! It was such a spectacle of bounty, of joyous, copious animal life, of fertility in the air and in the wilderness, as to make the heart glad. I have seen the fields and woods fairly inundated for a day or two with these fluttering, piping, blue-and-white hosts. The very air at times seemed suddenly to turn to pigeons.

One May evening recently, near sundown, as I sat in my summer-

house here in the Hudson Valley, I saw a long curved line of migrating fowl high in the air, moving with great speed northward, and for a moment I felt the old thrill that I used to experience on beholding the pigeons. Fifty years ago I should have felt sure that they were pigeons; but they were only ducks. A more intense scrutiny failed to reveal the sharp, arrow-like effect of a swiftly moving flock of pigeons. The rounder, bottle-shaped bodies of the ducks also became apparent. But migrating ducks are a pleasing spectacle, and when, a little later, a line of geese came into my field of vision, and re-formed and trimmed their ranks there against the rosy sky above me, and drove northward with their masterly flight, there was no suggestion of the barnyard or farm pond up there.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through the rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Bryant, by the way, handled natural subjects in a large, free, simple way, which our younger poets never attained.

When one is fortunate enough to see a line of swans etched upon the sky near sunset, a mile or more high, as has been my luck but twice in my life, one has seen something he will not soon forget.

The northward movement of the smaller bodies — the warblers and finches and thrushes — gives one pleasure of a different kind — the pleasure of rare and distinguished visitors who tarry for a few hours or a few days, enlivening the groves and orchards and garden borders, and then pass on. Delicacy of color, grace of form, animation of movement, and often snatches of song, and elusive notes and calls, advise the bird-lover that the fairy procession is arriving. Tiny guests from Central and South America drop out of the sky like flowers borne by the night winds, and give unwonted interest to our tree-tops and roadside hedges. The ruby-crowned kinglet heralds the approach of the procession, morning after morning, by sounding his elfin bugle in the evergreens.

The migrating thrushes in passing are much more chary of their songs, although the hermit, the veery, and the olive-backed may occasionally be heard. I have even heard the northern water thrush sing briefly in my currant patch. The bobolink begins to burst out in sudden snatches of song, high in air, as he nears his northern haunts. I have often in May heard the black-poll warbler deliver his fine strain, like that of some ticking insect, but have never heard the bay-breasted or the speckled Canada during migration. None of these birds sing or nest in the tropical countries where they pass more than half the year. They are like exiles there; the joy and color fade out of their lives in the land of color and luxuriance. The brilliant tints come to their plumage, and the songs to their hearts, only when the breeding impulse sends them to their brief northern homes. Tennyson makes his swallow say, —

I do but wanton in the South,
While in the North long since my nest is made.

It is highly probable, if not certain, that the matches made in the North endure but for a season, and that new mates are chosen each spring. The males of most species come a few days in advance of the females, being, I suppose, supercharged with the breeding impulse.

That birds have a sense of home and return in most cases to their old haunts is quite certain. But whether both sexes do this, or only the males, I have no proof. But I have proof which I consider positive that the male song sparrow returns, and there is pretty good evidence that the same thing is true of

several, probably of most, other species. A friend of mine has a summer home in one of the more secluded valleys of the Catskills, and every June for three years a pair of catbirds have nested near the house; and every day, many times, one or both birds come to the dining-room window for sweet butter. Very soon after their arrival they appear at the window, shy at first, but soon becoming so tame that they approach within a few feet of the mistress of the house. They light on the chair-backs and sometimes even hop on the table, taking the butter from the fork held by the mistress. Their behavior now is very convincing that one or both have been at the window for butter in previous years.

Let me quote a page or two from my notebook, under date of May 25:—

'Walked down through the fields and woods to the river, and then along the wooded banks toward home.

'Redstarts here and there in the woods, going through their pretty gymnastics. None of our insect-feeders known to me so engage the eye. The flashes of color, and the acrobatic feats — how they set each other off! It is all so much like a premeditated display, or a circus, or an operatic performance, that one is surprised to find a solitary bird in the woods so intent upon it. Every movement is accompanied by its own feathered display. The tail, with its bands of black and orange, is as active in opening and shutting as a lady's fan at the opera signaling to her lover; the wings unfold, or droop, and second the sensitive tail, and the whole behavior of the bird makes him about the prettiest actor in the little fly-catching drama of the season. This behavior would suggest that the bird feeds upon a particular kind of insect; at all times and places it is engaged in the same striking acrobatic feats; just as the black-and-white creeping warbler is always busy in the hunt for some minute insect on the trunks of trees.'

I recall several of our insect-feeders, each of which seems to have its own insect province. The Kentucky warbler, where I have known it on the Potomac, fed for the most part on insects which it gathered from the under-side of the leaves of certain plants near the ground. Hence it is classed among the ground warblers, like the Maryland yellowthroat. The red-eyed vireo feeds largely on the insects which hide on the under side of leaves in the tree-tops.

When the oriole first comes in May, he is very busy searching into the heart of the apple-tree bloom for some small insect. I have seen Wilson's black-capped warbler doing the same thing. I have seen a score or more of myrtle warblers very active amid the bushes and trees along a stream, snapping up some slow-moving gauzy insect drifting about there. They often festoon the stream with their curving and looping lines of blue and black and yellow.

The feeding-ground of one bird is often an empty larder to another kind. I saw a pretty illustration of this fact yesterday. On the wide, smooth space, graded with sharp gravel in front of my neighbor's boathouse, there were three Blackburnian warblers, one male and two females, very much absorbed in hurrying about over the gray surface, picking up some tiny insects which were invisible to my eye. How intent and eager they were! A nuthatch came down the trunk of the elm and eyed them closely; then took to the ground and followed them about for a moment. But evidently he could not make out what the table was spread with, as, after a few seconds, he flew back to the tree and went on with his own quest of food. But the nuthatches will follow the downy woodpeckers through the trees, and the chickadees follow the

nuthatches, and the brown creepers follow the chickadees, and each kind appears to find the food it is looking for. Every man to his taste, and every bird to the food that its beak indicates.

I have no idea as to the kind of food that invariably draws the male scarlet tanager to the ground in the ploughed fields at this season; but there they are in pairs or triplets, slowly looking over the brown soil and visible from afar. Yesterday I came upon two on the ground at a wettish place in the woods, demurely looking about them. How they fairly warmed the eye amid their dull and neutral surroundings!

Season after season, all over the country, the spectacle of scarlet tanagers inspecting the ground in ploughed fields recurs.

This season an unusual number of male rose-breasted grosbeaks have frequented the ground in my vineyards at the same time. Their black-and-white plumage, with an occasional glimpse of their rose-colored breasts, makes them very noticeable, but not so conspicuous as the tanagers. But their rich mellow warblings from the tree-tops more than make up to the ear what the eye misses. Strange to say, in my boyhood I never saw or recognized this bird, and few country or farm people, I think, ever discriminate it. Its song is like that of the robin much softened and rounded and more finely modulated, contrasting in this respect with the harder and more midsummer strain of the tanager. The heavy beak of the bird gives him a somewhat Hebraic look.

II

That birds of a feather flock together, even in migration, is evident enough every spring. When in the morning you see one of a kind, you may confidently look for many more. When, in early May, I see one myrtle warbler, I presently see dozens of them in the trees and bushes all about me; or, if I see one yellow red-poll on the ground, with its sharp chirp and nervous behavior, I look for more. Yesterday, out of the kitchen window, I saw three speckled Canada warblers on the ground in the garden. How choice and rare they looked on the dull surface! In my neighbor's garden or dooryard I would probably have seen more of them, and in his trees and shrubbery as many magnolia, and bay-breasted, and black-throated blue warblers as in my own; and about his neighbor's place, and his, and his, throughout the township, and on west throughout the county, and throughout the state, and the adjoining state, on west to the Mississippi and beyond, I would have found in every bushy tangle and roadside and orchard and grove and wood and brookside, the same advancing line of migrating birds — warblers, fly-catchers, finches, thrushes, sparrows, and so on — that I found here. I would have found highholes calling and drumming, robins and phœbes nesting, swallows skimming, orioles piping, oven birds demurely tripping over the leaves in the woods, tanagers and grosbeaks in the ploughed fields, purple finches in the cherry trees, and white-throats and white-crowned sparrows in the hedges.

One sees the passing bird procession in his own grounds and neighborhood without pausing to think that in every man's grounds and in every neighborhood throughout the state, and throughout a long, broad belt of states, about several millions of homes, and over several millions of farms, the same flood-tide of bird-life is creeping and eddying or sweeping over the land. When the mating or nesting highholes are awakening you in the early morning by their insistent calling and drumming on your metal roof or gutters or ridge-boards, they are doing the same

to your neighbors near by, and to your fellow countrymen fifty, a hundred, a thousand miles away. Think of the myriads of dooryards where the 'chippies' are just arriving; of the blooming orchards where the passing many-colored warblers are eagerly inspecting the buds and leaves; of the woods and woody streams where the oven birds and water thrushes are searching out their old haunts; of the secluded bushy fields and tangles where the chewinks, the brown thrashers, the chats, the catbirds, are once more preparing to begin life anew — think of all this and more, and you may get some idea of the extent and importance of our bird-life.

I fancy that on almost any day in mid-May the flickers are drilling their holes into a million or more decayed trees between the Hudson and the Mississippi; that any day a month earlier the phœbes are starting their nests under a million or more woodsheds or bridges or overhanging rocks; that several millions of robins are carrying mud and straws to sheltered projections about buildings, or to the big forked branches in the orchards.

When in my walk one day in April, through an old cedar lane, I found a mourning dove's nest on the top of an old stone wall, — the only one I ever found in such a position, — I wondered how many mourning doves throughout the breadth and length of the land had built or were then building their nests on stone walls or on rocks.

Considering the enormous number of birds of all species that flood the continent at this season, as if some dike or barrier south of us had suddenly given way, one wonders where they could all have been pent up during the winter. Mexico and Central and South America have their own bird-populations the seasons through; and with the additions of the hosts from this country, it seems as if those lands must have literally swarmed with birds, and that the food-question (as with us) must have been pressing. Of course, a great many of our birds — such as sparrows, robins, blackbirds, meadow larks, jays, and chewinks — spend the winter in the Southern states, but many more — warblers, swallows, swifts, hummers, orioles, tanagers, cuckoos, fly-catchers, vireos, and others — seek out the equatorial region.

III

The ever-memorable war spring of 1917 was very backward, — about two weeks later than the average, — very cold and very wet. Few fruit trees bloomed before the twentieth of May; then they all bloomed together: cherry, pear, peach, apple, all held back till they could stand it no longer. Pink peach-orchards and white apple-orchards at the same time and place made an unusual spectacle.

The cold wet weather, of course, held up the bird procession also. The warblers and other migrants lingered and accumulated. The question of food became a very serious one with all the insect-eaters. The insects did not hatch, and, if they did, they kept very close to cover. The warblers, driven from the trees, took to the ground. It was an unusual spectacle to see these delicate and many-colored spirits of the air and of the tree-tops hopping about amid the clods and the rubbish, searching for something they could eat. They were like jewels in the gutter, or flowers on the sidewalk.

For several days in succession I saw several speckled Canada warblers hopping about my newly planted garden, evidently with poor results; then it was two or more Blackburnian warblers looking over the same ground, their new black and white and vivid orange plumage fairly illuminating the dull surface. The redstarts flashed along

the ground and about the low bushes and around the outbuildings, delighting the eye in the same way. Bay-breasted warblers tarried and tarried, now on the ground, now in the lower branches of the trees or in bushes. I sat by a rapid rocky stream one afternoon and watched for half an hour a score or more of myrtle warblers snapping up the gauzy-winged insects that hovered above the water in the fitful sunshine. What loops and lines of color they made, now perched on the stones, now on the twigs of the overhanging trees, now hovering, now swooping. What an animated scene they presented! They had struck a rare find and were making the most of it.

On other occasions I saw the magnolia and Cape May and chestnut-sided warblers under the same stress of food-shortage searching in unwonted places. One bedraggled and half starved female Magnolia warbler lingered eight or ten days in a row of Japanese barberry bushes under my window, where she seemed to find some minute and, to me, invisible insect on the leaves and in the blossoms that seemed worth her while.

This row of barberry bushes was the haunt for a week or more of two or three male ruby-throated humming birds. Not one female did we see, but two males were often there at the same time, and sometimes three. They came at all hours and probed the clusters of small greenish-yellow blossoms, and perched on the twigs of intermingled lilacs, often remaining at rest five or six minutes at a time. They chased away the big queen bumble-bees which also reaped a harvest there, and occasionally darted spitefully at each other. The first day I saw them, they appeared to be greatly fatigued, as if they had just made the long journey from Central America. Never before had I seen this bird-jewel of omnipotent wing take so kindly and so habituatedly to the perch.

The unseasonable season, no doubt, caused the death of vast numbers of warblers. We picked up two about the paths on my place, and the neighbors found dead birds about their grounds. Often live birds were so reduced in vitality that they allowed the passer-by to pick them up. When one dead bird was seen, no doubt hundreds escaped notice in the fields and groves. A bird lives so intensely — rapid breathing and high temperature — that its need for food is always pressing. These adventurous little aviators had come all the way from South and Central America; the fuel-supply of their tiny engines was very low, and they suffered accordingly.

A friend writing me from Maine at this time had the same story of famishing warblers to tell. Certain of our more robust birds suffered. A male oriole came under my window one morning and pecked a long time at a dry crust of bread — food, I dare say, it had never tasted before. The robins alone were in high feather. The crop of angle-worms was one hundred per cent, and one could see the robins 'snaking' them out of the ground at all hours.

Emerson is happy in his epithet, 'the punctual birds.' They are nearly always here on time — always, considering the stage of the season; but the inflexible calendar often finds them late or early. There is one bird, however, that keeps pretty close to the calendar. I refer to the white-crowned sparrow, the most distinguished-looking of all our sparrows. Year after year, be the season early or late, I am on the lookout for him between the 12th and the 16th of May. This year, on the 13th, I looked out of my kitchen window and saw two males hopping along side by side in the garden. Unhurriedly they moved about, uncon-

scious of their shapely forms and fine bearing. Their black and white crowns, their finely penciled backs, pure ashen-gray breasts, and their pretty carriage, give them a decided look of distinction. Such a contrast to our nervous and fidgety song sparrow, bless her little heart! And how different from the more chunky and plebeian looking white-throats — bless their hearts also for their longer tarrying and their sweet, quavering ribbon of song. The fox sparrow, the most brilliant singer of all our sparrows, is an uncertain visitor in the Hudson River valley, and seasons pass without one glimpse of him.

The spring of 1917 was remarkable for the number of migrating blue jays. For many days in May I beheld the unusual spectacle of processions of jays streaming northward. Considering the numbers I saw during the short time in the morning that I was in the open, if the numbers I did not see were in like proportion, many thousands of them must have passed my outlook northward. The jay is evidently more or less a migrant. I saw not one here during the winter, which is unusual. As one goes south in winter the number of jays greatly increases, till in Georgia they are nearly as abundant as robins are here in summer.

In late April a friend wrote me from a town in northern New York that the highholes disturbed his sleep in the early morning by incessant drumming on the metal roofs and gutters and ridgeboards. They were making the same racket around us at the same hour. Early in the month a pair of them seem to have been attracted to a cavity in the mid-top of a maple tree near the house, and the male began to warm up under the fever of the nesting impulse, till he made himself quite a nuisance to sleepers who did not like to be drummed out before five o'clock in the morning. How loudly he did publish and proclaim his joy in the old command which spring always reaffirms in all creatures! With call and drum, repeated to the weariness of his less responsive neighbors, he made known the glad tidings from his perch on the verge of the tin roof; he would send forth the loud rapid call, which, as Thoreau aptly says, has the effect as of some one suddenly opening a window and calling in breathless haste, 'Quick, quick, quick, quick!' Then he would bow his head and pour a volley of raps upon the wood or metal, which became a continuous stream of ringing blows. One would have thought that he had a steel punch for a bill, and that it never got dull.

But the highhole's bill is a wonderful instrument and serves him in many ways. In the spring bird-orchestra he plays an important part, more so than that of any other of the woodpeckers. He is never a disturber of the country quiet except on such occasions as above referred to. His insistent call coming up from the April and May meadows or pastures or groves is pleasing to the nature-lover to a high degree. It does seem to quicken the season's coming, though my pair were slow in getting down to business, doubtless on account of the backward spring and the consequent scarcity of ants, which is their favorite food.

When on the first of June I looked into the cavity in one of my maples, and saw only one egg, I thought it a meagre result for all that month and a half of beating of drum and clashing of cymbals; but on the twentieth of June the results were more ample, and four open mouths greeted me as I again looked into the little dark chamber in the maple. The drumming and trumpeting had ceased, and the festive and holiday air of the birds had given place to an air of silent solicitude. As the

cavity is a natural one, the result of a decayed limb, it does not have the carpeting of soft pulverized 'dozy' wood that it would have had it been excavated by the birds. Hence, for days before the full complement of eggs was laid, and after the young had hatched, I used to see and hear, as I passed by, one of the parent birds pecking on the sides of the cavity, evidently to loosen material to supply this deficiency.

The highhole is our most abundant species of woodpecker, and as he gets most of his living from the ground instead of from the trees, he is a migrant in the northern states. Our other members of the family are mostly black, white, and red, but the highhole is colored very much like the meadow lark, in mottled browns and whites and yellows, with a dash of red on the nape of his neck. To his enemies in the air he is not a conspicuous object on the ground, as the other species would be.

IV

The waves of bird-migrants roll on through the states into Canada and beyond, breaking like waves on the shore, and spreading their contents over large areas. The warbler wave spends itself largely in the forests and mountains of the northern tier of states and of Canada; its utmost range, in the shape of Wilson's black cap, reaching nearly to the Arctic Circle, while its content of ground warblers, in the shape of the Maryland yellowthroat, and the Kentucky and the hooded warblers, begins to drop out south of the Potomac and in Ohio.

The robins cover a very wide area, as do the song sparrows, the kingbirds, the vireos, the flickers, the orioles, the catbirds, and others. The area covered by the bobolinks is fast becoming less and less, or at least it is moving farther and farther north. Bobolinks in New York state meadows are becoming rare birds, but in Canadian meadows they appear to be on the increase. The mowing-machine and the earlier gathering of the hay crop by ten or fourteen days than fifty years ago probably account for it.

As the birds begin to arrive from the South in the spring, the birds that have come down from the North to spend the winter with us — the cross-bills, the pine grosbeaks, the pine linnets, the red-breasted nuthatches, the juncos, and the snow buntings — begin to withdraw. The ebb of one species follows the flow of another. One winter, in December, a solitary red-breasted nuthatch took up his abode with me, attracted by the suet and nuts I had placed on a maple-tree trunk in front of my study window for the downy woodpecker, the chickadees, and the native nuthatches. Red-breast evidently said to himself, 'Needless to look farther.' He took lodgings in a wren-box on a post near by, and at night and during windy stormy days was securely housed there. He tarried till April, and his constancy, his pretty form, and engaging ways, greatly endeared him to us. The pair of white-breasted nuthatches that fed at the same table looked coarse and common beside this little delicate waif from the far North. He could not stand to see lying around a superabundance of cracked hickory nuts, any more than his larger relatives could, and would work industriously, carrying them away and hiding them in the wood-pile and summer-house near by. The other nuthatches bossed him, as they in turn were bossed by Downy, and as he in turn bossed the brown creeper and the chickadees. In early April my little red-breast disappeared, and I fancied him turning his face northward, urged by a stronger impulse than that for food and shelter merely. He was

my tiny guest from unknown lands, my baby bird, and he left a vacancy that none of the others could fill.

The nuthatches are much more pleasing than the woodpeckers. Soft-voiced, soft-colored, gentle-mannered, gliding over the rough branches and the tree-trunks with their boat-shaped bodies, up and down and around, with apparently an extra joint in their necks that enables them, head-downward, to look straight out from the tree-trunk, their movements seem far less mechanical and angular than those of the woodpeckers and the creepers. Downy can back down a tree by short hitches, but he never ventures to do it head-first, nor does the creeper; but the universal joint in the nuthatch's body and its rounded keel enable it to move head on indifferently in all directions. Its soft nasal call in the spring woods is one of the most welcome of sounds. It is like the voice of children, plaintive, but contented, a soft interrogation in the ear of the sylvan gods. What a contrast to the sharp steely note of the woodpeckers — the hairy's like the metallic sounds of the tin-smith, and Downy's a minor key of the same!

But the woodpeckers have their drums which make the dry limbs vocal, and hint the universal spring awakening in a very agreeable manner. The two sounds together, the childish 'Yank, yank,' of the nuthatch, and the resonant 'Rat-tat-tat' of Downy, are coincident with the stirring sap in the maple trees. The robin, the bluebird, the song sparrow, and the phœbe have already loosened the fetters of winter in the open. It is interesting to note how differently the woodpeckers and the nuthatches use their beaks in procuring their food. Downy's head is a trip-hammer, and he drives his beak into the wood by short, sharp blows, making the chips fly, while the nuthatch strikes more softly, using his whole body in the movement. He delivers a kind of feathered blow on the fragment of nut which he has placed in the vise of the tree's bark. My little red-breast, previously referred to, came down on a nut in the same way, with a pretty extra touch of the flash of his wings at each stroke, as the wood-chopper says 'Hah!' when sending his axe home. If this does not add force to his blows, it certainly emphasizes them in a very pretty manner.

Each species of wild creature has its own individual ways and idiosyncrasies which one likes to note. As I write these lines a male kingbird flies by the apple tree in which his mate is building a nest, with that peculiar mincing and affected flight which none other of the flycatchers, so far as I know, ever assumes. The olive-sided flycatcher has his own little trick, too, which the others do not have: I have seen his whole appearance suddenly change while sitting on a limb, by the exhibition of a band of white feathers like a broad chalk-mark outlining his body. Apparently the white feathers under the wings could be projected at will, completely transforming the appearance of the bird. He would change in a twinkling from a dark, motionless object to one surrounded by a broad band of white.

It occasionally happens that a familiar bird develops an unfamiliar trait. The purple finch is one of our sweetest songsters and best-behaved birds, but one that escapes the attention of most country people. But the past season he made himself conspicuous with us by covering the ground beneath the cherry trees with cherry-blossoms. Being hard put to it for food, a flock of the birds must have discovered that every cherry-blossom held a tid-bit in the shape of its ovary. At once the birds began to cut out these ovaries, soon making the ground white be-

neath the trees. I grew alarmed for the afety of my crop of Windsors, and ried to 'shoo' the birds away. They ooked down upon me as if they conidered it a good joke. Even when we hot one, to make sure of the identity f the bird, the flock only flew to the ext tree and went on with the snipping. Beneath two cherry trees that tood beside the highway the blossoms drifted into the wagon tracks like snow lakes. I concluded that the birds had aken very heavy toll of my cherries, ut it turned out that they had only lone a little of the much-needed thinning. Out of a cluster of six or eight blossoms they seldom took more than two or three, as if they knew precisely what they were about, and were intent on rendering me a service. When the robins and the cedar birds come for the cherries they are not so considerate, but make a clean sweep. The finches could teach them manners — and morals.

Well, bird-life is an inexhaustible subject, but I know that the interest of my reader is not inexhaustible, and therefore I will not press him to the limit.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM IN THE AMERICAN PRESS

BY JAMES S. METCALFE

A LITTLE insight into the practical conditions which surround newspaper criticism to-day is needed before we can estimate its value or importance as an institution. Venial and grossly incompetent critics there have always been, but these have eventually been limited in their influence through the inevitable discovery of their defects. They were and are individual cases which may be disregarded in a general view. The question to be considered is, whether our newspapers have any dramatic criticism worthy of the name, and, if there is none, what are the causes of its non-existence.

When the late William Winter lost his position as dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, the event marked not alone the virtual disappearance from the American press of dramatic criticism as our fathers knew and appreciated it: the circumstances of the severance of his half-century's connection with that publication also illustrate vividly a principal reason for the extinction of criticism as it used to be.

At the time mentioned the *Tribune* had not fallen entirely from its early estate. It was still a journal for readers who thought. Its strong political partisanship limited its circulation, which had been for some time declining. It had been hurt by the fierce competition of its sensational and more enterprising contemporaries. The *Tribune* could not afford to lose any of the advertising revenue which was essential to its very existence.

Mr. Winter would not write to orders. He had certain prejudices, but they were honest ones, and those who knew his work were able to discount

them in sifting his opinions. For instance, he had a sturdy hatred for the Ibsen kind of dissectional drama, and it was practically impossible for him to do justice even to good acting in plays of this school.

In a broader way he was the enemy of uncleanness on the stage. For this reason he had frequently denounced a powerful firm of managers whom he held to be principally responsible for the, at first insidious and then rapid, growth of indecency in our theatre. These managers controlled a large amount of the theatrical advertising. The *Tribune* frequently printed on one page large advertisements of the enterprises these men represented, and on another page they would find themselves described, in Mr. Winter's most vigorous English, as panders who were polluting the theatre and its patrons. They knew the *Tribune's* weak financial condition and demanded that Mr. Winter's pen be curbed, the alternative being a withdrawal of their advertising subsidy. What happened then was a scandal, and is history in the newspaper and theatrical world.

Mr. Winter refused to be muzzled. In spite of a half-century's faithful service, he was practically dismissed from the staff of the *Tribune*. If it had not been for a notable benefit performance given for him by artists who honored him, and generously patronized by his friends and the public who knew his work, his last days would have been devoid of comfort.

Mr. Winter's experience, although he is not the only critic who has lost his means of livelihood through the influence of the advertising theatrical manager, is in some form present to the mind of every newspaper writer in the province of the theatre. No matter how strong the assurance of his editor that he may go as far as he pleases in telling the truth, he knows that even the editor himself is in fear of the dread summons from the business office. If the critic has had any experience in the newspaper business, — no longer a profession, — he writes what he pleases, but with his subconscious mind tempering justice with mercy for the enterprises of the theatrical advertiser. This, of course, does not preclude his giving a critical tone to what he writes by finding minor defects and even flaying unimportant artists. But woe be unto him if he launches into any general denunciation of theatrical methods, or if he attacks the enterprise of the advertising manager in a way that imperils profits.

There are exceptions to these general statements, especially outside of New York. There are a few newspapers left where the editorial conscience outweighs the influence of the counting-room. Even in these cases the reviewer, if he is wise, steers clear of telling too much truth about enterprises whose belligerent managers are only too glad to worry his employers with complaints of persecution or injustice. In other places the theatrical advertising is not of great value, particularly where the moving-picture has almost supplanted the legitimate theatre. Here we occasionally find criticism of the old sort, particularly if, in the local reviewer's mind, the entertainment offered is not up to what he considers the Broadway standard of production. Here the publisher's regard for local pride will sometimes excuse the reviewer's affront to the infrequently visiting manager and the wares he offers.

Another exception is the purely technical critic who has no broader concern with the theatre than recording the impressions which come to him through his eyes, ears, and memory. He is safe, because he rarely offends. He is scarce, because he is little read and newspapers cannot give him the

space he requires for analysis and recollection. The high-pressure life of the newspaper reader calls for a newspaper made under high pressure and for to-day. In this process there is little opportunity for the display of the scholarship, leisurely thinking, and carefully evolved judgments which gave their fame to critics of an earlier period.

With the few strictly technical critics who survive, the fact of their failure to interest many readers, or exercise much influence, may argue less a lack of ability on their part than a change from a thinking to a non-thinking public. Even in the big Sunday editions of the city dailies, where the pages are generously padded with text to carry the displayed theatrical advertising, the attempts to rise to a higher critical plane than is possible in the hurried week-day review are in themselves frequent evidence that technical criticism is a thing of the past so far as the newspapers are concerned.

The close connection of the business of the newspaper with the business of the theatre accounts for the practical disappearance of the element of fearlessness in critical dealing with the art of the stage, particularly as the business control of the theatre is largely responsible for whatever decline we may discern in the art of the theatre. Of course, if criticism were content to concern itself only with results, and not to look for causes, the matter of business interests would figure little in the discussion. But when the critic dares to go below the surface and discern commercialism as the main cause of the decline he condemns in the art of the stage, he finds himself on dangerous ground.

The theatre has always had to have its business side. Actors must live, and the accessories of their art must be provided. To this extent the stage has always catered to the public. But from the days of the strolling player to those of the acting manager the voice from back of the curtain has, until of recent years, had at least as much of command as that of the ticket-seller. Both in the theatre and in the press modern conditions have in great measure thrown the control to the material side; and just as the artist and dramatist have become subservient to the manager, the editor and critic have come under the domination of the publisher.

The need of a greater revenue to house plays and public has placed the theatre in the hands of those who could manage to secure that revenue. The same necessity on the material and mechanical side has put the power of the press in the hands of those who could best supply its financial needs. With both theatre and press on a commercial basis, it follows naturally that the art of acting and the art of criticism should both decline.

Here we have the main causes that work from the inside for the deterioration of an art and for the destruction of the standards by which that art is measured. The outside causes are of course the basic ones, but before we get to them we must understand the connecting links which join the cause to the effect. To-day we certainly have no Hazlitts or Sarceys writing for the American press. It might be enlightening with respect of present conditions to consider the probabilities and circumstances of employment if these men were here and in the flesh. Can any one conceive of an American newspaper giving space to Hazlitt's work, even if he treated of the things of to-day? Even if he wrote his opinions gratis and in the form of letters to the editor, it would presumably be indeed a dull journalistic day when room could be found for them.

Sarcey, writing in the lighter French vein and being almost as much a *chroni-*

queur as a critic, might possibly have found opportunity to be read in an American newspaper, if he could have curbed his independence of thought. Starting from obscurity, it is a question whether he would ever have been able to gain opportunity to be read simply as a critic, for the processes by which newspaper critics are created or evolved seem to have nothing to do with the possession of education, training, or ability.

In the majority of newspaper offices the function of dramatic critic devolves by chance or convenience, and frequently goes by favoritism to some member of the staff with a fondness for the theatre and an appreciation of free seats. One of New York's best-known dailies frankly treats theatrical reviewing as nothing more than reportorial work, to be covered as would be any other news assignment. This publication and a good many others are far more particular about the technical equipment of the writers who describe baseball games, horse-races, and prize-fights than about the fitness of those who are to weigh the merits of plays and acting. The ability to write without offending the advertising theatrical manager seems in the last case to be the only absolutely essential qualification.

With these things in mind, it will be seen that there is little to tempt any one with ambition to contemplate dramatic criticism as a possible profession. The uncertainty of employment, the slenderness of return, and the limitations on freedom of expression would keep even the most ardent lover of the theatre from thinking of criticism as a life occupation. Given the education, the experience, the needed judicial temperament, and the writing ability, all of these are no assurance that opportunity can be found to utilize them.

Of themselves, the conditions that surround the calling of the critic are enough to account for the absence from the American newspapers of authoritative criticism. These conditions might be overcome if the spirit of the times demanded. But there can be no such demand so long as the press finds it more profitable to reflect the moods, thoughts, and opinions of the public than to lead and direct them. When the changed conditions of producing newspapers transferred the control of their policy from the editorial rooms to the counting-rooms, the expression of opinion on any subject became of little value compared with catering to the popular love of sensation and the popular interest in the trivial.

The change does not mean that there is any ignoring of the theatre in the newspapers. The institution lends itself admirably to modern newspaper exploitation. Destroying the fascinating mystery which once shrouded life back of the curtain for a long time made good copy for the press. There is no longer any mystery, because the great space that the newspapers devote to gossip of the theatre and its people has flooded with publicity every corner of the institution and every event of their lives. The process has been aided by managers through a perhaps mistaken idea of the value of the advertising, and by artists for that reason and for its appeal to their vanity.

Criticism has no place in publicity of this sort, because criticism concerns itself only with the art and the broad interests of the theatre. The news reporter is often better qualified to describe the milk-baths of a stage notoriety than is the ablest critic. With our newspapers as they are, and with our public as it is, the reportorial account of the milk-bath is of more value to the newspaper and its readers than the most brilliant criticism which could be

written of an important event in the art of the theatre.

With 'give the people what they want' the prevailing law of press and theatre, it is idle just now to look for dramatic criticism of value in our newspapers. We may flatter ourselves that as a people we have a real interest in theatrical and other arts. We can prove it by the vast sums we spend on theatres, music, and pictures. With all our proof, we at heart know that this is not true. Even in the more sensual art of music we import our standards, in pictures we are governed more by cost than quality, and in the theatre — note where most of our expenditure goes.

In that institution, with the creation of whose standards we are concerning ourselves just now, consider the character of what are called 'popular successes,' and observe the short shrift given to most of the efforts which call for enjoyment of the finer art of the stage through recognition of that art when it is displayed.

It is no disgrace that we are not an artistic people. Our accomplishments and our interests are in other fields, where we more than match the achievements of older civilizations. With us the theatre is not an institution to which we turn for its literature and its interpretations of character. We avoid it when it makes any demand on our thinking powers. We turn to it as a relaxation from the use of those powers in more material directions. We do not wish to study our stage, its methods and its products. We ask it only to divert us. This is the general attitude of the American to the theatre, and the exceptions are few.

In these conditions it is not strange that we have no scholarly critics to help in establishing standards for our theatre, or that there is little demand for real criticism, least of all in the daily press. As we grow to be an older and more leisurely country, when our masses cease to find in the crudities of the moving-picture their ideal of the drama, and when our own judgments become more refined, we shall need the real critic, and even the daily press will find room for his criticisms and reward for his experience, ability, and judgment.

The province and profit of our newspapers lie in interesting their readers. Analysis of artistic endeavor is not interesting to a people who have scant time and little inclination for any but practical and diverting things. Until the people demand it and the conditions that surround the critic improve, what passes for criticism in our daily press is not likely to increase in quantity or improve in quality.

SENTIMENTAL AMERICA

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I

THE Oriental may be inscrutable, but he is no more puzzling than the average American. We admit that we are hard, keen, practical, — the adjectives that every casual European applies to us, — and yet any book-store window or railway news-stand will show that we prefer sentimental magazines and books. Why should a hard race — if we are hard — read soft books?

By soft books, by sentimental books, I do not mean only the kind of literature best described by the word 'squashy.' I doubt whether we write or read more novels and short stories of the tear-dripped or hyper-emotional variety than other nations. Germany is — or was — full of such soft stuff. It is highly popular in France, although the excellent taste of French criticism keeps it in check. Italian popular literature exudes sentiment; and the sale of 'squashy' fiction in England is said to be threatened only by an occasional importation of an American 'best-seller.' We have no bad eminence here. Sentimentalists with enlarged hearts are international in habitat, although, it must be admitted, especially popular in America.

When a critic, after a course in American novels and magazines, declares that life, as it appears on the printed page here, is fundamentally sentimentalized, he goes much deeper than 'mushiness' with his charge. He means, I think, that there is an alarming tendency in American fiction to dodge the facts of life — or to pervert them. He means that in most popular books only red-blooded, optimistic people are welcome. He means that material success, physical soundness, and the gratification of the emotions have the right of way. He means that men and women (except the comic figures) shall be presented, not as they are, but as we should like to have them, according to a judgment tempered by nothing more searching than our experience with an unusually comfortable, safe, and prosperous mode of living. Every one succeeds in American plays and stories — if not by good thinking, why then by good looks or good luck. A curious society the research student of a later date might make of it — an upper world of the colorless successful, illustrated by chance-saved collar advertisements and magazine covers; an underworld of grotesque scamps, clowns, and hyphenates drawn from the comic supplement; and all — red-blooded hero and modern gargoyle alike — always in good humor.

I am not touching in this picture merely to attack it. It has been abundantly attacked; what it needs is explanation. For there is much in this bourgeois, good-humored American literature of ours which rings true, which is as honest an expression of our individuality as was the more austere product of ante-bellum New England. If American sentimentality does invite criticism, American sentiment deserves defense.

Sentiment — the response of the

emotions to the appeal of human nature — is cheap, but so are many other good things. The best of the ancients were rich in it. Homer's chieftains wept easily. So did Shakespeare's heroes. Adam and Eve shed 'some natural tears' when they left the Paradise which Milton imagined for them. A heart accessible to pathos, to natural beauty, to religion, was a chief requisite for the protagonist of Victorian literature. Even Becky Sharp was touched — once — by Amelia's moving distress.

Americans, to be sure, do not weep easily; but if they make equivalent responses to sentiment, that should not be held against them. If we like 'sweet' stories, or 'strong' — which means emotional — stories, our taste is not thereby proved to be hopeless, or our national character bad. It is better to be creatures of even sentimental sentiment with the author of *The Rosary*, than to see the world *only* as it is portrayed by the pens of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France. The first is deplorable; the second is dangerous. I should deeply regret the day when a simple story of honest American manhood winning a million and a sparkling, piquant sweetheart lost all power to lull my critical faculty and warm my heart. I doubt whether any literature has ever had too much of honest sentiment.

Good Heavens! Because some among us insist that the mystic rose of the emotions shall be painted a brighter pink than nature allows, are the rest to forego glamour? Or because, to view the matter differently, psychology has shown what happens in the brain when a man falls in love, and anthropology has traced marriage to a care for property rights, are we to suspect the idyllic in literature wherever we find it? Life is full of the idyllic; and no anthropologist will ever persuade the reasonably romantic youth that the sweet and chivalrous passion which leads him to mingle reverence with desire for the object of his affections, is nothing but an idealized property sense. Origins explain very little, after all. The bilious critics of sentiment in literature have not even honest science behind them.

I have no quarrel with traffickers in simple emotion — with such writers as James Lane Allen and James Whitcomb Riley, for example. But the average American is not content with such sentiment as theirs. He wants a more intoxicating brew — to be persuaded that, once you step beyond your own experience, feeling rules the world. He wants — I judge by what he reads — to make sentiment at least ninety per cent efficient, even if a dream-America, superficially resemblant to the real, but far different in tone, must be created by the obedient writer in order to satisfy him. His sentiment has frequently to be sentimentalized before he will pay for it. And to this fault, which he shares with other modern races, he adds the other heinous sin of sentimentalism, the refusal to face the facts.

This sentimentalizing of reality — to invent a term — is far more dangerous than the romantic sentimentalizing of the 'squashy' variety. It is to be found in sex-stories, which carefully observe decency of word and deed, where the conclusion is always in accord with conventional morality, yet whose characters are clearly immoral, indecent, and would so display themselves if the tale were truly told. It is to be found in stories of 'big business,' where trickery and rascality are made virtuous at the end by sentimental baptism. If I choose for the hero of my novel a director in an American trust; if I make him an accomplice in certain acts of ruthless economic tyranny; if I make it clear that at first he is merely subservient to a stronger will; and that

the acts he approves are in complete disaccord with his private moral code — why then, if the facts should be dragged to the light, if he is made to realize the exact nature of his career, how can I end my story? It is evident that my hero possesses little insight and less firmness of character. He is not a hero; he is merely a tool. In, let us say, eight cases out of ten, his curve is already plotted. It leads downward — not necessarily along the villain's path, but toward moral insignificance.

And yet, I cannot end my story that way for Americans. There *must* be a grand moral revolt. There must be resistance, triumph, and not only spiritual, but also financial recovery. And this, likewise, is sentimentality. Even Booth Tarkington, in his excellent *Turmoil*, had to dodge the logical issue of his story; had to make his hero exchange a practical literary idealism for a very impractical, even though a commercial, utopianism, in order to emerge apparently successful at the end of the book. A story such as the Danish Nexö's *Pelle the Conqueror*, where pathos and the idyllic, each intense, each beautiful, are made convincing by an undeviating truth to experience, would seem to be almost impossible of production just now in America.

II

It is not enough to rail at this false fiction. The chief duty of criticism is to explain. The best corrective of bad writing is a knowledge of why it is bad. We get the fiction we deserve, precisely as we get the government we deserve — or perhaps, in each case, a little better. Why are we sentimental? When that question is answered, it is easier to understand the defects and the virtues of American fiction. And the answer lies in the traditional American philosophy of life.

To say that the American is an idealist is to commit a thoroughgoing platitude. Like most platitudes, the statement is annoying because from one point of view it is indisputably just, while from another it does not seem to fit the facts. With regard to our tradition, it is indisputable. Of the immigrants who since the seventeenth century have been pouring into this continent, a proportion large in number, larger still in influence, has been possessed of motives which in part at least were idealistic. If it was not the desire for religious freedom that urged them, it was the desire for personal freedom; if not political liberty, why then economic liberty (for this too is idealism), and the opportunity to raise the standard of life. And of course all these motives were strongest in that earlier immigration which has done most to fix the state of mind and body which we call being American. I need not labor the argument. Our political and social history support it; our best literature demonstrates it, for no men have been more idealistic than the American writers whom we have consented to call great. Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman — was idealism ever more thoroughly incarnate than in them?

And this idealism — to risk again a platitude — has been in the air of America. It has permeated our religious sects, and created several of them. It has given tone to our thinking, and even more to our feeling. I do not say that it has always, or even usually, determined our actions, although the Civil War is proof of its power. Again and again it has gone aground roughly when the ideal met a condition of living — a fact that will provide the explanation for which I seek. But optimism, 'boosting,' muck-raking (not all of its manifestations are pretty), social service, religious, municipal, democra-

tic reform, indeed the 'uplift' generally, is evidence of the vigor, the bumptiousness of the inherited American tendency to pursue the ideal. No one can doubt that in this generation we believe, at least, in idealism.

Nevertheless, so far as the average individual is concerned, with just his share and no more of the race-tendency, this idealism has been suppressed, and in some measure perverted. It is this which explains, I think, American sentimentalism.

Consider, for example, the ethics of conventional American society. The American ethical tradition is perfectly definite and tremendously powerful. It belongs, furthermore, to a population far larger than the 'old American' stock, for it has been laboriously inculcated in our schools and churches, and impressively driven home by newspaper, magazine, and book. I shall not presume to analyze it save where it touches literature. There it maintains a definite attitude toward all sex-problems: the Victorian, which is not necessarily, or even probably, a bad one. Man should be chaste, and proud of his chastity. Woman must be so. It is the ethical duty of the American to hate, or at least to despise, all deviations, and to pretend — for the greater prestige of the law — that such sinning is exceptional, at least in America. And this is the public morality he believes in, whatever may be his private experience in actual living. In business, it is the ethical tradition of the American, inherited from a rigorous Protestant morality, to be square, to play the game without trickery, to fight hard but never meanly. Over-reaching is justifiable when the other fellow has equal opportunities to be 'smart'; lying, tyranny — never. And though the opposites of all these laudable practices come to pass, he must frown on them in public, deny their rightness even to the last cock-crow — especially in the public press.

American political history is a long record of idealistic tendencies toward democracy working painfully through a net of graft, pettiness, sectionalism, and bravado, with constant disappointment for the idealist who believes, traditionally, in the intelligence of the crowd. American social history is a glaring instance of how the theory of equal dignity for all men can entangle itself with caste distinctions, snobbery, and the power of wealth. American economic history betrays the pioneer helping to kick down the ladder which he himself had raised toward equal opportunity for all. American literary history — especially contemporary literary history — reflects the result of all this for the American mind. The sentimental in our literature is a direct consequence.

The disease is easily acquired. Mr. Smith, a broker, finds himself in an environment of 'schemes' and 'deals' in which the quality of mercy is strained, and the wind is decidedly not tempered to the shorn lamb. After all, business is business. He shrugs his shoulders and takes his part. But his unexpended fund of native idealism — if, as is most probable, he has his share — seeks its due satisfaction. He cannot use it in business; so he takes it out in a novel or a play where, quite contrary to his observed experience, ordinary people like himself act nobly, with a success that is all the more agreeable for being unexpected. His wife, a woman with strange stirrings about her heart, with motions toward beauty, and desires for a significant life and rich, satisfying experience, exists in day-long pettiness, gossips, frivols, scolds, with money enough to do what she pleases, and nothing vital to do. She also relieves her pent-up idealism in plays or books — in high-wrought, 'strong'

novels, not in adventures in society such as the kitchen admires, but in stories with violent moral and emotional crises, whose characters, no matter how unlifelike, have 'strong' thoughts, and make vital decisions; succeed or fail significantly. Her brother, the head of a wholesale dry-goods firm, listens to the stories the drummers bring home of night life on the road, laughs, says to himself regretfully that the world has to be like that; and then, in logical reaction, demands purity and nothing but aggressive purity in the books of the public library.

The hard man goes in for philanthropy (never before so frequently as in America); the one-time 'boss' takes to picture-collecting; the railroad wrecker gathers rare editions of the Bible; and tens of thousands of humbler Americans carry their inherited idealism into the necessarily sordid experiences of life in an imperfectly organized country, suppress it for fear of being thought 'cranky' or 'soft,' and then, in their imagination and all that feeds their imagination, give it vent. You may watch the process any evening at the 'movies' or the melodrama, on the trolley-car or in the easy chair at home.

III

This philosophy of living which I have called American idealism is in its own nature sound, as is proved in a hundred directions where it has had full play. Suppressed idealism, like any other suppressed desire, becomes unsound. One does not have to follow Freud and his school into their sex-pathology in order to believe that. And here lies the ultimate cause of the taste for sentimentalism in the American *bourgeoisie*. An undue insistence upon happy endings, regardless of the premises of the story, and a craving for optimism everywhere, anyhow, are sure signs of a 'morbid complex,' and to be compared with some justice to the craving for drugs in a 'dry' town. We must look for psychological as well as economic and geographical causes for mental peculiarities exhibiting themselves in literature. No one can doubt the effect of the suppression by the Puritan discipline of that instinctive love of pleasure and liberal experience common to us all. Its unhealthy reaction is visible in every old American community. No one who faces the facts can deny the result of the suppression by commercial, bourgeois, prosperous America of our native idealism. The student of society may find its dire effects in politics, in religion, and in social intercourse. The critic cannot overlook them in literature; for it is in the realm of the imagination that idealism, direct or perverted, does its best or its worst.

Sentiment is not perverted idealism. Sentiment *is* idealism, of a mild and not too masculine variety. If it has sins, they are sins of omission, not commission. Our fondness for sentiment proves that our idealism, if a little loose in the waist-band and puffy in the cheeks, is still hearty, still capable of active mobilization, like those comfortable French husbands whose plump and smiling faces, careless of glory, careless of everything but thrift and good living, are nevertheless figured on a page whose superscription reads, 'Dead on the field of honor.'

The novels, the plays, the short stories, of sentiment may prefer sweetness, perhaps, to truth, the feminine to the masculine virtues, but we waste ammunition in attacking them. There never was, I suppose, a great literature of sentiment, for not even *The Sentimental Journey* is truly great. But no one can make a diet exclusively of 'noble' literature; the charming has its own cosy corner across from the tragic

(and a much bigger corner at that). Our uncounted amorists of tail-piece song and illustrated story provide the readiest means of escape from the somewhat uninspiring life that most men and women are living just now in America.

The sentimental, however, — whether because of an excess of sentiment softening into 'slush,' or of a morbid optimism, or of a weak-eyed distortion of the facts of life, — is perverted. It needs to be cured, and its cure is more truth. But this cure, I very much fear, is not entirely, or even chiefly, in the power of the 'regular practitioner,' the honest writer. He can be honest; but if he is much more honest than his readers, they will not read him. As Professor Lounsbury once said, a language grows corrupt only when its speakers grow corrupt, and mends, strengthens, and becomes pure with them. So with literature. We shall have less sentimentality in American literature when our accumulated store of idealism disappears in a laxer generation; or when it finds due vent in a more responsible, less narrow, less monotonously prosperous life than is lived by the average reader of fiction in America. I would rather see our literary taste damned forever than have the first alternative become — as it has not yet — a fact. The second, in these years of world-war, we have placed, unwillingly, perhaps unconsciously, upon the knees of the gods.

All this must not be taken in too absolute a sense. There are medicines, and good ones, in the hands of writers and of critics, to abate, if not to heal, this plague of sentimentalism. I have stated ultimate causes only. They are enough to keep the mass of Americans reading sentimentalized fiction until some fundamental change has come, not strong enough to hold back the van of American writing, which is steadily moving toward restraint, sanity, and truth. Every honest composition is a step forward in the cause; and every clear-minded criticism.

But one must doubt the efficacy, and one must doubt the healthiness, of reaction into cynicism and sophisticated cleverness. There are curious signs, especially in what we may call the literature of New York, of a growing sophistication that sneers at sentiment and the sentimental alike. 'Magazines of cleverness' have this for their keynote, although as yet the satire is not always well aimed. There are abundant signs that the generation just coming forward will rejoice in such a pose. It is observable now in the colleges, where the young literati turn up their noses at everything American, — magazines, best-sellers, or one-hundred-night plays, — and resort for inspiration to the English school of anti-Victorians: to Schnitzler with his brilliant Viennese cynicism; less commonly, because he is more subtle, to Anatole France. Their pose is not altogether to be blamed, and the men to whom they resort are models of much that is admirable; but there is little promise for American literature in exotic imitation. To see ourselves prevailingly as others see us may be good for modesty, but does not lead to a self-confident native art. And it is a dangerous way for Americans to travel. We cannot afford such sophistication yet. The English wits experimented with cynicism in the court of Charles II, laughed at blundering Puritan morality, laughed at country manners, and were whiffed away because the ideals they laughed at were better than their own. Idealism is not funny, however censurable its excesses. As a race we have too much sentiment to be frightened out of the sentimental by a blasé cynicism.

At first glance the flood of moral literature now upon us — social-conscience stories, scientific plays, platitu-

dinous 'moralities' that tell us how to live — may seem to be another protest against sentimentalism. And that the French and English examples have been so warmly welcomed here may seem another indication of a reaction on our part. I refer especially to those 'hard' stories, full of vengeful wrath, full of warnings for the race that dodges the facts of life. H. G. Wells is the great exemplar, with his sociological studies wrapped in description and tied with a plot. In a sense, such stories are certainly to be regarded as a protest against truth-dodging, against cheap optimism, against 'slacking,' whether in literature or in life. But it would be equally just to call them another result of suppressed idealism, and to regard their popularity in America as proof of the argument which I have advanced in this essay. Excessively didactic literature is often a little unhealthy. In fresh periods, when life runs strong and both ideals and passions find ready issue into life, literature has no burdensome moral to carry. It digests its moral. Homer digested his morals. They transfuse his epics. So did Shakespeare. His world is predominantly moral; but his stories are not forged into machines contrived to hammer home neglected truth.

Not so with the writers of the social-conscience school. They are in a rage over wicked, wasteful man. Their novels are bursted notebooks — sometimes neat and orderly notebooks, like Mr. Galsworthy's or our own Ernest Poole's, sometimes haphazard ones, like those of Mr. Wells, but always explosive with reform. These gentlemen know very well what they are about, especially Mr. Wells, the lesser artist, perhaps, as compared with Galsworthy, but the shrewder and possibly the greater man. The very sentimentalists, who go to novels to exercise the idealism which they cannot use in life, will read these unsentimental stories, although their lazy impulses would never spur them on toward any truth not sweetened by a tale.

And yet, one feels that the social attack might have been more convincing if free from its compulsory service to fiction; that these novels and plays might have been better literature if the authors did not study life in order that they might be better able to preach. Wells and Galsworthy also have suffered from suppressed idealism, although it would be unfair to say that perversion was the result. So have our muck-rakers, who, very characteristically, exhibit the disorder in a more complex and a much more serious form, since to a distortion of facts they have often enough added hypocrisy and commercialism. It is part of the price we pay for being sentimental.

The American sentimentalists, two million readers strong, are intrenched behind ramparts of indifference which no shrapnel fire of criticism or countermine of honest writing can ever destroy. We can take a trench or two, blow up some particularly obnoxious citadel, and trouble their security by exploding bombs of truth; but defeat must come finally from within their own lines.

If I am correct in my analysis, we are suffering here in America, not from a plague of bad taste merely, nor only from a lack of real education among our myriads of readers, nor from decadence — least of all, this last. It is a disease of our own particular virtue which has infected us — idealism, suppressed and perverted. A less commercial, more responsible America, perhaps a less prosperous and more spiritual America, will hold fast to its sentiment, but be weaned from its sentimentality.

'NO STORY AT ALL'

BY KATHERINE MAYO

THE lieutenant stood out on the barrack-steps, in the shining dew of the morning. A sunrise grin illumined his face, and his heels eased rhythmically up from the plane as though his toes had springs in them. Cold water and soap and a fundamental grooming gleamed from every inch of his body.

'Did you sleep well?' I asked, by way of being preposterous.

'Sleep!' scoffed he, 'why, sleep's for breakfast! "Sleep for your breakfast, walk for your dinner, and you're a very poor soldier if you can't go to bed supperless." That's what my old grandmother used to tell me — sister and daughter and mother of soldiers, and a sensible woman anyway. Look here! See our moon-flowers.'

Out in front of the barracks, in the midst of the grassplot, blooms a bed of roses. But the turf around the bed had suddenly developed a crop related to roses in no sense at all. There was an ancient tin pail. There was a rickety, old fishing-basket. There was a small, sharp-pronged iron trident, with a long handle made of fresh-cut hickory sapling still wearing its bark. And, finally, there was a brand-new and wholly anonymous fyke.

In the battered tin pail gasped a dark and slippery mass of suckers and catfish, disturbed occasionally by spasmodic motion. In the old basket lay other suckers, which would never move again. In the clear water of the concrete horse-trough, near by, other catfish, rescued *in extremis* by some sympathetic trooper, raced hither and yon with fully restored energy. And then, the fyke!

A fyke is a thing invented when the god of the fishes was sleeping. Its mouth is broad and deep and deadly. Its body is a hopeless abyss. At intervals the body is distended by slender hoops, each with a deadly mouth of its own. And when its tail is weighted fast up-stream and its rapacious jaws yawn at its full length below, few are the fish that pass it safely by; nor does any that enters, small or great, return.

A fish's inferno at all seasons, there are times and places when and where the law of Pennsylvania also holds the fyke abhorrent. Section 4 of the Act of May 1, 1909, P.L. 353, reads: —

'It shall be unlawful to use fyke nets . . . from the first day of June to the thirtieth day of June inclusive . . . nor shall such nets be used in any streams inhabited by trout, at any time of the year. . . . Provided further, that each fyke net . . . must have fastened thereon a metallic tag bearing the name and residence of the owner thereof. Any person violating any of the provisions in this section, shall, on conviction . . . be subject to a penalty of twenty dollars, together with the forfeiture of all boats, nets and other appliances used, to the Department of Fisheries.'

With another look at the collection on the grass, 'Come inside,' I begged, 'and tell me the story.'

'Oh, but it's no story at all,' protested the lieutenant. 'We heard they

were there, and we went and got 'em — just an everyday occurrence.'

Just an everyday occurrence, in the manner of the force, with nothing extraordinary about it — and that is exactly why it is told here, as seen, or gathered from those concerned.

I

Up in the hills east of Pittsburg lies a big, well-watered forest tract, at present operated only for ice-production. The owners have built storage houses, they have dammed their generous creek to get broad water-surface, and they cut each year quantities of clear, thick ice, netting a substantial profit.

This stream of theirs is called Dove Run. Dove Run City, consisting of a general store with a dozen houses more or less under its wing, lies all of five miles away from the ice-houses, and is the nearest point of human habitation. So, as the ice-dealers, what with their dams, their storehouses, and their hoisting machinery, not to mention their great timber area, have a considerable property to protect, and no neighbors to help them at it, they keep in their employ a private watchman.

The watchman, a good, decent old man, lives alone in the heart of the tract intrusted to his care; and he spends twelve hours of each day, winter and summer, contentedly pottering about the place.

He is a good woodsman, knowing every tree, rock, and runlet in all his domain. He would do his duty always, to the extent of reason. But you could not in reason expect him to make much of a fight against ugly marauders, should such appear; nor could you expect him to risk incurring the active ill-will of any one prone to revenge. His home is too solitary and exposed, and, above all, he has only private authority behind him.

This watchman, then, had long been a witness to fish-poaching practiced in spite of him. Gangs from a distance would swoop down on his dams out of season, fish their fill, using illegal devices, and be off and away long before he could send word out of the woods concerning them. Incidentally, whenever in the course of his daily rounds he came upon these untrammeled sons of Belial, they would offer enthusiastically to throw him either into his dam or into their own camp-fire, with the single alternative that he mind his own business. All this irritated the old man more than a little, but in point of fact he was helpless — until the night before the dewy morning that begins this story that is no story at all.

It was an hour after taps. The barracks reserves were sound asleep — asleep as fire-engine horses are, with their wits on tiptoe behind their eyelids and their shoulders one jump from the collar. The orderly at the telephone sat with the 'Digest of Criminal Law and Procedure' between his elbows, grinding page 26. It is your best chance at hard nuts, when the crowd has gone to the field of dreams and the troubled world outside lies at its maximum of peace.

'"From some lawful act done in an unlawful manner,"' muttered the orderly; '"from some unlawful act done,"' — and then — *Z-zing* went the telephone at his side.

'State Police,' his clear voice answered before the bell ceased echoing.

Mr. Hopper — Joe Hopper, storekeeper of Dove Run City — introduced himself on the wire.

'Old Mr. Allardyce,' said he, mumbling hurriedly, like a man afraid of being overheard, 'old Mr. Allardyce, watchman on the Dove Run tract, has just sent out word that a gang of poachers is operating on his dams' — and sharp upon that terse statement

came the click of the receiver returned to its hook.

Dove Run City, be it known, was anxious enough on its own account to see the poaching traffic stopped. The local and visiting poachers are amateur ruffians of some standing, drink heavily on their trips, and leave forest fires, robbed farms, and frightened women marking their trail in whatever direction. But Dove Run City, too, was desperately afraid of acquiring the ill-will of such gentry. Their casual depredations were heavy enough, without drawing down their deliberate wrath upon the weak and isolated little community. Better speak low and fast, then, with an eye over either shoulder, or else bear in silence and inform not at all.

'I'll take this job myself,' said the lieutenant, springing out of bed. And as he jumped downstairs, buckling on his holster belt, he named the trooper to accompany him, and named also a four-month recruit who should profit by a mild taste of experience under his officer's eye.

It is a goodish trip from barracks out to that forest tract, and time counted. So they took the troop car, covering the road to Dove Run City at a speed that the hour allowed. But the 'General Store' was sound asleep, and Joe Hopper's wife, peering from an upper window in her nightcap, had no views to offer concerning Joe's whereabouts. Joe was 'away,' quite as the lieutenant expected. Joe had done his part, and had no idea whatever of letting himself in for identification with a subject so delicate.

So the lieutenant drove on, climbing the worn wood-roads through the tall timber, till at last the headlights picked out old Allardyce's cabin, snuggled like a big fungus beneath a wall of rock.

It was half an hour after midnight by now, and Allardyce had turned in. But, whether he had foreseen the moment, or whether by usual habit, he needed only to put on his shoes, coat, and hat, to be fully dressed. However, the prospect ahead so excited him that all his energies fled to his tongue. Sitting on the edge of the bed in the midst of a turbulent ocean of patchwork quilt, one shoe on and the other dangling in his hand, he had to rehearse over and over again the story of the day. Each time that he came to his own personal clash with the invaders he grew more truculent.

'An' they standin' there, the big, ugly loafers, up to their belts in water, layin' their traps right under my eyes! I says to 'em, I says, "Git out o' here. Don't you know you're lawbreakers and thieves?"

'They says, "Git out yerself, old feller, and git out quick, or we'll drown ye!"

'I says, "That's what you've been threatenin', you and the likes of you, any time these three years. Now I give ye fair warnin'," I says, "I'm done with ye. I'll have no more nonsense from ye. No, *sir!* B' gosh!" says I, "if ye ever darst to come here again I'll jest *slough* ye!"

'So then I went off and left them. I would n't demean myself with argyin' with such no further. And after nightfall a chance come to get word in to the settlement —'

'Let him put that other shoe on, for heaven's sake, or we won't get away till daylight,' whispered the lieutenant to the trooper sitting by the bunk.

The trooper went outside and counted stars.

They bounced along the wood-roads a mile or so farther, and then, under the old man's guidance, cut in on foot. He displayed a rabbit's knowledge of the place, minute and accurate. Finally, between half-past two and three o'clock, some distance ahead, through

the underbrush, appeared the dull light of a low fire.

'That fire,' said Allardyce, trembling with excitement, 'is on the far side of yonder road, on the top of the bank and back a little. Opposite to it, on the side of the road, is an icehouse. Below, to the left, is Hemlock Run, where trout is plenty. That's the place where they've got their fyke net — the villains! But *I'll* fix 'em this time, so I will!' And he shook his fist ferociously.

The detail moved quietly up to the icehouse, a big, dim hulk in the dark. Against the wall away from the road leaned a ladder, reaching to the roof-tree. The lieutenant climbed the ladder, hoping from that height to get a glimpse of those around the fire. But naught could be seen. The interlacing underbrush confused the view, and no one was stirring. To advance on the place, crackling twigs, would merely serve to warn the quarry, who would fade away into leafy nothingness in the twinkling of an eye. So the only course was to sit tight, awaiting developments with the dawn.

At last pale patches began to show between the hemlock-tops overhead. Birds stirred, with broken twitterings. And then of a sudden the fire shot up into a blaze, where some one had kicked it and thrown on a log.

'They're going to make coffee, then draw their nets and get away before daylight,' whispered the lieutenant, from the depths of experience.

He gathered his forces, made a forward movement, hid again in the underbrush, and waited.

In a very few moments, talking together as men do who still have sleep in their throats, three figures came lumbering down the slope from the campfire. Two of them crashed on along the bank toward the point where Allardyce had said their net was set. The third moved up toward the ambush.

The lieutenant waited until the pair, wading into the stream, were actually lifting the fyke. Then, —

'Go arrest them,' said he, to the trooper, indicating that the recruit should follow.

As the two officers quietly left cover, the third and nearest poacher caught sight of them. Horror-stricken, yet thinking himself unseen, he turned to warn his mates. Not daring to lift his voice, he stood like a disordered semaphore, wildly waving his arms and pointing. Too late. His mates saw him well enough, but they saw the troopers, also. The sight seemed to paralyze both their brains and the legs under them. Net in hand, they stood transfixed.

Then the lieutenant stepped into the open, moving toward the signaler, who now first became aware of his presence. Big, powerful hulk that he was, the fellow stood lowering, obviously weighing resistance or attack, as he balanced his fish-spear ominously.

At that instant, in the brush just behind him, appeared a strange vision — appeared the detached head of Allardyce, supported by its long gray whiskers even as the heads of the cherubim are supported by their several wings; Allardyce, who, lost to sight for a moment, had been prospecting on his own account and who now fancied himself the only discoverer of the poachers' awakening.

'*St! St!* They're comin'! They're comin'!' His whisper rose like the whisper of steam from a locomotive, as, craning his neck over the sheep-laurel thicket, he beckoned the lieutenant violently.

Just as the words left his lips, he perceived the broad back of the poacher, not ten feet in front of him. His jaw dropped. His face bleached green in the dim dawn of the woods. Then the brush closed softly, softly

over him, and before the enemy could fairly turn and locate the sound he had made, he was as invisible as a tree-toad and as harmless.

Said the lieutenant, walking quietly toward the angry giant, 'State Police officer. I arrest you.'

To which, after the briefest attempt to return his captor's gaze, the delinquent meekly submitted.

'Now we will walk over and look at your outfit,' remarked Lieutenant Price, affably.

Around the camp-fire lay a lot of fish, some speared, some netted; the ordinary camp-supplies, two cases of beer, a more than liberal allowance of whiskey, and, end to the blaze, a pile of blankets of unusual size.

Struck by the shape of the pile, the lieutenant gingerly plucked one corner from the far end of the heap, lifted it a trifle and looked inside — on the face of a sleeper. Automatically his hand dropped. But the outline of that face — He lifted the corner again, for another brief survey of the nose and eyebrow.

'Who is that fellow?' he inquired of his prisoner.

'That fellow,' growled the giant, 'is my wife.'

Very quietly, very gently, the lieutenant retreated, propelling his man back down the bank, and handing him over to the detail for safe keeping. Then he set out on a side-trip of mercy, to make sure that Allardyce had effected his escape and was safely out of sight.

Returning, satisfied, his eye encountered a new figure. High on the stream bank, solitary, stood a young Napoleon gazing upon Waterloo. Arms folded, tight-breeched legs wide apart, hat over eyes, chin on breast, attention fixed in gloomy abstraction, he stood like an image of bronze. But his very solitude screamed for interruption and his contours could not be questioned. The lieutenant, shying, swung a wide détour, to join the detail now at the camp-fire.

'How did you come into these woods?' he demanded of the prisoners.

'By automobile.'

'Is the car coming after you?'

'Yes.'

'When?'

'Six o'clock this morning.'

'Very well. We will take you three prisoners, the fish you have caught, and your fyke and fishing-traps in our car. Your own conveyance can take out your proper belongings later on. Now pick up the stuff. We'll be going.'

The two of the fyke-net hastened by obedience to acquire such merit as they might, and, laden with the proof of their sin, started ahead on the outward trail, closely guarded by the trooper and his eager understudy.

The lieutenant remained a moment behind. The camp-fire must be extinguished to the last spark; he directed his captive to perform that operation. Sullenly kicking it apart, the giant stamped it over with his great water boots. Then, some points of red still gleaming, he snatched two bottles of beer from the case on the ground, knocked their heads off, nipped one neck between each thumb and forefinger, and, legs astride, stood with his chin to the sky, draining the first while he emptied the second at full arm's length on the sizzling embers. The last spark dead, 'March!' ordered the lieutenant, and started his man in the wake of the vanguard.

Then from the steep a hollow shriek, sobs, broken cries, loud weeping: Napoleon had found his voice, and it was no frail organ.

'She's scared!' grumbled the giant, with scant evidence of sympathy. 'Does n't like being left alone.'

Said the lieutenant, 'Go over and

tell her to be patient, to wait here quietly and take care of the stuff, till your car comes in for her.'

Which being accomplished and the wails hushed, the rear division fell in, and had soon covered the distance to the waiting troop motor.

Then the lieutenant took thought once again of poor old Allardyce, left all alone in those big, dark woods without a neighbor, with nothing but private authority to stiffen him — poor old Allardyce, of a certainty shaking in his shoes at this very moment. What if some suspicion did lurk in these rascals' minds that to him they owed their undoing? Then indeed were his fears well founded. Something must be done to square him. For a moment the young officer considered. Then he called to the man at the wheel, 'Run down to that watchman's shanty where we stopped coming in.'

Every aperture was tight shut in the cabin under the rock; effect of a householder dead to the world, rounding out a ten hours' slumber.

'Pound on that door. Wake him up!' roared the lieutenant. 'I don't leave these woods till I've shown light to *that* citizen.'

In a moment, propelled by the hand of the recruit, out came the old man, wavering pitifully. The recruit's gaze was very wide as he towered, erect as a white-wood, behind his convoy. But his ruddy young face was admirably stony.

'Good! You're the man I found here last night,' the lieutenant bit out in tones of stinging wrath. 'Now, listen and understand. *The next time a State Police officer asks information of you, take care you tell him the truth and the whole truth; tell it quick, and be civil about it.* This is your warning!'

As the speaker finished, his off eyelid closed lightly.

The old man proved no laggard in the uptake. 'Yes, sir,' he mumbled, sliding rapidly into a sulky slouch.

And all the way out of the woods the recruit wrestled in his own mind with a foolish illusion that he had seen the shadow of a quiver in the nigh eye of old Allardyce.

II

'So we got home about an hour ago, put our guests in our safe-deposit box, dumped the exhibits under the roses, got a bath and a shave and breakfast — and now you have the story from A to Z inclusive.'

'What's the next move with the people in the safe-deposit?'

'J. P.'

'When?'

'Now. Want to come along?'

The Justice of the Peace holds his court in a little one-story pagoda, lately the shop of the village cobbler. Perhaps the cobbler has died, or inherited means, or gone to Pittsburg to make munitions. Anyway, his counter is bare, and his shelves, once dedicated to shiny-toed shoes, blacking, and laces, now display nothing more than a few odd volumes of old law reports, sustained considerably off the perpendicular by a chunky *Compendium of Human Knowledge* and by a *Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania.*

The only furnishings in the room are the justice's desk, four wooden chairs, a rocker, and a dim-chimneyed kerosene bracket-lamp. An old sleigh-bell, suspended over the door on a swan's-neck of rusty tin, gives a feeble clink as the door opens, thereby flying in the face of the legend printed with many flourishes on a bit of green paper stuck to the opposite wall.

'Keep Your Tongue Still,' says the legend.

The justice, sitting at his desk, gravely returns the salute of the offi-

cers of the State Police. There are four of them now — the lieutenant, the trooper, the recruit, and the first sergeant of the troop, who will conduct the prosecution.

The justice is rather a ponderous man, perhaps sixty-five years old, with a kindly, painstaking face and a big, honest nose bestridden by a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. His right sleeve hangs empty, pinned to his shoulder.

The prisoners are now seated before him. The first two are middle-aged men; the third, the giant, is in his late twenties. One has the face of a drunkard, one is twin to an ox, and the last, more clearly cut, is in a primitive way handsome. Yesterday's beard bristles on their chins, and their thick curly locks are tousled. Each man of them must weigh two hundred pounds, variously distributed; and in their stiff, yellow canvas hunting suits and their big water-boots, they look colossi, — hulking, shambling, colossi, — all of them. Eyes on the floor, elbows on knees, they sprawl in their chairs, glumly contemplating the battered tin pail planted in their midst.

That pail is full of expiring fish, calling with their last gasps for vengeance!

Attracted by the glimpse afforded through the uncurtained windows, a passing citizen stops, stares, and then abandons his errand for the entertainment of the moment. He pushes open the door, nods to the justice and to the State Police officers, and silently vaults to a seat on the counter, where he settles himself to observe, swinging his legs comfortably.

Next, the village clergyman and his theologue son, on their way to the post-office, are caught by the scene and enter. The divine bows first to the justice. Then he goes over and claps the lieutenant on the shoulder, as he grasps his hand.

'Always at the good work, I see,' he whispers, and ranges himself beside the officer.

But the theologue, with a cheerful anticipatory grin, joins the leg-swinger on the counter. They say that the lad already preaches good sermons, and that he likes to draw his sub-texts from points nearer home than Palestine.

A small boy slips in. A farmer, glancing down from the box of his Conestoga as he drives by, reins up, hitches his team to the maple tree at the door, and joins the assembly. Two interested citizens follow him, and the room is full. Dead silence reigns, persistent, extraordinary. Is it the four stern young figures, grave of face, perfect of bearing, faultless of dress, wearing the sombre uniform of the State, who by their mere presence impose it?

The trial opens. The first sergeant, quiet, erect, soldierly, and utterly competent, stands at the justice's side. Thomas Stone, Henry Landulik, and William Haddon are duly charged with using unlawful devices in a trout stream. 'Guilty,' pleads Stone, of the drink-sodden countenance. 'Guilty,' pleads Landulik, twin to the ox. 'Not guilty,' growls Haddon, the giant.

The lieutenant does not even look bored. The first sergeant calls him to testify. He tells his tale very briefly and with exceeding clarity both of statement and of diction. But the good old justice, plodding after him with laborious pen, loses the thread after the first two phrases. Therefore the officer, with respectful courtesy, goes back to the beginning and repeats his statement, four or five words at a time, pausing at each interval for the gray head bending over the stiff fingers to nod release. The story, as completed, presents all the facts essential to conviction, and presents them in the most terse and consecutive shape.

'Do you wish to ask me any ques-

tions?' the lieutenant asks Haddon.

'No, sir.'

Then the first sergeant calls the trooper, who, duly sworn, testifies as ably as did his officer — while the justice, prompted from point to point by the quiet suggestions of the first sergeant in his capacity of prosecutor for the State, asks questions whose answers again underscore the vital incriminating facts. This complaint will never fail in a court of record on *certiorari*.

Then comes the turn of the fledgling recruit. Rigid, and blushing furiously under his superior's eyes, the lad yet shows how well he is learning his lessons. He tells his story like the clear thinker he is bound to make of himself, without one extra or reconsidered word, and answers all questions as straight and clear as a bell answers its clapper.

The lieutenant cannot repress a movement of pride. 'What do you think of my little recruit?' he whispers. 'Promising?'

But now Haddon is being sworn — and takes the oath and fulfills the succeeding formalities with a correct anticipation of requirements that tells its own story. Never, he testifies, notwithstanding — never before has he been under arrest in all his blameless existence. He went out with these his friends for a little lawful fishing. He fished with his hands and with a pole. He never saw or heard of a fyke. And when the fish stopped biting, he laid himself down by the fire and slept soundly till morning. At dawn he rose, went down to the stream and examined his poles; and was quietly returning to camp again, when, behold! the State Police jumped out from nowhere, without shadow of provocation, and inexplicably arrested him.

Then came the turn of the prosecuting officer. Without any raising of the voice, without any extra emphasis or apparent pressure, the first sergeant's whole being flamed subtly trenchant, poised to win. His questions, quiet and seemingly simple, drove sharp, direct, incisive, obviously aimed straight at some clearly sighted goal. His material feet assuredly remained on the same spot by the justice's side, yet you could have sworn that, with each close-clipped phrase, — there was not a dozen words in the longest of them, — he crowded the prisoner one pace farther toward the wall. Then came three bullet-like demands, three answering statements well foreseen — and *bang!* fell the trap. Caught beyond struggle in a hopelessly incriminating lie.

The justice raises his eyes to the officer with the unquestioning confidence of a child. His spectacles slip down on his nose while, without a word, the first sergeant turns to the shelf, takes down a law book, and lays it, open, before the magistrate, with his finger on paragraph and line.

'In regard to Stone and Landulik,' says he, 'I would ask, they having pleaded guilty, that you impose a fine of twenty dollars on each of them, for one violation of the law. In regard to Mr. Haddon, there are three counts — the using of an illegal device in a trout stream, the operating of a net without a metallic tag attached, and the using of a spear out of season in a trout stream. I ask twenty dollars on each charge, or a sixty-dollar fine.'

The squire turned to the prisoners, addressing them.

'Mr. Haddon,' said he, 'you are found guilty by the evidence given against you on three charges, and fined twenty dollars on each. If you are not prepared to pay the fine and costs, then you are committed to the jail of this county, one day for each dollar, or sixty days in jail. Stone and Landulik are fined twenty dollars and costs each, or twenty days in jail.'

The first sergeant, the while, had been observing the giant with a critical eye. Now he asked him a question aside, then addressed himself once more to the justice.

'Mr. Haddon wishes to reopen the case and to be allowed to change his plea from not guilty to guilty. If you allow his request, I would ask that he pay the same fine as that laid upon the other two prisoners.'

'On your plea of guilty, Mr. Haddon, I fine you twenty dollars,' the squire responded without hesitation.

'Now,' says the first sergeant, dropping his state prosecutor's manner, 'what do you men choose, jail or pay?'

The three look dolefully at their boots, speechless.

At last Stone sighs, 'I ain't got no twenty dollars. Guess I hafter take jail.'

'S'pose so,' — 'Same here,' groan the others.

A pause. Not one sign of sympathy on the part of the powers of the law.

'Well, Stone,' observes the lieutenant, dryly, 'if you and Landulik have both invested all your money in cash registers and corner property, I think the least Haddon can do is save you from jail. *He* keeps the saloon!'

At which destructive home truth the masks of all three break down. They grin sheepishly.

'Can I go home and get the cash for us?' asks Haddon.

As the canvas-clad trio, now entirely restored to good humor, lumbered off down the road under the shepherding care of the trooper, I turned to the lieutenant with a question or two.

'Why did you threaten to come down so hard on the giant?'

'Because he lied and tried to escape us; to show him that we were perfectly willing and ready to take our case to court if he desired it; to show that we will fight if they drive us to it; to remind them that we present no charge that we cannot sustain.'

'Why were you so easy with them all in the end?'

'Because these three, as it happens, are not really bad men, and the penalty we asked was severe enough for them.'

'Why did you keep the woman entirely out of the matter? Was n't she equally guilty with the rest? And you never even spoke of her!'

The lieutenant's face took on a look of patient martyrdom.

'Yes,' said he, 'I'll answer that, too. It's like this: we figure that you should spare the women wherever it's possible; and that you can use sense. One in a family is enough to strike. You need n't rub it in.'

Later, down at barracks, he took from his desk a sheaf of manuscript, the first examination papers of the newest probation men. The lieutenant had framed the questions himself, to test the calibre of his lads.

'Look here,' he said, singling out a sheet, 'perhaps this will help.'

Under the typewritten question: 'What are the first essentials required of an officer of the Pennsylvania State Police Force?' stood the following words, in the loose, boyish script of the fledgling recruit: 'To know the law exactly. To do your whole duty and do it quick. To be gentle and courteous always. And *never* take any one's bluff.'

ONE OF THEM. IV

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

After my controversy with the boss, I impatiently awaited the lunch, when the machines stopped. I ran over to the union office. With tears in my eyes, I told them of what happened. The complaint clerk made out a complaint to the association against my boss. He advised to call the girls to a meeting. With meeting cards in my hand, without any lunch, I returned back to the shop. It was early enough to go in. I looked for the girls downstairs. No one was around. I went upstairs. There on the cutting-table sat the foreman, all the girls around him, and he amused them with his tales.

'Come on here,' said he to me, 'you may also listen to it. When I was in the contracting business for the cloak manufacturers, I had to deal with the Union. Once, when a business agent came around to find out if everything was in order, I invited him out to have lunch with me. There in a saloon I treated him with a few beers, so that after lunch he was not able to walk out. When he stepped outside, he fell like a dead one on the sidewalk. Then I called my workers to show them who their leader was. I also told them that for one beer he would sell the Union. That's what a union is,' he concluded.

But I stopped him. I could not stand any more.

'A thing like that never happened. If it did, you played a very mean trick on that poor man!' I cried out. 'Girls, don't listen to him — he wants to poison your minds, that is his only aim!'

It's hard to describe how I spent the rest of that day. He called me a 'damn liar.' He wanted to make the girls believe that I was an agent from the Union, that I was paid by the union leaders in order to press out money from the girls for union books.

Such a mean lie! I could not control myself any longer. Tears burst out of my eyes. I took my hat and coat and wanted to run, run away to the end of the world, so excited was I; but the girl Mollie held me back.

'We don't believe him, we know his aims all right,' she said. 'Don't go; this place will remain as it was. The girls will stay with you.'

Half an hour before the power stopped, the foreman called me and Mollie over to his table. He was all changed. His manners, his voice was so soft, so polite, that made us wonder. In a begging tone, he began, —

'You see, girls, the boss does not care to keep up his shop. If he is to pay higher wages to the girls, he is not able to keep up a foreman, and as his son is not able to run a shop, he'll give up the business altogether. He can make a nice living without these few machines. The one to suffer will be I! I'm only a poor man, I have to support my family. What am I to do, if he does give up?'

'Poor man!' I pitied him. After all, he was only a tool in the hands of the boss. He also worked very hard. The boss's son would walk around all day long from one table to the other, without knowing what's what. He did not even know where a spool of thread was to be got when a girl asked him for it.

And he was the one to get the profits. The foreman who had managed the shop, and who has done the cutting also, only got as much as it could be taken off from the girls' 'worth.'

After work I waited for the girls, to take them to the meeting. Sadie, the forelady, fearing to spoil her future career by going to the meeting, refused to go. Another girl followed her; the three Italian finishers were also afraid to go; so that we only had nine girls at the meeting.

I succeeded in explaining to them the situation as it was. I assured them that, if the boss gave up the business, it would not be for the reason that we want too much, but for the simple reason that his son is not able to manage the business; so let him do it. Such brilliant jobs they could always get.

They elected me as shop delegate, also in the price committee, together with Mollie.

The next morning when we came in to work, the old boss was already in. He also changed his policy in talking. He already was informed that we had a meeting. Without addressing anybody, he began to talk.

'Oh, I have nothing against the girls selecting a chairlady. Let them also select a price committee, but they could do all that without a union. They need not belong to the Union and spend their money.'

I came over to him and introduced myself as the shop chairlady. I told him that we also have a price committee, and are ready to settle prices, but with a man of the Union, because we want to have an expert in settling prices for the first few styles, for we never settled prices before, and are liable to make mistakes.

The boss realized that further argument was useless, and he finally agreed.

Until a man from the Union could come up, we continued with the work.

On Sunday, when we came in to work, I asked the foreman to give me some work that I could work on it without interruption. I wanted to time myself, to make a sort of a test, and see if I could possibly settle the prices myself without any help from the Union. I wanted to do justice to both sides. The girls should be able to go on with the work, without any loss of time, and the boss should have his work done in time.

On Monday, when I had the work finished, I came over to the foreman to speak about the price. Somehow we agreed on the price of the style I tried out. All were satisfied. The day passed very happily. On the settled work, I made ten cents more, according to my former day's wages; my two helpers made much more than their regular day's wages.

In the evening the foreman told me to remain to settle some more work. I did so, but instead of prices, he spoke to me of something else.

'Listen, miss!' — I was the only one whom he addressed as miss. 'I know you are a very sensible girl, and you deserve to get more than the others. You need not bother with the Union. I myself will give you a chance to work yourself up. See, as you are on piece-work now, you can keep your two girl-helpers as before. You'll pay them as much as I paid them till now. Think what you can make on them: the work will all go through you, and they'll work through your hand! You need not be afraid that they'll refuse. If they refuse, I'll get other girls — there are always plenty of them!'

Would any one throw stones at me, I would not feel as much pain as I felt while he spoke. It was the worst kind of an insult I could ever feel. He wanted to give me a chance to advance myself! In what a way! In a way of cheating the girls! In the same way as I was and still am cheated!

I was like a mad one. I kept on talking until I noticed the foreman and young boss laughing at me and at my speech. I was ashamed of myself. Their laughter made me feel that I said a lot of foolishness. When I came home, I cried from anger at myself.

At last the deputy clerks from the association and the Union came. I was called in the office. In my broken English I tried to explain to them everything I knew. After me the foreman spoke. In a soft, gentle voice he spoke. Hearing him talk in the office, it could hardly be believed that a man like him could use such violent language as he used in the shop to the girls. He denied all I said. He told them for how long he had been foreman in the shop, that the girls never kicked about anything, that peace prevailed until I came, that I was also satisfied until the system of week-work was changed; since then I began to make trouble in the shop because I don't want to work piece-work.

'It's a lie!' I interrupted him. 'I'm glad that the system is changed. I only wanted to have a man from the Union to settle the prices for us!'

I was maddened by the foreman's false statements. He lied through and through, and I could not help interrupting him; but by interrupting him, I only succeeded in discrediting myself, for the clerk of the association stopped me.

'Why, that girl is unbearable, she possesses an awful temper!' said he to the clerk of the Union. 'After all, he is the boss, and she should have more respect for him! She is too fresh!'

'Oh, if you only knew him!' said I, and burst into tears, for it pained me that I was not given the privilege to be heard as he; he was more trusted than I; besides, I was so disappointed. I expected to get full justice when the clerks came. I expected that they would adjust the prices; they would tell the boss he should not agitate the people against the Union, they would order the foreman to be more polite to the girls. All they did was to tell us that we, together with the boss, should select a girl to test the garments.

Both clerks failed to see the impossibility of selecting a girl in our shop. All the girls, without exception, were as week-workers very much underpaid. If any girl was to make a test, and be paid by the hour according to her former salary, we would surely not be able to make out anything. But I was not given any chance to explain it to them, for they left in a hurry.

When I stepped back into the shop, the girls were all waiting impatiently for news. Their eyes were fixed on me, questioning. Before I could open my mouth, the foreman followed me.

'Well, girls! Even the clerk said that she was fresh, that she had a bad temper. He also said that I'm the boss here, and she has nothing to say!'

So he interpreted the clerk's sentences, and wanted the girls to believe him. From that day on our quarreling began. The next morning the first thing I did was to remind the foreman of selecting a test girl. We were only four girls who were competent enough in the work, so that only the four could act as testers. Among the four of us he selected Sadie and wanted nobody else. How could I agree to her when she was such a good worker and only got twenty cents an hour? My arguments did not do any good. He would again call me trouble-maker and fresh girl.

When I went over for work, the foreman kept me waiting, purposely to make me lose time. At lunch-time I ran to the Union again. There I cried for a long time until I was able to talk. The people up there comforted me. To them it was not new. Hundreds of girls used to come to them with the same grievances as I. But those did not cry

any more. They were used to the ill-treatment of the bosses and foremen.

I went back to work. Before I had time to sit down, the foreman began.

'Well, what did your Union tell you? You think I'm afraid of you, eh? The more you complain, the worse for you! I shall give you such work that you can't make two dollars a week!'

That day he would give me only such bundles as had to go to the hemstitchers. I would only have for half-hour work in a bundle, and wait for another one. That afternoon, when I asked for such a bundle that I could work on it without any interruption, he refused to give. I complained to the boss. The boss took out a bundle from a girl's basket and put me to work on it. To the foreman I heard him saying: —

'You better stop torturing the girl too much!'

Too much! The boss seemed to have a limit as to how much they could trouble me — he was afraid to trouble me too much!

At three o'clock the clerks were up again. When the complaint was read before the boss, he said he knew nothing about it. He tells the foreman to treat everybody alike. If the foreman does treat me unfair, he'll see to it that he does not.

In the presence of the clerks we selected a test girl. She was Mollie of the price committee. They told us that, in case we would not agree on the test, they'd have a man sent up to make the prices.

When they left, the boss came over to us and said, —

'Of course, you wanted the clerks and you had them! But I'm telling you again that you may have a thousand of clerks to make prices for you, I would not pay a cent more than I pay you now! I cannot afford to pay you more, for I sell my merchandise cheap and I can't raise the price on it.'

'Then why don't you tell that to the clerks? What's the use of bothering around and waste people's time for nothing?' asked I. 'If you are a member of the association, you can afford to pay as much as the other members do; if you can't — all right, give up your business! Somebody else will have to make up the work and we'll get our jobs all right!'

'A-ah, is that what you want?' cried the boss in anger. 'You want to drive me out from business — you socialist, you anarchist that you are!!! Go, go to Russia, fight with the Cossacks! — I'm telling you girls again,' he continued, 'if I have to pay more, I'll give up the business! If you suffer after, it won't be my fault, but hers!' He pointed his finger at me.

'You, Mollie, go ahead, make the test and let see how it'll come out.'

Mollie was given two waists to test. At the same time the foreman gave two waists to Sadie. He did not trust Mollie, though he said that she was a good respectable girl — and so she was.

She tried her best to make the test a fair one. Sadie saw her chance to show her devotion to the boss with that test. She rushed the work terribly, but when she saw that she was not ahead of Mollie, she had the girl next to her help her out. I watched them all. Sadie had her waists finished ten minutes before Mollie. Of course Mollie's test was not accepted. According to Mollie's test, the waists had to be priced at 46 cents apiece; according to Sadie's, the waist came out at 35 cents. All the boss wanted to pay was 30 cents.

When the expert came, he priced the waist at 50 cents. He said that a waist like that was paid everywhere at 50 cents. The boss refused to pay either price. He claimed it was impossible for him to exist. He made a proposition to have the work made in sections. The

garment should be divided into collars, cuffs, bodies, sleeves, belts. Each part should be settled by the dozen, and each part should be made by one girl.

I did not agree to it, neither did the union clerk. I tried to make the girls see the danger in section-work for them. No skill is required at section-work. Anybody could learn in a week or less to make a certain part of the garment. The girls, not being skilled workers, will always have to depend on that only shop, and, of course, will never be able to take a stand against any wrong which will occur to them, for fear to lose their position.

The association and the Union at last took more interest in that case. For three days clerks would come and go, come and go; they could not come to an understanding. At last the boss announced that he would give up the business.

Again I had a meeting with the girls. All the will-power I possessed I used to the utmost that evening in convincing the girls of the great mistake they would make by working in the shop on the old conditions.

In the morning, when we had our work finished out, we told the foreman that we would only work there if we were to have a strictly union shop with union conditions. He announced that no more work would be cut and that we were free to look for positions. I took all the girls with me and went to the union office.

The next morning, when I came to the union office to meet my girls who waited impatiently for results, the manager of the independent department had called up a few shops, inquiring for positions for the girls. The first two positions he got I sent up two girls, one competent worker and the other a learner. Before I sent them away I took work from the competent girl to take care of the others. A few I sent through the paper, and they found jobs themselves. Mollie and her sister I sent to the shop where I first learned the trade. As I once already mentioned, that boss was a good acquaintance of mine, and through my recommendation they got employment there, where one of the sisters is still working. I and another girl were still out.

The next day, I received a letter from Mr. Baroff of our Union, informing me that he got a job for me as a sample-maker. I quickly ran over to the office. There the other girl sat waiting for me; she also like me was still looking for work. As I promised to all the girls to help them in finding jobs, if the boss should give up the business, I felt that I had no right to accept the offered job, while a girl who held me responsible for her idleness was still out of a position. But I also needed the job, I needed the position to support both of us, myself and my brother; how could I give away the job to her? And still I did. I preferred to suffer economically, rather than be blamed for irresponsibility.

My present pessimistic state of mind developed not only from my own sufferings but also from the life around me. The general conditions of the people I lived among filled my heart with misery. My head was always puzzled with the question of inequality in this universe. I was unable to decide what remedy should be applied in order to equalize the world. One thing I understood: that the present capitalistic system must be changed, that the wealth created by people should be divided among those people. But whether the change should come through peaceful education or revolution, I felt not ripe enough to decide.

(*The End*)

PETER STOOD AND WARMED HIMSELF

BY GEORGE PARKIN ATWATER

THE high explosive shell, fashioned, filled, and fired by the Reverend Joseph H. Odell, in the February *Atlantic*, has filled the land with reverberations. It is a courageous, manly, and sincere explosion of the pent-up feelings of an indignant patriot. The shock of it tumbled me into my dug-out and left me speechless, my brain reeling with the vivid images of his graphic pen, with the piercing denunciations of his prophetic voice. All honor to him for his utterance.

After a time the shock passed, and I put on my gas-mask and ventured forth to look upon the ruins. Ruins were abundant. Neutrality and pacifism were withered to dust and ashes. Complacency was powdered to atoms. Denominationalism was flattened into a pulp. German theology was hurled into a leper colony, and, like Judas, went to its own place. The tribal god of the high places of Potsdam, disguised as the Lord God of Christianity, was shorn of its mask, and the label 'Made in Germany' revealed the Moloch, made in the image of the Kaiser, reveling in human sacrifices.

Upon looking further, I found that some of the targets at which the shell was aimed were still standing — somewhat powder-marked and splinter-incrusted, but decidedly undemolished. We can discern their outlines, and it becomes a duty to pierce the smoke of the explosion and discover what has not been destroyed.

Actual shells are no respecters of persons or things. The glory of Rheims has become the spiritual heritage of memory, because in destroying the military asset of its high towers, the German shells ruined its age-long splendor. But explosions of human wrath may be more discriminating, and it is but justice to Dr. Odell to affirm that he undoubtedly had no intention of uprooting the whole structure, the faults of which he assails. To use his words, his 'volcanic eruption' has poured molten lava upon certain institutions and has left no vestige; but in the process he has buried other institutions in cold ashes. We may dig them out.

Peter, the symbol of the ministry? Sitting by a fire and hugging the comfortable delusion of security? Trapped by a casual feminine inquiry which would have ended his career? Not so Peter! Peter *stood*. St. John says so. Involved in the stupendous tragedy of God incarnate, who had brought the dead to life, being hurried to a trial, of which even St. Peter could not know the outcome; confused by the calamities and obscurities and perplexities of the passing hour, Peter, the rock man, *stood*, awaiting the message, the direction, the mission, that was to be his. The maid who asked the question of him was but the unsubstantial shadow of an unreal world, compared with the question, — 'And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth?' — a question asked by *conscience*, not of the reality of his physical companionship, but of the verity of his special discipleship.

Peter, resistant, as poor human na-

ture often is, thrust aside for a moment the outer and less important implication of the situation, made it a matter of inner struggle and sacrifice, then surrendered to the light and leading of it all, and went out and wept bitterly. They were tears of consecration, and the man who *stood*, during the struggle, weighing its issues, not acquiescent and yet not sure of the trend of it, that man, so human and more to be trusted because of his period of uncertainty, went forth to his martyrdom. If St. Peter, as he stood there, had shown a foreknowledge of the events, if he had seemed an object of divine assurance which would have made his struggle less keen, we should not have respected his experience. The clergy at this time, having stood, with Peter, are now exemplifying his boldness.

The clergy to-day have a serious task. This is a day of false alarms. Street-corner orators vent their spleen upon every institution of mankind, hurling invectives at the educational, commercial, and religious granaries in which is stored the wealth of the labor of ages; reviling the granaries which these orators themselves did not by constructive effort help to fill, while having no further foundation for their vituperation than the soap-boxes which they did not help to empty. Political parties and newspapers raise clouds of dust by their cunning manœuvres, both in the hope that the public vision will be clouded thereby, and also in the hope that their crocodile tears of lamentation will turn the dust to mud with which to besmirch those whom they would destroy. Amid the public turmoil stand the clergy, representing a higher order of things. Realizing the moral weight of their collective judgment, every partisan would invoke them, as Balak invoked Balaam of old, to curse his enemies. But the clergy are not to be convinced by clamor.

Who are these men, the clergy? Are they all fiery-tongued orators, saturated with the wisdom of the ages, commanding and swaying vast assemblages of people? Are they luxurious and isolated devotees of idle reflection, reveling in the psychological and spiritual joys of meditation in a garden sheltered by high walls from the turmoil without? They are neither. The clergy to-day are hard-working, underpaid, long-suffering plodders, living lives of sacrifice in every corner of the land, and sharing the lesser fragments of the crusts that fall from the wealth of our prosperity. With every conceivable obstacle in their paths, in the midst of a movie-crazed public, and a golf-distracted and motor-mad society, they do their duty humbly and quietly. They have no sufficient organ for concentrating public attention, for the people will not come to their churches, and the newspapers, while giving two columns to a prize-fight, would dismiss Isaiah himself in ten lines, unless he was 'good stuff' and would get a column as an eccentricity.

In spite of this fact, the clergy are a vast influence. For generations they have kept alight the beacons that point the path to human progress and happiness and duty. While you, half parent, were foozling that drive on the golf course, of a Sunday, or washing your car, or devouring the Sunday paper, in utter oblivion of the fact that you are a rank slacker and a parasite feeding upon the construction work of other men, and belittling their work so that you might take a minute's comfort to your own beggarly soul, the clergy are taking the other half of your parental duty and are trying to teach your children a few principles which may later make you take a false pride in the kind of boy or girl you assume that you have brought up.

It has not been the example of the

worldlings which has inspired the flower of this nation to offer themselves for service overseas, but it has been the churches and the clergy, with the remnant of devoted laity who are an honor to themselves and our race, who have built the foundations of justice, patriotism, righteousness, and truth into the fabric of rising manhood. The church boys went to war, at the call. It was not our Christian young manhood that was lashed into the war with the draft. Better than a thousand invectives has been the steady untiring teaching of the clergy.

And do we say that the moral leadership of the church and its healing leadership have been turned over to lay organizations, the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross? Bless my soul! Is a layman a pagan? an unconverted heathen? a mercenary? Are laymen so much raw material, whose Christian excellence is crowned only when they are ordained? Are we committed to some monarchical theory of the Church, which is represented only when its entitled officers conduct affairs? Is not every Christian layman, in the Y.M.C.A. or the Red Cross, demonstrating the spiritual supremacy of the leadership of the Church?

The Church does not consist of the clergy alone. Clergy and people are the spiritual entity called the Church. I know that we are afflicted with the plague of 168 denominations. Were it not so, however, and were we one great body, and were the whole religious and healing functions of war created by our fiat, could we more effectively conduct our responsibility than by creating these agencies of the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross, in which every willing worker could express his Christian manhood and satisfy his desire for service of God and man, whether or not he was part of our hypothetical one Church?

Has not the Church done its part? Countless men high in the Church have rushed to service. The service flags in our churches proclaim the militant quality of our Christian manhood. I have seen a bishop in the uniform of the Red Cross, and he has been in France, too. But who really represents the Church to-day in France? The elderly lady in the next pew will say that it is being represented by the spiritual service of the Y.M.C.A., and the zealous roller of bandages will think of the Red Cross as expressive of the compassion of the Church. But, thank God, the Church has another representative in France to-day. *The complete representative of the American Church in France is the United States Army overseas.* Yes, an *army*, with its cannon and rifles and machine-guns and its instruments of destruction. The Church militant, sent, morally equipped, strengthened and encouraged, approved and blessed, by the Church at home. The army to-day is the Church in action, transforming the will of the Church into deeds, expressing the moral judgment of the Church in smashing blows. Its worship has its vigil in the trenches, and its fasts and feasts; its prayers are in acts, and its choir is the crash of cannon and the thrilling ripple of machine-guns, swelling into a tornado of persuasive appeal to a nation to remember the truth, 'The soul (or nation) that sinneth, it shall die.' Our army is preaching the sermon of the American Church to Germany.

A priest or parson may think himself better equipped to serve in the noble ranks of our Y.M.C.A. or Red Cross, but the priest or parson who goes across to-day is fortified by his ordination and its vows, by all the moral sanctions of his calling, in his possible choice of going into the trenches with his rifle in his hand. If the army of the Stars and Stripes is not the army of

the Church of God; if the army bent upon destroying the fiendish rule of criminal conspiracy against mankind is not the army of the Church whose teachings and labors for years have formed the judgments and character of those who fight, then indeed the world is chaos and God is dead.

Has the Church spoken in words as well as deeds? Do you think, Mr. Odell, that if the Church as a whole had opposed war, or had sat by the fire warming itself, the nation could have put an army overseas without draft riots? No. From the beginning the Church has been patriotic and loyal. It would not embarrass the government, if it could have done so, by saying that this is a holy war, and we will take charge of it. Merely to state the case is to show how futile is such an attitude. Before even the government, with its vast responsibility for the consequences of its acts, and with the burden of 'carrying on' when its decision was taken — before even the government could see its path plain, the Church prepared the national mind for the inevitable decision of the government. While neutral in act, the Church was not neutral in thought and judgment. Neutrality in thought was immoral. No power on earth could have silenced the thousands of voices that arose from Christian pulpits. Peter shook himself from his reflections and made the halls ring with his words.

It would have been more melodramatic to have had one commanding figure, like another Peter of the Crusades, command the national attention and point the moral issues involved in the lid blowing off Hell through the line of least resistance at Berlin, but it was more *effective* to have a hundred thousand spokesmen prepare the nation for the task. It would have been spectacular for John D. Rockefeller to have floated the first Liberty Loan single-handed, and it would have made him more popular, but it would not have helped to raise the second loan.

And the clergy and the Church of our nation spoke, and spoke with power. Hot, flaying, excoriating, scarifying words of righteous indignation and anger have been poured forth from our pulpits. Rousing and enkindling appeals have started the people from their stunned complacency. I have heard many of them. Even before the United States declared war the words were uttered. Like a widely distributed rainfall they did not make a local flood but they fed wide areas and brought forth enormous crops. The Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. were the immediate result, but the Church in France, in the trenches, was their ultimate aim.

The clergy spoke and spoke plainly. I wish it were possible for Mr. Odell to have every war sermon preached by the clergy, with the *date* of its delivery. There was a deluge. No one man, no matter how eloquent, could have produced the smallest fraction of the result that the thousands of clergy produced in interpreting the deeper issues of the war. Even the government declined the services of the most militant figure in America, in favor of a widespread military effort that would embrace the rising tide of the modern crusading spirit.

Have conventions spoken! Here is a resolution of one ecclesiastical gathering, which passed with a shout: —

Resolved, That this Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio declares its conviction that the United States has entered into the War under the compulsion of every motive of patriotism and humanity. On the one side were the forces that seek to impose upon the whole world the will of a false, cruel, detestable autocracy; on the other side were the forces of democracy, fighting for our own liberty not less than theirs. It is our

conviction that, had we remained neutral, we should have been contemptible even in our own eyes, as a people too selfish and cowardly to bear our part with the democratic peoples of Europe who have fought so long, and so gloriously, and at such vast cost, for everything that is dear to us as a free nation.

The Church has many problems. It is honeycombed with individualism and imperiled by divisions. It must work out its own salvation. But when it comes to issues of right and wrong, the Church takes its place with right. The Church in our land *stands*, — as Peter stood of old, — first, to let conscience speak and to struggle against the instincts of peaceful habits, and then it *goes*, sword in hand, committed to a struggle, to war — a war of no compromise or artful evasion of a decision, but a war to victory.

To-day the duty of the Church is slowly getting a different emphasis. Standing as Peter stood, debating with conscience the value of peace, the Church must and will set its face against the moral iniquity, the utterly unpardonable desertion of its cause, of concluding a peace based on any other consideration than the complete mastery and dissipation of every evil organization or movement of government which has shown itself to be the cruel and heartless foe of humanity. Better that every man in America should go to the plains and farms to wrest again his living from the soil, as our forefathers did, better that every woman should turn again to spinning-wheel and churn, better that every vestige of our material civilization should be swept away, than that we should compromise this issue between righteousness and evil. Now is the time for the Church to awaken to its new peril of bankruptcy and demolition, unless it begins at once to speak, as it has spoken for war, for the complete and final and overwhelming victory for righteousness, which alone will save mankind from a moral decay more fatal than death.

THE CROSS AT NEUVE CHAPELLE

BY THOMAS TIPLADY

The war on the Western Front has been fought in a Roman Catholic country, where crucifixes are erected at all the chief cross-roads to remind us that, in every moment of doubt as to the way of life, and on whichever road we finally decide to walk, whether rough or smooth, we shall need the Saviour and his redeeming love. We have seen a cross so often when on the march, or when passing down some trench, that it has become inextricably mixed up with the war. When we think of the great struggle, the vision of the cross rises before us; and when we see the cross, we think of the processions of wounded men who have been broken to save the world. Whenever we have laid a martyred soldier to rest, we have placed over him, as the comment on his death, a simple white cross which bears his name. We never paint any tribute

on it. None is needed, for nothing else could speak so eloquently as a cross — a white cross. White is the sacred color in the army of to-day, and the cross is the sacred form. In after years there will never be any doubt as to where the line of liberty ran that held back the flood and force of German tyranny. From the English Channel to Switzerland it is marked for all time by the crosses on the graves of the British and French soldiers. Whatever may be our views about the erection of crucifixes by the wayside and at the cross-roads, no one can deny that they have had an immense influence for good on our men during the war in France.

The experience of many a gallant soldier is expressed in the following Belgian poem: —

I came to a halt at the bend of the road;
I reached for my ration, and loosened my load;
I came to a halt at the bend of the road.

O weary the way, Lord, forsaken of Thee,
My spirit is faint — lone, comfortless me;
O weary the way, Lord, forsaken of Thee.

And the Lord answered, Son, be thy heart lifted up;
I drank, as thou drinkest, of agony's cup;
And the Lord answered, Son, be thy heart lifted up.

For thee that I loved, I went down to the grave,
Pay thou the like forfeit thy Country to save;
For thee that I loved, I went down to the grave.

Then I cried, 'I am Thine, Lord; yea, unto this last.'
And I strapped on my knapsack, and onward I passed.
Then I cried, 'I am Thine, Lord; yea, unto this last.'

Fulfilled is the sacrifice. Lord, is it well?
Be it said — for the dear sake of country he fell.
Fulfilled is the sacrifice. Lord, is it well?

The Cross has interpreted life to the soldier, and has provided him with the only acceptable philosophy of the war. It has taught boys just entering upon life's experience that, out-topping all history and standing out against the background of all human life, is a Cross on which died the Son of God. It has made the hill of Calvary stand out above all other hills in history. Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon — these may stand at the foot of the hill, as did the Roman soldiers, but they are made to look mean and insignificant as the Cross rises above them, showing forth the figure of the Son of Man.

Against the sky-line of human history the Cross stands clearly, and all else is in shadow. The wayside crosses at the front and the flashes of roaring guns may not have taught our soldiers much history, but they have taught them the central fact of history; and all else will have to accommodate itself to that, or be disbelieved. The Cross of Christ is the centre of the picture for evermore, and the grouping of all other figures must be about it.

To the soldiers it can never again be made a detail in some other picture. Seen also in the light of their personal experience, it has taught them that, as a cross lies at the basis of the world's life and shows bare at every crisis of national and international life, so at the root of all individual life is a cross. They have been taught to look for it at every parting of the ways. Suffering to redeem others and make others happy will now be seen as the true aim of life, and not the grasping of personal pleasure or profit. They have stood where high explosive shells thresh out the corn from the chaff — the true from the false. They have seen facts in a light that exposes things stark and bare; and the cant talked by skeptical armchair philosophers will move them as little as the chittering of sparrows on the housetops.

For three, long years our front-line trenches have run through what was once a village called Neuve Chapelle. There is nothing left of it now. But

there is something there which is tremendously impressive. It is a crucifix. It stands out above everything, for the land is quite flat around it. The cross is immediately behind our firing-trench, and within two or three hundred yards of the German front trench. The figure of Christ is looking across the waste of No-Man's Land. Under his right arm and under his left are British soldiers holding the line. Two 'dud' shells lie at the foot; one is even touching the wood; but though hundreds of shells must have swept by it, and millions of machine-gun bullets, it remains undamaged. Trenches form a labyrinth all round it. When our men awake and 'stand to' at dawn, the first sight they see is the cross; and when at night they lie down in the side of the trench, or turn into their dug-outs, their last sight is the cross. It stands clear in the noonday sun; and in the moonlight it takes on a solemn grandeur.

I first saw it on a November afternoon when the sun was sinking under heavy banks of cloud, and it bent my mind back to the scene as it must have been on the first Good Friday, when the sun died with its dying Lord, and darkness crept up the hill of Calvary and covered Him with its funeral pall to hide his dying agonies from the curious eyes of unbelieving men. I had had tea in a dug-out, and it was dark when I left. Machine-guns were sweeping No-Man's Land to brush back enemies who might be creeping toward us through the long grass; and the air was filled with a million clear, cracking sounds. Star-shells rose and fell, and their brilliant lights lit up the silent form on the cross.

For three years, night and day, Christ has been standing there in the midst of our soldiers, with arms outstretched in blessing. They have looked up at Him through the clear starlight of a frosty night; and they have seen his pale face by the silver rays of the moon as she has sailed her course through the heavens. In the gloom of a stormy night they have seen the dark outline, and caught a passing glimpse of Christ's effigy by the flare of the star-shells. What must have been the thoughts of the sentries in the listening posts as all night long they have gazed at the cross; or of the officers as they have passed down the trench to see that all was well; or of some private sleeping in the trench and, being awakened by the cold, taking a few steps to restore blood-circulation? Deep thoughts, I imagine, much too deep for words of theirs or mine.

And when the battle of Neuve Chapelle was raging and the wounded, whose blood was turning red the grass, looked up at Him, what thoughts must have been theirs then? Did they not feel that He was their big Brother and remember that blood had flowed from Him as from them; that pain had racked Him as it racked them; and that He thought of his mother and of Nazareth as they thought of their mother and the little cottage they were never to see again? When their throats became parched and their lips swollen with thirst, did they not remember how He, too, had cried for water; and, above all, did they not call to mind the fact that He might have saved Himself, as they might, if He had cared more for his own happiness than for the world's? As their spirits passed out through the wounds in their bodies, would they not ask Him to remember them as their now homeless souls knocked at the gate of his Kingdom? He had stood by them all through the long and bloody battle while hurricanes of shells swept over and around Him.

I do not wonder that the men at the front flock to the Lord's Supper to

commemorate his death. They will not go without it. If the Sacrament be not provided, they ask for it. At home there was never such a demand for it as exists at the front. There is a mystic sympathy between the trench and the Cross, between the soldier and his Saviour.

And yet, to those who willed the war and drank to the day of its coming, even the Cross has no sacredness. It is to them but a tool of war. An officer told me that during the German retreat from the Somme they noticed a peculiar accuracy in the enemy's firing. The shells followed an easily distinguishable course. So many casualties occurred from this accurate shelling that the officers set themselves to discover the cause. They found that the circle of shells had for its centre the cross-roads, and that at the cross-roads was a crucifix that stood up clearly as a landmark. Evidently the cross was being used to guide the gunners, and was causing the death of our men.

But a more remarkable thing came to light. The cross stood close to the road, and when the Germans retired they had sprung a mine at the cross-roads to delay our advance. Everything near had been blown to bits by the explosion except the crucifix, but that had not a mark upon it. And yet it could not have escaped, except by a miracle. They therefore set themselves to examine the seeming miracle and came across one of the most astounding cases of fiendish cunning. They found that the Germans had made a concrete socket for the crucifix so that they could take it out or put it in at pleasure. Before blowing up the cross-roads they had taken the cross out of its socket and removed it to a safe distance; then, when the mine had exploded, they put the cross back so that it might be a landmark to direct their shooting. And now they were making use of Christ's instrument of redemption as an instrument for men's destruction.

But our young officers resolved to restore the cross to its work of saving men. They waited till night fell, then removed the cross to a point a hundred or two yards to the left. When in the morning the German gunners fired their shells, their observers found that the shells fell too far wide of the cross and they could make nothing of the mystery. It looked as if some one had been tampering with their guns in the night. To put matters right they altered the position of their guns, so that once more the shells made a circle round the cross, and henceforth our soldiers were safe, for the shells fell harmlessly into the outlying fields. Nor was this the only time during their retreat when the Germans put the cross to this base use and were foiled in their knavery.

When a nation scraps the Cross of Christ and turns it into a tool to gain an advantage over its opponents, it becomes superfluous to ask who began the war, and folly to close our eyes to the horrors and depravities which are being reached in the waging of it.

There is a new judgment of the nations now proceeding, and who shall predict what shall be? The Cross of Christ is the arbiter, and our attitude toward it decides our fate. I have seen the attitude of our soldiers toward the Cross at Neuve Chapelle and toward that for which it stands; and I find more comfort in their reverence for Christ and Christianity than in all their guns and impediments of war.

The Cross of Christ towers above the wrecks of time, and those nations will survive which stand beneath its protecting arms in the trenches of righteousness, liberty, and truth.

REVERIE

BY AMORY HARE

It is so still here in the dusky wood;
Only the moths have motion where they spin
And flutter through the dark.
There in the deeper dusk the cedars brood.
No warmth of fields, no voice of meadow-lark
Floats here, no breeze may wander in
So deep to bear me company.
I, who am so companioned in a field,
Am lonely here, and rather sleepily
Afraid. Just now some little beast has squealed
And made me creep; so that I wonder why
I come here to the wood at end of day
After the glow has faded from the sky.

. . . . . .

Once at this hour I saw you pass this way.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE SITUATION

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

I HOPE that I have shown, in my last article, what the real, deep-seated reason is of the successes that the Germans have achieved over the Allies. We have seen that, while the Germans are past masters in burglary and murder, who, in committing these thefts and other crimes, employ the most highly perfected material resources, the most thorough study of chemistry, and the most ingenious mechanical inventions, they are equally far advanced in the purely intellectual domain, which enables them to derive from the four fundamental political sciences — geography, ethnography, political economy, and national psychology — important practical results. Now, the Allies, having even at this moment no comprehension of the extraordinary potency of these invisible forces, are making no use of them. The result is that, notwithstanding their vast resources, they are still in a much less advantageous condition to contend with the Boches.

Our deductions have led us also to

define the 'strategy of the political sciences' and the integral strategic equation which makes its application possible. This equation contains six unknown quantities: military, naval, geographical, ethnographical, politico-economic, and national-psychologic. The facts established by three and a half years of war prove that it is absolutely indispensable to find these six unknown quantities before undertaking any operation capable of exerting an appreciable influence on the general development of the war. Indeed, the present amazing and perilous state of affairs is susceptible of this explanation which summarizes all others: the general operations of the Staff at Berlin have been planned and carried out in accordance with the strategy of the political sciences. On the other hand, the operations of the Entente have been conducted in such utter ignorance of this strategy, that none of them could reasonably be expected to succeed.

It is of supreme importance for Americans to understand quite clearly the fundamental cause of the strategic errors of the Entente. Indeed, such a clear understanding is the only means by which the United States can avoid sacrifices in men and money infinitely greater than are necessary. I shall, therefore, treat this part of my subject by appealing to the unmitigated truth, without regard for other considerations.

THE THEORY THAT THE WESTERN FRONT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE

I propose to show that, as a matter of fact, all the strategic errors of the Entente are derived from this: that the Western front has been regarded as the most important front. The first source of this idea is the incredible but undoubted ignorance of the Pan-Germanist scheme on the part of the leaders of the Entente. This ignorance is a phenomenon which I set down, but which I cannot explain.

The Pangermanist scheme dates from 1895. Since then it has been elaborated in Germany in thousands of lectures. Innumerable pamphlets, spread broadcast, have made it familiar to an immense majority of the sixty millions of Germans. Moreover, it was for the reason that this scheme was carefully devised a long while beforehand that the Germans became earnestly desirous for its execution, and, generally speaking, went cheerfully forth to war, believing, doubtless, that it would be short, but firmly convinced that it would bring them enormous booty — a bait which has always set the Germans in motion from the beginnings of history.

Now, in spite of the extraordinary publicity of the Pangermanist scheme throughout Germany for twenty-two years, the guiding spirits of the Entente did not believe in its existence during the first two years of the war. I agree that this seems incredible, but I receive constantly so many new proofs of its truth that to doubt it is impossible.

This ignorance has had this result; that the Allies have failed to realize that Germany made war, before all else, to make the Hamburg–Persian Gulf plan an accomplished fact, and that that achievement, by reason of its inevitable consequences, would suffice to assure Germany of the dominion of the world. It is this failure to grasp the real war-aim pursued by Germany, which explains why the supreme importance of the Danube front — which was the key of the war, which the Allies had in their possession, and which it was relatively easy for them to retain — did not receive serious attention while it was time. At the opening of hostilities, and even for a very long time thereafter, the leaders of the Allies were convinced that Germany was fighting to rid herself of France, and

especially of England. France and England therefore undertook simply to fight Germany and Austria-Hungary, very little importance being attributed to the action of the latter. Practically then, notwithstanding the important part assigned to Russia, the war was regarded, at Paris and London, as a sort of prize-fight, in which one of the two chief adversaries — either the French and British or Germany and Austria — would fall within the ropes.

This quasi-'sportive' idea of the war was particularly prevalent among the British. Having in reality no military traditions, they regarded the conflict as a gigantic boxing-match, in which the best 'slugger' would necessarily be the victor. So it came about that to the British the war was, and perhaps still is, solely a matter of endurance. On the other hand, once the war was begun by Germany, the question of Alsace-Lorraine inevitably came to the front for the French. Must she not be set free first of all?

For these diverse reasons, the French and British were inclined to argue that the chief theatre of operations was necessarily where the chief adversaries were, and, at the same time, to all appearance, their principal and mutual interests — that is to say, in the West. This conviction once formed, this consequence was deduced from it in London and Paris, namely, that the Balkans and Turkey could have no serious effect on the result of the war; that it was not only useless, therefore, but positively dangerous, to send a considerable force to the East, because the principal front — that in the West, where everything was destined to be decided — would thus be deprived of the benefit of armies which the Entente, taken by surprise by the war, had been obliged to raise and equip in haste, and had no right to send a long way from home.

But it is evident that the Western front could not be the principal one from the Allies' standpoint — the one, that is to say, on which to bring about a final decision. For, ever since the day when it was demonstrated that fortified fronts, which can be very rapidly increased in depth by trenches, deep shelters, and barbed-wire entanglements, cannot be quickly pierced, — a demonstration which was almost absolute in October, 1914, — it has been contrary to common sense for the Allies to hope that they could obtain on the Western front a victory so overwhelming as to compel Germany to abandon the Hamburg–Persian Gulf idea. But this controlling point of view was unheeded — a perfectly natural consequence of the Allied ignorance of the Pangermanist scheme.

However that may be, the theory that the Western front is all important has been repeatedly laid down by Colonel Repington, the military critic of the *London Times*.[1]

Finding myself compelled, in order to make more clear my indispensable demonstration, to show how far Colonel Repington has gone astray, and what infinite harm his errors have done to the cause of the Entente by reason of the mighty influence of the *Times*, which is almost a national organ, I conceive that no sinister motive can be attributed to me if I make, by way of preamble, this statement. I was one of the first Frenchmen who favored the Franco-British *rapprochement*, at a time when public opinion in my country was opposed to that policy. To the powerful *Times*, which has many a time assisted me in propagating my ideas, I am most grateful. To me personally, therefore, it is really distressing to take issue with one of its chief collaborators. But according to my honest belief, Colonel Repington, because

[1] Now of the *Morning Post*.

of the extraordinary influence of the organ in which he writes, has been instrumental in leading the Allies to commit errors in strategy which have cost millions of men and endangered the issue of the war. I feel, therefore, in duty bound to call the attention of the Allies to the immense amount of harm done by Colonel Repington. His constantly repeated forecasts have this characteristic in common, that for three years and a half they have been most strikingly falsified by events.

But the Repington peril still exists. In fact, even to-day a large number of Allied newspapers continue to reproduce his forecasts because they appear in the *Times* as coming from one having authority, although any sort of credit should long ago have been denied to him. But his failure to reason from indubitable indications and the most notorious facts seems to be complete, if we may judge from certain passages in an interview on the general condition of affairs given by the colonel to *Le Temps*, October 10, 1917.

> The situation [declared the military critic of the *Times* at that late date] is that the Boches are getting the worst of it except in Boche *communiqués*, and that they know it. Moreover, every time that we go into battle they are beaten. . . . Our losses are slight now because we are proceeding according to the plan of an offensive with a limited objective. . . . Our victories are almost automatic. . . . Italy and Russia still have very strong effective forces. . . . Russia? Yes, she is passing through a serious crisis, but we must not lose confidence in her. Russia is a jack-in-the-box, and the winter is working on her side.

Less than a month after these statements the Italians suffered a serious disaster, Russia went to pieces, and Roumania was reduced to impotence. Now, these disastrous events might very easily have been forecast several months before, with the help of the frequent and accordant intelligence from Italy and Russia. But Colonel Repington has been so hypnotized by the Western front that he has consistently refused to give any weight to what was going on in the rest of Europe. We proceed to trace the chronological development and the influence of his theory.

At the end of August, 1914, Colonel Repington set forth his own conception of the most important front when he described the part to be played by the Russian armies on the one hand and by the Franco-British armies on the other, disclosing at the same time his idea of German strategy. I quote from *Le Temps* of September 1, 1914: —

> We must fight, even if we have to fall back to the Atlantic, without allowing Germany to overwhelm us. It is absolutely indispensable for her to have her Metz and her Sedan, and a long war would be disastrous for her with her largely industrial population, her business paralyzed, her coast blockaded. Her entire strategy is based on these considerations, and it should be our aim to bring this plan to naught and to fight with all our strength, without endangering the welfare of our people by brilliant *coups* which would expose us to attack.
>
> It is fear that is behind the present German tactics, — the vandalism and the policy of terrorizing the civil population; it is fear — not physical fear, but fear of the consequences to her if France and England were not quickly and completely crushed.
>
> Russia, for her part, is performing the function of a 'steam-roller.' Her rôle in the war is most important, and final triumph depends in large measure on the way in which she carries it out. The Franco-British armies have diverted the main hold of the German armies from Russia, and while the Allies operating in France keep their claws in that bulk, Russia must take advantage of the opportunity.
>
> The results obtained by her thus far indicate that such is her purpose.
>
> Taking into account the season of the year and its natural concomitants, Russia should reach Berlin within two months; if, at the end of that time our claws are still

buried in the mass of the German armies of the West, and if Serbia has succeeded in maintaining until then her hold on the Austrians, the strategic and political object of the war will have been attained.

These lines expose very clearly the germ of the theory of the main front afterward developed by Colonel Repington. According to his idea, the Franco-British armies must 'operate in France,' Russia playing the part of 'steam-roller,' moving forward slowly but surely in such wise as to reach Berlin in two months. It is evident from these words that Colonel Repington is the inventor of the phrase, 'Russia, the steam-roller.' Events have shown the value of this metaphor. The passage quoted proves in addition the error of Colonel Repington as to what military Russia really was, as to the condition of the Russian fortresses in 1914, and as to the very different condition of the German armies and fortresses at that same time.[1]

As the 'steam-roller' had not arrived at Berlin in November, 1914, according to his forecast, Colonel Repington gave the final touch to his theory of the main front by publishing the following in the middle of 1915, when the question arose of sending Franco-British troops to Serbia: —

What we must do is kill Germans until the German losses mount up to ten thousand daily. If we accomplish our task, we shall make final victory inevitable. What we must avoid are adventures which might give Germany an opportunity to secure important strategic successes, as at Ulm and Sedan.

The war of attrition, in the trenches, on both fronts, is extremely burdensome; there is nothing inspiring about it, but it must kill Germany in the end if it is kept up.[2]

The Allies having followed Colonel Repington's advice and sent no troops to the Danube, the attack on Serbia was begun in October, 1915. At that time energetic action on the part of the Allies in the way of sending to Serbia, by way of Saloniki and by the Santi Quarante route, sufficient reinforcements might still have saved the greater part of Serbia and thus have maintained the Allies in a position to recover the Danube front. Thereupon Colonel Repington reiterated with singular vigor his theory of the main front as opposed to the dispatch of Allied troops to the rescue of Serbia.

No new units [he said] have made their appearance in the East or the West for several months. It may well be true, therefore, that Germany has not the necessary men to create such units. Under these conditions our manifest duty is to persevere on the main front, that is, in France and Flanders. That is where the final decision will be had, and nothing on earth would justify us in withdrawing troops from there. We must send thither all the men and all the munitions at our disposal, in order to kill the greatest possible number of Germans.

The Germans are still capable of holding out against Russia, and of massing more troops against us. What a plight we should find ourselves in if, at such a time, our forces in the Western theatre had been reduced! The responsibility would fall, not on the army, which has fought so superbly, but on those who have the supreme management of the war.[3]

These vigorous arguments had a tremendous influence on British public

[1] I deem myself justified in these reflections because, on page 414 of my book, *Le Monde et la Guerre Russo-Japonaise*, published in 1906, eight years before the war, I wrote after much investigation in Russia and the Far East: 'Will Russia become again a great military power? First of all, is the Russian people bent upon it? Nothing is less certain. Putting the best face on affairs, and recalling what happened in France after 1870, we must nevertheless conclude that she will not within ten or fifteen years have become again a great military power, in condition, for example, to take part in really effective fashion in a war against Germany.'

[2] See *Le Matin*, June 18, 1915.

[3] *Le Petit Parisien*, October 15, 1915.

opinion, and Serbia was abandoned to her fate. Furthermore, still as a result of his theory of the main front, Colonel Repington afterwards, whenever he had a chance, made the bitterest opposition to the dispatch of the Allied expeditionary force to the Balkans. As he found important supporters in France, the army at Saloniki is still without sufficient means of action.

However that may be, Colonel Repington's campaign in support of his disastrous theory that the Western front is the most important one has produced such far-reaching effects that it has influenced men occupying very high official positions. For example, early in October, 1917, General Smuts, a Boer officer, unquestionably of great valor, but, by reason of his foreign birth, having never been in a position to study the vast complexities of the European war, in a speech at a luncheon given by the President of the Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, a speech of special importance because of his membership in the British War Cabinet, declared: —

'The Central allies are beaten everywhere, are retreating everywhere, except in Russia. . . . To whip Germany we need not go as far as the Rhine. To effect this purpose one strip of land is as good as another, so long as the Germans choose to occupy it; and, take my word for it, long before we have reached the Rhine, Germany will sue for peace. . . . Our military superiority on the Western front is no longer open to the slightest question. . . . If we turn to the Italian front, can we entertain any doubt, after the great victories of the Italian army, that our Allies on that front have obtained a complete preponderance over the Germans?'

A few days later events proved the value of these assertions. As General Smuts had several times announced that Germany was virtually whipped, the *Weekly Dispatch* did not hesitate to make the following truly stupefying comment on these statements: —

'When so circumspect a soldier and statesman as General Smuts declares that we have won the war, we can assume that there are good and sufficient reasons why so bold an assertion proves that we have won it.'

Comments of this description unfortunately do not stand alone. For three years and a half a number of Allied newspapers have reproduced declarations of men of more or less prominence, about as valuable as those of General Smuts, as being undeniable truths. As a result, very great harm has been done, for Allied public opinion has been misled by men of unquestionable sincerity, who are, nevertheless, incapable of forming an accurate judgment of the situation because they have never been trained for it, and because they do not know a hundredth part of what it is necessary to know in order to make a prophecy of any value.

It is because of these divagations that a forest of false ideas has been nurtured among the Allies like a carefully tended garden, until in December last the majority of newspapers proclaimed the victory of the Entente at the precise moment when the Pangermanist schemes were on the point of fulfillment.

Be that as it may, the aberration caused in numerous controlling councils of the Allies by the theory of the Western as the principal front has gone so far that, even after the Italian catastrophe, when Germany was already master of three fourths of Europe, Major Sir Philip Sassoon, M.P., private secretary to Sir Douglas Haig, in a letter to his constituents, reiterated this theory, declaring that the outstanding facts of the war are not the momentary collapse of Russia and the invasion of Italy, but the steady, in-

exorable advance of the British armies in Flanders, which neither the enemy nor the weather conditions can check. At that time Major Sassoon believed that the British advance on Cambrai would prove to be irresistible and continuous. A few days later, the German counter-attack, and the serious British losses which resulted from it, gave the lie once more to forecasts of this sort.

On the occasion of Major Sassoon's amazing letter the Socialist journal *L'Humanité*, which often indulges in Utopian conceits, published so accurate a summary of the doctrine of the principal front at the end of 1917, that I deem it my duty to quote it.

'Don't be alarmed,' say the partisans of Occidentalism, or Repingtonians, 'by the confusion and backsliding of Russia. Don't ascribe too much importance to the invasion of Northern Italy, Serbia, Roumania — there is no use in stopping to talk about them. All this is of no account. The absolute definitive victory we shall win on the Western front, or, more precisely, on the British front. The irresistible advance of the British army in Flanders will give it to us. The occupation by the enemy of Poland, Lithuania, and Courland, of Wallachia and Venetia; Riga captured, Venice within cannon-shot of the Austro-German lines — all this is of no account in comparison with the taking of Passchendaele (a small village in Flanders). Why unify the conduct of operations, when there is but one operation of any importance?' — Such is the doctrine. It has never varied.[1]

CRITICISM OF THE THEORY OF THE PRINCIPAL FRONT

As for the reasons given to justify this theory of the principal front by its partisans, they are all summed up in this statement, which, however, has never been supported by any technical evidence. 'This is a war of attrition. As the resources of the Allies are inexhaustible, they can certainly hold out much longer than the Germans, who are the besieged party. We have only to establish ourselves more and more strongly on the Western front. As the Germans cannot remain in a state of war indefinitely, they will be compelled to attack us. Consequently the Kaiser's troops will have, perforce, to come and be killed on the Western front. It is a mathematical certainty, therefore, that a time will come when we shall have inflicted upon Germany losses in manpower so prodigious, that, finding herself to be bled white, she will sue for a peace every condition of which we shall be in a position to impose upon her. At that moment we shall be completely victorious without having been compelled to cross the Rhine, as we have many times declared.'

Such is, in reality, incredible as it may appear, the ominously puerile and prodigiously rudimentary reasoning which has been the sole basis of the management by the Allies of this complex, world-embracing war; whereas the Germans in carrying it on act consistently according to some plan or other, but always one that has been studied in every part of the Universe without exception. In truth, this theory by which the Western front is regarded as the principal one does not deserve even to be considered as a strategic plan at all, for it rests upon an accumulation of such gigantic blunders that it would seem impossible that they could have been committed, were we not constrained to admit their reality by facts that are only too manifest.

Let us remark first of all that this theory is strictly opposed to the fundamental principle of warfare as established by military history from its most distant origins. This immutable principle may be stated thus: While supporting one's allies to the utmost, to carry the war into the enemy's country, at

[1] *L'Humanité*, November 17, 1917.

the weakest spot, with superior forces. Now, the theory that we are considering has had the following results: —

1. It has prevented the Allies from carrying the war into the enemy's country, and has confined the most frightful struggle in history to the richest and most densely populated territory of Belgium and France.

2. It has compelled the Allies to abandon the hope of striking their enemy at his weakest point, which was beyond question the southern line of Hungary.

3. It has led the Allies to concentrate their most powerful forces against the strongest portions of the German front, where the German Staff could most easily manage the most stubborn defense, by virtue of the vast network of railways that it controls in the West.

4. It has abandoned successively to the Pangermanist Moloch such admirable, gallant, and loyal allies as the unhappy Serbs and Roumanians. Such abandonment not only was an unpardonable moral error on the part of the Allied leaders, but also consummated the substantial strategic blunder of the Entente. For, by an extraordinary chance, the territories of Montenegro, Serbia, and Roumania were, and still are, strategically considered, the key of the world-war, because they form the natural Danube front, the mere possession of which by the Allies deprived Austro-Germany of the aid of the Bulgarian and Turkish effectives, and of the resources of the Orient, without which it could not have continued the war. Therefore, by supporting with vigor their small Balkan allies, the great Allies would not only have fulfilled their moral duty, but would also have forwarded their essential strategic interests, and the war would long since have ended victoriously.

Now, the sole obstacle to this logical development of the military efforts of the Allies has been the theory that the Western front is the principal front. Consider the huge blunders, even of a strictly military description, which have resulted from this disastrous theory, and one can readily understand that it makes no account of the strategy of the political sciences, the existence of which is not suspected even at the present moment by the supporters of that theory. Let us note once more that it is based by them upon a long succession of material misconceptions. Events have proved that Colonel Repington's reckoning of the German reserves was erroneous. Furthermore, in his calculation of the enemy's forces, Colonel Repington has never dealt seriously with the Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish effectives, which, however, do exist and whose support enables Austro-Germany to keep the field.

Failing to take into the account the total military effectives of Pan-Germany, Colonel Repington has neglected also to consider the resources in supplies and raw material of this vast territory. But these resources, because of the effect of the submarine campaign, are to all intent greater for the Boches — or, at all events, more readily accessible and transportable — than the resources of the Western Allies, who cannot live now without America and Australia, that is to say, without articles of prime necessity brought from a great distance by slow, infinitely burdensome, and uncertain means of transport.

Lastly, if it had been true that Austro-Germany, blockaded by land, — the Allies being on the Danube front, — would have been in effect a besieged fortress inevitably doomed to capitulate by reason of the insufficiency of food-supplies, — because, in fact, the resources of Austro-Germany alone would have been insufficient for its population, — on the other hand, it

was utterly absurd to regard Austro-Germany augmented by the Balkans and Turkey (that is to say, Pan-Germany) as a fortress susceptible of being reduced by starvation. Pan-Germany to-day is in very truth a fortress, in the sense that it is encircled by continuous fortified fronts; but it is nonsense to liken Pan-Germany to a fortress having necessarily to surrender because of famine, when, by virtue of its geographic immensity, including the vast exploitable territories of the Balkans and Turkey, it affords the most diverse products of the soil. And the *latent* resources of Pan-Germany are immeasurably increased now that the whole of European and Asiatic Russia is open to it.

To sum up — the theory that the Western front is the principal one is the capital strategic blunder of all the Allied leaders, and it explains all their other blunders. The facts are at hand to prove that it was impossible to conceive of any general plan for the conduct of the war by the Allies which would have made it easier for the German General Staff to carry out the Pangermanist scheme. For, from this point of view, the theory has had the following further results: —

1. It has allowed Germany to lay hold freely of the territories necessary for the creation of Pan-Germany.

2. It has given her all the time that she required so to organize Pan-Germany that its military strength should bring about one of its first effects — the collapse of Russia.

3. It has confirmed Germany in the possession of all the sources of troops, supplies, and raw materials existing in the Balkans and Asiatic Turkey.

4. On the other hand, it has deprived the Allies of the sources of strategic strength and of effectives represented by the Balkans and Russia, and has compelled them to seek beyond the Atlantic those things which are indispensable for their subsistence.

5. It has enabled the German General Staff to concentrate all the disposable effectives of Pan-Germany on the Western front, which concentration was impossible so long as the Allies were formidable enough in the East.

Doubtless it is no longer possible to deny to the Western front the title of principal front; but only because there is practically no other now. Clearly it is the principal one for the Germans, because they can beyond question bring about a definitive decision there. But it is of the first importance for Americans to realize fully that the Allies cannot possibly indulge the same certainty. Henceforth the Western front is assuredly not the principal one for the Allies, except so far as it is a question, first of all, of not being hopelessly defeated there.

Thus the first effort of the Allies must be to do their utmost not to be crushed in the West. But will all the successes that they may be able to win in the West suffice to give them the victory — that is to say, to force Germany to abandon her grip on Central Europe and the Balkans, in other words, on the instruments of universal domination? Of course, no one could undertake to say absolutely that it will not be so, but the chances of such a result are exceedingly slender. The facts developed by the war, and the concordant precedents of all military history, enable one easily to convince one's self that it cannot be so. In fact, Germany not only is proceeding with the organization of Pan-Germany, but she proposes also to exploit Russia, whence she will obtain immense supplemental resources. The means of resistance of the Germans on the Western front must be regarded therefore as augmented in at least as great a measure as the means of offensive action

which the Allies will be able to accumulate on that front. Consequently it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether the results on the Western front can be decisive for the Allies.

Now, the mere fact that any doubt about it exists is enough to make it the duty of the Allies to take the precautions which wisdom enjoins against this new possible blunder, which this time would be beyond remedy. They must therefore understand that, to win the war, they must enter upon military operations elsewhere than on the Western front. As I hope to show, such supplementary operations are comparatively simple to undertake.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WESTERN FRONT

In his reverberating speech at Paris on November 12, 1917, Mr. Lloyd George performed the service of proclaiming aloud the military blunder of the Allies, — which he justly characterized as 'inconceivable,' — in having fixed their attention solely on the Western front. I quote the essential passages of this speech which particularly merit the notice of American readers. But I must call attention to the fact that, although Mr. Lloyd George did fully realize the vital nature of the Danube front from the *military* standpoint, he did not grasp its capital *political* importance, as is shown by his speech of January 5, 1918, in which he sanctions the maintenance of the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. I allude further to this speech at the end of my article.

There is one feature of this war which makes it unique among all the innumerable wars of the past. It is a siege of nations. The Allies are blockading two huge empires. It would have been well for us if at all times we had thoroughly grasped that fact. In a siege, not only must every part of the line of circumvallation be strong enough to resist the strongest attack which the besieged can bring to bear upon it: more than that, the besieging army must be ready to strike at the weakest point of the enemy, wherever that may be. Have we done so? Look at the facts.

The enemy was cut off by the Allied navies from all the rich lands beyond the seas, whence he had been drawing enormous stores of food and material. On the east he was blockaded by Russia, on the west by the armies of France, Britain, and Italy. But the south, the important south, with its gateway to the East, was left to be held by the forces of a small country with half the population of Belgium, its armies exhausted by the struggles of three wars, and with two treacherous kings behind, lying in wait for an opportunity to knife it when engaged in defending itself against a mightier foe.

What was the result of this inconceivable blunder? What would any man whose mind was devoted to the examination of the whole, not merely to one part, of the great battlefield, have expected to happen? Exactly what did happen. While we were hammering with the whole of our might at the impenetrable barrier in the West, the Central Powers, feeling confident that we could not break through, threw their weight on that little country, crushed her resistance, opened the gate to the East, and unlocked great stores of corn, cattle, and minerals, yea, unlocked the door of hope — all essential to enable Germany to sustain her struggle.

Without these additional stores Germany might have failed to support her armies at full strength. Hundreds of thousands of splendid fighting material were added to the armies which Germany can control — added to her and lost to us. Turkey, which at that time had nearly exhausted its resources for war, cut off from the only possible source of supply, was reëquipped and resuscitated, and became once more a formidable military power, whose activities absorbed hundreds of thousands of our best men in order to enable us at all to retain our prestige in the East. By this fatuity this terrible war was given new life.

Why was this incredible blunder perpetrated? The answer is simple. Because it

was no one's business in particular to guard the gates of the Balkans. The one front had not become a reality. France and England were absorbed in other spheres. Italy had her mind on the Carso. Russia had a thousand-mile frontier to guard, and, even if she had not, she could not get through to help Serbia, because Roumania was neutral. It is true we sent forces to Saloniki to rescue Serbia, but, as usual, they were sent too late — when the mischief was complete.

Half of those forces sent in time — nay, half the men who fell in the futile attempt to break through on the Western front in September of that year — would have saved Serbia, would have saved the Balkans and completed the blockade of Germany.

You may say that is an old story. I wish it were. It is simply the first chapter of a serial which has been running to this hour. . . .

When we advance a kilometre into the enemy's lines, snatch a small shattered village out of his cruel grip, capture a few hundreds of his soldiers, we shout with unfeigned joy. And rightly so, for it is the symbol of our superiority over a boastful foe and a sure guaranty that in the end we can and shall win. But what if we had advanced 50 kilometres beyond his lines and made 200,000 of his soldiers prisoners and taken 2500 of his best guns, with enormous quantities of ammunition and stores?

THE ALLIED LEADERS FAIL TO CONSULT THE 'EXPERTS'

Fundamental strategic errors, then, have been committed. The responsible cause of these errors is very simple. The leaders of the Entente, with the assurance born of their misconstruction of actual European conditions, of which they have afforded so many proofs, deeming themselves sure of their position, have obstinately refused to listen to the few men who are aware of the real object with which Germany entered on the war, and therefore of the means which would permit effective opposition to her success.

The same reason explains why Mr. Lloyd George's speech of January 5, 1918, contains the heartrending contradictions and technical blunders to which I deem it my imperative duty to call the attention of my American readers. If his declarations relative to war-indemnities should be followed by a practical application, France, on the signature of the treaty of peace, would be condemned to absolute bankruptcy, and the value of the French bank-note would vanish with magical rapidity.

On the other hand, the declaration concerning the maintenance of the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is utterly at variance with the principle laid down by the Allies, that the different races must be permitted to decide freely concerning their own destiny. Now, the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs want no more of the Hapsburgs or of Austria-Hungary. Why compel them to remain subject to the yoke of Vienna, which, as all those familiar with the Central European problem are well aware, is unable to escape from the grip of Berlin? They know equally well that it is altogether impossible to place the slightest reliance on Austria-Hungary, which is not a nation, which is not even a state, but which is, in reality, a system of ultra-reactionary oppression, operating for the benefit of the German-Magyar hegemony of Europe. As for the Hapsburg dynasty, for centuries past it has broken its word as freely as the Hohenzollerns have broken theirs. Not the slightest credit can be given to its signature by any sane person.

On the other hand, if Austria-Hungary is allowed to exist, the promises of integral restitution made by Mr. Lloyd George to Roumania, Montenegro, and Serbia, are valueless, because incapable of fulfillment by reason of the contiguity of the Austro-German mass. Nor has the promise of restitution of Alsace-Lorraine any greater value.

Such restitution could not be permanent unless Pan-Germany is definitively crushed, that is to say, unless Austria-Hungary disappears.

It is not pleasant to place one's self in opposition to the almost universal concert of approval which has greeted Mr. Lloyd George's declaration in the Allied countries; but I cannot consent to conceal a truth of which, in my judgment, it is indispensable for the Allies to be informed. For twenty years I stood alone in proclaiming the Pan-Germanist peril, and the impending war in exactly the shape which it has assumed. I shall stand alone, if I must, in telling you this: Mr. Lloyd George's peace terms are either unrealizable or can result only in a terrible deception of the Allies which would cause them to lose the war by making Pan-Germany triumphant.

If the enormous political blunders which I am forced to point out have been committed by Mr. Lloyd George in his peace programme, it is still for the same old reason: he has neglected to consult the real experts, that is, the Englishmen who have given long study to the problem of Central Europe. To consult these men is an absolute necessity, for at this moment there is not in the whole Entente any political leader, any diplomat, who is personally thoroughly conversant with this question of Austria-Hungary, the thorough comprehension of which requires about twenty years of study.

What has Mr. Lloyd George done? He has consulted Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Henderson, who certainly have never been to Austria-Hungary to make serious investigations. Whereas, Mr. Lloyd George would assuredly never have been guilty of the serious errors that I am indicating, if he had chosen to listen for one hour to the only three Englishmen who, to my knowledge, have given genuine study to the Austro-Hungarian question on the spot, for many months: Sir Arthur Evans, Mr. Seton-Watson, and Mr. Wickham Steed. The last-named gentleman was for ten years before the war the remarkably able correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna. His service of information was so well organized that it was to him that the French and British embassies applied for information on a multitude of matters, which they were utterly unable to procure for themselves. It is, therefore, contrary to elementary common sense, to say nothing of British interests, not to place the greatest reliance on his opinion as to the proper solution of the problem of Central Europe.

All the foregoing leads us to insistence upon the urgent necessity of this step: to revise the revision of the war-aims of the Allies as set forth in Mr. Lloyd George's programme; for that programme embodies technical blunders which make it either infinitely hazardous or practically unworkable.

CONCLUSIONS

It will be enough, I believe for every right-thinking American to know that Mr. Lloyd George made these no less justifiable than alarming statements concerning the strategic blunders of the Entente in November, 1917, or after forty months of warfare; and that in the forty-second month the same Lloyd George was guilty of the technical political blunders which I have pointed out, in connection with the Allies' terms of peace — this will be enough, I say, to convince every such American that the conduct of the war, and the preparation for peace, so far as it has developed at present as well in the military as in the political aspect, can no longer be tolerated.

One of the greatest services that the United States could render to the Al-

lies in Europe would be to say to them: 'We, the United States, are determined to wage war to the limit by all the means at our disposal, but we do not propose that our men and our money shall be wasted to no avail. Henceforth the war must be carried on, and peace prepared for, in accordance with seriously considered, and hence truly scientific, plans, as well in the intellectual as in the material domain, and as well from a political as from a military standpoint.'

I am well aware that you Americans, by the very force of circumstances, have much to learn from our military leaders in order to be able to carry on effectively this great war in which you have become involved so suddenly; but you have special advantages over the Allies in Europe, which should be utilized. Your distance from the other side of the Atlantic gives you the necessary interval of space to avoid being hypnotized by the special views of each of the Allies, and hence to see the conflict as a whole, which is most essential. Having never been obliged up to the present time to take sides in European political questions, you have none of the old-time erroneous ideas with regard to them which are held by the Allied diplomats in Europe — archaic ideas which are the initial cause of all the diplomatic set-backs of the Allies. You have therefore nothing to forget. That gives you an immense chance of avoiding many disastrous blunders.

As it is certain that you have no predetermined plan, and as you are seeking honestly the actual truth, you will inevitably find it if you follow the method of your great captains of industry, all of whom know that, in order to accomplish anything important and efficacious in a province with which they are not familiar, they must begin by applying to the 'expert.' Of course, the expert is not infallible: he may, like all of us poor mortals, be mistaken; but when he really deserves to be called an expert, he avoids, with certainty, the commission of such monumental blunders as those heaped up by the European Allied leaders simply because they did not realize the necessity of consulting experts. Now, there are among the Allies experts on each of the great questions presented by the war and the peace that is to ensue, who are neither politicians, nor diplomats, nor soldiers, but who must be consulted because they *know* these questions, root and branch, for the very simple reason that they have studied them long and freely. To be sure, these men are far from numerous, but I declare that they do exist. If you Americans demand that henceforth a call shall be made upon men of real competence, and that there shall be no more discussion about phrases, but solely about carefully studied realities, you will confer upon all the Allies a tremendous service, which will bring us considerably nearer to victory.

All these advantages are peculiarly yours, Americans. If you choose to make the utmost use of them, you will then be, in many instances, in a position to play the part of a beneficent arbiter between the European Allies. Although their leading minds, having been taken unawares, have not conducted the war as they should have done, they are honest, well-meaning men. Your advice will certainly be welcomed provided they feel that it is invariably dictated in the interest of a mutual, decisive, complete victory — the only sort that can ensure peace for many years to come, and save civilization.

A DESTROYER IN ACTIVE SERVICE

BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER

April 7 [1917].

WELL, I must confess that, even after war has been declared, the skies have n't fallen and oysters taste just the same. I never would have dreamed that so big a step would be accepted with so much equanimity. It is due to two causes, I think. First, because we have trembled on the verge so long and sort of dabbled our toes in the water, that our minds have grown gradually accustomed to what under other circumstances would be a violent shock. Second, because the individual units of the Navy are so well prepared that there is little to do. We made a few minor changes in the routine and slipped the war-heads on to the torpedoes, and presto, we were ready for war. One beauty of a destroyer is that, life on board being reduced to its simplest terms anyhow, there is little to change. We may be ordered to 'strip,' that is, go to our Navy yard and land all combustibles, paints, oils, surplus woodwork, uniforms, etc.; but we have not done so yet.

We were holding drill yesterday when the signal was made from the flagship, 'War is declared.' I translated it to my crew, who received the news with much gayety but hardly a trace of excitement.

April 13.

There is absolutely no news. We are standing by for what may betide, with not the faintest idea of what it may be. Of course, we are drilling all the time, and perfecting our readiness for action in every way, but there is a total absence of that excitement and sense of something impending that one usually associates with the beginning of war. Indeed, I think that the only real anxiety is lest we may not get into the big game at all. I do not think any of us are bloodthirsty or desirous of either glory or advancement, but we have the wish to justify our existence. With me it takes this form — by being in the service I have sacrificed my chance to make good as husband, father, citizen, son, in fact, in every human relationship, in order to be, as I trust, one of the Nation's high-grade fighting instruments. Now, if fate never uses me for the purpose to which I have been fashioned, then much time, labor, and material have been wasted, and I had better have been made into a good clerk, farmer, or business man.

I do so want to be put to the test and not found wanting. Of course, I know that the higher courage is to do your duty from day to day no matter in how small a line, but all of us conceal a sneaking desire to attempt the higher hurdles and sail over grandly.

You need not be proud of me, for there is no intrinsic virtue in being in the Navy when war is declared; but I hope fate will give me the chance to make you proud.

April 21.

I have been having lots of fun in command myself, and good experience. I have taken her out on patrol up to Norfolk twice, where the channel is as thin and crooked as a corkscrew, then into dry dock. Later, escorted a sub-

marine down, then docked the ship alongside of a collier, and have established, to my own satisfaction at least, that I know how to handle a ship. All this may not convey much, but you remember how you felt when you first handled your father's car. Well, the car weighs about two tons and the W—— a thousand, and she goes nearly as fast. You have to bring your own mass up against another dock or oil-ship as gently as dropping an egg in an egg-cup, and you can imagine what the battleship skipper is up against, with 30,000 tons to handle. Only he generally has tugs to help him, whereas we do it all by ourselves.

This war is far harder on you than on me. The drill, the work of preparing for grim reality, all of it is what I am trained for. The very thought of getting into the game gives me a sense of calmness and contentment I have never before known. I suppose it is because subconsciously I feel that I am justifying my existence now more than ever before. And that feeling brings anybody peace.

May 1.

Back in harness again and thankful for the press of work that keeps me from thinking about you all at home.

Well, we are going across all right, exactly where and for how long I do not know. Our present orders are to sail to-morrow night, but there seems to be wild uncertainty about whether we will go out then. In the meantime, we are frantically taking on mountains of stores, ammunition, provisions, etc., trying to fill our vacancies with new men from the Reserve Ship, and hurrying everything up at high pressure.

Well, I am glad it has come. It is what I wanted and what I think you wanted for me. It is useless to discuss all the possibilities of where we are going and what we are going to do. From the look of things, I think we are going to help the British. I hope so. Of course, we are a mere drop in the bucket.

May 5.

As I start off now, my only real big regret is that through circumstances so much of my responsibility has been taken by others — you, my brother, and your father. I don't know that I am really to blame. At least, I am very sure that never in all my life did I intentionally try to shift any load of mine onto another. But in any case, it makes me all the more glad that I am where I am, going where I am to go — to have my chance, in other words. I once said in jest that all naval officers ought really to get killed, to justify their existence. I don't exactly advocate that extreme. But I shall all my life be happier for having at least taken my chance. It will increase my self-respect, which in turn increases my usefulness in life. So can you get my point of view, and be glad with me?

Now I am to a great extent a fatalist, though I hope it really is something higher than that. Call it what you will, I have always believed that if we go ahead and do our duty, counting not the cost, then the outcome will be in the hands of a power way beyond our own. But if it be fated that I don't come back, let no one ever say, 'Poor R——.' I have had all the best things of life given me in full measure — the happiest childhood and boyhood, health, the love of family and friends, the profession I love, marriage to the girl I wanted, and my son. If I go now, it will be as one who quits the game while the blue chips are all in his own pile.

General Post Office, London
May 19, 1917.

On the trip over, we were steaming behind the R——, when all at once she steered out and backed, amid much running around on board. At first we

thought she saw a submarine and stood by our guns. Then we saw she had a man overboard. We immediately dropped our lifeboat, and I went in charge for the fun of it. Beat the R——'s boat to him. He had no life-preserver, but the wool-lined jacket he wore kept him high out of water, and he was floating around as comfortably as you please, barring the fact that his fall had knocked him unconscious. So we not only took him back to his ship, but picked up the R——'s boat-hook, which the clumsy lubbers had dropped — and kept it as a reward for our trouble.

We are being somewhat overhauled, refitted, etc., in the British dock-yard here. Navy yards are much the same the world over, I guess. I will say, however, that they have dealt with us quickly and efficiently, with the minimum of red tape and correspondence. We have become in fact an integral part of the British Navy. Admiral Sims is in general supervision of us, but we are directly in command of the British Admiral commanding the station. Of the U-boat situation, I may say little. There is nothing about which so much is imagined, rumored and reported, and so little known for certain. Five times, when coming through the danger zone, we manned all guns, thinking we saw something. Once in my watch I put the helm hard over to dodge a torpedo — which proved to be a porpoise! And I'll do the same thing again, too. We are in this war up to the neck, there is no doubt about that — and thank Heaven for it!

Kiss our son for me and make up your mind that you would rather have his father over here on the job than sitting in a swivel-chair at home doing nothing.

May 26.

I never seem to get time to write a real letter. All hands, including your husband, are so dead tired when off watch that there is nothing to do but flop down on your bunk — or on the deck sometimes — and sleep. The captain and I take watch on the bridge day and night, and outside of this I do my own navigating and other duties, so time does not go a-begging with me. However, we are still unsunk, for which we should be properly grateful.

I have seen a little of Ireland and like New York State better than ever. It is difficult to realize how matter-of-fact the war has become with every one over here. You meet some mild-mannered gentleman and talk about the weather, and then find later that he is a survivor from some desperate episode that makes your blood tingle. I would that we were over on the North Sea side, where Providence might lay us alongside a German destroyer some gray dawn. This submarine-chasing business is much like the proverbial skinning of a skunk — useful, but not especially pleasant or glorious.

June 1.

When I said good-bye to you at home, I don't think that either of us realized that I was coming over here to stay. Perhaps it was just as well. Human nature is such that we subconsciously refuse to accept an idea, even when we know it to be a true one, because it is totally new — beyond our experience. Pursuant to which, I could not believe that my fondest hopes were to be realized, and that not only I, but the whole of America, would really get into the big game. Oh, it is big all right, and it grows on you the more you get into it.

Now, I realize that it is asking too much of you or of any woman to view with perfect complacency having a husband suddenly injected into war. But just consider — suppose I was a prosperous dentist or produce mer-

chant on shore, instead of in the Navy. By now you and I would be undergoing all the agonies of indecision as to whether I should enlist or no; it would darken our lives for weeks or months, and in the end I should go anyhow, letting my means of livelihood and yours go hang, and be away just as long and stand as good a chance of being blown up as I do now. So I am very thankful that things have worked out as they have for us.

There is very little to tell that I am allowed to tell you. The technique of submarine-chasing and dodging would be dry reading to a landsman. It is a very curious duty in that it would be positively monotonous, were it not for the possibility of being hurled into eternity the next minute. I am in very good health and wholly free from nervous tension.

P.S. When despondent, pull some Nathan Hale 'stuff,' and regret that you have but one husband to give to your country.

June 8.

Once more I get the chance to write. We are in port for three days, and that three days looks as big as a month's leave would have a month ago. Everything in life is comparative, I guess. When we live a comfortable, civilized, highly complex life, our longings and desires are many and far-reaching. Now and here such things as sleep, warmth, and fresh food become almost the limit of one's imagination. Just like the sailor of the old Navy, whose idea of perfect contentment was 'Two watches below and beans for dinner.'

You get awfully blasé on this duty — things which should excite you don't at all. For instance, out of the air come messages like the following: 'Am being chased and delayed by submarine.' 'Torpedoed and sinking fast.' And you merely look at the chart and decide whether to go to the rescue full speed, or let some boat nearer to the scene look after it. Or, if the alarm is given on your own ship, you grab mechanically for life-jacket, binoculars, pistol, and wool coat, and jump to your station, not knowing whether it is really a periscope or a stick floating along out of water.

June 20.

Well, we got mail when we came into port this time, your letter of May 28 being the last one. I don't mind the frequent pot-shots the U-boats take at us, but doggone their hides if they sink any of our mail! We won't forgive them that.

My health is excellent, better than my temper, in fact. I am beginning to think that we are not getting our money's worth in this war. I want to have my blood stirred and do something heroic — *à la* moving-pictures. Instead of which it much resembles a campaign against cholera-germs or anything else which is deadly but difficult to get any joy-of-battle out of.

Do tell me everything you are doing, for it is up to you to make conversation, since there is so little of affairs at this end that I can talk about. It is a shame, for you always claimed that I never spoke unless you said something first; and now I am doing the same thing under cover of the letter.

July 2.

The other day, half-way out on the Atlantic, we sighted a periscope, and some one at the gun sent a shell skimming over the C——, who was in the way, and then the periscope turned out to be a ventilator sticking up over some wreckage. However, the incident was welcome. You have no conception of how gray life can get to be on this job, and the shock of danger, real or imaginary, is really beneficial, I think. All hands seem to be more cheerful under its influence.

July 4.

I was so glad to get your letters. A man who has a brave woman behind him will do his duty far better and, incidentally, stand more chance of coming back, than one who feels a drag instead of a push.

I am glad son had his first fight. You were perfectly right to make him go on. Mother used to tell how, when brother was a wee boy, he came home almost weeping, and said, 'Mother, a boy hit me.' Instead of comforting him, she said, 'Did you hit him back?' It almost killed her, he was so utterly dumbfounded and hurt; but next time he hit back and licked.

I am well but get rather jumpy at times. Strangely enough, it is always over more or less trivial matters. Every time we have a submarine scare, I feel markedly better for a while — it seems to reëstablish my sense of proportion.

It is a mighty nerve- and temper-wearing life — at sea nearly all the time and with the boat rolling and bucking like a broncho, you can't exercise. You can hardly do any work, but only hold on tight and wipe the salt spray from your eyes. Sometimes I have started to shave and found the salt so thick on my face that soap would not lather.

July 16.

Things are the same as before with us. Time passes quickly, with navigating, standing watch, and sleeping when you get a chance. One day or two passes all too quickly. I wish there were more to do in the shape of relaxation when we do get ashore. The people here are cordial enough, according to their lights, but those that we meet are practically all Army and Navy people, who have no abode here themselves and are almost as much strangers as we are; and there is no resident population of that caste that would ordinarily open its doors to foreign naval officers.

Ireland is a poor country comparatively. A town of 50,000 here shows less in the way of facilities for diversion than the average town of10,000 in the States.

Don't worry about my privations — 'which mostly there ain't none.'. Such as they are, they are necessary and unavoidable; and, above all, we are fitted for them. You can't well sympathize with a man who is doing the thing he has longed for and trained for all his life. Besides, physical privations are nothing; it is the mental ones that hurt. A soldier in the trenches, with little to eat and nothing but a hole to sleep in, can feel happy all the same — particularly if life has something in prospect for him if he lives. But a man out of work at home, sleeping in the park and panhandling for food, is much more to be pitied, though his immediate hardships may be no greater.

The weather over here is very passable at present, but they say it is simply hell off the coast in winter. However, somebody said the war will be over in November. I hope the Kaiser and Hindenburg know it, too!

July 26.

I haven't done anything heroic, which irks me. We would like to get in on the ground floor, while all hands are in a receptive mood, and before the Plattsburgers and other such death-defying supermen make it too common.

July 22.

Your two letters of July 7 and 8 came this afternoon, but I got the latter first and expected from what you said in contrition that there was hot stuff — gas-attack followed by bayonet-work — in the former; therefore I was all the more ashamed to find you had dealt so leniently and squarely

with me. Why did n't you come back with a long invoice of troubles of your own, as 99 per cent of women would? Evidently you are the one-per-cent woman. I bitterly regretted my whines after having written them, for their very untruth. Alas, how many people think the world is drab-colored and life a failure, and so have done or said something they regret all their lives, when a vegetable pill or a brisk walk would have changed their vision completely! Why is it that people sometimes deliberately hurt those they have loved most in the world? I suppose it is because we are all really children at heart and want some one else to cry too. The other day Smith shamefacedly abstracted from the mail-box a letter to his wife, and tore it up, and I know — oh, I know!

At a husbands' meeting on the ship the other day, we all agreed that the heavy hand was the only way to deal with women; but it seemed on investigation that no one had actually tried it, the reason being apparently a well-grounded fear that our wives would n't like it.

This war has n't had as much action, variety, and stimulation for us as I would like. Danger there always is, but being little in evidence, you have to prod your nerves to realize it rather than soothe them down. Lately, however, things have changed in a manner which, though involving no more danger, furnishes a somewhat greater mental stimulation, and thence is better for everybody. I regret to say that I am gaining in weight. It was my hope to come back thin and gaunt and interesting-looking. Instead of which, you will likely be mad as a hornet to find me so sleek, while you at home have done all the thinning down. Truth to tell, if you compare our relative peace and war status, you are much more at war than I am.

If you find son timid in some things, just remember that I was, too. Lots of things he will change about automatically. At his age I had small love for fire-crackers or explosives of any kind, but in two or three years, and without any prompting, I became really expert in guns and gunpowder. Try to get him to realize that the very highest form of courage is to be afraid to do a thing — and do it!

August 3.

Once in a while some one of us gets a torpedo fired at him, and only luck or quick seamanship saves him from destruction. Some day the torpedo will hit, and then the Navy Department will 'regret to report.' But the laws of probability and chance cannot lie, and as the total U-boat score against our destroyers so far is zero, you can figure for yourself that they will have to improve somewhat before the Kaiser can hand out many iron crosses at our expense.

We had a new experience the other day when we picked up two boatloads of survivors from the ——, torpedoed without warning. I will say they were pretty glad to see us when we bore down on them. As we neared, they began to paddle frantically, as though fearful we should be snatched away from them at the last moment. The crew were mostly Arabs and Lascars, and the first mate, a typical comic-magazine Irishman, delivered himself of the following: 'Sure, toward the last, some o' thim haythen gits down on their knees and starts calling on Allah; but I sez, sez I, "Git up afore I swat ye wid the axe-handle, ye benighted haythen; sure if this boat gits saved 't will be the Holy Virgin does it or none at all, at all! Git up," sez I.'

The officers were taken care of in the ward-room — rough unlettered old sailormen, who possessed a certain fineness of character which I believe the

deep sea tends to breed in those who follow it long enough. I have known some old Tartars greatly hated by those under them, but to whom a woman or child would take naturally.

What you say about my possibly being taken prisoner both amuses and touches me. The former because it seems so highly unlikely a contingency. Submarines do not take prisoners if they can help it, and least of all from a man-of-war. But I have often thought of just what I should do in such a case, and I have decided that it would be far better to die than to submit to certain things. In which case, I should use my utmost ingenuity to take along one or two adversaries with me.

August 11.

So the boys at home don't all take kindly to being conscripted, eh? Well, I wish for a lot of reasons that the conscription might be as complete and far-reaching as it is in, for instance, France. I think for one thing that universal conscription is the final test of democracy. Again, I think it would do every individual in the nation good to find out that there was something a little bit bigger than he — something that neither money nor politics nor obscurity nor the Labor Union nor any one else could help him to wriggle out of. It would go far towards disillusioning those many who seem to feel that they do not have to take too seriously a government because they have helped to create it.

While I have precious little sympathy for slackers of any variety, one must not judge them too harshly because their minds do not happen to work the same as ours. In nine cases out of ten it is not a question of courage, but one of mental process. Some people come of a caste to whom war or the idea of fighting for their country is second nature. They take it for granted, like death and taxes. If they ever permitted themselves seriously to question the rightness of it; to submit patriotism and courage to an acid analysis, they might suddenly turn arrant cowards. How much harder is it, then, for people who have never even faced the idea of it before to be suddenly placed up against the actual fact!

August 18.

I have been having a little extra fun on my own hook recently. The poor captain has had to have an operation, and will be on his back for some weeks.

Do I like going to war all on my own? Oh no, just like a cat hates cream. It is a wee bit strenuous, as I have to do double duty; and one night I was on the bridge steadily from 9 P.M. to 7 A.M. But the funny part is that I did n't feel especially all in afterward, and one good sleep fixed me up completely.

I had a big disappointment on my first run out. I nearly bagged a submarine for you. We got her on the surface as nice as anything, but it was very rough, and she was far away, and before I could plunk her, she got under. If she had only — but, as the saying goes, if the dog had n't stopped to scratch himself, he would have got the rabbit (not, however, that we stopped to scratch ourselves).

August 27.

I am still in command of the ship and love it, but there is a difference between being second in command and being It. It makes you introspective to realize that a hundred lives and a $700,000 ship are absolutely dependent upon you, without anybody but the Almighty to ask for advice if you get into difficulty.

It is not so much the submarines, which are largely a matter of luck, but the navigating. Say I am heading back for port after several days out, the

weather is thick as pea-soup, and I have not seen land or had an observation for days. I know where I am, — at least I think I do, — but what if I have miscalculated, or am carried off my course by the strong and treacherous tides on this coast, and am heading right into the breakers somewhere, or perchance a mine-field! Then the fog lifts a little, and I see the cliffs or mountains that I recognize, and bring her in with a slam-bang, much bravado, and a sigh of relief. Don't you remember the days when you thought son was dying if he cried — or if he did n't? Well, that's it!

Don't get the idea that I have no recreations. We walk and play golf, go to the movies on occasion, and there is always a jolly gang of mixed services to play with.

September 9.

Life here does n't vary much. The captain is up and taking a few days' leave, though I doubt if he will take command for two or three weeks yet. But I am having a lovely time running her.

The other night we had a very interesting chap for dinner — a New Zealander he was, who has served in Egypt, Gallipoli, the trenches in France, and is now in the Royal Naval Reserve. The tales he told were of wonderful interest. He was modest and seemed to have been a decent sort, but you could sense the brutalizing effect of war on him. Some of the things he told were such jokes on the Germans that we laughed right heartily.

The beast in man lies so close to the surface. We think we are human and law-abiding of our own volition, whereas, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of it is from pure habit. It does n't occur to us to be anything else. But let all standards and customs be scrapped, let us see the things done freely that never even entered our minds before, and a lot of us are liable to develop ape and tiger proclivities. We nearly all put unconscious limits to our humanity. The most chivalrous and kindly Westerner or Southerner would admit that massacring Chinamen, Mexicans, or Negroes is not such a great crime; and the most devoted mother or father is prone to regard as unspanked brats children who to a third party appear quite as well as the critic's own.

September 20.

I am still in command and loving every minute of it. With any other captain than ours it would be a comedown to resume my place as a subordinate. But in his case I think that all mourn a little when he is away.

September 29.

Oh, it's great stuff, this being in command and handling the ship alone. Particularly I enjoy swooping down on some giant freighter, like a hawk on a turkey, running close alongside, where a wrong touch to helm or engine may spell destruction, and then demanding through a megaphone why she does or does not do so and so. I have learned more navigation and ship-handling since being over here than in all my previous seagoing experience. In the old ante-bellum days one hesitated to get too close to another ship, even in daytime, far more so at night, even with the required navigation lights on. Now, without so much light as a glow-worm could give, we run around, never quite certain when the darkness ahead may turn into a ship close enough to throw a brick at.

However, I am back in the ranks again now, as the captain has come back and resumed command.

October 9.

You must not be resentful because of the things you have gone through,

unappreciated by those perhaps for whom you have undergone them. It is one of the laws of life, and a hard law too, but it comes to everybody, either in a few big things or a multitude of little ones. Do the people who keep the world turning around ever get due recognition? I was thinking in much the same resentful vein myself to-day, in my own small way, how thankless the job of an executive officer is; how you never reach any big end, or even feel that you have made progress, but just keep on the job, watching and inspecting and fussing to keep the whole personnel-matériel machine running smoothly, and knowing that your recognition is purely negative, in that, if all goes well, you don't get called down. And then I calm down and realize that it is all in the game, and that it is the best tribute so to handle your job in life that nothing has to be said. If your car runs perfectly, you neither feel nor hear it, and give it little credit on that account. But let it strip a gear or something go!!

I hate to tell you what I was doing this afternoon. You will think I am not at war at all when I tell you that I have been roller-skating. I was a bit rusty at first, but warmed up to it. It is about the only exercise we can get on shore, for it rains all the time. Each shower puts an added crimp in my temper, as I have been trying to get a new coat of camouflage paint on the ship. I think, if some of the old paint-and-polish captains and admirals could see her now, they would die of apoplexy.

I fear there is no chance for you to come over. Admiral Sims disapproves, — not of you personally, — one cannot find a place to live here, and there would be too many hardships. How would it be for you when we had said good-bye, and you saw the ship start out into a howling gale or go out right after several ships had been sunk outside? With you at home among friends, I can keep my mind on my job, which I could n't if you were alone over here.

Let me say right now that the destroyer torpedoed was not ours. It was hard on you all to have the news published that one had been and a man killed, and not say what boat, as that leaves every one in suspense. I suppose the relatives of the man were notified, but that does n't help other people who were anxious.

I don't suppose I can tell you which boat either, if the authorities won't. You do not know any one on board of her, however. They saw it coming, jammed on full speed, and nearly cleared it. It took them just at the stern and blew off about 30 feet as neatly as son would bite the end off a banana. The submarine heard the explosion, of course, from below, and came to the surface to see the 'damned Yankee' sink, only to find the rudderless, sternless boat steaming full speed in a circle with her one remaining propeller, and to be greeted by a salvo of four-inch shells that made her duck promptly. The man killed saw the torpedo coming and ran aft to throw overboard some high explosives stowed there — but he did n't quite make it.

Our destroyers are really wonderful boats — you can shoot off one end of them, ram them, cut them in two, and still they float and get back to port somehow.

Some time ago, on a pitch-dark night, one of them was rammed by a British boat and nearly cut in two. Was there a panic? Not at all. As she settled in the water, they got out their boats and life-rafts, the officers and a few selected men stayed on board, and the rest pulled off in the darkness singing, 'Are we downhearted? No!' and 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here.' She floated, though with her deck awash; the boats

were recalled, and they brought her in. She is fixed up and back in the game again now.

October 25.

Where did you hear that about two destroyers being sunk off the coast of Ireland on September 3? False alarm. Of course, you have read in the papers about the convoy destroyed in the North Sea by German raiders. The two British destroyers with the convoy stood up to them and fought as a bulldog would fight a tiger — and with the same result. Somebody was arguing with the Admiral, our boss, to the effect that it would have been better for them to have saved themselves, trailed the raiders, and sent radio, so that British cruisers could have intercepted and destroyed them. Said the Admiral, 'Yes, it would have been better, but I would court-martial and shoot the man that did it.' He's a wonder to serve under, as grim and strict as a Prussian, but very just, and runs things in a way that secures all our admiration — though we may fuss a bit when, expecting two or three comfortable days in port, we get chased out on short notice into a raving gale outside.

A British Dock Yard
November 4.

There are lots of our army people here. Some of them are just passing through, while others are stationed at near-by training camps or hospitals. I was wandering around the big hotel here, when I saw a familiar face in army uniform, and who should it be but M——. Much joy! He is near here, on temporary duty at a British hospital. I had him over to the ship for lunch, and hope to see him again. I certainly respect that boy. He has no military ambitions, and wishes the war were over, so he could get back to his wife and children; but *he* answered the call while others were hiding behind volleys of language, and he is here to see it through. I am afraid he is homesick and lonely, for it is harder for a boy who does not know the English than for us hardened mercenaries, who are accustomed to hobnob with everybody from Cubans to Cossacks.

I will be glad when American Army and Navy uniforms are designed by a tailor who really knows something about it. Alas, our people are distinctly inferior to the British in the cut of their jib. I think it is the high standing collar that queers us. It is only at its best when one stands at Attention, — head up, chest out, arms at side, — being distinctly a parade uniform. The British, with their rolling collar, and coat tight where it may be and loose where it needs to be, are, you might say, less military and better dressed.

Tell the Enfant that I am very proud when he gets gold honor-marks on his school-papers, and I think that it probably means about the same as a star on a midshipman's collar. (That ought to get him.)

I must close and get a bit of sleep. It seems as if, when it is all over, all the heaven I will want is to be with you and son again, perfectly quiet.

At Sea, *November 16.*

I think a true democracy is necessarily inefficient in a way. The only really efficient government in the world is the one which we intend to pull down, or else go down ourselves, trying to!

Can't you imagine, in the dim Valhalla beyond, how the archer of Pharaoh, the swordsman from the plains before Troy, and the Roman legionary will greet the hurrying souls of the aviator, the bomb-thrower, and the bayonet-man with, 'Brother, what were you?'

I'd hate to have to explain to their uncomprehending ears what a conscientious objector is!

December 2.

Well, to-day is one of the big days of my life, for I assumed command of this little packet. I put on my sword and fixings and reported to Captain Paine, who was most benevolent. Several of us went on shore to celebrate with a little dinner. Some of the boys just over joined in, and we became involved with some Highland officers of a fighting regiment famous throughout Europe for the last three hundred years. One's first ship, like the first baby, is an event that cannot be duplicated.

December 21.

I needed your letter, being about twenty years older than I was a week ago. No, no harm done. Just had my first experience of what it means under certain circumstances to be in command. Went out with certain others on a certain job. All went well, though we had a poor grade of oil in our bunkers and were burning more than we should ordinarily. Then, through certain chances, we had to go farther than expected. Still, I figured to get back with a moderate margin, when the gale struck us. You may have read of Biscay storms; well, believe me, they are not overrated. I have seen just as bad, perhaps, but not from the deck of a destroyer. And while I am frantically calculating whether I shall have enough fuel to make port or not, there is a wild yell from the bridge that the rudder is jammed at hard-a-starboard and can't be moved. She, of course, at once fell off into the trough of the sea, and the big green combers swept clear over her at every roll, raising merry hob. All the boats were smashed to kindling-wood; chests, and everything on deck not riveted down, went over the side. In that sea you could no more manœuvre by your engines alone than you could dam Niagara with a handful of sand. A man alongside of me aft, where we were working on the steering-gear, was swept overboard, but, having a line around his waist, was hauled back like a hooked fish.

All I could do was to steam in a big circle, and at one point would be running before it, and could work for an instant or two with the seas running up to our waists. When they get over your head, you probably won't be there any longer. At that time I didn 't really expect to stay afloat, but was too busy with the matters in hand to care. Well, we finally got it fixed, though we could only use about 15 degrees of rudder instead of full.

All this time we were drifting merrily to leeward at a rate that I hated even to guess at, with the certainty, unless matters mended, of eventually piling up on the Spanish coast, then not far away, though I had n't had a sight of sun or stars in days, and did n't know within fifty miles where I was. Well, when I finally headed up into it, I could just about hold her, without making any headway to speak of. You cannot drive a destroyer dead into a heavy sea at full speed without busting her in two. Still the situation would have been nothing to worry about much if I had had sufficient fuel. Now, you on shore may fancy that a ship just keeps on steaming till she gets there, whether it takes a month or more; but such is far from the case. Every mile you go consumes just so much fuel, and, if your margin of safety is too small, you are liable to be out of luck. And my calculations showed me that while I was using up oil enough to be making —— knots, in the teeth of the gale we were only making —— knots, and that at that rate I never would make port.

There were three courses open to me: to let her drift, consuming my oil, in the hope that it would blow over; to run into a Spanish port; or to run for France, my destination, and, if I fell

short of it, to yell for help by radio, and trust to luck that they could send out and pick me up. The first course was too risky. I would be making untold miles to leeward all the time, would probably roll the masts and funnels out of her, and maybe bust down anyhow, too far off for help. The second choice was the safest. I could reach Ferrol or Vigo all right, but they would probably try to intern me; and while I had heard that King Alfonso was a regular guy and a good scout to run around with, the ensuing diplomatic complications would make me about as popular in Allied circles as the proverbial skunk at a bridge-party. So I took the final alternative, and jammed her into the teeth of it for all I thought she could stand without imitating an opera-hat or an accordion. And, glory be, she made it, the blessed little old cross between a porpoise and a safety-razor blade! Whether the gale really moderated, or I got more nerve, I don't know; but anyhow I gave her more and more, half a knot at a time, until we were actually making appreciable headway against it. I never thought any ship could stand the bludgeoning she got. It seemed as if every rivet must shear, every frame and stanchion crush, under the impact of the Juggernaut seas that hurtled into her. As a thoroughbred horse starts and trembles under the touch of the whip, so she reared and trembled, only to bury herself again in the roaring Niagara of water. Oh, you thoroughbred high-tensile steel! blue-blooded aristocrat among metals; Bethlehem or Midvale may claim you, — you are none the less worthy of the Milan casque, the Damascus blade, your forefathers! Verily, I believe you hold on by sheer nerve, when by all physical laws you should buckle or bend to the shock!

And so we kept on. Don't you know how in the stories it is always in a terrific gale that the caged lion or gorilla or python breaks loose and terrorizes the ship? We don't sport a menagerie on the ——, but I did pick up the contents of the dry gun-cotton case, which had broken and spilt the torpedo detonators around on deck contiguous to the hot radiator! And, of course, the decks below were knee-deep in books, clothes, dishes, etc., complicated in some compartments by a foot or two of oil and water.

Well, the next day we made a little more, and the seas were only gigantic, not titanic. The oil was holding out better, too, as we struck a better grade in some of our tanks, and I saw that we had a fighting chance of making it. By night I felt almost confident we could, and I really slept some. Next day I expected to make land, but, of course, had little idea how far I might really be from my reckoning. Nevertheless, we sighted —— Light about where I expected to, and laid a course from there into the harbor. It was a rather thick, foggy day, and pretty soon I noted a cunning little rock or two dead ahead, where they did n't by any means belong. So I rather hurriedly arrested further progress, took soundings, and bearings of different landmarks, and found that we were some twenty-five miles from our reckoning — so far, in fact, as to have picked up the next light-house instead of the one we thought.

After this 't was plain sailing, though I had never been into that port before. Made it about noon, took possession of a convenient mooring-buoy inside the breakwater, — which buoy I found out later was sacred to the French flag-ship or somebody like that — called on our Admiral there, and was among friends. Yes, by heck, I let 'em buy me a drink at the club — I needed it! Had oil enough left for just about an hour more!

FLYING THOUGHTS

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

HERE at Avord there are about seventy-five Americans of every imaginable sort — sailors, prize-fighters, men of the Foreign Legion, and a good scattering of University men. As good a fellow as any is H——, formerly a chauffeur in San Francisco. He is pleasant, jolly, and hard-working, with an absurdly amiable weakness for 'crap-shooting,' in which he indulges at all times, seconded by an American darky who is a pilot here — and a good one.

I can hear them as I write, snapping their fingers as the dice roll: 'Come on 'leben — little seben, be good to me! Fifty days — little Phoebe — fever in the South! Read 'em and weep! Ten francs — let 'er ride. I'll fade you!' The crap-shooting circle is always either stuffed with banknotes or reduced to a few sous — which latter predicament is a bit serious here, where we have to pay eight to ten francs a day to get sufficient nourishing food.

We sleep in barracks, about twenty to the room, on cots with straw mattresses. All days are pretty much alike. At three A.M. a funny little Annamite Chinaman, with betel-blackened teeth, comes softly in and shakes you by the shoulder in an absurdly deprecating way. You reach for your tin cup, and he pours out a quarter-litre of fearful but hot liquid, somewhat resembling coffee. Then a cigarette in bed, amid drowsy yawns and curses; a pulling on of breeches, golf-stockings, and leather coats; a picking up of helmets, and a sleepy march to the *bureau*, under the wind-gauges, barometers, and the great red balls that show the passing side (right or left) for the day.

'Rassemblement! Formez-vous par quatre!' barks the adjutant, and off we go to the field. There till nine, or till the wind becomes too strong — each man taking his *sortie* of ten minutes as his name is called. Back about ten; then a lecture till eleven, a discussion after that, and the first meal of the day. Sleep afterwards till three or three-thirty; then a bath, a shave, brush teeth, and clean up in general. At five, assembly again, the same march, the same lessons till nine; then a meal, a smoke, and to bed at eleven.

It has been a bit strenuous this past month, getting accustomed to this life, which is easy, but absurdly irregular. Up at three-thirty A.M., and never to bed before eleven P.M. Meals snatched wherever and whenever possible. Some sleep by day is indispensable, but difficult in a barrack-room with twenty other men, not all of whom are sleepy, This, together with fleas and even more unwelcome little nocturnal visitors, has made me rather irregular in my habits, but now I have got into a sort of régime — four and a half hours of sleep at night, some sleep every afternoon, and decent meals. Also I have discovered a sort of chrysanthemum powder, which, with one of the 'anti' lotions, fairly ruins my small attackers. Baths, thank Heaven! I can get every day — with a sponge and soap. There is no real hardship about this life — it is simply a matter of readjusting one's self to new conditions and learning

where and what to eat, how to sleep, how to get laundry done, and so forth.

This school is superb. I shall have the honor of being one of the last men in the world trained on the famous Blériot monoplane — obsolete as a military plane, but the best of all for training, because the most difficult. In spite of the fact that from the beginning to the end one is alone, it is said to be the safest of all training, because you practically learn to fly in the 'Penguins' before leaving the ground; and also because you can fall incredible distances without getting a bruise.

In practically all of the French planes the system of control is the same. You sit on cushions in a comfortable little chair — well strapped in, clothed in leathers and helmet. At your left hand are two little levers, one the mixture, the other the throttle. Your right controls the *manche-à-balai*, or *cloche* — a push forward causes the machine to point downward (*pique*) and a pull back makes it rise. Moving it sideways controls the *ailerons*, or warps the wings — if you tip left, you move the *cloche* right. Your feet rest on a pivoted bar which controls the rudder.

To rise, you head into the wind, open the throttle (steering with great care, as a little carelessness here may mean a wrecked wing or a turn over), and press forward the *cloche:* you roll easily off; next moment, as the machine gathers speed, the tail rises, and you pull back the stick into the position of *ligne de vol.* Faster and faster you buzz along, — thirty, thirty-five, forty miles an hour, — until you have flying speed. Then a slight backward pull on the *cloche*, and you are in the air.

I made my first flight in a small two-place machine of the fighting type — a Nieuport. It is a new sensation, — one which only a handful of Americans have experienced, — to take the air at seventy-five or eighty miles an hour, in one of these little hornets. The handling of them is incredibly delicate, all the movements of the stick could be covered by a three-inch circle. A special training is required to pilot them, but once the knack is acquired they are superb, except for the necessity of landing at eighty or ninety miles an hour. In the air you can do anything with them — they will come out of any known evolution or position.

Lately I have been making short low flights in a Blériot, and enjoying it keenly. All I know (a mere beginning) I have learned entirely alone, and the first time I left the ground, I left it alone. They simply put you in the successive types of machines, with a brief word of instruction, and tell you to fly — if you have n't the instinct, you are soon put out of the school. After your month of preparation in 'Penguins' and 'grass-cutters,' the first short flight is a great experience.

My name was at the end of the list, so for two hours of increasing tension I watched my mates make their débuts. We were about a dozen, and there were some bad 'crashes' before my turn came. At last the monitor called me and I was strapped in behind the whirling stick. The monitor waved his arm, the men holding the tail jumped away, and I opened the throttle wide, with the *manche-à-balai* pushed all the way forward. Up came the tail; I eased back the control bit by bit, until I had her in *ligne de vol*, tearing down the field at top speed. Now came the big moment, mentally rehearsed a hundred times. With a final gulp I gingerly pulled back the control, half an inch, an inch, an inch and a half. From a buoyant bounding rush the machine seemed to steady to a glide, swaying ever so little from side to side. A second later, the rushing green of grass seemed to cease, and I was horrified to

find myself looking down at the landscape from a vast height whence one could see distant fields and hangars as if on a map. A gentle push forward on the *manche* brought her to *ligne de vol* again; a little forward, a reduction of gas, a pull back at the last moment, and I had made my first landing — a beauty, without a bounce. To-night I may crash, but I have always the memory of my beginner's luck — landing faultlessly from fully twelve feet!

Lack of sleep is our main foe — a hard one to combat, as all sorts of other things develop as its followers; one has simply to learn to sleep in any odd moments of the day or night.

I may still 'fall down' and be 'radiated' to an observation or bombing plane (which is of course no disgrace); but on the whole I have good hopes of making a fighting pilot. Flying (on a Blériot monoplane) is by no means as easy as I had supposed. It took us four weeks to learn to run one at full speed, *in a straight line*, on the ground. The steering and handling of the elevators (which regulate height of tail) are extremely tricky, and many men are thrown out or sent to other schools (Caudron, Farman, or Voisin) for inaptitude or 'crashes' at this stage.

Then comes the stage of low straight-away flights, when you leave the ground fast and in correct line of flight, and have to land smoothly. Make no mistake — landing any kind of an aeroplane is hard, and to land the fast fighting machines is a very great art, which forty per cent of picked young men never accquire. They are so heavy for their supporting area, that the moment they slow down below seventy-five or one hundred miles an hour they simply fall off on a wing (or 'pancake'). Even a Blériot requires a good eye and a steady delicate touch and judgment to land in decent style. You are flying, say, three hundred feet up, and wish to land. Forward goes your stick, the machine noses down as you cut the motor. The ground comes rushing up at you until the moment comes when you think you should 'redress' — precisely as a plunging duck levels before settling among the decoys. If you have gauged it to a nicety, you skim over the ground a few yards up, gradually losing speed, and settling at last without a jar or break in the forward motion. If you redress too late, you turn over (*capoter*), or else bounce and fall off on a wing. (I have seen men bounce fifty feet!) If you redress too high, you lose speed too far above the ground, and either *pique* into the ground and turn over, fall flat, or crash on one wing.

The secret of the whole game of learning to fly is, I believe, never to get excited. I have seen beginner after beginner smash when he was first sent up to fly. They run along the ground, pull back the stick, as told, and a moment later are so astounded to find themselves twenty or thirty feet off the ground that they can think of nothing but shutting off the throttle. Many crash down tail first, with controls in climbing position to the last. If they would simply think, —

'Ha, old boy, you're in the air at last — some thrill, but the main thing now is to stay here a bit and then ease down without a crash. Ease the stick forward — now we have stopped climbing. Feel that puff — she's tipping, but a little stick or rudder will stop that. Now pique her down, and reduce the gas a notch or two. Here comes the ground — straighten her out; too much, she's climbing again; there, cut the gas — a little more — there — not a bad landing for the first try.'

Really there is no system in the world like learning alone, but it costs the government, I am told, from thirty to forty thousand dollars to turn out a fighting pilot. Three, six, ten

machines — beautiful, costly, delicate things — are smashed daily in the school. Never a word is said, until a man smashes one too many, when he is quietly sent to the easier double-command school of bombardment or observation flying.

Some of the fellows are in bad shape nervously. Any night in our barracks you can see a man, sound asleep, sitting up in bed with hands on a set of imaginary controls, warding off puffs, doing spirals, landings, and the like. It is odd that it should take such a hold on their mental lives.

I enjoy hugely flying the old monoplane, especially when I fly home and nose her down almost straight for a gorgeous rush at the ground. As you straighten out, a few yards up, lightly as a seagull, and settle on the grass, it is a real thrill.

I have purchased, for twenty-five francs, a beautiful soft Russia-leather head-and-shoulder gear, lined with splendid silky fur. It covers everything but one's eyes, — leaving a crack to breathe through, — and is wonderfully warm and comfortable.

I have finally finished the Monoplane School, which is the end of preliminary training. There remain spirals, etc., an altitude, and a few hundred miles of cross-country flying, before I can obtain my *brevet militaire* and have the glory of a pair of small gold wings, one on each side of my collar. After that I shall have seven days' leave (if I am lucky), followed by two or three weeks *perfectionnement* on the type of machine I shall fly at the front. If I smash nothing from now on, I shall have practically my choice of 'zincs' — a monoplane *de chasse*, or anything in the bombing or observation lines. If I break once, I lose my *chasse* machine, and so on, down to the most prosaic type of heavy bomber. Only one compensation in this very wise but severe system — the worse the pilot, the safer the machine he finally flies.

In spite of all my hopes, I had the inevitable crash — and in the very last class of the school. Landing our Blériots is a rather delicate matter (especially to a beginner), and last week I had the relapse in landings which so few beginners escape, with the result that I crashed on my last flight of the morning. I felt pretty low about it, of course, but on the whole I was not sorry for the experience, which blew up a lot of false confidence and substituted therefor a new respect for my job and a renewed keenness to succeed. After that I did better than ever before, and made a more consistent type of landing.

Guynemer, the great French 'Ace,' has disappeared, and from accounts of the fight one fears that he is dead. What a loss to France and to the Allies! the end of a career of unparalleled romantic brilliancy. I shall never forget one evening in Paris last spring. I was sitting in the Café de la Paix, under the long awning that fronts the Boulevard des Capucines. All Paris was buzzing with Guynemer's mighty exploit of the day before — four German planes in one fight, two of them sent hurtling down in flames within sixty seconds. It took one back to the old days, and one foresaw that Guynemer would take his place with the legendary heroes of France, with Roland and Oliver, Archbishop Turpin, Saint Louis, and Charles Martel.

Presently I looked up. A man was standing in the aisle before me — a slender youth, rather, dressed in the black and silver uniform of a captain in the French Aviation. Delicately built, of middle height, with dark tired eyes set in a pale face, he had the look of a haggard boy who had crowded the experience of a lifetime into a score of

years. The mouth was remarkable in so young a man — mobile and thin-lipped, expressing dauntless resolution. On his breast the particolored ribbons of his decorations formed three lines: Croix de Guerre, Médaille Militaire, Officer of the Legion of Honor, Cross of St. George, English Military Cross, and others too rare for recognition.

All about me there arose a murmur of excited interest; chairs were pushed back and tables moved as the crowd rose to its feet. Cynical Swiss waiters, with armloads of pink and green drinks, halted agape. A whisper, collective and distinct, passed along the terrace: 'It is Guynemer!'

The day before, over the fiery lines, he had done battle for his life; and this evening, in the gay security of Paris, he received the homage of the people who adored him.

He had been looking for a table, but when it became no longer possible to ignore the stir, he raised his right hand in embarrassed salute and walked quickly into the café.

I spent my ten days' leave in a trip to Nice, and used up about half of it in getting there.

The trip south was a martyrdom — a long stifling ride to Paris, three days' wait there for a reserved place to Marseilles, a day and a night standing up in a corridor from Paris to Marseilles (had to give up my seat to an unfortunate woman with two youngsters), and twenty-three hours more in a corridor to get to Cannes. On the whole, the worst journey I recollect. No stops for meals, so we all nearly starved, till I finally obtained an armful of bottled beer and some sandwiches.

I sat down on a trunk in the corridor and nodded off to sleep, only to be awakened half an hour later by H—— F—— (S——'s cousin), who stole up with a gesture for silence, and pointed at me with a shake of his head and a broad grin. It must have been rather a rakish tableau. On the floor to my left were half a dozen empty bottles; on one end of the trunk I sat, heavy-eyed and half awake, and beside me, sound asleep, with her head on my shoulder, was a respectable, very attractive, and utterly unknown young woman! *C'est la guerre!* I motioned H—— away and promptly went to sleep again.

In Marseilles I had time for the Corniche, to see Monte Cristo's castle, and eat a *bouillabaise*, which I cannot recommend without reserve. With an enormous floating population of sailors, shipping booming, and streets ablaze at night, Marseilles seems far away from the war, after the hushed gloom of nocturnal Paris.

The trials for my military *brevet* were by far the most interesting thing I have done in aviation. On finishing the 60 h.p. Blériot class, I was told that I would have to do my brevet work on a small Caudron biplane, as there were no Blériots available. A few short flights in the Caudron gave me confidence that I could handle it; so one rather cloudy morning the officer told me to make my official altitude — which is merely one hour's stay at heights of over seven thousand feet. I pulled on my great fur combination and fur-lined boots, adjusted mittens, helmet, and goggles, and stepped into my machine, number 2887, which the mechanic had been tuning up. '*Coupe, plein gaz*,' he shouted, above the roar of a score of motors, and gave the stick half a dozen turns. Then, '*Contact reduit*'; and as I yelled back, '*Contact reduit*,' after the old starting formula, he gave a quick half turn to the blades. Off she went with a roar, all ten cylinders hitting perfectly, so I motioned him to pull out the blocks from before the wheels. A quick rush and a turn headed me into the wind,

and the next moment the starter's arm shot forward.

Old 2887 is a bully 'bus. I was off the ground and heading up in forty yards. It was rather an occasion for a beginner who had never before flown over 2500 feet. The little Caudrons, of course, are not high-powered, but she climbed splendidly. In ten minutes I was circling over the camp at 3800 feet, and in twenty, I had reached 6000, just under the roof of the clouds. There was only one blue hole through, so up this funnel I climbed in decreasing circles, till I finally burst out into the gorgeous upper sunlight. At 8000 feet I began to float about in a world of utter celestial loneliness — dazzlingly pure sun, air like the water of a coral atoll, and beneath me a billowy sea of clouds, stretching away to infinity. Here and there, from the cloudy prairies, great fantastic mountain ranges reared themselves; foothills and long divides, vast snowy peaks, impalpable sisters of Orizaba or Chimborazo, and deep gorges, ever narrowing, widening, or deepening, across whose shadowy depths drove ribbons of thin gray mist.

Once, as I was sailing over a broad cañon, I saw, far off in the south, a dark moving dot, and knew with a sudden thrill that another man like myself, astride his gaunt buzzing bird, was exploring and marveling at this upper dream-world.

At last the hour was up. I shut off the motor and drove downward in a series of long easy glides. Going through the clouds, one loses all sense of balance and direction. It is bizarre and sometimes dangerous. You plunge out into the old gray world beneath, to find yourself in a nose-dive, or off on a wing, or upside down — it is all the same in a cloud.

The balance of the military trials consists in spirals, and so forth, and a lot of cross-country flying by map and compass. First you make two round trips to a place fifty miles away, and then two triangular trips of about one hundred and fifty miles each. It is very easy, if you keep your wits about you and have no hard luck. Roads, railroads, rivers, woods, and canals are the principal guides to follow; towns and cities you can only recognize by having counted their predecessors, unless there is some very prominent building, cathedral, or factory. A road, from 3000 feet, shows as a very straight white line, occasionally making angular turns. A railroad is a dark gray line, always curving gently when it turns. Canals are ribbons of water, very straight, between twin lines of trees. And so on. You watch your compass, to check up the tend of roads and railroads, watch your altimeter and tachometer (which tells the speed of your engine), and above all watch always ahead for suitable landing fields, in case of motor trouble. The wind also must be borne in mind; its direction can be told from smoke. I was lucky and had no trouble at all.

At Nice I ran into many Americans, and there were a good many Britishers about, recovering from the recent severe fighting around Passchendaele. They are a quiet and agreeable lot — very interesting when they talk about their work, which is seldom.

One captain had strolled into some heavy fighting with no weapon but a heavy cane, and with this, walking astride of a deep narrow enemy trench, he had killed eight Germans! An Australian captain, with the rare ribbon of the V.C. on his breast, had gone into a crowded German dugout with one companion, who was wounded at the first exchange of bombs. Single-handed, he had bombed out the Boches, taken forty prisoners back single-handed, and returned to bring out his wounded brother officer. An epic feat!

Soon after my stay at Nice I went for a month to the Combat and Acrobatic School of Pau, which completes the most dangerous of all the flying training. A wonderful experience — somersaults, barrel-turns, corkscrew dives, every conceivable aerial caper, and long flights daily: skimming the highest peaks of the Pyrenees at three hundred feet above the snow — trips to Biarritz and along the coast, flying ten feet above the waves, etc.

It is hard to say enough in praise of the school at Pau — the hundreds of splendid machines, the perfect discipline and efficiency, the food, the barracks, the courteous treatment of pilots by officers and instructors. We were twenty Americans, in a clean airy barrack, with an Annamite to make the beds and sweep up. The school covers an enormous area in the valley of the Gave, just under the Pyrenees, and is ideal for an aviation centre so far as weather conditions go, its one drawback being that motor-trouble, out of range of the aerodromes, means almost inevitably a smash. All along the Gave they have the smallest fields and the highest hedges I ever saw. The climate is superb — like the foothill climate of California: cool nights, delicious days, wonderful dawns and sunsets.

They started us on the eighteen-metre machine, doing vertical spirals, which are quite a thrill at first. You go to a height of about 3000 feet, shut off the motor, tilt the machine till the wings are absolutely vertical, and pull the stick all the way back. When an aeroplane inclines laterally to over 45 degrees, the controls become reversed — the rudder is then the elevator, and the elevator the rudder, so that, in a vertical spiral, the farther back you pull the stick, the tighter the spiral becomes. You are at the same time dropping and whirling in short circles. I once did five turns in losing a thousand feet of altitude — an unusual number, the monitor told me with satisfaction. Usually, one loses about 300 feet to each turn, but on my first attempt, I lost 2100 feet in three fourths of a turn, because I did not pull back enough on the stick.

After the eighteen-metre spirals we were given a few rides on the fifteen-metre machine — very small, fast and powerful, but a delicious thing to handle in the air; and after left and right vertical spirals on this type, we went to the class of formation-flying, where one is supposed to learn flying in squadron formation, like wild geese. This is extremely valuable, but most men take this chance for joy-riding, as they have petrol for three hours, and are responsible to no one.

On my first day in this class I found no one at the rendezvous, so I rose to about 4000 feet, and headed at a hundred miles an hour for the coast. In thirty-five minutes I was over Biarritz, where my eyes fairly feasted on the salt water, sparkling blue, and foam-crested. I do not see how men can live long away from the sea and the mountains. My motor was running like a clock and as I was beginning to have perfect confidence in its performance, I came down in a long coast to the ground, and went rushing across country toward the mountains, skimming a yard up, across pastures, leaping vertically over high hedges of poplar trees, booming down the main streets of villages, and behaving like an idiot generally, from sheer intoxication of limitless speed and power.

In a few moments I was at the entrance of one of the huge gorges that pierce the Pyrenees — the sort of place up which the hosts of Charlemagne were guided by the White Stag: deep and black and winding, with an icy stream rushing down its depths. Why not? I gave her full gas and whizzed

up between black walls of rock that magnified enormously the motor's snarl, up and up until there was snow beneath me and ahead I could see the sun gleaming on the gorgeous ragged peaks. Up and up, nine, ten, eleven thousand feet, and I was skimming the highest ridges that separate France and Spain. Imagine rising from a field in Los Angeles, and twenty-five minutes later flying over the two-mile-high ridges of Baldy and Sheep Mountain, swooping down to graze the snow, or bounding into the air with more speed and ease than any bird.

At last, as my time was nearly up, I headed back for Pau. A few minutes later, just as I sighted the pygmy groups of hangars, my motor gave forth a loud bang and a sheet of flame, and several chunks of metal tore whizzing through the aluminum hood. Automatically, I pulled at the lever which closes the gasoline flow and tilted the machine forward to keep my speed. Another bang, accompanied by black smoke. 'Holy mackerel!' I thought; 'this is the end of me! Let's see — in case of fire, shut off petrol, open throttle, and leave the spark on. Then go into a nose-dive.'

Somehow you can't seem to get very excited at such moments, — everything seems inevitable, — good or bad luck. I nose-dived, came out at 5000 feet, killed my propeller, and was gratified to see, on looking behind, that there was no more smoke. Starting the motor was of course out of the question, as it would have promptly taken fire; so I shut off throttle and spark, struck an easy glide, and began an anxious search for a field. Most of them were no larger than postage-stamps, and I knew they were hedged by the beastly poplars, but at last I spotted a long one, in the direction of the wind, though not long enough to afford more than a bare chance of avoiding a crash. It was the only hope, at any rate; so down I coasted in glides and serpentines, jockeying to lose height just over the trees. As luck would have it, I was a few feet low and had to chance jumping the trees with none too much speed. The splendid stability of the Nieuport saved me from a wing-slip, and a moment later I landed with a bang in a ditch, breaking one wheel and stopping within ten yards of a formidable line of willows.

I crawled out of my seat and lay down in the long grass to rest, as my head ached villainously from the too rapid descent. Somehow I dozed off and was awakened by the friendly tongue of a huge Basque shepherd dog. His mistress, a pretty Spanish-speaking peasant girl, appeared a minute later, and her family were very decent to me. After some hot coffee with brandy, and a piece of goat cheese, I attended to the formalities and went back to camp.

After formation-flying we went to the acrobatic class or 'Haute École du Ciel,' where you are taught to put a machine through the wildest kinds of manœuvres. This is the most dangerous class in any aviation training in France — many excellent pilots, whose nerves or stomachs would not stand the acrobatics, rest in the little cemetery at Pau. Wonderful sport, though, if nature intended one for that sort of thing! The most dreaded thing one does is the spinning nose-dive, or *vrille* (gimlet), which formerly was thought invariably fatal. They have now discovered that the small, very strong machines will come out of it safely, if the rudder is put exactly in the middle and the stick pushed forward.

The instructor in this class was a very dandified lieutenant, in a Bond Street uniform, and wearing a monocle, who lay in a steamer-chair all day,

gazing up into the sky at the antics of his pupils. Around him stood assistants with field-glasses, who watched the heavens anxiously, and would suddenly bark out, 'Regardez, mon lieutenant — l'Américain Nordhoff en vrille.' The lieutenant would then languidly look up at the machine pointed out (they are distinguished by broad stripes, or checker-boards, or colors), and, if the 'type' up above had done well, would remark, 'Pas mal, celuilà.' If some unfortunate plunged into the ground and killed himself, the officer would rise gracefully from his chair, flick the dust from his sleeve, and call for the 'Black Cat,' his special 'taxi.' Jumping in with remarkable speed, he rose in a series of the most breakneck evolutions, and flew to the scene of the accident. In reality, his pose is the best in the world, as it keeps the pilots *gonflés*, that is, courageous and confident, as opposed to *dégonflés*, or scared and nervous.

I was watching all this from the ground, when a monitor unexpectedly called out, 'Nordhoff, Nordhoff!'

'Present!' I yelled, as I ran toward him.

'You will take the checker-board,' he ordered, 'rise to twelve hundred metres, and do one *vrille* and two upside-down turns.'

I admit that I had a slight sinking spell as I walked to the machine, a little thirteen-metre beauty. (Think of it, only thirteen square yards of supporting surface!) It was all right as soon as I was strapped in and had the motor going. Up we went, the '*Bébé*' climbing like a cat, at incredible speed, while I anxiously repeated, again and again, the instructions. Two turns of the field gave me my 3600 feet. This was no time to hesitate, so, as I reached the required spot, away from the sun, I shut off the motor, took a long breath, and pulled back a bit on the stick. Slower and slower she went, until I felt the rather sickening swaying that comes with a dangerous loss of speed. The moment had come. Gritting my teeth, I gave her all the left rudder and left stick, at the same moment pulling the stick all the way back. For an instant she seemed to hang motionless — then with unbelievable swiftness plunged whirling downwards. 'Remember, keep your eyes inside — don't look out, whatever happens,' I thought, while a great wind tore at my clothing and whistled through the wires. In a wink of time I had dropped 600 feet: so I carefully put the rudder in the exact centre, centred the stick, and pushed it gently forward. At once the motion grew steadier, the wind seemed to abate, and the next moment I dared to look out. It was over — I was in a steep glide, right side up, safe and sound. I had done a *vrille* and come out of it! A gorgeous sensation! I loved it, and queerly enough my first bewildered thought was, 'M—— would adore that!'

Just to show the lieutenant that I was having a good time, I buzzed up again and did two more *vrilles*, looking out the whole time at the panorama of Pyrenees, villages, and river, whirling around with the most amazing rapidity. Not a thing for bilious or easily dizzy people though, as it means horses at the walk if you fail to do the right thing at exactly the right moment.

After the acrobatics, we went to classes in machine-gun shooting and combat-flying — very interesting and practical, but not to be talked about.

After Pau, I had forty-eight hours' leave in Paris, bought a few things I needed for the front, and was then sent to a place it is forbidden to mention, expecting soon to get to flying over the lines.

THE WESTERN FRONT

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

Sir Douglas Haig's long dispatch, published in the first week of January, covered the whole of the fighting on the British front in France and Belgium between the battle of the Ancre and the battle of Cambrai.

Sir Douglas Haig is not a born dispatch-writer. He has neither the power of resolving by an epigram the tangles of a complicated strategic situation, nor the faculty of graphic description and the quick Irish sympathy which made the dispatches of Sir Ian Hamilton from Gallipoli such fascinating reading. He is a diplomat, too, and one would search his dispatches in vain for the indiscreet or hasty phrase which reveals more of the truth than it is intended to do. He eschews generalities and is sparing of the *obiter dicta* on military affairs beloved by the layman. Still, his dispatches are instructive reading. Collate this long one with the famous speech of Mr. Lloyd George in Paris in November, and we have, if not all the facts about the British offensive in 1917, enough to enable us to form a fair and reasonable judgment. The critics, in England certainly, and perhaps in America too, have done less than injustice both to Sir Douglas Haig and to Mr. George, but a careful reader can now correct his misapprehensions and form a surer judgment about our future military policy.

At Paris, it will be remembered, Mr. Lloyd George laid all the blame for our failures in the war on the fact that the Allied strategy had not been an organic unity, but merely had tacked and stitched together the military plans of each of the Allies. It is no secret that from the early years of the war he was an 'Easterner' in his views. He very early began to doubt the feasibility of a break-through on the Western front, and preferred the chances of an offensive in the East. With the Dardanelles expedition he did not identify himself so completely as Mr. Churchill, and his prejudice was in favor of an attempt to attack Austria from the side of Serbia. To this view the French General Staff also inclined; and thus, before the overrunning of Serbia, there was formed a somewhat unusual degree of sympathy between him and the French command.

Begun too late to save Serbia, the Macedonian campaign degenerated into an extravagant insurance premium on the safety of Saloniki and on the neutrality of Greece; but just as the advocates of the Dardanelles campaign argued that it was the execution of the business, not its strategy, that was at fault, so the Franco-Serbian school insisted that the idea of assisting Serbia and attacking Austria from the southwest was quite sound, and that the cause of its failure was the tardiness and vacillation of its execution.

The views of this school were confirmed by the fate of Roumania. It was easy to put the blame for her breakdown on Russia, who was primarily responsible; but had the Allied forces at Saloniki been in a position seriously to coöperate with Roumania on the south, Roumania would never have made the mistake of invading Transylvania — a

mistake which was in fact her undoing. And the fall of Roumania was the real, though not the avowed, cause of the fate of the Asquith government. Logically, having come into power owing to the failure of its predecessor's policy in the East, the present government should have begun by correcting the obsession of our strategy with the West, which was responsible for the slow weakening of Russia, our disastrous failure in the Balkans, and our middling success in the war with Turkey.

There were, however, great and, as it turned out, insuperable difficulties in effecting a new orientation of our policy. In the first place, our best chances of exercising a decisive effect on the war in the East had disappeared with the abandonment of the Gallipoli expedition and the overrunning of Serbia and Roumania. All that we could do now in the East was to put fresh vigor into our campaigns against Turkey on the Mesopotamian and Egyptian front; and this the new government did, and it had its reward in the capture of Bagdad. But the capture of Jerusalem, which should have taken place at the same time, was delayed nine months, partly by mistakes in the leading of the British army of Palestine, but still more by the failure to give Sir A. Murray the necessary support. The Palestine campaign was, in fact, like all our eastern campaigns, starved for men and material; and not until General Allenby had taken command and been given heavy reinforcements of both men and material, did Jerusalem fall.

Thus, even under a government which was convinced of the importance of the East in our military strategy, the same mistakes — in kind though not in degree — were made as under the Asquith government, and our advance against the Turkish Asiatic empire was in consequence many months in rear of scheduled time. It would have made all the difference to our prospects if Jerusalem had fallen, as doubtless was intended, at the same time as Bagdad. By now there would probably not be a Turkish division south of the Taurus.

The reason for this modified success was that, at the beginning of 1917, the General Staffs of both England and France were fairly confident of breaking through on the West. Their plans had already been prepared in concert, and after the British victories on the Somme and the Ancre, their hopes of a break-through seemed not unreasonable. It must be remembered further that the progress of the U-boat campaign had greatly strengthened the arguments for making our main offensive on the West. The shortage of mercantile tonnage was a serious and valid objection to the beginning of a new and ambitious over-seas campaign in the eastern Mediterranean. The longer the sea voyage, the more tonnage required; and the war in France had this great advantage, that the sea passage for supplies was very short.

Sir Douglas Haig's plans for 1917 had been arranged with General Joffre. Their idea was to continue the offensive on the Somme which had been begun on July 1, 1916, the French operating as before in the direction of Péronne, and the English, on their left, attacking both sides of the marked salient which had been formed in the German lines as a result of our successes in the autumn of 1916. On one side of this salient an attack was to be delivered on the Vimy Ridge, on the other side the attack was to press the advantages we had already won on the Ancre. That done, the British were then suddenly to transfer their offensive to Flanders, where, in Sir Douglas Haig's opinion, the chief British military interests lay. It was a rational plan, and, difficult as the campaign in Flanders promised to be, there was good rea-

son to hope that, begun early enough, it would recover the whole of the Belgian coast before the winter set in.

This plan seems to have been arranged in November, 1916. It is not certain that the War Cabinet of the new government was greatly enamored of it, and the criticism was early made that it would be very costly in men. Mr. Lloyd George would have preferred an offensive, not against Germany, or in Flanders, where the enemy's positions were strongest, but against Austria, and in conjunction with the Italian offensive. At the beginning of 1917, there was some reason to fear that Germany might effect a concentration against Italy (which she in fact did at the end of the year), and there was a school of strategy in England which favored meeting and, if possible, anticipating it by a bold offensive by the Napoleonic route to Vienna over the Carnic Alps and through Laibach. This view, however, was not shared by the General Staff, which now as always insisted that the war must be won in the West; and its opinion was accepted, though not without demur from some of its members, by the War Cabinet.

But now an unfortunate thing happened: General Nivelle succeeded General Joffre in the command of the French armies and had different views about the offensive. General Nivelle thought that his best chances of success were against the hills behind the Aisne; instead of attacking immediately on the British right, as in the Somme battle, he proposed to deliver the main French attack from the south, and this plan, as General Haig puts it, entailed 'a considerable extension of my defensive front, a modification of a rôle previously allotted to the British armies, and an acceleration of the date of my opening attack.' It is clear that these alterations were not to his liking. He wanted to get busy in Flanders as soon as he could, and the shifting of the main French attack to the south and east threatened to impair his chances in Flanders, or at any rate to postpone the beginning of the attack there.

Now, as in the autumn of 1914, the British and French commands saw the problem from a slightly different angle. If General French had been perfectly free, he might never have fought the battle of the Aisne, but would have transferred his troops into Flanders, perhaps a month before he actually did. General Haig's views were on this matter identical with those of General French, and he preferred the original plans because they promised to release his armies earlier for the campaign in Flanders which he had most at heart. He had, however, to give way. 'I received instructions,' he writes, 'from His Majesty's Government to readjust our previous plans to meet the wishes of our Allies.' There is no trace of feeling, still less of bitterness, in this sentence; but there is no doubt that a great deal of history is concealed behind it.

In the agitation which arose in the British press over Mr. George's speech in Paris, it was stated freely that Mr. George had been anxious for a united command. A united command in France could mean only French command; so that, if this proposition was ever made, it was one for putting General Nivelle in supreme command of the British and French armies on the West. Had it been carried out, General Haig would presumably have gone to Italy to conduct an offensive against Austria. The plan actually adopted, therefore, was in the nature of a compromise. It neither put General Nivelle in supreme command, nor left General Haig free to carry out his original plan.

For a variety of reasons the new plans were not successful. General Nivelle is accused of having made his attacks without sufficient artillery pre-

paration, and his losses were certainly much heavier than they should have been. His calculation, perhaps, was that the most important factor of success was surprise, and that prolonged artillery bombardment, by giving notice of the attack, did more harm than good. Be that as it may, the French offensive was too costly to be kept up, and General Nivelle made way for General Pétain, whose principles, as we shall see, were entirely different.

In the meantime the French offensive on the Aisne had a very disturbing effect on the British plans. General Haig's idea had been to waste no time in pressing his attack near Arras after he had captured the Vimy Ridge. 'I did not consider,' he writes, 'that any great strategical results were likely to be gained by following up on the front about Arras and to the south of it.' The British attack on the Vimy Ridge was made on April 9, and the French attack on the Aisne began a week later. Under the original plans, General Haig, after capturing the Vimy Ridge, would have transferred his armies to Flanders; but the battle of Arras was prolonged in order to assist the French offensive. The later stages of the Arras battle were much more obstinately contested than its beginning on the Vimy Ridge, and except that it brought us up to the Hindenburg Line, and familiarized us with the new defense tactics of the Germans, it is hard to see what all this hard fighting contributed to the business in hand. Doubtless it relieved the pressure on the French, but apart from that our troops would have been more usefully employed in Flanders.

The first attack in Flanders, that on the Messines Ridge, was delivered on June 9, but the attack on the ridge east of Ypres was not begun until July 31, seven weeks later, and by that time the best weather of the year had all been used up. The disappointments of General Haig came very thick about that time. He had counted on the Russians, and it was now clear that the Russians were, for all practical purposes, out of the war. He had counted also on the active coöperation of the French in this offensive, but the new commander-in-chief, General Pétain, was a convinced believer in the strategic defensive. Not that General Pétain had abandoned all hopes of breaking through the German lines; but he held that at present France could not afford the losses necessary to force the pace. Later, perhaps, when the American reinforcements had reached their maximum, the attempt to break through might be resumed, but for the present his policy was purely Fabian. His great anxiety was to conserve the man-power of France. Where an opportunity for attack presented itself, no one knew better than he how to make full use of it, but there is all the difference between brilliant but isolated successes and the steady pressure of a long-continued offensive such as the British were engaged in.

The French army on the British left did excellent work in the operations east of Ypres; but, when all is said, the bulk of the work was thrown on the British army. What wonderful work it was, all the world knows, but it was costly in men, and it failed to give the results for which we had been hoping. At one time, indeed, it looked as if we should break the German lines completely, and compel an extensive evacuation of the Belgian coast; a fortnight's fine weather and we should have done so. Even as it was, there is some reason to think that the Germans were preparing to evacuate the Belgian coast. Not for nothing did Von Kühlmann renounce German political ambitions in Belgium, for the enemy's politicians speak only after consultation with the soldiers, and in the light of

their interpretation of the military situation. As it was put by a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, the speeches made by the government in the Reichstag were only the shadows on the blinds that concealed the conferences of the General Staff.

It was at this time too that Germany is believed to have made an offer to France, through an agent in Switzerland, to evacuate Belgium, and even to make concessions to France in Alsace-Lorraine, if only she were given a free hand in the East — an offer that was promptly rejected. It is clear how her mind was working. She was genuinely alarmed at the progress made by the British in Flanders. Under pressure from Austria she had committed herself to a campaign against Italy, but she could not be certain what measure of success she would have, and if the worst came to the worst, it might be that she would have to evacuate the Belgian coast for the sake of this Italian campaign, which she had delayed until as late in the year as she dared, so that she might first take the full measure of the British offensive. She was face to face with a military crisis comparable with that of the autumn of 1916, when Roumania entered the war. She was about to venture a great military gamble, and before risking it she paused and made a bid for peace with the Western Powers. But the gamble came off beyond all her expectations. Not only was Italy driven from Austrian territory, but she was forced to retire, after suffering very heavy losses, to a line far in the rear of that from which she started when she first entered the war. To protect even that line, troops had to be withdrawn from both Belgium and France, and the offensive in the West was now definitely over. Better still (from Germany's point of view), Russia entered into negotiations for a formal peace.

Napoleon required his generals not only to be good but to be lucky, thereby recognizing luck as one of the factors in war. Sir Douglas Haig in 1917 was abominably unlucky. He had had his original plan spoiled by a general who was almost immediately superseded, and whose supersession brought yet another change in the military policy of our ally which was even less advantageous. Forced by circumstances beyond his control to postpone his offensive in Flanders, he thereby lost all the fine weather of the year; but, thanks to the incredible exertions of his troops, he gained enough success to show what he could have done if the weather had been reasonable. At the end events occurred in Italy and Russia which clouded over achievements as remarkable as any in the history of the British army, and made a long offensive of nearly eighteen months spell something like defeat. Sir Douglas Haig and his army deserve congratulation on their achievements, and condolence on the sheer bad luck that blighted them.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Lloyd George made his speech at Paris, explaining his reasons for setting up the new Inter-Allied Council. His instances of the failures which had resulted in the lack of a single united strategy were most of them drawn from the early history of the war, not from the events of 1917. The English Premier, being a man of imagination, doubtless felt that at such a moment the British army in the West was in need of sympathy rather than of criticism, however kindly and sincere. But looking back on the past from the vantage-ground of Sir Douglas Haig's dispatch, we must recognize that the whole campaign in Flanders was a mistake after General Pétain's appointment. The two armies in the West, after the failure of the offensive on the

Aisne, proceeded on different principles. The principle of Pétain was economy of man-power; General Haig, on the other hand, having been fighting all the year for what he regarded as subsidiary objects, could not bring himself to abandon his project in Flanders. The Ypres salient had tortured the British army for two and a half years, and the temptation to clear the enemy from the hills east of the city was irresistible. If he could have resisted it, he would have saved many lives; but some of the saving might have been lost later, for the Germans holding the ridge east of Ypres had an excellent jumping-off ground for renewing their attempts to win through to the Narrows; and the autumn campaign, for all the blood and mud which suffocated it, secured us against that danger.

It is, however, interesting to speculate on what our probable course of action would have been if the Inter-Allied Council had been in existence when Nivelle succeeded Joffre and was succeeded by Pétain.

The charge so commonly brought against Mr. Lloyd George of wanting to supersede General Haig by General Nivelle would, under such circumstances, have had no point. The view of the British Staff, which, as General Haig complains, was summarily set aside, would have had a better chance of presentment, and the policy would have been determined after the arguments on both sides had been put. It is even possible that the French offensive would not have taken place on the Aisne at all, or even on the Somme, but would have been directed to the recovery of the French mining and manufacturing districts.

Again, after the succession of General Pétain to the French command, the question would then necessarily have come before the Allied Council what the British policy ought to be under those circumstances; and it is conceivable that such a discussion would have directed attention to the risks on the Italian front. General Cadorna, at any rate, after the military collapse of Russia became certain, was under no illusions about his own position. He feared a concentration against him, and though he never thought that his defeats would be so sudden and so overwhelming, he expected to be driven slowly back. Had there been an Inter-Allied Council, this point of view would have been put, and it is possible that the Italian defeat would have been avoided and even replaced by victories which would have further increased the war-weariness of Austria.

The controversy which assumes such an important place in the discussions of Mr. Lloyd George's Paris speech — whether the new Inter-Allied Council should have over-riding powers over the separate general staffs — is not, after all, of first-rate importance. Between equal allies there can be no such thing as over-riding their separate wills. The main thing is to ensure that the common interest shall be kept steadily in view at each crisis, and that there shall be some permanent machinery for coördinating the efforts of the Allies.

The British General Staff cannot justly be charged with selfishness, but it is often charged, and not without reason, with taking too narrow and provincial a view of its duties, and with acting as if the campaign in Flanders and Northern France were the whole war. And some part of this blame must be shared by the British Admiralty. The department which understood the nature of sea-power should have been the first to see the importance of the East in our imperial strategy, and should have insisted more strongly on its views being adopted. But then, the Admiralty never had a Lord Haldane at its head, and its staff work never at-

tained the degree of influence and authority in the national councils that the Imperial General Staff at the War Office acquired as the result of Lord Haldane's work. Lord Haldane's services to War Office organization were very great, but they produced a somewhat lopsided development of British strategy. In this war, for the first time in English history, the dominating ideas of the national strategy have been military and not naval, and we have suffered in consequence; for our traditional naval strategy would have recognized the Dardanelles as the key of the whole war so far as this country was concerned, and there would have been no collapse of Russia if our navy could have done for her what it has done for France. Nor was there any way of rendering that service except by the Black Sea.

The year 1917, then, in spite of brilliant work, was a disappointment for the Allies. What are the prospects for the coming year? Russia is out of the war; Italy no longer threatens Trieste, but has been hard put to it to defend Venice. The French who, a year ago, were full of hopes of a break-through, have fallen back on the defensive. We ourselves, after incredible exertions, ended our offensive with something very like a reverse at Cambrai. If we could not break through last year what conceivable chance, it is asked, is there of breaking through this year? To add to our worries, the U-boat campaign is beginning, for the first time in the war, to have some effect on the morale of the people. There is no despondency, but there are far more skeptics than there were of the possible solution of the military difficulty being found; and for the first time in the war there is some danger of a failure of resolution, not from lack of faith in our cause, but from doubts as to how far victory is physically possible along the lines we have been pursuing. This state of mind is dangerous, and though much may be done to fortify the people by the consolations of oratory, our best consolation, with Germany in its present mind, is military and naval victory. If there is a real prospect of that, the rest can be managed; if there is none — well, the rest cannot be managed.

It is not a fashionable thing to say nowadays, but in the writer's opinion our prospects of military victory are on the whole rather better now than they were last year at this time. All last year Russia gave no real help to the Allied cause. She detained on her frontier, it is true, a great number of German and Austrian troops, but their fighting strength bore no real relation to their numbers. All through the year the Russian front was a rest cure for the German army. Divisions shattered in the Western fighting were being sent to Russia and replaced by fresh divisions from Russia; and it is hardly too much to say that the British and French faced, not at any one time, but during the year, practically the whole fighting strength of the German army.

Sir Auckland Geddes, in a late speech, by adding up the total number of Germans and Austrians on the Eastern front, calculated that we may have to face on the West an increase in the enemy forces of no less than 1,600,000 men — an alarming calculation, especially when we remember that these figures do not include any allowance for the German and Austrian prisoners who would presumably be released by Russia if she made a separate peace. In asking the House of Commons to give him power to raise another 450,000 men, his principle apparently was to divide the possible enemy increase by four, there being four Allies left in the war, and to assign to our own army the duty of providing a good fourth.

He was right to provide against the

worst possible contingency, but there is good reason to think that his estimate of the probable increase in the numbers of the enemy was exaggerated. One does not see Austria, in her present state of feeling, providing large numbers of men for service in France or Flanders, and even Germany would not be able to withdraw all her troops from the East. Nor will the restoration of the prisoners add very greatly to the enemy's strength. Many of them would be wounded, and few will be fit for service for months after their return. Many more will take good care not to return until the war is over, and the Russians certainly will not force them to return against their will.

All things considered, the effect of Russia's defection will be to add perhaps a million men to the strength of the Germans in the West. To that number we should add the demands that the defense of Italy may make on the resources of the Allies — demands, however, which the 450,000 men for whom Sir Auckland Geddes is asking should allow us to ignore in our calculations. On the other hand, against that increment we must set the new American army in France, which by the end of this year, especially if the Germans use up men in a new offensive in the West, as seems generally to be expected, should have restored something like equality in numbers. In the writer's opinion, this is a better military prospect than we had a year ago, and for this reason: a year ago the Germans were satisfied to be on the defensive in the West, whereas this year the successful defensive will not satisfy them. Unless they win outright this year, they have lost the war. Indeed, if they do not win outright, it may be doubted whether they will await the American blow in 1919, and will not choose to make peace before it falls.

The great miscalculation of the British and French General Staffs from 1915 to 1917 was that they ignored the enormous difference in standard of strength required for successful defense and for successful offense. Because they beat back the German offensive in France in 1914, both staffs seemed to have assumed that even a slight increase of strength would give them a chance of a successful offensive. This chance never existed in 1915 or 1916, and perhaps not in 1917 either, except on the basis of a ridiculous estimate of Russia's strength and France's endurance. All our attacks on the West in 1915 were a misapplication of energy and a waste of man-power; for to break through lines so strongly held as those of the Germans, a superiority largely in excess of that which we had in 1915 or in 1916 was necessary. In setting ourselves, therefore, to break through on the West, we were loading the dice against ourselves. We indulged in false optimism. For the same reason, we are indulging in false pessimism now, when we suppose that an increment even of a million men in the German strength is in itself enough to make the difference between a barely successful defensive like the German campaign last year and the brilliantly successful offensive which presumably Hindenburg hopes for this year. An increment considerably greater than that number of men in our own strength failed to give us what we wanted, and there is no reason whatever to suppose, so far at least as numbers are concerned, that the Germans can do in 1918 what they failed to do in 1914 and we in 1916 and 1917.

It is natural that those who were optimists last year should be pessimists now, because in both cases they ignore the vast disproportion between the demands of successful defense and successful offense. But for the converse reason, those of us who were pessimists then should be optimists now. Given

reasonably good management, there should be no chance of a German breakthrough this year; and unless it is done this year, it will never be done and Germany will be beaten. The chances of her failure now are greater than the chances of our success a year ago.

But it is absolutely necessary that we should realize the conditions of successful defense, and should resolutely and consistently observe them. That numbers will help the defense goes without saying, but they are perhaps the least important factor in success. The most important is the staff work, and that is why English critics have attached so much importance to the publication of the facts about Cambrai, and why the government's suppression of the facts has had such a depressing effect on English opinion. The duties of a staff which is conducting a strategic defensive are threefold. First, it should economize man-power by every possible means. The true tactics of the defense, as Hindenburg has shown, are to hold the first lines with as few men as possible. That can safely be done only by the possession of great superiority in artillery, by elaborate fortification, by the provision of comfortable dug-outs, and by the accumulation of every possible artificial obstacle. Hitherto the British army, hoping to change its quarters, has given insufficient attention to these matters. Secondly, a corollary of holding the front line lightly is that we should have powerful and well-placed reserves for counter-attack. The promptness and efficiency of these counter-attacks will depend most of all on the quality of the railway communications. Lastly, the Intelligence Service must be perfect, and that depends on our aeroplanes and on the way we use them. It will be seen that these conditions for successful defense are all mechanical, and mere numbers of men come last in the order of importance.

Two provisos should be added. First, that no revolutionary change is made by the enemy in his armament such as might disturb the present balance of force. Second, and this is still more important, we must have enough ships to ensure the largest armies America can raise being brought safely to Europe and maintained there. That is a master condition of our hopes; and to its fulfillment everything else must give place.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PLUMBER APPRECIATED

'Did you ever,' said he, 'know a plumber who had grown rich?'

We stood in the kitchen. Outdoors it was a wonderful winter morning, snow-white and sparkling, felt rather than seen through frosted windows, for the mercury last night had dropped below zero, and, although reported on the way up, was not climbing with real enthusiasm. On the floor was a little sea of water, in shape something like the Mediterranean, with Gibraltar out of sight under the kitchen sink. The stove (unfortunately) had been lighted; and a strange, impassive boy stood beside it, holding in pendant hands various tools of the plumber's craft. The plumber stood in the Mediterranean.

And I, in my slippers and bath-robe, — a foolish costume, for the sea was not deep enough to bathe in, — hovered, so to speak, on the edge of the beach.

I suppose I wished to impress this plumber with my imperturbable calm. Upset as I was, I must have realized the impossibility of impressing the boy. Swaggering a little in my bath-robe, I had said something jocular, I do not remember just what, about the rapid accretion of wealth by plumbers. He lit his pipe. 'Did you ever,' said he, 'know a plumber who had grown rich?'

Now until that winter I had never thought of the plumber as a man in many respects like myself. One may winter for years in a city apartment without meeting a plumber, but hardly without reading a good many humorous trifles about them in current literature; and my idea of this craftsman had been insidiously formed by the minor humorists. Summer, in my experience, had been a plumberless period, in which water flowed freely through the pipes of my house, and gushed obligingly from faucets at the touch of a finger. It was like an invisible brook; and, like a brook, I thought of it (if I thought of it at all) as going on forever. Nothing worse happened than a leak at the faucet. And when that happens I can fix it myself. All it needs is a new washer.

I run down cellar and turn off the water. I run up from the cellar and take off the faucet. I put in the new washer, which is like a very fat leather ring for a very thin finger, and screw on the faucet. I run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. It still leaks. So I run down cellar, turn off the water, run up from the cellar, take off the faucet, make some slight alteration in the size, shape, or position of the washer, put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. If it *still* leaks (as it is rather to be expected), I repeat as before; and if it *then* leaks (as is more than likely), I run down cellar, turn off the water, run up from the cellar, take off the faucet, make some slight alteration in the size, shape, or position of the washer, put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. Perhaps it leaks more. Perhaps it leaks less. So I run down cellar — and turn off the water — and run up from the cellar — and take off the faucet. Then, talking aloud to myself, I take out the new washer, throw it on the floor, stamp on it, kick it out of the way, put in a newer washer, put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. If (and this may happen) it still *leaks*, I make queer, inarticulate, animal noises; but I run down cellar, turn off the water, run up from the cellar, and take off the faucet. Then I monkey a little with the washer (still making those queer animal noises), put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. *Sooner or later the faucet always stops leaking.* It is a mere matter of adjusting the washer; any handy man can do it with a little patience.

Winter in the country is the time and place to get acquainted with the plumber. And I would have you remember, even in that morning hour when the ordinary life of your home has stopped in dismay, and then gone limping toward breakfast with the help of buckets of water generously loaned you by your nearest neighbor, — rarely, if ever, does he carry his generosity so far as to help carry the buckets, — that because of this honest soul in overalls, winter has lost the terrors which it held for your great-grandfather.

Revisit your library, and note what the chroniclers of the past thought about winter — 'this cousin to Death,

father to sickness, and brother to old age' (as Thomas Dekker bitterly called it; and well would your great-grandfather have agreed with him), when 'the first word that a wench speaks on your coming into a room in the morning is "Prithee send for some faggots."' It is bad enough when (to adapt Dekker's sixteenth-century phraseology) the first word that a wench speaks on your coming into a room in the morning is, 'Prithee send for a plumber' — but how seldom it happens! And because we *can* send for a plumber, our attitude toward winter is joyfully changed for the better: lovely autumn is no longer regarded as melancholy because winter is coming, nor backward spring esteemed beyond criticism because winter is over.

Those good old days, after the sun had entered Capricorn, were cold and inconvenient old days. Observe great-grandfather: all his plumbing was a pump, *which often froze beyond his simple skill in plumbery;* and then he drew water from the well in a dear old oaken bucket (as *we* like to think of it), emptied it into other buckets, and carried it by hand, even as a man now carries the water loaned him by his generous neighbor, wherever the useful, unintoxicating fluid was needed. No invisible brook flowed through his house, and gushed obligingly at faucets, hot or cold according to great-grandfather's whim; no hot-water pipes suffused his dwelling with grateful warmth. These are *our blessings* — and it is the plumber, with only a boy to help him, who contends manfully against the forces of nature, and keeps them going. For the life of the house depends nowadays on its healthy circulation of water; and when the house suffers from arterio-sclerosis, the plumber is the doctor, and the strange, impassive boy is the trained nurse.

Sometimes in an emergency he arrives without this little companion: I have myself, rising to the same occasion, taken the boy's place. I was a good boy. The plumber admitted it. 'Fill th' kettle again with hot water off th' stove,' said he, over his arched back as he peered shrewdly down a pipe to see how far away it was frozen, 'there 's th' good boy.' Thus I know that the boy is not, as our minor humorists would have us believe, a mere flourish and gaudy appanage to the plumber's autocratically assumed grandeur. His strange, impassive manner is probably nothing more or less than concentrated attention; as if he said, with Hamlet, 'Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all foolish, fond regards, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, that youth and observation copied there; and thy commandment all alone shall live within the book and volume of my brain, unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by Heaven!' Even in putting in a new washer, I should do better with a boy.

The most nervous and conscientious plumber, I tell you, must at intervals appear, to an observer unacquainted with the art and mystery of plumbery, to be proceeding in a leisurely and perhaps idle fashion. The most methodical and conscientious man, plumber or not, will occasionally forget something, and have to go back for it. The most self-respecting and conscientious minor humorist, after he has exhausted his witty invention making a joke on a plumber, will try to sell it for the highest possible price. And if I, for example, am a little proud of my ability, greater than the plumber's, to write an essay, how shall I accuse him of arrogance if he is a little proud of his ability, greater than mine, to accomplish the more necessary feat of thawing a frozen water-pipe? He has a heart.

When I was a plumber's boy myself, I walked with my boss to his office in

the village to get a tool. It was a Sunday afternoon: I remember that a rooster crowed afar off, and how his lonely clarion enhanced and made more gravely quiet the peace of the Sabbath. And the plumber said, 'I would n't have *felt right*, sitting at home by the fire reading the paper, when I knew you was in trouble and I could pull you out.' He had come, mark you, in his Sunday clothes; he had come in his best, not pausing even for his overalls, so that, in our distressed, waterless home, the lady of the house had herself encircled his honest waist with a gingham apron before he began plumbing. And in all the world there was nobody else whom we would have been so glad to see.

And so, bowing, with my left hand over what I take to be the region of a grateful heart, I extended him this praise of plumber. No plumber came over in the Mayflower; but think not, for that reason, that he is a *parvenu*. He is of ancient lineage — this good fairy in overalls of our invisible brooks. The Romans knew him as the *artifex plumbareus*. Cæsar may have interrupted the revision of the *Commentaries* to send for him. He disappeared, with civilization and water-pipes, in the Dark Ages; he came back, with civilization and water-pipes, when the darkness lifted. Neglected by Art, disregarded by Romance, and unconsidered by the drama, these rich and entertaining expressions of life are as nothing when his presence is called for.

> We may live without painters
> Or writers or mummers,
> But civilized man cannot
> Live without plumbers.

He, too, should have his statue, not of bronze, marble, or granite, but of honest lead, with two figures — the Plumber, holding aloft his torch, and the Plumber's Boy, strange, impassive, and holding in his pendant hands a monkey wrench and the coil of flexible tubing with which his master cunningly directs hot water into the hardened arteries of a suffering house. And on his pedestal I would carve the motto, —

'Did You Ever Know a Plumber Who Had Grown Rich?'

THE PANACEA

About the middle of last August we observed in our household that the war was becoming too much for us. At meal-time especially, around the smug compactness of a table set for four instead of six, the change was evident. An unwonted acerbity of tone crept into our discussions of food-saving; the headlines of the evening paper provoked comment and counter-comment, leading to extravagant statement on the part of the Youngest Member, and on the part of the Eldest One to exhibitions of stoicism more irritating still; a luckless caller, skirting the subject of atrocities, aroused behind her retreating back a Hymn of Hate.

It was after the Hymn of Hate that the Eldest One took serious thought and conveyed to us her conclusions.

'It's because we think about it all the time; we never get our minds off it. At this rate, you know, we'll be fit for asylums before the end comes. It's silly, too. Grown-up people!'

'What are you going to do about it?' the Youngest Member inquired tartly. Her accent was the inter-bellum accent of all of us.

'I'm going to change it. I'm going to provide a panacea.'

The Panacea appeared next day. The way of its taking is this.

At dinner, the Eldest One, as she spreads her napkin, speaks cheerfully.

'I see they've decided to locate the Exposition grounds along the north side of the bay.'

There is usually a pause after the initial lead. We are groping back

through the clutter of war in our minds. Exposition? — Oh, San Francisco Exposition, of course! Happy is that one who can place herself swiftly enough on this newly offered shoal and bank of time to respond with a comment on Federal aid or the blighted hopes of New Orleans. Happier still, she whose kinked memory recollects, as sometimes memories will, that the Exposition grounds were chosen the month we put in our new plumbing.

But though we halt at first, we grow surprisingly fluent as the dinner progresses. The shortage of labor in California, Mr. Bryan's grape-juice banquet, the pre-Exposition visit of Cousin Abbie from Pittsfield — before the meal is over, all of these have been dragged from sheltering brain-crevices and received with acclamation.

It is a rule of the game that one dinner may have but one time-setting; but sometimes, in choosing that setting, the Eldest One takes a mean advantage of her seniority.

'It's astonishing, the strength Mr. Blaine is developing,' she opens upon us. 'Now with the Illinois delegation going to him —'

We gaze at her reproachfully, — we to whom Maine's Plumed Knight and Hannibal of Carthage are figures equally remote and shadowy, — and presently our six accusing eyes are too much for her complacency.

'But, on the other hand, if Mr. Harrison holds the South —' she concedes to our ignorance; and by the name puts our feet on earth once more.

Benjamin Harrison — Why, certainly! High tariff and 'grandfather clauses,' full sleeves and Tweed Ring scandals and the family's final moving from Vermont — The material for conversation is in our hands again.

But it is such an excursion as this last which drives the Youngest Member to reprisals. When she pulls out her chair the next night, she speaks hastily, stooping for her dropped napkin.

'I see he's got over.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'I said, I see he's brought his troops over the Rubicon. Now if he comes straight on to Rome —'

The Youngest Member is a decade nearer to the *Commentaries* than are the rest of us. We stumble disgracefully. Was it Pompey who waded across that fateful river? Was n't there a Scipio somewhere concerned? And was it before the crossing or after it that there took place that famous partition of Gaul? Warily we try to make use of Gaul, fending off the Pompey-Scipio question for later decision. For the minute our minds are swept clean of later wars. Gas-attacks, food-shortage, the letter the postman did not bring — it is only for a minute that we lose sight of them; but the refreshment of that loss is like the trickle of water on parched tongues. Thanks to the Panacea, for this one hour of the day the present gives way to the comfortable past, and around our dinner-table talk and digestion can again go on together.

ON 'OF NAMES'

My wife was awaiting me at the breakfast-table. She was reading a magazine, and was evidently deriving great pleasure therefrom.

'Oh — but here is a delightful bit,' she cried, as I took my seat. 'I just love it! I must read it to you!'

And she began reading what proved to be a little essay, the title of which was, she announced, 'Of Names.'

'"Who does not know the man who is in the habit of marring the stillness of summer days . . . by glibly reciting the name of every bird within reach of his opera-glasses, or his blood brother who makes night hideous by calling the roll of the stars?"'

Thus the essay opened.

'Does your author advocate dropping the specific names of all birds and all stars?' I interrupted to ask.

'Ye-es, I think so,' she replied; 'why not? I think it would be much nicer.'

'You may, if you wish, in the case of stars; but when it's a question of birds, don't! Else you will, the next time you go to the poulterer's, order a fowl, with the chance of getting a duck or guinea, when you know I care only for chicken. Name your bird. Go on.'

My wife sniffed and continued to read. She had just finished the phrase, 'Cloak things with the stupor of a name,' when the door-bell rang.

'Go see who it is, Tom,' she said.

'I cannot see that it matters *who* it is,' I said, tasting my cereal. 'We know it is a person, a man or a woman, a boy or a girl — let that suffice. What would the name of that person benefit us? And please don't cloak me with the stupor of a name — it is so useless.'

The bell clanged again.

'Will you go and see what they want?' she demanded icily.

'Why, certainly!' I replied.

I went to the door, where I found Blimp, our next-door neighbor, who informed me that our dog had come into his yard and killed his Persian cat.

'It was our contiguous neighbor to the east,' I explained, as I sat down again. 'He says that our animal came into his yard and killed his animal.'

She glared at me, a glare that I pretended not to see, and framed a question on her lips. But she did n't ask it. She resumed her reading.

The cereal was excellent and I gave it my attention, but I caught the words, '"Intelligent men and women persist in saying, 'See that bobolink!' or 'Notice the Pleiades!' with a self-indulgent vanity just short of proprietary."'

'Oh, I forgot to tell you,' I broke in at this point, 'that I decided on the new car, and bought it yesterday.'

'You did? Which one did you get?' she asked excitedly, laying down her magazine; 'the Ulysses or the Achilles?'

'Don't tempt me to indulge my vanity,' I begged. 'I bought a new car yesterday, and I trust it will prove a good car. The meat is very tender this morning. Is there more of that article?'

There was and she read it, but the tenderness of the bacon so distracted me that I caught only the words, — and they seemed to be the closing ones, — '"the evening star flickers in the sky. Would it profit anything, I wonder, to know whether it is Jupiter or Venus?"'

'These tuberous vegetables don't bake so well as the last lot we had,' I remarked. 'That doctrine — if it may be called a doctrine — is a queer one. Pretty thin, I 'd say.'

'Do you know what magazine I've been reading from?'

'No, I do not.'

'The *Atlantic !*'

'And pray, my dear, what does it profit me to know whether you have been reading to me from the Atlantic or the Mediterranean?' I asked.

My wife was hurt. I was sorry she was hurt. The conversation, during the remainder of the meal, was not a success. After she had left the table, I sneaked the magazine from the stand where she had laid it, searched for, found, and read 'Of Names.' It was delightful, just as my wife had said. I had finished it and was lighting my cigar when she called to me, 'Oh, Tom, come here and see the birds pecking the pieces of suet we hung out yesterday. There's a cardinal, two juncos, a blue jay, a dozen or more English sparrows, and one I don't know at all. Hurry, and see if you recognize it!'

I hurried, but on the way I indulged in one of my stock remarks: 'The female mind is a funny proposition.'

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THE NEW DEATH

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I

We are accustomed in these days to hear many ancient things called new. New Thought, New Poetry, New Religion, are terms which, when stripped of their faddist connotation, can honestly claim a novelty of approach in regard to these three oldest of spiritual activities. By an analogous use of the word new, one may direct attention to the change in standards that is being wrought in everyday living by the present concentration upon death. No one can forget them, no one can get away from them — those boys dead upon the battlefields of Europe. There is not one of us who has not thought more about death within the last three years than in a whole lifetime before, and by their very intensity our thoughts are new. This preoccupation is a force too fresh to be easily formulated, while already it is so pervasive and so profound in its effect upon the motives and the standards which must both sustain a world in agony and rebuild it for the future, that the psychologist may well term this naked intimacy with facts formerly avoided, the New Death.

It is probably more by its poignancy than by its numbers that death has shocked us into a novel realization of its importance. If the European harvest had reaped old men, however many, rather than young, the challenge for explanation would not have been so stinging. The only way in which death could exact from us its due consideration was to break our hearts with pity and baffle our brains with wastage. It may be that the enigma of the youth of the world destroyed is insoluble, but the New Death, this unprecedented readiness at last to look into the unseen, is the effort of popular thought to translate pity into motive, and bewildering waste into a reconstructed relationship to spiritual values.

Not alone by the youth of its victims has the war horrified us into a new adjustment to death, but even more by their type: the shining best are those most surely sacrificed. What is the meaning of the frenzy with which the universe blasts its benefactors before they have lived to bless it? And what is the significance of the strange, the well-nigh occult, reassurance without which we could not 'carry on' the ideals they have left us in the face of such utter prodigality of destruction? What is this grave which the world was coming in its heart and in its daily practices more and more to treat as final? When every one is asking the same question, may it not be that the answers, still hesitant, still experimental, may bring

into being a new adaptation of living to dying — a New Death?

The attention of the popular mind to death is not only at variance with the attitude of the accepted leaders of thought, still honestly agnostic, but is contradictory to its own attitude of only a few years ago, when death was still the isolated, not the average, experience of the average person. In the old days the bereaved was a little apart, a little abnormal. We were always glad when our friends set aside their mourning and became again like the rest of us. For an everyday man or woman, death was a subject a little indecorous; they had a little of the old Hebrew abhorrence of it which made the Jews regard its presence as a defilement of their Passover; yet it was a young man's dying which, in the history of religion, re-created that Passover by the promise of a resurrection.

The new, enforced familiarity with fate varies, according to the individual, all the way from uneasiness at the intrusion of the spiritual upon his smugness, to an absorption so engrossing that some of us feel that we cannot go on living one day longer until we have decided what is the relation of dying to every hour of existence. In terms of immediate living, the New Death is the constant influence upon us of the boys who have passed. All the ramifications of experience and of endeavor growing out of our attitude toward our young dead must become a new psychological factor in the world's thought and action. The whole subject is still as formless as it is forceful, but it is already possible to analyze some of its obvious characteristics and to conjecture some possible results to public life and to private thinking. Like many other felt, but not yet formulated, influences of the war, the potentialities of the New Death are still to be discovered, as, led by grief, the souls of survivors seek to penetrate the path whither so imperiously the splendid young dead compel our thoughts.

The New Death, now entering history as an influence, is so far mainly an immense yearning receptivity, an unprecedented humility of both brain and heart toward all the implications of survival. It is a great intuition entering into the lives of the simple, the sort of people who have made the past and will make the future. It does not matter in the least whether or not the intellectuals share this intuition, and it does not matter whether or not the intuition is true, or whether future generations, returned to the lassitude of peace, shall again deny the present perceptions; what does matter is the effect upon emergent public life and private of the fact that everyday men and women are believing that the dead live.

These everyday men and women are not looking to their former teachers, the scientist and the theologian, for light upon death. In the urgency of grief we turn instinctively to more authoritative solace than either of these promises. Before 1914 we had seen the disestablishment of the Church as an unquestioned arbiter; since 1914 we have seen the disestablishment of science as an unquestioned arbiter.

Throughout this testing by tragedy, however, we still pay science this much of respect: we continue to practice its methods, while we no longer give blind acquiescence to its conclusions. In the immense desolations of grief to-day, each person must find his own answer to the supreme enigma. For this intellectual initiative the common man is far better prepared than he knew. Widespread education, widespread communication, have equipped the popular mind for mental achievement which materialism had diverted to grosser directions than it deserved.

Transcendent sorrow has now cleared a path for true progress. Science, permeating the commonest education, has given to each one of us a manner of practical approach to any subject that will always safeguard and secure all our advances into wisdom; but no longer can science convince us that we have not a soul when we feel it suffer so. It is impossible for ordinary people any longer to deny that spiritual facts require the exercise of spiritual faculties for their interpretation.

We therefore approach a new wisdom of death by enlisting every capacity we possess, intuitive as well as merely rational, and we seek light along every avenue of approach — philosophy, poetry, science, theology old or new, even spiritism with all its perils. We test each step into the unknown pragmatically, scientifically, for we must have ease from grief if we are not to be paralyzed, and we must have power to remake our own lives and the life of the world in saner accord with eternal purposes, if in any way these can be ascertained. Always the motiving of this universal search is the same — just so much knowledge of dying as will enable us to go on living through this horror. Instant consolation, instant reconstruction, we must attain, if the whole world is not in a moment to be tossed back into chaos. For countless centuries the world has been able to live by evasion: our energy for living has been based upon our ability to forget dying. To-day we wake to such havoc as can never in all the future be offset unless we discover how to make destruction itself the stimulus of an indestructible vigor.

This great popular pressing into the mystery is far too vital for any present crystallization into creed. Unlike the ancient and the mediæval views, the New Death does not prefigure the circumstances of survival, while it more and more accepts it. The New Death is experimental, humble; it investigates, it does not dogmatize. It practices rather than theorizes. It is also independent, personal; it is the sum total of an attitude lived rather than argued by millions of individuals, who in the intensity of their own experience hardly perceive how widespread is that experience. For the first time in history, immortality has become a practical issue for the common man to meet, or history will cease.

It is because of the intensity of their new need that people are turning less to their old masters, the theologians and the scientists, but with an awed docility are seeking illumination from those who are to-day the supreme critics of death — our young men who are dying. These speak, these act, as men having authority, and the force of their influence on the world they have left cannot be calculated, so powerful are the reasons for this influence.

There is something strangely persistent about any unfulfilled life: it always leaves a curious sense of abnormality and waste, and a deep blind impulse somehow to give the aspirant young soul the earthly gifts it lacked. There is not a family which has ever lost a child which does not always have, as an undercurrent of its thoughts, conjectures of that child's development, and a conscious or unconscious adjustment to that child's desires. There is always this psychological continuing of an arrested life, and it is inevitably the more powerful, the more personality the dead youth had attained. The supreme example of this fact is seen in the Christian religion, for it was the force of a young man's death which established that religion; it was founded on the psychology of the universal instinct to fulfill an interrupted ministry as being the only outlet left to affection.

II

More young men, and these more articulate, more capable of inspired utterance, are seeing death to-day than ever before in all time. For one Byron of the past, how many poets and artists and musicians are at this time defending the things of the spirit! The interpretation of fate by such men may be more valuable than that of the aged, for they see dissolution in sharper contrast to vigor; the colors of death are to them more accurate perhaps than to older men whose faculties are duller, and to whom life, being experienced, is not so alluring in promise. The chief value of the testimony of these young heroes, however, is not so much in the words they speak of death, but in the fact that they chose it. If self-preservation exists for the survival of something, may not self-immolation exist for the survival of something? If so, what? We can only grope for an answer, but, groping, we still follow our boys who have passed, feeling that they alone have the right to lead us.

One approaches in reverence the revelations of trench autobiography, which, whether expressed in loftiest poetry or in homeliest slang, comprise the symposium of the sacrificed. The bulk of war autobiography increases daily, making quotation overwhelming, but the uniformity of its revelations is a truth no reader can escape. While his actions are supported by an immense comradeship, the thoughts of the soldier move in a great loneliness; therefore one must give full credit to the singular harmony of utterance, to the strange identity of faith, that so many diverse voices speak. Neither must one ever forget the surroundings in which these records were written; if these writers can succeed in believing the spirit superior to the body, surely, of all men who ever loved, their creed is the most triumphant. We ourselves have shrunk at the mere footfall of the undertaker, at the waxen stateliness of a face once ruddy, at the thud of earth upon a seemly coffin; these circumstances have been enough to make our sensitiveness accept the finality of dissolution. None of us have seen a human body in actual decay, but merely because we know it does decay, we have been overwhelmed and have denied the soul's immortality. The boys upon the battlefields have seen the forms of their comrades rot before their eyes for months. What cowardice our old facile doubt seems, compared with the faith of those at the front! And cowardice even more craven seems our love of life, our reluctance to leave earth's treasures, when we perceive the passion of yearning that these men feel for the life they renounce. Was ever the poignancy of parenthood more touchingly expressed than in Harold Chapin's letters to his baby son? And did ever homesickness become so divine a thing as on the battle-lines of Europe? Tortured with the sights and cries and odors of carnage, and yearning in every fibre for the earth they relinquished, the boys of the world have marched unfaltering to their destruction, rebuking in their every gesture our easy despair, and leaving behind them words of confidence coercing us to conviction.

In addition to the force of their idealism and of their written words, the carriage of these young heroes immediately before death must have a peculiar illumination. That multitudes of soldiers have met their end, not only with serenity, but with a high-hearted gayety, is a fact of overwhelming evidence. This hilarity of heroism is the highest proof a man can give of his certainty that soul is more enduring than body; and exhibited so often at

the very instant of passing, may be, to the open-minded, argument for some strange reassurance from that other side. Surely conviction of immortality from those who have seen the hideousness of carnage in a degree in which no other men in all history have seen it, is a conviction deserving our respectful study.

What the boys who are gone have said and have practiced in regard to dying, what we who are left can add to their vivid vision from the wisdom of our experience of loss — in this combined testimony of the dead and of the bereaved lies the material for one who tries to formulate from contemporary evidence the elements characterizing the New Death, elements all readily seen to be only different aspects of the effort to discover a set of standards by which to weigh what is destructive against what is deathless.

The first characteristic to impress one is the directness of approach to realities formerly shunned, or obscured by ceremonies, or too elaborately interpreted by theology, or too elaborately denied by science. Lashed by grief to realization, the plain man recalls with wonder his old indifference. The former evasiveness is impossible. Each man is testing for himself the old symbolism, the old creed, the old agnosticism, for its vitality. For the new world to be built, only so much of the old world's ritual and philosophy of death can hold as can bear the purging of such grief as the old world never knew.

Both the bereaved at home and the men at the front exhibit the same impulse to sift all ceremonies. One cannot fail to note in trench memoirs the soldier's utter indifference to the conventions associated with demise. There is everywhere to-day a tendency to examine all our ritual of dissolution, retaining only that which is essentially beautiful and essentially true to our emerging convictions. Symbolism has a more direct relation to our conduct than we are always ready to grant. The old conventions of burial and of grief over-emphasized the importance of the physical and over-emphasized the importance of individual loss, and so were in themselves an obscuration of the new light we are seeking upon the marble face of death. The growing practice of wearing white rather than black for mourning, or of continuing the habitual colors of one's dress; the movement for placing upon the service flag a gold star in memory of a soldier killed, are attempts toward a fresher and truer symbolism expressing our growing protest against the depression and paralysis too often resultant upon the passage of a loved one from the known world to the unknown.

III

The present force of individual initiative in examining all the former creeds and customs of dissolution is closely connected with another characteristic of the New Death. The practical trend of the new inquiry into the unseen causes us to seek light from each other in a way we never did before. The new attitude toward death is unlike the old in being the result of universal bereavement and of such a sharing of sympathy as the human soul has never before in all history experienced. In former days people offered condolence genuinely but awkwardly. Sorrow was a loneliness which only the comparatively few who had tasted it understood. We were always a little embarrassed by people who talked easily, even cheerily, of the dead, as if perhaps these had not gone far from us. The old death, like many other things remade by the war, was too often self-absorbed, self-pitying. The old death

was a barrier rather than a bond; the New Death is a universal welding of mutual compassion.

More conspicuous than shared sympathy, as an element of the New Death, is the shared resilience of these millions of mourners. The first response to the enigma of that majestic mystery now dominating uncounted homes is not in theories, but in actions, in a great unargued energy. How different from the paralysis of bereavement too readily condoned in the old days! Our boys have died, therefore we must live, is an arresting and illogical conclusion, but surely it is the one which for four years has actuated both the armies and the households of Europe, and is now becoming more and more our own chief inspiration.

The magnificent recuperative promise of that clarion cry, 'After the war,' does it not draw its first impulse from the ideals of our young dead, ideals we dare not for an instant discontinue? Their example lies upon the survivors like a command that no desolation of grief dares deny. Is not this splendid, dogged hopefulness, on the surface as mad and monstrous as the suffering that has engendered it, a strange, unearthly tribute to the powers of the soul, and a mysterious reassurance for the new world which shall rise from to-day's destruction? We are discovering a strange self-security in those strongholds of the heart which utter loss has rendered unassailable; we are experiencing a strange liberation from the age-old fear of fate.

The word death has for each of us a two-fold meaning; it implies our own passing and the loss of our loved ones. Most of us have a wholesome carelessness of our own fate, but an oversolicitude in regard to those dear to us. The new adaptation of living to dying, if it is to bear the test of the new world's needs, must afford us both a better adjustment of our own mundane existence to its post-mundane possibilities, so that we shall each regard his life with more respect as being perhaps not too surely finite, and also a new enfranchisement from paralyzing anxiety in regard to those we love. During a long century of materialism, we have always been handicapped by the fear of loss, until in a moment of time, by a supreme irony, all fear has been swept away by utter desolation. Evolution teaches that survival depends on the power of adaptation to environment; is not the effort of each nation to reconstruct this destruction constant evidence of the vast impulse of the human race to discover an adjustment of life to death that shall make for endurance rather than decay?

The immediate expression of this vast impulse to rebuild is for individual men and women the revaluation of humble daily life. More and more each of us feels too small to grasp the world-issues of to-day, yet at the same time finds inactivity unbearable. We turn to the nearest task in desperate desire to make it somehow count for relief and restoration to a war-ridden world. The humdrum suddenly stands forth in beauty, dignified by new motives. Always our attitude is inextricably influenced by the words and the conduct of the boys whose battle-hours are continually before our imaginations. They have been driven to discover what remains to them of joy in spite of the tumult, just as we at home, agonized by each morning's newspaper, suddenly perceive the worth of many experiences too familiar to be prized until contrasted with horror. If in the fire and the mud 'out there,' men can discover things to give them joy and faith, surely we at home can emulate a little of their serenity. As we read the records of their hearts, as we meet corresponding experience in our own,

we know that no holocaust can unself the soul, and that the deathless privileges of friendship and of kinship and of the beauty of nature can be interrupted, but never destroyed.

To what a worn commonplace family affection had faded before the war came to menace and thus reveal! Throughout all this land has not every household that possessed a boy treated him with a new sympathy, a real, if often awkward, tenderness? With the threat of loss always over our heads, we are learning how much we love. How beneficent a privilege the mere fact of an unbroken family circle appears, now that yonder by the hearth a shrouded form of mystery sits listening to our careless chat!

As the smallest home humdrum becomes sacred because of the brave homesickness of our boys, so the views from our windows — a wind-blown tree, the sifting of snow, the twitter of a sparrow — suddenly speak to us in a language to which we had never before listened with such understanding; for we know that the men of the trenches have found undreamed-of heartening in the mere line of hills, in the mere recurrence of sunrise and of noon. How gratefully, how gayly, they write of larks and of violets, the soldier-poets, tortured with carnage! No one could read the descriptions by the anonymous young French artist who wrote *Lettres d'un Soldat*, with their vistas of French landscape sketched in words that could have come only to a painter's pen, and not ever afterwards regard the mere daybreak, so divinely usual, with new reverence. Sunshine and starshine, the grace of a tree etched black against a winter sky — we see these now with new eyes of thankfulness, while they used to be too commonplace for our comforting.

Another lesson from the trenches the constant presence of death in our thought is teaching us to incorporate into our daily living — their glorified epicureanism. Men who know that their every second on earth is numbered, see every instant's experience in fresh focus. Alan Seeger's practice — 'to live as if one were saying good-bye to life' — implies such an appreciation of the normal as was never before so accurate, so exquisite, so deeply joyous. In the vast deprivation of to-day we take inventory of our resources, and stand amazed at riches. Is not the present enhancing of daily existence, so that it dares to be frankly sacred, an argument for the true worth of death as a constant, accepted presence to dignify every hour?

This new spiritual valuation of daily existence is still vague, but struggling toward clearness, toward continuity, toward community effort. We long to dignify our daily work by devotion to some cause; we long to know ourselves in line with them, our dead. Always in healthy revulsion at the wastage of their lives, we keep searching, searching for those ultimate standards that shall harmonize their apparent loss with their actual usefulness. We, the obscure, sorrowing fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers of young soldiers killed, we, the mourners all over the world, want to feel that our lives are moving in tune with theirs. And this need for better ordering of our everyday life intensifies our scrutiny of their dying. What is the force so mysterious, so coercive, which commanded them to die? What is the force so mysterious, so coercive, which commands us to live as they would have us live? The New Death is asking with an intensity and a universality never known before. Where are our dead? Is there a God? The need of direction for our energy, and of a standard of valuation, profoundly affects the two most important characteristics of the

New Death, its essentially practical acceptance of immortality, its essentially practical approach to God.

Both the bereaved and the young men dead view survival under several different aspects. Created out of a yearning for the physical privileges that are so abruptly denied, there is apparent in the writings of both a wistful half-belief in an actual return to earthly scenes. Have we noticed, in self-examination, that the world-wide devastation of to-day has already destroyed our old instinctive shudder at the supernatural? What living man can do to living man has proved so much more horrible than what ghost or devil might do, that gruesomeness has been transferred from the supernatural to the physical. Both in literature and in life the supernatural as such fails to frighten us. How could we be sorry to have them return to us —the vivid, beautiful boys we loved? Would not any occult assurance of their possible presence be welcome? We have, of course, no sure confidence that they thus return, but at least we have no physical shrinking from the possibility. The New Death conceives an interrelated universe in which spirits still in the flesh and spirits freed from it may both be associated in some mystic effort toward the future. Certainly the idea of this comradeship is to-day familiar to every soldier, as powerful as it is inarticulate.

Persistence through coöperation, constantly renewed, is a forceful element in the conceptions of survival characteristic of the present-day examination of death. How many fighting men there are to-day whose biography might be compressed into the two words, 'Carry on!' The dedication implicit in the phrase effects a sequence, a survival, in ideal and in effort, that annuls any individual death. The conduct that should be the first instinct of every survivor is compressed into that courage cry, 'Carry on.' It is the soldier's answer in action to the enigma of death, and it is the innermost expression of his love for those who are gone. That no one who has died for a great cause is ever wasted; that the only right expression of grief is a fresh self-dedication to the cause that the loved one loved, is an attitude toward loss that may well pass from the army of warriors to that greater army of civilians. The New Death is characterized by this new grief, reverently joyous in its consecrated energy, and indicative of that needed adaptation of living to dying which shall liberate us from the old paralysis of bereavement.

The soldier's relation to the dead who have inspired him is in itself a revelation to him of his own influence upon those who shall follow him. He is no mere individual, evanescent, isolated, but is welded into an eternal whole by his responsibility toward the heroic who have preceded him and toward the heroic who shall succeed him. The continuity of an ideal annuls the ephemeral, and establishes upon earth the eternal. Volume after volume of war autobiography reveals the fighter's faith in the future, upholding him through every extremity. It is in their service to the future that young men of proved genius find comfort for their arrested course. With eyes made tragically clear, they perceive that a premature fate may have greater influence than an accomplished career. A profound intuition reveals to them that it is more divine to be a man than to be an artist, and that their deepest peril is to fail the challenge to battle; if they presume to believe themselves more valuable to the world alive than lost, they may choke at its source the wellsprings of their inspiration. If they choose sacrifice, they have hope that other men may achieve the fulfill-

ment they set aside; while, if they choose life, they may live barren of all achievement.

The French painter gazes from his dug-out into the distant future as he studies the far reverberations of all heroic example: —

'Who shall say that the survivor, the comrade, of some fallen thinker, shall not be the inheritor of his thought? No experience can disprove this sublime intuition. The peasant's son who sees the death of some young scholar, some young artist, may he not perhaps continue the interrupted work? It may become for him the link in an evolution only for an instant suspended. Yet the crucial sacrifice for each is this: to renounce the hope of being the torch-bearer. It is a fine thing for the child, in his play, to carry the standard; but for the man, let it be enough to know that the standard will be carried, whatever befall.'

Apart from earthly immortality through heroic endeavor, what does the soldier see for himself, each single lad in the ranks, in that misty land that he knows he is entering? Searching for the answer, one is overwhelmed by the impression given by all trench records: whatever else the soldier may expect of that other side, of one thing he seems absolutely assured, measureless well-being: he is going to a place that is good, and he is going with every faculty alert for new adventure.

Almost nothing in the mass of memoirs reveals any definite shaping of that existence about to begin. Assurance takes almost no color from previous education, Catholic, Protestant, agnostic. All we can perceive is the absolute confidence of a new glad life just opening. This perception of joyous experience is implicit in that beautiful phrase of soldier slang, 'Going west.' Going west has always spelled adventure; it has connoted, too, the inspiration of self-dependence, the fair free chance; it has implied lonely effort, lonely exploration, crowned by an unguessed felicity. Yet to-day the actual Occident is shorn of its stimulus. The earth has been over-discovered; a man may sail clear around it, and arrive at no legendary West. Wherever he goes, other men have been before him. But there is left for us all one land forever undiscovered, one unploughed sea-path for Columbus courage. The British Tommy endows death with all the romance of three thousand years when he calls it 'going west.'

The sense of triumph and delight is as clear a note in the words of the bereaved as in the expectations of those who have gone beyond. That the young and splendid cannot die, that their arrested powers must persist somewhere, is the growing conviction of all who mourn to-day. That vision which through all the ages individuals have glimpsed and have incorporated into inspired living is by universality of loss becoming the vision, no longer of the few, but of the many. The vision of the many is the material out of which the motives of progress are made. They were so beautiful that it is impossible to believe them extinct, those dead boys we long for. Perhaps they would gladly have died for this alone, to free the new world from the old world's dread of death.

Conviction of immortality as shown in the soldier-records is in the main profoundly intuitive, but so powerful and so common that one cannot believe that so many men, and these alert in every fibre, could be altogether deluded. It seems more scientific to query whether perhaps they possess truer illumination than mere intellect, unsupplemented by the subtler capacities of soul evoked by their tragic situation, could ever attain.

In so far as their marvelous inner

security has for themselves any basis in reason, it rests partly on the immortal renewal which they observe in nature. Sunrise and recurrent star and the pushing up of the indomitable flowers are arguments for human persistence, since man, too, is a part of the great earth force. Apart from the reasoned argument of nature's exhaustless vitality, many a soldier reveals a consciousness of an indestructible immortal something within him. He would still feel this inner confidence even if all communication with external nature were denied him, if he could hear no bird-songs, see no stars. Page after page of *Lettres d'un Soldat* testify to the sense of eternity which is the core of his courage and his calm. Alan Seeger delights to feel himself in the play of world-forces that are eternal in energy. Rupert Brooke is comforted to be 'a pulse in the eternal mind.' One might envy these three seer-soldiers — French, American, English — what one might call their cosmic security, the content of the atom that perceives itself part of an indestructible whole.

There is, however, in the four-fold sense of survival to be studied in soldier-records, — comradeship of idealism, expectation of glad adventure, the reassurance from the vitality of nature, the consciousness of something eternal at the centre of the soul, — little that is definitely personal, just as there is little that suggests the old conventional doctrines either of science or of theology. In contrast there flashes before us the warm personal hope of Donald Hankey, in his last recorded words: 'If wounded, Blighty. If killed, the Resurrection!'

As one studies the views on survival inherent in the new attitude toward death, one finds that the ideas of those who have gone and the ideas of those who survive differ. The soldier seems swept on in a great confident current toward some profound blessing and happy experience; but, as in his earthly action his individuality is gladly merged into the mass, so his conception of the after life is not personal, self-occupied. On the other hand, the minds of mourners dwell more intently than ever in history on personal survival, on the continued existence of the boys they have lost, as vivid, separate entities. Yet the two views, confident, the one of the general, the other of the individual, beatitude of that new existence, are equally characteristic of the nature of the New Death. The New Death is always essentially the readjustment of daily living to the new fact of universal destruction. The New Death, forced to be instantly practical, seeks not theories, but inspiration to energy. The boy about to die would find these two needs best satisfied by losing himself in the great heroic whole, caring little for individual persistence if only the aim of the universal ideal be attained, while the survivors who had lost him could not be readily comforted by so indefinite an inspiration; they would need assurance that the boy himself whom they loved was still alive beyond the veil. It is the views of survivors that will affect the future. That our dead are alive and the same whom we loved, and that they joyously continue the upward march, is the dominating faith of the New Death. There is in this creed nothing new, except the incalculable novelty that never before did so many people evolve it, each for himself, and never before did so many people practice it as the deepest inspiration of their daily conduct.

IV

Just as the New Death conceives the spirit-world as an ever-pressing reality, requiring an incessant revaluation of our mundane occupations as we attain

new spiritual standards, so it looks at God with a new directness. A few years ago we avoided thinking about God as easily as we avoided thinking about death. That indifference is destroyed. In the words both of statesmen and of soldiers to-day, one sees a return to the first condition of true religion — humility. Only the bewilderment of agony could have made us humble enough to be reverent. Because action and conviction require a mutual reinforcement, a condition too often through ignorance of psychology neglected by religious teachers: because we can neither act heartily unless we first believe, nor believe heartily unless we also act; because full conviction is obtained solely by embodiment in action, it is the soldier, through his utter abandonment of self to service, who has to-day attained the clearest religious certainty.

The faith of fighters revealed in their memoirs is vital, unfaltering; but the expression of the same fundamental creed differs according to the individual. The religion of the soldier facing death is a denial of all the old materialism that once infected equally the educated and the uneducated. The color and shape of the faith differ in different men, but not its intensity, its confidence. Its practice is definitely Christian in its democracy, its kindness. As in all departments of life to-day our attitude and action are inextricably influenced by the attitude and action of the young dead always present to our memories, so the religion of the home army accepts the distinctly soldier elements of their creed.

The soldier regards God as the intelligence which martials the moral forces of all time, but as an intelligence, like his general's, to be trusted, rather than understood; and he regards a blind and unquestioning obedience to this direction as the individual's only possible contribution to the ultimate victory. His religion is therefore first, absolute trust, and then, absolute submission. The immediacy of the fighter's need makes it easier for him to attain these two conditions than for us, whose incorporation of creed in conduct is not so instant a constraint; but the religion at the front and at home has the same frankly intuitive character. The new philosophy of death, born of our naked defenselessness, openly employs intuition, spiritual reassurance, half-occult perhaps, but overpowering. It is not the attributes of God that concern the New Death, but the attitude toward Him, and its practical expression both in public actions and in private.

After decades of materialism a new mysticism is being born. All of us to-day perceive some great force let loose upon us — for our destruction or our regeneration? A Power is certainly at work — is it God or devil, for no one dares longer to call it chance? Every instinct answers, God. God and immortality have become facts for our every-day life, while before they were only words, and words avoided. The new thing about faith to-day is that it is voluntarily intuitive, and that its mysticism is not contemplative but active. This mysticism is conscious. The scientific, the materialistic attitude was a stage of growth ordained for our adolescence, but it did not indicate the maturity that we thought it did. Our intuitions of God to-day are more to be relied upon than those of earlier periods that were unaware of pitfalls. The evidence of our mature wisdom is that, having experienced the pitfalls, we have voluntarily returned to a child-like trust. We do not argue about God: we accept Him. We do not argue about survival: we accept it. Universal destruction has swept from us every other dependence. It is frankly an experiment, this new spirituality, this new adjustment, this New Death. For the

first time in the world, millions of people are making the adventure of faith, engrossed in the effect of immortality, the effect of God, not as a dogma of the next world, but as a practice for this one. There is nothing new about immortality, there is nothing new about God; there is everything new in the fact that we are at last willing to live as if we believed in both. This is the religion of the New Death.

If, even for a few generations, we act on our conjecture of immortality, the larger vision, the profounder basis of purpose will so advance human existence as to make this war worth its price. Our accepting the finality of dissolution as a law of nature has been a blindness obstructive to progress. The history of civilization is made up of two movements, understanding of natural laws and submission to them. We do not chain the lightning; we first ascertain its laws, and then make all our inventions comply with them. Civilization has been long retarded because we have not ruled our lives in obedience to the laws of death. We have either fought them, or neglected them; we have never built either our private plans or our state edifice frankly in accordance with them. Civilization is first a spiritual advance, and only secondarily a material one. The liberation of the soul, so that it may be free to conceive and to accomplish, is the first condition of progress, but it is a condition that has been inextricably hampered by the dread of death. Our highest endeavor has been half surreptitious, based on the chance escape from the constant menace of interruption. We flattered ourselves for a century that science was furthering human development. We know to-day how far it has put it back. Yet for our future we have learned from science the invaluable fact that all new achievement is founded on a daring manipulation of the unknown, on adventuring the application of laws but half divined.

Nature inexhaustibly renews her energies out of decay, in accordance with some sure discernment of what is indestructible. We shall advance our civilization when we learn to imitate the largeness of her gestures and their confidence in some imperishable plan. The more the loss of loved ones makes the world of to-day turn wistfully toward human survival, the more shall its mere possibility inspire our endeavor to bring all earth achievement into better connection with eternity.

The New Death, with its growing conviction of survival, makes men loath to leave the experiences of the present until fully tested, not because the present, as materialism taught, is all, but because it is only a part, and for that very reason a passage to be explored more thoughtfully because the dignity of continuance adds a new dignity to every step of our eternal pilgrimage. If we are immortal, then more beauty, not less, attaches to our mortal sojourn. The more we believe in an eternal sequence for the soul, the more respect we shall have for its physical experience, and the less lightly we shall fling away the mysterious privileges of the flesh. The life beyond the grave may at moments entrance our imagination, but it is not on this account over-seductive, but rather it exalts our earth life as being the complement of our after-death life; it may even be far more difficult, therefore more alluring to the daring. If we are deathless beings, then each hour on earth has a new sublimity, each moment may contain some development of our high destiny that it may be portentous to miss. The old view of our dying, which made us seem to ourselves puny and ephemeral beings tossed by chance into a brief consciousness, obstructed all our free growth

here and hereafter. It was essentially a maladjustment of living to dying which retarded all genuine progress. The New Death liberates us from our paralyzing puniness by its vista of each man's power to adapt his mortal course to its immortal promise.

As the new intimacy with death frees us from the fear of our own dissolution, transmuting dread into the stimulus of hope, so the New Death provides that adaptation of love to loss which transmutes bereavement into energy. Four years ago the activity of the world was conditioned on our power to forget death. Our dead lay coffined in our hearts. We hesitated to speak of them, as we should have hesitated to ask our friends to go with us to a grave — a visit that for ourselves was either a duty or a solace, but might have hurt the sensibilities of others. Such conduct was to shun death, not to accept it. It was not death that killed our loved ones, it was our manner of concealing grief, as if it were a thing unclean and painful, abnormal as disease. To-day brave grief is a sign of the soul's health.

We used to hide away our loved ones from our conversation, denying them that earthly influence which is one branch of their bourgeoning. To-day, when millions of mothers grieve, it would be travesty to pretend that their lost sons are not their foremost thought. We cannot hide away so many dead. Their presence must enter our daily talk, must mingle with our daily tasks. At last we no longer condemn our dead to graves in a past that we keep private, but allow them their rightful place in our present. They have become so great an army that their earthly influence cannot be buried. We know not what dulling of our present vision the future may contain, but for a while this earth is going frankly to hold its homes open to its dead.

The New Death is that attitude of the soul which looks both forward and back — back to the lives of the boys we have lost, forward to that immortal life they have entered. Between that past of ours, sacred to sorrow, and that eternal future sacred to expectation, lies for each of us an earth-space for endeavor illuminated equally by grief and by hope. The words and the deeds of our dead shed sure radiance upon our way. Our debt to the great Design is to weave into the pattern both their dream and our new reverence for our own destiny. To make each moment granted us pregnant with energy because of the light shed on the physical sojourn by their death past, and by our death to come, that is to bring into the new world a force to make death as creative as it used to be corruptive.

The New Death is the perception of our mortal end as the mere portal of an eternal progression, and the immediate result is the consecration of all living. As we step into the future we test our ground now for its spiritual foundations. If our faith is to lead us where our dead boys have gone, it must be a faith built, like theirs, of spirit-values. On the mere guess that death is a portal is founded the resilience of the hell-rocked world to-day. It is a new illumination, a New Death, when dying can be the greatest inspiration of our everyday energy, the strongest impulse toward daily joy. If only the beauty of the vision the tragedy has revealed can be retained a little while! For this little while has death come into its own as the great enhancer and enricher of life.

This is the lesson that the slain splendor of youth has taught to a moribund world. To construct a new world on the faith that their words and their sacrifice attest is the sole expression permitted to our mourning; it is the sole monument beautiful enough to be their memorial.

'WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN'

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

On a cold, raw day in December, 1882, there was laid to rest in Brompton Cemetery, in London, an old lady, — an actress, — whose name, Frances Maria Kelly, meant little to the generation of theatre-goers, then busy with the rising reputation of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. She was a very old lady when she died — ninety-two, to be exact; she had outlived her fame and her friends, and few followed her to her grave.

I have said that the day was cold and raw. I do not know certainly that it was so; I was not there; but for my sins I have passed many Decembers in London, and take the right, in Charles Lamb's phrase, to damn the weather at a venture.

Fanny Kelly, as she was called by the generations that knew her, came of a theatrical family, and most of her long life had been passed on the stage. She was only seven when she made her first appearance at Drury Lane, at which theatre she acted for some thirty-six years, when she retired; subsequently she established a school of dramatic art and gave from time to time what she termed 'Entertainments,' in which she sometimes took as many as fourteen different parts in a single evening. With her death the last link connecting us with the age of Johnson was broken. She had acted with John Philip Kemble and with Mrs. Siddons. By her sprightliness and grace she had charmed Fox and Sheridan and the generations which followed, down to Charles Dickens, who had acted with her in private theatricals at her own private theatre in Dean Street, — now the Royalty, — taking the part of Captain Bobadil in *Every Man in his Humor*.

Nothing is more evanescent than the reputation of an actor. Every age lingers lovingly over the greatness of the actors of its own youth; thus it was that the theatre-goer of the eighteen-eighties only yawned when told of the grace of Miss Kelly's Ophelia, of the charm of her Lydia Languish, or of her bewitchingness in 'breeches parts.' To some she was the old actress for whom the government was being solicited to do something; a few thought of her as the old maiden lady who was obsessed with the idea that Charles Lamb had once made her an offer of marriage.

It was well known that, half a century before, Lamb had been one of her greatest admirers. Every reader of his dramatic criticisms and his letters knew that; they knew, too, that in one of his daintiest essays, perhaps the most exquisite essay in the language, 'Dream Children, A Reverie,' Lamb, speaking apparently more autobiographically than usual even for him, says, —

'Then I told how, for seven long

years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant to maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been."'

I am quoting, not from the printed text, but from the original manuscript, which is my most cherished literary possession; and this lovely peroration, if such it may be called, is the only part of the essay which has been much interlineated or recast. It appears to have occasioned Lamb considerable difficulty; there was obviously some searching for the right word; a part of it, indeed, was entirely rewritten.

The coyness, the difficulty, and the denial of Alice: was it not immortally written into the record by Lamb himself? Miss Kelly's rejection of an offer of marriage from him must be a figment of the imagination of an old lady, who, as her years approached a century, had her dream-children, too — children who called Lamb father.

There the matter rested. Fanny Kelly was by way of being forgotten: all the facts of Lamb's life were known, apparently, and he had lain in a curiously neglected grave in Edmonton Churchyard for seventy years. Innumerable sketches and lives and memorials of him, 'final' and otherwise, had been written and read. His letters — not complete, perhaps, but volumes of them — had been published and read by the constantly increasing number of his admirers, and no one suspected that Lamb had had a serious love-affair — the world accepting without reserve the statement of one of his biographers that 'Lamb at the bidding of duty remained single, wedding himself to the sad fortunes of his sister.'

Then, quite unexpectedly, in 1903, John Hollingshead, the former manager of the Gaiety Theatre, discovered and published two letters of Charles Lamb written on the same day, July 20, 1819. One, a long letter in Lamb's most serious vein, in which he formally offers his hand, and in a way his sister's, to Miss Kelly, and the other a whimsical, elfish letter, in which he tries to disguise the fact that in her refusal of him he has received a hard blow.

By reason of this important discovery, every line that Lamb had written in regard to Fanny Kelly was read with new interest, and an admirable biography of him by his latest and most sympathetic critic, Edward Verrall Lucas, appearing shortly afterwards, was carefully studied to see what, if any, further light could be thrown upon this interesting subject. But it appears that the whole story has been told in the letters, and students of Lamb were thrown back upon the already published references.

In the Works of Lamb, published in 1818, Lamb had addressed to Miss Kelly a sonnet: —

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honor down
To please that many-headed beast, the town,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;
By fortune thrown amid the actor's train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,

As tributes due unto your natural vein.
Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,
That vanish and return we know not how —
And please the better from a pensive face,
And thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

And early in the following year he had printed in a provincial journal an appreciation of her acting, comparing her, not unfavorably, with Mrs. Jordan, who, in her day, then over, is said to have had no rival in comedy parts.

Lamb's earliest reference to Miss Kelly, however, appears to be in a letter to the Wordsworths, in which he says that he can keep the accounts of his office, comparing sum with sum, writing 'Paid' against one and 'Unpaid' against t' other (this was long before the days of scientific bookkeeping and much-vaunted efficiency), and still reserve a corner of his mind for the memory of some passage from a book, or 'the gleam of Fanny Kelly's divine plain face.' This is an always quoted reference and seems correctly to describe the lady, who is spoken of by others as an unaffected, sensible, clear-headed, warm-hearted woman, plain but engaging, with none of the vanities or arrogance of the actress about her. It will be recalled that Lamb had no love for blue-stocking women, and speaking of one, said, 'If she belonged to me I would lock her up and feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry. A female poet, or female author of any kind, ranks below an actress, I think.' This shortest way with minor poets has, perhaps, much to recommend it.

It was Lamb's whim in his essays to be frequently misleading, setting his signals at full speed ahead when they should have been set at danger, or, at least, at caution. Thus in his charming essay 'Barbara S——' (how unconsciously one invariably uses this adjective in speaking of anything Lamb wrote), after telling the story of a poor little stage waif, receiving by mistake a whole sovereign instead of the half a one justly due for a week's pay, and how she was tempted to keep it, but did not, he adds, 'I had the anecdote from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford.' Here seemed to be plain sailing, and grave editors pointed out who Mrs. Crawford was: they told her maiden name, and for good measure threw in the names of her several husbands. But Lamb, in a letter to Bernard Barton in 1825, speaking of these essays, said, 'Tell me how you like "Barbara S——." I never saw Mrs. Crawford in my life, nevertheless 't is all true of somebody.' And some years later, not long before he died, to another correspondent he wrote, 'As Miss Kelly is just now in notoriety,' — she was then giving an entertainment called 'Dramatic Recollections' at the Strand Theatre, — 'it may amuse you to know that "Barbara S——" is all of it true of her, being all communicated to me from her own mouth. Can we not contrive to make up a party to see her?'

There is another reference to Miss Kelly, which, in the light of our subsequent knowledge, is as dainty a suggestion of marriage with her as can be found in the annals of courtship. It appeared in *The Examiner* just a fortnight before Lamb's proposal, which was shortly to follow. In a criticism of her acting as Rachel in *The Jovial Crew*, now forgotten, Lamb was, he says, interrupted in the enjoyment of the play by a stranger who sat beside him remarking of Miss Kelly, 'What a lass that were to go a gypsying through the world with!' Knowing how frequently Lamb addressed Elia, his other self, and Elia, Lamb, may we not suppose that on this occasion the voice of the stranger was the voice of Elia? Was it unlikely that Miss Kelly, who would

see the criticism, would hear the voice and recognize it as Lamb's? I love to linger over these delicate incidents of Lamb's courtship, which was all too brief.

II

But what of Mary? I think she cannot but have contemplated the likelihood of her brother's marriage and determined upon the line she would take in that event. Years before she had written, 'You will smile when I tell you I think myself the only woman in the world who could live with a brother's wife, and make a real friend of her, partly from early observations of the unhappy example I have just given you, and partly from a knack I know I have of looking into people's real character, and never expecting them to act out of it — never expecting another to do as I would in the same case.'

Mary Lamb was an exceptional woman; and even though her brother might have thought he kept the secret of his love to himself, she would know and, I fancy, approve. Was it not agreed between them that she was to die first? and when she was gone, who would be left to care for Charles?

Before I come to the little drama — tragedy one could hardly call it — of Lamb's love-affair as told in his own way by his letters, I may be permitted to refer to two letters of his to Miss Kelly, one of them relatively unimportant, the other a few lines only, both unpublished, which form a part of my own Lamb collection. These letters, before they fell from high estate, formed a part of the 'Sentimental Library' of Harry B. Smith, to whom I am indebted for much information concerning them. It will be seen that both these letters work themselves into the story of Lamb's love-affair, which I am trying to tell. So far as is known, four letters are all that he ever addressed to the lady: the two above referred to, and the proposal and its sequel, in the collection of Mr. Huntington of New York, where I saw them not long ago. I have held valuable letters in my hand before, but this letter of Lamb! I confess to an emotional feeling with which the mere book-collector is rarely credited. The earlier and briefer letter is pasted into a copy of the first edition of the *Works of Charles Lamb*, 1818, 'in boards, shaken,' which occupies a place of honor on my shelves. It reads: 'Mr. Lamb, having taken the liberty of addressing a slight compliment to Miss Kelly in his first volume, respectfully requests her acceptance of the collection, 7 June, 1818.' The compliment, of course, is the sonnet already quoted.

The second letter was written just ten days before Lamb asked Miss Kelly to marry him. The bones playfully referred to were small ivory discs, about the size of a two-shilling piece, which were allotted to leading performers for the use of their friends, giving admission to the pit. On one side was the name of the theatre; on the other the name of the actor or actress to whom they were allotted. The letter reads: —

DEAR MISS KELLY, —

If your bones are not engaged on Monday night, will you favor us with the use of them? I know, if you can oblige us, you will make no bones about it; if you cannot, it shall break none betwixt us. We might ask somebody else; but we do not like the bones of any strange animal. We should be welcome to dear Miss Linton's, but then she is so plump there is no getting at them. I should prefer Miss Iver's — they must be ivory, I take it for granted — but she is married to Mr. ——, and become bone of his bone; consequently can have none of her own to dispose of. Well, it all comes to this: if you can let us have them, you will, I dare say; if you cannot, God rest your bones. I am at an end of my bon-mots.

C. LAMB.

9th *July*, 1819.

This characteristic note in Lamb's best punning manner ('I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns and that nonsense') may be regarded as a prologue to the drama played ten days later, the whole occupying but the space of a single day.

And now the curtain is lifted on the play in which Lamb and Miss Kelly are the chief actors. Lamb is in his lodgings in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, the individual spot he likes best in all London. Bow Street Police Court can be seen through the window, and Mary Lamb seated thereby, knitting, glances into the busy street as she sees a crowd of people follow in the wake of a constable, conducting a thief to his examination. Lamb is seated at a table, writing. We, unseen, may glance over his shoulder and see the letter which he has just finished.

DEAR MISS KELLY, — We had the pleasure, *pain* I might better call it, of seeing you last night in the new Play. It was a most consummate piece of acting, but what a task for you to undergo! at a time when your heart is sore from real sorrow! It has given rise to a train of thinking, which I cannot suppress.

Would to God you were released from this way of life; that you could bring your mind to consent to take your lot with us, and throw off forever the whole burden of your Profession. I neither expect nor wish you to take notice of this which I am writing, in your present over-occupied & hurried state. — But to think of it at your pleasure. I have quite income enough, if that were to justify me for making such a proposal, with what I may call even a handsome provision for my survivor. What you possess of your own would naturally be appropriated to those for whose sakes chiefly you have made so many hard sacrifices. I am not so foolish as not to know that I am a most unworthy match for such a one as you, but you have for years been a principal object in my mind. In many a sweet assumed character I have learned to love you, but simply as F. M. Kelly I love you better than them all. Can you quit these shadows of existence, & come & be a reality to us? Can you leave off harassing yourself to please a thankless multitude, who know nothing of you, & begin at last to live to yourself & your friends?

As plainly & frankly as I have seen you give or refuse assent in some feigned scene, so frankly do me the justice to answer me. It is impossible I should feel injured or aggrieved by your telling me at once, that the proposal does not suit you. It is impossible that I should ever think of molesting you with idle importunity and persecution after your mind [is] once firmly spoken — but happier, far happier, could I have leave to hope a time might come when our friends might be your friends; our interests yours; our book-knowledge, if in that inconsiderable particular we have any little advantage, might impart something to you, which you would every day have it in your power ten thousand fold to repay by the added cheerfulness and joy which you could not fail to bring as a dowry into whatever family should have the honor and happiness of receiving *you*, the most welcome accession that could be made to it.

In haste, but with entire respect & deepest affection, I subscribe myself

C. LAMB.

20 *July*, 1819.

No punning or nonsense here. It is the most serious letter Lamb ever wrote — a letter so fine, so manly, so honorable in the man who wrote it, so honoring to the woman to whom it was addressed, that, knowing Lamb as we do, it can hardly be read without a lump in the throat and eyes suffused with tears. The letter is folded and sealed and sent by a serving-maid to the lady, who lives hard by in Henrietta Street, just the other side of Covent Garden — and the curtain falls.

Before the next act we are at liberty to wonder how Lamb passed the time while Miss Kelly was writing her reply. Did he go off to the 'dull drudgery of the desk's dead wood' at East India House, and there busy himself with

the prices of silks or tea or indigo, or did he wander about the streets of his beloved London? I fancy the latter. In any event the curtain rises a few hours later, and Lamb and his sister are seen as before. She has laid aside her knitting. It is late afternoon. Lamb is seated at the table endeavoring to read, when a maid enters and hands him a letter; he breaks the seal eagerly. Again we look over his shoulder and read: —

HENRIETTA STREET, *July* 20th, 1819.

An early & deeply rooted attachment has fixed my heart on one from whom no worldly prospect can well induce me to withdraw it, but while I thus frankly & decidedly decline your proposal, believe me, I am not insensible to the high honour which the preference of such a mind as yours confers upon me — let me, however, hope that all thought upon this subject will end with this letter, & that you henceforth encourage no other sentiment towards me than esteem in my private character and a continuance of that approbation of my humble talents which you have already expressed so much and so often to my advantage and gratification.

Believe me I feel proud to acknowledge myself

Your obliged friend
F. M. KELLY.

Lamb rises from his chair and attempts to walk over to where Mary is sitting; but his feelings overcome him, and he sinks back in his chair again as the curtain falls. It moves quickly, the action of this little drama. The curtain is down but a moment, suggesting the passage of a single hour. When it is raised, Lamb is alone; he is but forty-five, but looks an old man. The curtains are drawn, lighted candles are on the table. We hear the rain against the windows. Lamb is writing, and for the last time we intrude upon his privacy.

Now poor Charles Lamb, now dear Charles Lamb, 'Saint Charles,' if you will! Our hearts go out to him; we would comfort him if we could. But read slowly one of the finest letters in all literature: a letter in which he accepts defeat instantly, but with a smile on his face; tears there may have been in his eyes, but she was not to see them. See Lamb in his supreme rôle — *of a man*. How often had he urged his friends to play that difficult part — which no one could play better than he. The letter reads: —

DEAR MISS KELLY, — *Your injunctions shall be obeyed to a tittle.* I feel myself in a lackadaisical no-how-ish kind of a humor. I believe it is the rain, or something. I had thought to have written seriously, but I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns & that nonsense. You will be good friends with us, will you not? Let what has past 'break no bones' between us. You will not refuse us them next time we send for them?

Yours very truly,
C. L.

P. S. Do you observe the delicacy of not signing my full name?

N. B. Do not paste that last letter of mine into your book.

We sometimes say the English are not good losers. To think of Charles Lamb may help us to correct that opinion. All good plays of the period have an epilogue. By all means this should have one; and ten days later Lamb himself provided it. It appeared in *The Examiner*, where, speaking of Fanny Kelly's acting in 'The Hypocrite,' he said, —

'She is in truth not framed to tease or torment even in jest, but to utter a hearty Yes or No; to yield or refuse assent with a noble sincerity. We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with her, but we have been told that she carries the same cordial manners into private life.'

The curtain falls! The play is at an end.

THE RUSSIAN CHARACTER

BY A. G. TOLFREE

PAUL T—— was a Tolstoyan. Not, however, if one believed his family, a Tolstoyan at second-hand. From childhood he had demonstrated tendencies which Tolstoy developed later in life. To a succession of bewildered tutors and governesses he had presented a series of insoluble problems, and, promptly upon attainment of his majority, he had made partition of the woods and fields constituting his share of the family estates among the peasants on the land. He had never married. He had kept for his own use a small house with a strip of garden in front; otherwise similar to other peasant houses on the wide sandy thoroughfare of the village street.

An elderly housekeeper looked after his wants when he was there. But he was not often there. Where was he? Mother and sisters, brothers-in-law, nephews and nieces, had long since ceased speculating. Paul T—— lived among the peasants, a peasant himself; helping them in their work, gathering in the crops, moving about from one village to another, but not for years having stepped beyond the confines of his province. When his relations were in St. Petersburg or Moscow they never saw him. He abhorred the towns, and the way of life of his relations, and of every one of his class, in the towns.

But into the country-house life among the wheatfields of Orel, — the late breakfasts, the large lunches of many courses, the afternoon drives, the afternoon teas, when the English governess cut bread-and-butter, with jam, and the French tutor read aloud from the classics, and the châtelaine held on her lap Peter, the fat guinea-pig, — he made, at uncertain intervals, a tangential descent. Always unannounced, he came riding on a peasant's cart or sledge. Formal greetings — any other ritual of approach, devised by human beings for the purposes of social intercourse — were gestures apparently cimian to him, and ignored. His presence was first proclaimed by the crashing of lively tunes on the drawing-room piano, to which every youthful soul in the house promptly responded. Every child hung upon him. He spoke a language children understood; but he was mystery, also; he was different from every one else; colored lights, as of fairy tales, hung about him. A big man, in shabby, baggy clothes, with a large black-and-gray beard, he had all the peasant uncouthness, until he spoke. Then the man of the world emerged, together with something radiant in his whole personality, at once subtle, triumphant, and caustic.

'Paul was such a charming man!' his sisters would sigh.

'He is a charming man now.'

'Ah, but how can you say it? But is it not terrible? With all his talent! He used to play so well. Now he never plays. He never reads. He is losing his intelligence. If a man spends his whole time with ignorant peasants, it can't be otherwise. You use your intelligence, or you lose it. What use have you of your brains if you talk, live, work, eat, sleep, with ignorance, and those who have no brains?'

And 'Uncle Paul' rarely left without

turning round and round the point of the barb in the flesh. If he stayed for dinner, he spoke fraternally to the servants as they went about the table; and, eating sparingly himself of one or two plain articles of food, he attacked the useless luxury of cookery and service.

The care-free happiness of the man, and his underlying charm, disarmed, even while he stirred up every inherited antagonism. Presently he vanished without good-byes; leaving behind him a smouldering resentment, oddly complicated by a thwarted family adoration.

By any outward test possible to apply, Paul T—— was an absolutely happy man. He was happy because he was free to live his life according to his instincts; and that, for a Russian, is always the first condition of happiness. He was happy because he had given his sense of community between the peasant and himself a concrete demonstration. With all Russians of a certain type the word compassion has a very full conceptual meaning. It is literally *com*passion. The feeling that the peasant belonged to the land, that he had human rights to it of which he was deprived, was a genuine passion with Paul T——. It was a passion with him to secure, so far as might be, equal title to comfort and happiness for the under-dog. Having satisfied itself, the passion had perfectly healthy reactions.

Paul T—— seems in retrospect a more normal and vigorous personality than Tolstoy; and, by that much, the question of genius aside, a more representative example of a class of Russian without understanding whom it is impossible to understand Russia to-day.

The T——s were, generally speaking, an average Russian family of the large landowning, small-noble class. They were cultivated, they knew all the European capitals, they spoke three or four languages, they lived in St. Petersburg when they were not on their estates; their sons went into the Emperor's body-guard; but they were home-loving, rather simple-minded people, neither averse to the gayeties of the world nor dependent on them; people of dignity, charm, and poise, on the whole, yet on the whole, and in the best sense, commonplace.

In spite of all this, it was clear that the vein which had shown itself in the brother who had turned *muzhik* did not begin and end with him. He had his explanation in an extraordinary old grandmother, whose husband had at one time been court chamberlain, who had lived always in an atmosphere of semi-barbaric show and wastage, but whose inner life apparently had been one of unceasing religious tension, and other-worldly quest. There was outwardly nothing to suggest the mystic, nothing of the Madame Swetchine, in this little old bent imperious lady, with her piercing eyes, and the stick she leaned on, that went pounding fiercely over the wooden floors. But in her own apartments, where the sacred images stood in every corner, prayers were being said, and services held, for hours at a time, the pope coming from the village and staying long into the evening. And here also, in this religious devotion, there was passion — the same intensity, not satisfied with the lukewarm and the tame, which had led the other member of the family to leave outright the life of his class.

'Elle est morte,' wrote her daughter when the end had come, 'après avoir prié toute la nuit. Tout en Dieu, comme elle a vécu.'

Those were days when the black-earth belt still had its agricultural richness, impaired in latter years — days when the life of the landholders still had the full Turgeniev flavor. And how photographic had been Turge-

niev's pictures of his native Orel! It was all there. Broad-faced peasant-women in the fields; and booted men still, on backward estates, treading in circles on the primitive threshing-floors. Manor-houses, at long intervals: some well kept-up, many neglected. Formal gardens surrounding the manor-houses, lengthening off into a park, after the manner of Versailles. Back of the park, woods — the interminable Russian woods, but here less sombre and dense, lightened by clearings and populated by oak and birch.

The woods were recklessly cut into by the landholders. At the approach of winter, it was not difficult to realize that forests would have to be felled to feed the porcelain stoves and ovens of the big houses through the coming months. There were warmth, and comfort, and a pleasant cheer inside, even in the central drawing-rooms, often of magnificent proportions. But the real Russia was outside. The feel of it was in the long flat vastness, absorbing the human beings who lived upon it; melting them into itself; explaining all sociological and religious fanaticisms.

Mystic and communistic tendencies are everywhere in Russia. It is, however, a mistake to conceive of the communism in the precise meaning that the Western nations give the word. With us, all theories tending toward the socializing of wealth presuppose some species of regulation. With Russians such matters never mean a plan, to be thought out with the head, so much as they mean a vague — one might say organic — propulsion.

The typical Russian does not crave order, system, constructiveness. He has a natural dislike of these. Not an active suspicion of them so much as a passive disinclination for them. Know a Russian well, whether in his own country or abroad, and you will find this to be true. The men and women are alike subjective; the men even more so than the women. They apprehend things with great intellectual clearness; they feel deeply multisidedly. But they seem instinctively to evade the objective precipitation of knowing and feeling into a formula. It is like condensing a nebula.

The usual Anglo-Saxon way of expressing all this is to say that Russians are not conventional. It is certainly true that they do not react to objective interests in our own fashion. The director of a great artistic enterprise which visited the United States a few years ago met attempts to interest him in many of our representative activities with thinly veiled indifference and ennui; but he sat, night after night, listening with unflagging and delighted attention to the exotic improvisations of a negro restaurant-player, beating a drum.

'That man is a great artist,' he said.

There was something more than the professional absorption in one's specialty, in this selection of something to be enthusiastic about, where the whole structure of the surrounding national life obviously appeared so lacking in interest.

Again and again an educated Russian will respond in such fashion to an unexpected flash, an impression, an intuition. Most often, too, the spark strikes out of a background of inertia. An all-around and sustained interest in things at large is not characteristic of him as it is of an American.

This applies to the communistic bent of Russians as well as to everything else. While Paul T—— was extreme in his methods, he was certainly not alone in his views. There have been potential Tolstoys in the Russian nobility, for decades. It is of common knowledge that the land-owning class paved the way for the Revolution.

It did not pave the way in exactly the same manner that the philosophers, and the followers of Rousseau, paved it for the French Revolution. Rousseau had theories. The desire for reforms among educated Russians has always been, though they may scarcely have been conscious of the fact themselves, less a logical intellectual conviction than an *état d'âme*. Primarily the communism of a Tolstoy, a Paul T——, is not the development of a sense of the oneness of all men. It is rather the development of a sense of the oneness, not merely of humanity, but of Life itself.

Back of the Revolution there is a movement in the universities: the constructive element of which Miliukov is a type; and class-conscious forces that have grown up in the workshops of the cities, in the last decades. But further back than these groups are the masses of the nation. And they, whether illiterate peasants, or bourgeois, or nobility, represent Russian character. Of this character the greatest power, and also the greatest weakness, is the unwillingness to limit or restrain personality for any end whatsoever. This unwillingness, in its turn, springs from the deep, to Western nations incomprehensible, Russian sense of primordial Life.

Of course this is the secret of the spell of their literature, their music, their theatre, their dance. The Western nations have succumbed, practically without criticism, to the sincerity, the freshness, the spontaneity, of the Russian as an artist. He is richer in this field than we are; and we know it. He is more authentic. He dares so much, on that account, that we would not dare. His novels reveal the stupidities and the meannesses of his nature and ours, along with the exalted beauties, and all recorded with an equal devotion. Since it is all life, one sometimes suspects that the Russian writer finds the one, in its way, as attractive as the other. That is an Asiatic inclination; and it makes naturally for incoherence and cloudiness.

'Man is reducing himself to his minimum in order to make amplest room for his organizations,' says Rabindranath Tagore. That, indeed, is the keynote to the Western world; but not to Russia. That country is not interested in institutions as institutions; and it has no aptitude for building up institutions; because any sort of machinery must perforce curb the course, and trim the sail, of Life. Here again is a suggestion of the mysticism of the East.

There was an intelligent, cultivated Russian woman who pleaded for hours with her fourteen-year-old daughter to promise solemnly that she would never marry. The mother was earnest to the point of vehemence. Her own marriage appeared to be happy enough; her objection to the possible marriage of the daughter — idolized, as most Russian children of that class are — was that she would not be always and perfectly free to do as she pleased. The fear of restraint was greater than the natural conservativeness of woman where social ties are concerned. It is not at all infrequent with Russian women. But still more frequent, and not devoid of an element of the comic, is the species of terror which the men will show at the thought of feminine domination in marriage.

'I could never think of marrying,' said old Prince G——, 'for I knew what my fate would be. Every Russian lives under his wife's slipper.'

Barring an occasional outburst of terrible Asiatic temper on the part of paterfamilias, — usually soon, and contritely, repented of, — this is a fact. The Russian woman is always the

stronger. She has a vitality and energy which the men seem unable to cope with. The stories of Tschaikovsky's erratic marriage and terrified flight, like the aversion, founded on something very like fear, of Strindberg for women (Strindberg being a type of Swede that shows many Russian proclivities, even as much Russian blood has percolated into certain parts of Sweden), receive many explanatory commentaries, if one has known something of the more intimate aspects of Russian existence.

Overdeveloped individualism, and defective coördination reach through all the strata of national life. An abundance of delightful, picturesque, brilliant, and very lovable personalities — but not an organized society.

The lack of order infects the households, the domestic arrangements, where there is frequently the greatest comfort, and even opulence, mixed with the queerest makeshifts. One thinks of Madame C——, who had some beautiful unmounted pearls which she kept in a pill-box. She remains in the memory as a symbol of one of the Asiatic strains that run through this land. After all, the pearls were the important things, were they not?

If they were not so normally amiable and easy-going, one suspects that the Russians would often be very impatient with our precise Western ways: our 'proper thing in the proper place'; our paraphernalia generally. They are more casual — without excluding a barbaric love of luxury, in certain contingencies.

Amiable they almost always are. And if they are not, it will usually be found that the deficiency is in some way connected with what they feel to be the imperious and legitimate demands of their nature, clamoring for expression. It cannot be denied that so much self-introspection and self-pity become rather disillusioning at times. Especially with Russians who do not stand at the top of the ladder, there is an almost childish insistence on fate's unkind discriminations. The course of friendship with Russians of either sex may have some difficulties, some unexpected misunderstandings, for analogous reasons. 'Very attractive for a time, but one grows very tired of it all,' was the way in which one American diplomat, several years in Petrograd, summed it up.

That is one view. And there is a background for it, in the eyes of people who are of more temperate stock, and who, in the Anglo-Saxon manner, consider the 'cheerful acceptance of the commonplace,' which has been called the Englishman's distinctive contribution to human ethics, the better way.

And yet there is the other view. And it is epitomized for one in an unforgettable picture of a strange funeral procession, wending its way along the roads of Central Russia toward a small white church with green cupolas. As far as the eye could reach waved the fields of yellow wheat, to a far-away horizon, level as the sea. A very young girl, scarcely more than a child, clad in white, and with unbound hair, was being borne on an open white bier, by peasants. Followed parents and friends of the child, also in white, and more peasants. Not an habitual funeral procession. But the mother of the child, whose stony face stared straight ahead, had willed it so. From the big house, built in the days of Nicholas I, after the model of the Grand Trianon, they had come; from the place where the child had been born to her final resting-place, the mother to the last refusing one concession to usage, keeping her eyes on the child's face up to the end. And in the countenances of those following peasants there was something that understood.

GOD'S LITTLE JOKE

A STORY OF THE POLYGAMOUS CITY

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

FARKHANDA was peeking out through the outside curtain one morning as I passed, and she called me in. She ought not to have been peeking out, but I forgot that fact. For when I saw her there, suddenly a wave of memory swept over me, and a flood of homesickness and love struck me all unprepared. One sees sometimes, in an Indian city, a face exactly like some dear face at home. A man has collected tickets for years at the Lucknow station, who looks most pleasantly like a favorite aunt of mine. As Farkhanda salaamed to me that morning, a college friendship came back sweet and invigorating: the love of a girl adored by a whole campus-full of women; one who had danced and dived and bowled, played golf and tennis and hockey, better than any of us. And about the time we got our degrees, we learned, to our amazement, that during those mysterious summers which none of us ever shared with her, for the straightening of her crooked spine, she used to lie bound in an iron cast in a New York hospital, and all her athletic strength was the result of her long struggle against disease. And when we understood why she loved moving, singing, even breathing, her gameness became to us almost religion.

And here was Farkhanda standing before me as Betsey used to stand, expressing more vitality motionless than most women express in action.

'I saw you passing,' she said. 'I wanted to talk to you.'

'That was nice of you,' I answered.

'Where you going?'

'To school.'

'Oh, you have a school? Where is it? Let me see your books.'

'Can you read?' I asked, showing her a Hindustani book of hygiene for girls.

She began at the first page.

'I know my letters. What's that word? Teach me.'

'This is too hard,' I explained. 'You need a primer.'

'Well, I'll get one.' She dispatched a servant to the bazaar for the book. 'Can you read English as well as Hindustani?' she asked.

'Even better,' I answered, truthfully.

'I can't read anything but the Koran,' she sighed.

'You're new here, are n't you?'

'My father-in-law has just been transferred to the treasury department office here. Let me see your hat.'

I took off my heavy sun hat gladly, and she examined it with care inside and out, and tested the sharpness of the hatpins.

'What do you wash your hair with? Why don't you braid it? How do you fasten it on? Why don't you put oil in it? Where did you get your English

shoes? Why do you wear stockings such hot weather? Why do you wear such a lot of clothes?'

She was investigating my underskirt. She herself had on three white garments — a piece of white lawn tied around her for a skirt, a long white *kurta*, which fell nearly to her knees, and a sheer veil, whose point hung to the floor behind her.

'What sort of soap do you use? What's your caste? Where's your father? How many children have you?'

These preliminaries I had heard many times before, but never had they been asked in so thorough and competent a way, and never had I answered them with more relish. By the time the primer came, I had sufficiently accounted for my extraordinary self; so she opened the book at the beginning, and went on spelling out page after page, until I stopped her.

'That's a very long lesson for one day,' I said. 'We'll stop here.'

'Stop? Why?' she demanded. 'I want to read it all to-day.'

'I must go.' I insisted. 'I've got work to do.'

'Work! You!' she exclaimed. 'Have n't you servants? What sort of work have you to do?'

'I'm busy all day,' I answered emphatically, 'at the hospital, or the school, or at home.'

'But what do you *do?*' she questioned in surprise. 'I never can think of anything to do.' She looked helplessly around the high walls of the courtyard. 'There is nothing to do here. You stay to dinner, and we'll read the book through.'

I left in a little while, explaining that I could not possibly spend every morning with her.

'Never mind,' she said; 'I'll come to the hospital to-morrow. I want to see the doctor.'

'Yes?' I said.

I knew from her face what she was going to say, and she said it.

'I have no children.'

'You're a child yourself,' I answered. 'Don't be in such a hurry.'

'I'm fifteen,' she answered soberly. 'I've been married four years.'

Then, as I said good-bye to her good-natured old mother-in-law, I felt that I had lacked courtesy in letting the girl absorb all my attention. Always afterward, however, when I left that house I felt the same way.

The next morning Farkhanda and her mother-in-law, in the stiffest and proudest of silks and the stiffest and proudest of manners, waited for me at the bougainvillea vine, their outer veils scarcely undone. They looked around over the assembled women and babies with a most aristocratic indifference, which they maintained until I took them to the verandah off which the compounding room opens. At the half-door, where a dozen women were waiting for their prescriptions to be filled, we paused to look inside. All around the room were rows of large labeled bottles, such as one sees in drug stores at home, and drawers, and cupboards. Two girls, in the blue cotton uniforms of Indian nurses, wearing white caps instead of veils, were measuring and mixing medicines.

When Farkhanda saw the compounders, her face grew eager in spite of herself.

'What's in those bottles? Who are these girls? Why are they dressed that way? May they give any medicine they like? Why don't they taste it?'

Her mother-in-law accounted for the girls with one word, and that was the oldest word of Moslem contempt for Christians. I explained that the doctor saw each patient, wrote a 'letter' saying what each needed, and that the girls carried out her written orders.

'Does she write in Hindustani?' she asked.

'English,' I answered.

'Can the girls read English? Where did they learn? I will learn English.'

She wanted to go inside and investigate each bottle, but I persuaded her to see the rest of the buildings with her mother-in-law. In the wards where I took them, she fired at me an explosion of questions that no one before had thought to ask. In the kitchen she inquired into every detail of marketing and cooking. When we looked in through the glass doors of the operating room, she was overcome with wonder.

'What *are* all those things in glass cases?' she cried. 'I did n't know there were so many things! I will learn *doctari*.'

The mother-in-law, who was proud enough of the girl's cleverness, laughed heartily at this absurd idea.

'No, but I will learn it,' insisted Farkhanda. 'You teach me.'

I explained humbly that I did n't know *doctari*.

'It takes years and years to learn it,' I assured her.

'But you've been to school,' she insisted, surprised at my stupidity.

'But one has to go to college to learn *doctari*.'

'But you've been there, too,' she replied.

'Then to other colleges — years and years — like men; and then to learn to make medicine you must go to other colleges.'

'Oh,' she cried in surprise, 'I did n't know there were so many colleges. I thought you knew everything.'

I am a modest person. I explained that there were a few subjects that I had not completely mastered. And then, for the pleasure of seeing her amazement, I told her something I have enjoyed telling many women.

'I went to college only four years,' I said. 'But some women go twice as long as that. And they used to say where I went, that if one took all the courses, — studied all the subjects, you know, — it would take a hundred and twenty-eight years to do it all.'

I had to repeat this to her, and when she understood it, she cried piously, 'God in Heaven! What do they study all that time?'

I had heard that question until I could almost sing the answer.

'The sun and the moon and the stars and the light,' I began, 'and rivers and mountains and all the earth. And blood and medicines and livers and lungs, and counting and measuring and making books, and Greek and Arabic and Persian and tongues; and some study music all their lives, and some paint pictures all their lives, and die before they have finished —'

'God in Heaven!' repeated the girl. 'Are n't they married?'

'Oh, men, I mean,' I explained. 'Men — and some women.'

'Men and women!' she exclaimed. 'Did *you* study with men?'

'Yes, I did,' I said. 'We can. Yes, unveiled. Barefaced.'

Farkhanda was thoroughly shocked.

'Were n't you *ashamed?*' she cried.

'I was not,' I assured her. 'It is our custom. Men don't mind us being about. They don't pay much attention to us. And if they do, it does n't hurt us. They are not that kind of men.'

'But what kind are they?' the girl gasped. 'Angels?'

'Well, not exactly,' I answered. I am afraid I never explained this point satisfactorily. 'They are just — Americans, decent men to work with.'

The mother-in-law was listening to me with a wise smile.

Farkhanda said, 'I could study, too, if I were there. I could learn everything. I could study a thousand years. But' — with a sigh — 'I'm married!'

I took them over to the bungalow, to show them through it, and, excusing myself for a moment, left them sitting in the drawing-room. When I returned, they were opening the drawers of the dining-room sideboard and examining the silverware.

'I wanted to see what was in this thing,' the girl told me, without the least embarrassment. 'What sort of spoons are these?'

They were forks. Then she proceeded to explore each room and closet of our house.

After that morning Farkhanda became what we reluctantly call a 'hospital haunter.' She managed some way to need treatment three or four days a week, and the other days she came for amusement. I suppose her hospital experience was to her what a year in Europe is to an American girl. It amused the doctor, who loved her for Betsey's sake, to see that the hospital girls, who generally maintain a deplorable attitude of superiority to uneducated women, received her as one of themselves. I got to know her well. Her mother she did not remember, she told me, but of the great *maulvie*, her father, she told me many proud stories.

'He had so many followers,' she declared, 'that we had no place to store the gifts they brought him, so he fed butter to his shining ponies, which he rode in *nezabazi*. Do you know that game, Miss Sahib, where men riding furiously down a race-course pick up from the ground on their long spears a little stake?' Her eyes shone when she recalled that. 'How I loved being taken to those games! And the crowds! My father always won. But when I was seven, he would n't let me go any more. Said I was too big to be out. And he had a little *burqua* made for me. How I hated that veil! And every day I'd get punished by my grandmother for going out without it. "Why can't you stay in the house," she'd say, "like a decent child? Do women go outside?" Every day I'd get punished. But after my brother was born, I never ran away again. That was the highest day. I shall never forget it. I used to look at him by the hour, and hold him. I was never lonely then. He was the loveliest baby! I taught him all his games and his tricks. Little moon, he was. And when he got bumped, it was to me he came crying. I nearly died after I was married, and I could never see him again.'

'Why could n't you?' I asked.

'Oh, my father died after all my wedding clothes were ready, and my stepmother wanted to break my engagement. "Why should this girl get out of the family?" her people said. But my grandmother was furious and would not allow them to carry out their plans. So that quarrel was a wall unto heaven, and my stepmother took the baby and went to her people away up north. He was three then. And I was married, and then my grandmother died. So now I have no home to go to visit. But when my brother is grown, I will go to see him. When fathers are gone, what have women but brothers?'

Husbands, of course, do not count. Farkhanda's did not. I saw him once when he was home during the vacation of a school in Amritsar. He was a loose-jointed, languid, untidy sort of a schoolboy, about sixteen. One could not imagine a girl so unsentimental as Farkhanda taking very much interest in him. Fortunately he was seldom at home. This left her free — perhaps too free — to spend much of her time in the hospital, where she made the best of her opportunities. She had always a book in her hand, and she stood about the verandah, 'ripening her lessons,' as she said, and getting new ones all the time, in spite of our objections.

She waylaid me every time I passed with, 'What's that word?' or 'What does this mean?' She stood with the women who waited at the half-door of the compounding room, and pushed her book in front of the compounder every time a patient turned away satisfied. Undaunted she crept in, between the turns of the impatient women, to the table where the doctor sat in the dispensary, with, 'Tell me how to say this' — and the doctor never could resist her, until one day, when this eager young reader walked calmly into the operating-room when she was removing a cataract.

She spent many hot afternoons, contrary to our most cherished rules, in the big room where the nurses were supposed to be resting. I came in suddenly upon them one day at three o'clock, when they were having a very hilarious rehearsal, in extreme negligée, of the play they intended giving.

'Farkhanda,' I began very soberly, 'what are you doing here?'

'Miss Sahib,' she answered humbly, 'I'm learning my lessons. Let me stay. I want to play with these girls. I've nothing to do at home. It's lonely.'

'Your father-in-law would be very angry if he knew you were away all day,' I continued.

'But he won't know it,' she reasoned, 'I'll get home first. My mother-in-law does n't mind.'

All the nurses began pleading for her. They were to have a 'drama,' the story of Joseph, and a little 'drami,' the Prodigal Son — and Farkhanda of course must be the Pharaoh, the king. Would n't I just let her come afternoons till they had the play ready?

They were such nice girls, after all, that I had to agree. They gave their play by starlight, in the courtyard, to an audience of bewildered convalescents and a few Moslem friends who could get permission to come by night to see it. It was a most extraordinary performance. Moses himself would not have known the story. The doctor and I sat together, enjoying it as much as any — not the play, but the shining eyes of the audience, and Farkhanda's radiant abandonment of herself to the joy of the occasion. The stars that shone down on us have seen many an Indian king in their day. But I doubt if they ever saw a king more elated, more amusing, or more lovable than Pharaoh was that night.

When Farkhanda's servant, some time after that, asked me to go to see her, I suddenly remembered that the girl had not been in the hospital for some days.

When I entered her home, I knew it was out of tune.

'I have n't seen you for a long time,' I ventured to say.

'No!' she answered scornfully. 'I'm not allowed to go out now. She's made a fuss about my going out — my husband's brother's wife.' She looked venomously at a woman carrying a baby down the stairs. 'Lord! how I hate her! I'll get even.'

I suggested that this attitude was hardly worthy of a woman who wished to learn *doctari;* and besides, it was unbecoming.

'Unbecoming!' she cried. 'How? She's always saying I'm plain and sallow, and she pities my husband because he's childless. Just because she has two little beasts of her own!'

I had seldom heard an Indian woman speak with so little reverence of children.

'Do you think she's pretty?'

'Indeed I don't,' I said honestly. 'I'd much rather look at you.'

The other woman was round and pink and stupid. Farkhanda's thin face was all one bright ivory color except for her carmine lips; and her dark eyes and even the shadows and sweet

curves around them seemed to glow as she looked straight at me, eagerly, unafraid.

'One sees something more than face, looking at you.'

Her mind jumped with characteristic energy to this idea. What did I mean?

I told her of faces made beautiful by character; of what Ruskin said of the things which mar beauty. And for some reason I told her of the grit and victory of our Betsey. The story roused her to protest.

'Oh I'm *not* like that,' she cried. 'Not at *all*. You don't see nice things when you look at my face. There's none for you to see. What can I do? I won't stand this.'

I wanted to make her happy again.

'Your brother-in-law will go away soon. Then you'll be allowed to go to the hospital as before; and I'll come often.'

And as we were talking, standing by the inner curtain, her brother-in-law pushed the curtain aside and came in. Farkhanda had little time to pull her veil down over her face, but most women in such circumstances would have managed it. In our city an elder brother must not look on the face of a younger brother's wife. This elder brother did it, and enjoyed it. His face lighted up as if he had bent over a flame. Any man's would, looking at her. In a moment he was gone.

'Farkhanda,' I whispered, 'be careful!'

'Oh, trust me for that,' she laughed flippantly. 'Don't bother about me,' she added. 'It does n't matter.'

The next week, the brother-in-law returned, a day earlier than his family had planned, to his work on the northern frontier. Farkhanda went with him. When I told the doctor this, she said with a great deal of energy, 'Of course!'

II

One summer, a long time afterward, it happened that the doctor could find no women of sufficient experience and discretion to take charge of the Katur dispensary. So for two months I went out Tuesdays and Fridays on the train, with a young Indian girl who could manage simple cases. We slept in the walled dispensary courtyard at night, began clinic at six in the morning, and went home by the noon train. We used to get to the dispensary about eight, and always prepared for bed at once. And then, because every fifteen miles the vocabulary, inflections, and idioms of the language of our women change, I used to listen for hours to the yarns that the women who crept down from adjoining high roofs would spin for us, filling up a note-book in the dark with sentences hard to read in the morning. I remember distinctly that a gentle old Hindu woman was telling me about the amazing things that happen the day a snake a hundred years old turns into a beautiful youth, and I was thinking how fortunate it is that most snakes die young, when some one rattled the outside chain of the door, and my discreet teachers disappeared over the wall.

'A woman's here,' the watchman called sleepily.

I opened the door a little crack.

'Oh, let me in! Let me hide!' some one begged, pushing against the door. 'Miss Sahib, you know *me*. Let me in. I shall be killed.'

I had no desire to become involved in a neighborhood quarrel in Katur, with a young girl and an old watchman on my hands. But the woman's distress I could not withstand. She pushed in, and locked the door after her. In the starlight I could see from her full silk skirt and shameless veils that she was a dancer.

She looked quickly around her. At one end of the courtyard were three living-rooms and a verandah; at the other, three dispensary rooms. She made toward the open living-rooms. 'I'll hide there,' she whispered.

I was asking for some explanation. I could see she was trembling.

'Don't you know me?' she answered. 'I'm Farkhanda.'

She was inside the room now, and as I turned up the lantern, she shut the door, and then the barred window which opened into the street. When the light fell on her face, as she turned to me, I remembered the girl who was like Betsey. The fire had gone out of her face. I saw only ashes there. I opened the door into the court, turned out the lantern, and sat down by her. She was rocking back and forth on the floor, her face hidden in her knees.

'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Where did you come from, here?'

She said nothing, but sat rocking and groaning. After a while she cried, 'O God! O God! *That man* was my brother!'

I remembered then that she had a brother, and that she had left our city suddenly.

'You came back to your brother?' I asked. And then because I could not think of Betsey and this girl's costume at once, I said the worst thing possible. 'Farkhanda, why are you wearing those clothes?'

'Ask God,' she moaned. 'I don't know. Why am I wearing these clothes! Why *am* I wearing these clothes!'

We sat still a long while, until she had groaned 'O Miss Sahib!' two or three times.

'Tell me what's the matter,' I urged. 'Did n't he receive you?'

'Oh, he received me,' she echoed. 'How he received me! Why did n't he kill me first? I don't want to hide. I want to die.'

I sat there for hours, it seems, helplessly watching her suffer. Some time before dawn I knew the story she told in choking bits.

'I saw you on the train,' she said. 'But I would n't let you see me. I was ashamed. I dance now — I came to dance at a wedding — my father was Sheik Alim Shah!'

To help her on, I said, 'But you knew your brother was here, did n't you?'

'No, I did n't know. I should have known he would find me out some time. I saw in the crowd over there a man more handsome than them all, as proud as a conqueror. He sat there looking so disgusted — looking disgusted at *me*. I would n't have it. And so — Oh, Lord, I can't tell *you* — I've learned horrible things. I sang at him — I — made him come up where I stood — close to me, looking at me — and singing. We were in the centre of hundreds of men — in a garden. And then the man who asked me to come cried out to us, laughing. He shouted — he said, "Aziz Shah, kiss your sister."

'My heart died just then. But he went on singing. Then that man cried, "Men, see Sheik Alim Shah's children! Are n't they loving?"

'And when he heard our father's name in jest, my brother turned around angrily toward the man. But he sneered, "You did n't know you had a sister? I'm making you know!"

'The world was silent. My brother stood looking at me — *looking*. Stillness. He asked, "Is this true?"

'I said yes. I forgot my shame. I stretched out my hand to him. Somebody laughed. The way he looked at me was worse than all curses. Then he rushed away, stumbling —'

She sat moaning, and crying, 'My brother! my brother! I heard them laughing, recalling things about my father. I cursed my way through them.

I did n't know where to go. I said, "My brother will return and kill me if I stay, and they will all say he does well to. And if I go out into the street, thieves will kill me for the fortune of jewelry I wear." I came to you.'

'But Farkhanda,' I cried, 'why did that unspeakable man do it?'

'Oh, once in Lahore I was with a judge. I heard cases. Both sides came to me with gifts — and I listened. And as I decided, the verdict was given. I got much money — I am rich — rich. But I have no brother!

'When my brother went away, I was standing there dying, and that man called out, "You remember that watered garden of mine you gave to my cousin? I swore I would have revenge for that, and the Most High has filled my cup to overflowing — in wonderful ways, in ways beyond prayer. You have forgotten the garden? You'll remember me!"'

Once she said, 'You'll hear terrible stories about me now. True ones, too. I tell you I loved that city when I first saw it. Crowds and people and much to do. I knew it all. I learned it. I saw all the palaces of its kings, and their gardens and tombs, as men go to see them. I ruled the city. After a while there was nothing new to do. Last week, one night, I looked out over the miles and miles of roofs, and I knew there was not a man in one of those houses of whom I could not make a fool. And not a woman who did not pray against me. I was tired of it all.'

After a long pause she cried, 'How well God arranges his little jokes! That fate should bring me here! That I should have danced before my brother! I hated it all. That's why I came here when that man asked me. I wanted something new to do. But now I know. There is nothing new but pain.'

She was right about pain.

At dawn I brought her some strong tea, and she trembled as she drank it.

'I'm going home by the early train,' she announced. 'My party won't go till noon. I'm not afraid now. I want a thick veil.'

It was too early for the shops to be opened, and we searched through the dispensary without finding anything that would serve as a veil.

'I can't go unveiled,' she moaned. 'I must have a thick veil to wear in his city — to hide me.'

She was looking out toward my cot in the courtyard. I brought her my two sheets. One she tied around her waist, in place of her billowy silk skirt. The other one had coarse lace set in across the top, in which were crocheted the cryptic words, 'God is love.' A nurse had given it to me at Christmas. This Farkhanda draped over her head, and pulled down over her face. 'God is love' hung down behind about her knees. She started to go out.

'You'd better wait here a while,' I said. 'It's early yet, and you had better not get to the station too early. There might be trouble.'

'That's true,' she agreed wearily, sitting down.

The assistant and I had our tea near her on the verandah, and set about dusting the bottles and the cupboards. I was wrapping cotton round little sticks, making swabs for throats and eyes, when our sweeper-woman came in for her morning duties. She was talking eagerly to another woman, and paused outside the verandah so that the necessity of salaaming to me would not interrupt her.

'Yes, and his face is all black,' she was saying excitedly, 'and his throat — and his eyes bulge out — open — oh —'

'Whose eyes bulge out?' I asked, thinking that they were bringing a patient.

'Salaam, Miss Sahib,' she cried.

'Ah, the young *maulvie's*. He hanged himself last night. You should see the way his eyes —'

From Farkhanda there came a little stricken moan.

'Keep still,' I commanded the woman, feeling suddenly very tired.

There was a most awful silence. Farkhanda's shriek broke it.

'It is my brother!' she cried, rising, stretching her arms straight up above her.

'No, it is n't,' I said to her helplessly; 'it is n't your brother.'

'It was Maulvie Alim Shah,' said the woman importantly. 'You never heard anything like it. They say he did it for shame. Last night, they say, at the wedding —'

Farkhanda's outburst of death-wailing I shall never forget. Till noon that day it kept chills running up and down my back, so that I thought I was getting fever. She stumbled out through the courtyard, seeing nothing, her arms stretched up toward heaven.

'Where are you going?' I cried to her. 'Sit down. You don't know where you're going.'

'I go to see my brother,' she wailed. 'I've always wanted to see him.'

She would not come back. I sent the dumfounded sweeper-woman after her to show her the way to the house.

'They'll never receive her,' I said. 'Bring her back if they turn her out.'

The clinic had scarcely opened when she came back at the head of a dusty crowd of small boys, curious loafers, and a few low-caste women. The men who lingered around our courtyard door after she had come in, I dispersed with militant efficiency, hating all men on the face of the earth just then. If that man had to die, I was thinking angrily, why could n't he die for his own sins, or for the sins of the men about him? Had not Farkhanda already her weight of shame?

The sweeper-woman was telling me, weeping, what had happened at the house where the man lay dead.

'There was a great crowd around the door. She wanted to go in. But his father-in-law on the threshold cursed her away. And as she stood there weeping, when some one called to him from inside, he threw at her the rope they had cut from his neck. "Take that! It's yours," he said to her. And she picked it up and kissed it. She's brought it with her.'

We went and sat down in the dust where she was rocking back and forth. The women were weeping, even my protégée, and I sat awkwardly dumb and tearless. Farkhanda had begun wailing out that terrible death-song — that instinctive expression of the sorrows of the women of the East; a variation, according to the occasion, of words they know too well. They sing it to the air they call 'the stricken air,' which may be the oldest in the world.

'Did light shine on the earth? My sun is stiff and cold.
O wailing walls, be still. O earth, contain my grief.
Hope came with morning light. There is no morning light.
Do young men hate their life? My brother hated life.
Do strong men die of shame? My brother died of shame.
Do princes hang in ropes? My prince hung in a rope.'

As she sobbed the words on and on, the three girls she had brought from Lahore with her came in and sat down with her. Through the morning they sat there, 'pulling out their sorrow from their soul as a wire is drawn through a too small hole in iron,' while the crowd of women around eyed them, some condemningly, some awe-stricken, some sighing. Once a few, led by a simple-hearted woman, sat down with them, only to be scolded away when a friend of the newly widowed woman

came in. There she sat, undone, the *maulvie's* daughter who danced; and there was God's hand, punishing her of course according to her sins. It was uncomfortable to think about, — suppose it was our turn, now, — but it was a good story. There had been nothing like it, — suicides were rare, — and this was more than suicide.

I doubt whether Farkhanda heard or saw anything that went on around her that morning. We took her with us on the noon train, but when we got to our city she refused to stay with us. She insisted on changing into the Lahore train.

'I'll come and see you some time,' she said. Then she added, 'He ought not to be buried there. He should be buried by my father.'

In our city we make thrilling stories out of no material at all, and so of course the tales of Farkhanda's wickedness, after being revised on every roof by starlight, and enlarged in every darkened room at noon, were tales to be remembered. Gradually, however, our neighbors' business absorbed our attention completely, and we forgot about Farkhanda.

III

One evening, two or three months ago, when the winter rains were driving through the verandahs, I came into our great cellar of a drawing-room and found the doctor sitting in front of the glowing fire, with her feet dangerously far into the fireplace.

'Tired?' I asked as I sat down beside her. I noticed that her arms were lying limply along the chair-arms.

'I've had a day of it,' she answered. 'You never know what's coming next. I've had to resort to discipline.'

'How terrible!' I exclaimed.

'That new watchman, — he's an able financier. He's been admitting a perfect stream of visitors into the hospital all afternoon, for a small fee. There's a holy woman in the left ward upstairs. She's so desperately holy that she's turned the hospital into a mosque.'

'What did she come for?' I asked. 'Who is she?'

'She's got half a dozen well-developed diseases,' the doctor went on. 'We cleaned out an awful green sore on her knee day before yesterday. She has tuberculosis — nose and throat. She's starved, really, from fasting. We'd hardly got her into bed and our backs turned, till she crawled out and lay on the cement floor — imagine! on a day like this. And she insisted on lying there, till I threatened to put her out. She got out five times in the night to say her prayers. Wish I were as zealous about mine, I must say. We had such a time getting her to eat. She suffers terribly.'

The next morning, in the hospital, I suddenly remembered the saint, and being as much interested in holiness as other women, I went up to the little bare room which her presence hallowed. I found a very old woman, tucked under a coarse brown blanket, lying on the iron cot. A white veil was pulled tightly across her forehead just above her eyes. Her thin lips were muttering something continually. Her servant, who had salaamed to me condescendingly, saw me watching with surprise the labored moving of the muscles of her throat.

'She always breathes that way,' she volunteered, 'just in her throat. For ten years she has not taken a full breath. She strives only to know the will of God.'

'But why?' I asked, ignominiously.

'Her vow.' Then, bethinking herself, she grew friendly. 'The peace of heaven descend upon you!' she began.

'God give you seven sons' — a rather inconsistent prayer, I thought. 'Do you happen to be the head of this hospital? My mistress's rank is but little appreciated in this place. Could you not give your slaves orders to let her lie on the floor? She is not used to beds. Truly the floor does her no harm. Saints don't mind cold and hardness. So much medicine and care is not what she wants. Can't you see? Night and day she waits upon God. She seeks Him in prayer.'

'I see what you mean,' I assured her. 'But I am not the head here. Our ways are new to you, and you have misunderstood. Have you not read that lying on cement floors in hospitals in the winter annoys the Most High greatly? It's as bad as eating the unclean beast. In hospitals He desires neither prayers nor fasts, but only obedience to the doctor. And his wrath rests on the stubborn so that their recovery is delayed. You look around, and you'll see.'

The woman was listening with the simplicity of a small child.

Suddenly I noticed that the saint had opened her eyes and was keenly watching me. They were piercing eyes, trying to look through me, with anything but childlike simplicity. I hurriedly improvised chapter and verse. She closed her eyes and continued praying. I was ashamed of my nonsense.

The servant, greatly reassured by my wisdom, gave a sigh of relief.

'Every fifteen breaths, the name of God. That name of God's ninety-nine names whose turn it is. Day and night, every fifteen breaths, for eleven years. And besides the fast of Ramazan, a forty-days' fast every year.'

The saint silenced the servant by a weak gesture.

'Mother, may the Lord give you strength and healing in this place!'

And because she seemed very ill, I left her, naturally wanting to know her story.

It was the mother of the 'Gift of God' who enlightened me, a few hours later.

'Miss Sahib,' she began, her face shining with the delight of those who startle, 'do you know who that is, upstairs — that holy woman?'

'She's from Rassiwali, or some place, I hear,' I said.

'She's Farkhanda!' announced my informant importantly. 'Don't you remember, that *conjuri* whose brother hung himself?'

She brought the story all back to me. 'She's as good as she was bad,' she said. 'She's better. They go for miles to see her. I never went, but my aunts did. They say her shrine is like a big cage, all made of openwork brick, and away out alone in a cemetery, where her father is buried. A *maulvie* from Lahore built it for her when she was in Mecca. And when she came back, the *maulvie* went out with her, and a big crowd, and they put her in and locked the door, and took the key away. And when you looked in, there was nothing to see but her — and the rope.'

I suppose that I have never gone up those stairs as quickly as I went up that day. In the hallowed room I found a nurse dressing the sore, and when I exclaimed over the thinness of the uncovered leg, the nurse raised the *kurta* and showed me the protruding ribs of the emaciated body, and the joints which seemed too large. How could I believe that this skeleton, this withered death's head, was really little Miss Betsey? This was what the years in Lahore, the years in the shrine, had left of the girl who would study a thousand years; of our giggling, glowing, jubilant Pharaoh; of the victim of God's little joke.

I stood looking at her, not daring to

speak, not knowing what to say. Her eyes were still closed and her lips moving when I crept away. In the courtyard below I cross-questioned every woman who volunteered any information about the shrine, and wonderful tales I heard from them. And I only partly believed, what I afterward verified: that so many worshipers went to pray at her shrine that now mail trains stop at the little station near it, where formerly only locals stopped.

To this day I can't understand why I never heard before of Farkhanda's sanctification. I told the mother of the 'Gift of God' that it was because she was so much more eager to tell bad news than good.

But she answered, laughing, 'Oh, you always think you know all about this city. But you don't. I could tell you a few things now. You never see anything but these hospital walls.'

For days Farkhanda lay just as I left her that morning. But the doctor has had a sad amount of experience in the diseases of people who starve, not from choice but from necessity, and the skill and care which she poured out on Farkhanda slowly worked a most gratifying change in her condition. I never saw the doctor more pleased with her success. Certainly she had never before had a patient who unconsciously overturned so thoroughly that oriental way of managing which it pleases us to call hospital routine. The saint's presence turned our orthodox missionary institution into a mosque for women. We had no patients left, but she had many fervent worshipers. The first month she was with us, there was a record attendance of village women in the dispensary, who came in groups from many places miles away, carrying their babies with them to receive her blessing.

When she got strong enough to say her early afternoon prayers in the sun on the verandah, the clinic would suddenly empty with a rush in her direction when she appeared. Instead of women clamoring for immediate attention in the clinic, we had to insist upon their coming in for their turns.

She was with us ten weeks, and though she often talked with the doctor, during all that time, when I saw her often, she never spoke to me except in benedictions, until a day or two before she left us. She felt, I suppose, that I would try to dissuade her from spending the rest of her life in the shrine, as she proposed doing. One afternoon, with my arms full of disinfected blankets, I passed through the verandah where by some chance she sat alone. Smiling up at me as if I were a dear and naughty child, she motioned me to sit down beside her.

'Let's talk a while,' she said. 'It's sweet to make words together.'

I had never felt more honored in my life.

'You've missed making words?' I asked.

'Have I missed it! God knows whether or not I have.'

The light of so great an earnestness shone in her eyes as she answered me, that I knew that, though her face was worn with battles, her spirit was still unsubdued. She had become again, very slightly, like the girl Farkhanda.

'You don't suppose, because I did n't talk to you, that I don't remember how good you were to me that night,' she began.

'I knew you had your vow. I'm sorry I never knew where you were. I would have gone to see you.'

'You would have asked me to come away,' she said, 'would n't you?'

'Indeed I would have,' I answered.

'I had plenty who tried that,' she said.

'Who?' I asked, wondering.

'Oh, people used to come at first—

many. One still comes — one man from Lahore —'

Of all things that she might have been proud of, she was proud of that. How pitiable are we women!

'He comes in fall — and he comes in spring — at the April full moon. You know that night — when I can hear the music of the Hindu Saturnalia? He used to bring men with picks, at first, to tear down my wall.'

After a silence I said, 'Farkhanda, did it never occur to you that any one might have torn that shrine of yours brick from brick, and no one could have heard you, to help. *He* might have done that.'

'He might *not* have,' she exclaimed. 'He did n't dare.'

'Well, I'm glad you were n't afraid, anyway,' I continued.

'Afraid!' she exclaimed. 'I've been consumed with fear.'

She stretched out an arm to show me how thin it still was.

'Unless it had been God's will that I should live, I would have died every day that first winter.'

'But why?' I asked.

'*Churails*,' she replied. 'Ghosts of women who die pregnant. A man died of fear when he met one in that mango grove, once when I was a little girl. I had forgotten it. But when the darkness fell that first night, I remembered, suddenly. I had no charm. Some people get a hair from one of them — their hairs are all living, like snakes. Their long teeth hang out. Their feet are on backward, heels first. If you get a hair, and sew it into a little slit above your knee, they can't hurt you. One looked in at me that night, green eyes in the dark. I ran around the shrine, feeling for the door, screaming for some one to let me out. But away off in the town, every one was asleep. — Every night I resolved to get out in the morning. After bodies are buried, jackals come howling about. Fridays, when spirits go back to their homes, I waited for morning. I put my rope to the east at sunset, so I'd know where to look for the sun — I waited for some one to call to.'

'But you never called,' I reminded her.

'In the morning I'd hear them laughing as they passed. "Can a *conjuri* give up her way of living?" one asked, those first days. And the other answered, "Can a woman stop breathing?" So then I stopped breathing. I had my rope to kiss. I would not leave. Anyway, I used to remember what you said when I asked you why the evil eye could not fall upon babies in the hospital. You said that if you did n't fear *churails* and evil eyes, they could n't touch you. You said if any one laughed at them, they ran away. You told me that you walked at twilight once through a wide dark desert place, —' she used such a lovely Panjabi word to make one see the dark and the solitude and the distance, — 'and you saw a little way off an evil spirit. And when you were not afraid, but walked right up to it, it turned into a man carrying a bundle of grass on his head.'

'I did n't say that,' I expostulated.

'Yes, you did. I remembered. I used to try to laugh. But it sounded like crying. I could never deceive them.'

'Farkhanda!' I cried. 'That was a straying donkey, or a cow, or goat, that looked in on you.'

She interrupted me, entirely unconvinced.

'Oh, well, anyway, I'm not so afraid now. I've got over that. And I had my dogs.'

'Dogs?' I questioned, knowing that Moslems consider dogs unclean.

'Two *conjuris* brought a little child-dog out to me by night, when they came out to pray — they were so sorry

for my loneliness. They thought I was too proud to take a gift from them, so very quietly they put her in at the little hole through which I sweep my shrine out. I called out after them, "Sisters, the Lord show you kindness!" I cried the night the puppy came — all night.'

'You must often have cried, I should think,' I said.

'No, I did n't. I never cried except that night when I touched her. She was so warm and soft and little. I had n't touched anything living for three years then.'

'I'm glad you had her for company.'

'I did n't. She got too big to crawl in and out of the hole. Once she got stuck, and cried like a child. Then I put the water-jar in front of the hole, so she could never get in again.'

'Why did n't you keep her inside with you?' I asked.

'She had no mate in there,' she answered.

When I began begging her not to go back, she said rather sharply, 'You don't know what you're saying. You make me want my rope to kiss. If I did n't go back, I'd be in Lahore again in a week.'

Mighty convenient thing, a locked shrine, I thought. Every one ought to have one.

'And besides,' she continued, 'a Hindu fakir sat under the banyan tree by the pond for eleven years, not far from my shrine. He had torn out his tongue, and every two minutes he roared like a bull. He had great fame. I must have greater — for my brother. Ten years have I sat there untarnishing my father's shining name. This winter, when I got ill, the bitterness of death was in my heart, lest I might die too soon. I sent word to my brother's widow's family, that I would make a journey to the hospital. I sent word to the man who gave me my rope. He came with servants, — he was proud to come, — and had my shrine opened, and his servants carried me to the train. It was an honor for him. Next week he comes to take me back.'

She was speaking with complacency, with satisfaction, with something that seemed like anticipation. There was no use in my arguing, absolutely none.

'Farkhanda,' I said, — and I felt like crying, — 'I'm sure I'll never wake up again in my warm bed at night and listen to the tempests of rain roaring through our trees, without thinking miserably of you out there alone on the cold stones. Don't go back to fasting.'

'Now for that,' she answered, 'may the Lord reward you! When I can't sleep in my shrine, I shall pray for you. The Lord be her thick veil, the Lord be her thick veil, God shield her from all men's eyes, I shall pray. Twelve years at least I must pray there. Twelve years will be enough — and as much after as God wishes. I tell you, I am very glad to be living to go back, child.'

At the time it seemed natural that she should call me 'child.' But later, when the doctor and I reckoned up the years, I remembered that she was thirty-four. I was ten years older.

AFTER BATTLE

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I. WOUNDED

Bare floors, but not too clean;
White beds, but not too white —
I saw blood-stains on one of the sheets.
He had not slept all night;
The shell that burst so deadly near
Had struck out his sight.

His arms were bandaged thick,
Broken by that same shell.
He said he did not know he was hurt,
But heard a savage yell.
He did not know it was himself
Who shrieked it, in that hell.

He told me that he walked
For twenty yards or so,
And sat down by the shelter
He somehow seemed to know.
And all around were terrible sounds
Of human-animal woe.

They've bandaged his torn head,
And each queer, moveless arm,
And left him lying on the ground
Out of the way of harm,
And thrust a sharp thing in his flesh
That soothed him like a charm.

And then — twelve endless days
Of unwashed agony.
'And now,' he said, 'since I got here,
And they have tended me,
I'm getting better every day —
It's fine as it can be.'

His legs were pierced with wounds —
Shell-fragments, stones and such.
'Some day,' he said, 'I'll walk
All round here with a crutch.'
I asked him if he suffered much.
He said, 'No — not *too* much.'

II. THE LITTLE POILU

Up and down the ward he walked,
With one arm in a sling.
'Won't you have some cigarettes?'
We asked, 'or anything?'
But up and down he walked,
And ceaselessly he talked.

Oh, such a little man he seemed,
So harmless and so kind.
He had the slightest sort of wound —
But what had hurt his mind?
As up and down he walked,
And eagerly he talked.

And all he said was true,
And sensible and sound.
He talked about the soldiers,
And the shell-ploughed battleground.
But what had happened to his head? —
For next day he was dead.

III. AT THE END

He sat propped up in his bed.
(For the nurse had led me there
To this little room apart
Left to her special care,
Where a soldier was about,
Almost smiling, to 'go out.')

By his bed two women sat,
Poor, and trying not to show
What they knew. One was his wife.
I drew near and, speaking low,
Offered some poor humble word
Of human friendship. And he heard.

His impassive gentle face,
Showed a clean life, a pure heart.
He was one of those who leave
Love behind them when they start
Off to 'join the regiment' —
Yet with duty are content.

Then I dared: 'Some cigarettes —
You will smoke them after a while.'
Never can my eyes forget
The salt sweetness of the smile
He turned slowly on his wife,
As if he would thus beguile
The last moments of his life
With a humor truly French: —
'Very soon I shall be dead —
Does one smoke when one lies under —
Or in Paradise — I wonder?'

THE GERMAN OUTLOOK FOR PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT

BY A. D. McLAREN

THE longer the present conflict lasts, the stronger grows the inclination to project the mind into the new world that is to follow it. Especially in regard to future political conditions in the German Empire, has speculation been rife since August 4, 1914. Will an extension of the principles of parliamentary government in Germany be one inevitable result of the upheaval? Many English writers and politicians answer this question confidently in the affirmative; and every protest against autocratic rule which appears in a section of the German press, every political 'crisis,' immediately becomes an incident on which they base conclusions confirming this view.

If few aspects of German life to-day appeal to the average Englishman's sympathies, this is particularly true of Germany's political system. That system has always been a puzzle to the English mind. The English people, retaining to the present day a sense of loyalty to their monarchy and their House of Lords, are, and have long been, active participants in the exercise of political power. Their attitude to these institutions is determined by their historical evolution. Yet their proneness to ignore historic factors when dealing with political conditions elsewhere constantly leads them to misinterpret surface indications and to see temporary issues in a false perspective. Over a hundred Socialists are elected to the Reichstag; a vote of censure is passed on the military authorities for outrages on the civilian population; public meetings are held, demanding the reform of the Prussian House of Representatives — on the occasion of every one of these events or agitations during the two years before the war, it was asserted here, with unlimited assurance, that the German people were determined to apply the brake to the Prussian 'machine,' and that the advent of responsible self-government was at hand.

In order to arrive at an understanding of developments in German politics to-day, and to approach the question of the outlook for the future, one must have clear ideas concerning the nature of Germany's social and political structure, and, above all, concerning the attitude of Germans themselves to their government and to the problems of practical politics as they see them. I believe that we can best reach this end by considering (1) the leading characteristics of Prussia's state organization; (2) the main features of German federalism and their influence on the parliamentary régime; (3) the more significant of the recent political tendencies; and (4) the present political situation and its meaning.

I

Reams of formal disquisition on the theory of the state held by German philosophers and historians, or on the

German constitution, will not convey to the mind of the everyday Englishman or American a just appreciation of the political psychology of the German people. I often challenged Germans to a comparison between their own political system and that of Great Britain or the United States, on the ground either of material well-being or of intelligent interest in national affairs. The challenge was nearly always readily accepted. In the domestic sphere, they pointed to their social legislation and to the all-round improvement in the conditions of the laboring classes. In the sphere of foreign policy, they asked me to name any parallel to Germany's development from a 'geographical expression' to one of the greatest of European powers. The driving-power behind this development was the Prussian state.

Solidarity at home, 'real' politics abroad — if we once grasp the full meaning of this characteristically Prussian doctrine, we possess the key to the political situation in Germany. The German people is, more than any other in Europe, a *Staatsvolk:* that is to say, the German sees in the state the cause and reason of his own existence.

The type of the German state has been determined by the history, the race-characteristics, and the geographical situation of the people of Prussia. The German people became a nation through Prussia's kings, and the Prussian monarchy has never been superseded by the nation. This fact has brought the monarchy and the popular will, not into perfect accord, but to a common ground of national interests. Why, in 1918, does the German state reveal in clear outline the features of the original Prussian type, despite half a century of unparalleled progress in science, commerce, and industry? Because Germans were forced to stunt their political instincts in exchange for the strength, security, and material advantages afforded by this type of state. They trace the lines of a close intimacy between their state's internal organization and its external gains.

In such a state, where organization rests upon military power and bureaucratic efficiency, the genius of the people will not find expression in political activities. What was the general impression left upon me by visits to the Reichstag, by attending political meetings, and observing the course of elections? That there was no one in public life playing a rôle analogous to that of British politicians. Not only did ministers and leaders of groups and parties, one and all, lack the qualities of the orator and the loyal coöperation of a real political party, but there was not behind them the support, through public opinion, of a people used to political thinking. It always struck me as highly significant that Germans themselves used the English term, 'self-government,' to express the form of activity embodied in the name.

The German state organization creates its own type of statesman. It produces masters of statecraft, like Bismarck, but it can never give birth to a statesman in the English sense of the word. Bethmann-Hollweg and Hertling rose to the chancellorship, not through a long career of parliamentary debate, but entirely by favor of the Emperor. They had rendered valuable services as officials, and officials they remained in 'political' life. Nor has Germany ever produced any popular political leader like John Bright, who sprang from the commercial middle class and represented a large section of it in thought and aspiration. August Bebel and other Socialists have been prominent figures in the public life of Germany, but their concern for politics has been centred in their economic theories.

The belief, widespread in England, that in Germany a man of commanding ability cannot rise from obscurity to high national appreciation, rests upon no solid foundation of fact. Though the claims of birth and family are, and always have been, of the utmost importance in the social and political life, yet in the past some of Germany's greatest sons have been of quite humble origin, and the same is true of many of the leading commercial magnates to-day. But they are excluded from the highest political office. That they should be driven to express their discontent by voting for Socialist candidates, with whose economic theories they are often in complete disagreement, is a proof that the German people lacks true political status.

This state organization also creates its own administrative machinery, which is a fixed trait in the social life, and as much a product of the Prussian spirit as the army. The system is reared on a foundation of bureaucratic efficiency, which strikes its roots into the national soil and leaves its impress on every man and woman. Its effect on character, national or individual, is an interesting study. In England one may say, speaking somewhat generally, that the character of the individual determines that of the state. In Germany the reverse is the case. A docile people, accustomed to control and regulation, not even half-conscious of the nightmare which weighs upon it, is an essential ingredient in the German political system; and the *Beamtenschaft*, the world of officialdom, is the mainspring of this control. We speak of the Kaiser, of the Chancellor, the Junkers, the police, and the military officers, as anti-liberal elements in the national life, but in reality the pressure upon the German people is exerted impersonally. These high personages and the mass of the people are all together cogs in the machine. The best intelligence of the nation which has not been absorbed by the professions is concentrated in a few high officials, but their power is exercised through a vast army of mechanical drudges, thoroughly well-trained for their work, efficient instruments of routine and formalism, and above the very suspicion of corruption. Germans do not feel the cramping influence of the system because it has become second nature to them. Their individuality has been merged in uniformity.

For good and for evil, in Germany there is no social aspect at all to politics. A parliamentary career is never the stepping-stone to social or professional advancement. The pursuit of public office, with its party spirit and its place-hunting, its 'nursing' of constituencies, its selection of candidates of small capacity simply because they contribute generously to party funds, is not free from repellent features. But if the German state system, and the spirit of organization which animates it, give a certain unity of purpose to the national will, they deaden the spirit of free personality, and they have been powerless to prevent the existence of those severe class-distinctions which impress outsiders as one of the ugliest features in the national life.

II

The constitution of the German Empire presents some interesting problems to the student of federal government. This union lacks the cardinal features of federalism in the United States, or Australia, or Switzerland. Three of the twenty-five states in the German federation are the free cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck. In the other twenty-two the monarchical principle of government prevails in the political organization, and the bureau-

cratic in methods of administration. Some authorities even declare that the idea of monarchy cuts against the spirit of federalism. A stronger ground of protest against the application of the term to the German constitution is that here the monarchy is hereditary and is fixed in a single state.

In most cases in history an intense yearning for unity among members of the same racial or national stock, once realized, brings some measure of political liberty in its train. But in the case of the German states unity made little difference in this respect. Not only in political organization, but in aspiration, Germany is less liberal to-day than she was before political unity was achieved. A number of petty tyrannies, some of them less oppressive than others, were absorbed in one huge tyranny of higher efficiency. In order to effect a change in the direction of the democratization of Germany, new machinery is needed if the federal character of the constitution is to be maintained. Under existing conditions the fountain-head of the Empire's political energies issues neither from the German people nor from the German states collectively, save in so far as these happen to be in accord with the will of one state organized on the lines indicated in the first section of this paper. Any union tends to lose its federal character if one of the constituent states completely overshadows, not only any other state, but all the rest combined, in military power and economic resources. But in the German constitution an overwhelming preponderance of political power is actually conferred upon one state.

Hence the spirit of the German federation is the traditional spirit of the Prussian state. The executive power is wielded through agencies in which the Crown of Prussia plays an all-dominating part. Theoretically, it is true, the real sovereignty in the Empire is not vested in the Kaiser but in the totality of the sovereigns represented in the Federal Council. This body preserves the historic remnant of German federalism, of particularism, but the presidency of the federation is assigned to the King of Prussia and is hereditary in the royal house of Prussia. He appoints (1) the Chancellor, who is the president of the Federal Council, and is responsible solely to his imperial master; and (2) the civil and military officials of the Empire. He has, further, the right of absolute veto over legislation appertaining to naval and military matters, and his control of the eighteen Prussian votes in the Federal Council enables him to block any effort to amend the constitution. Moreover, the principle of equal representation in the Council for each individual member of the federation is not recognized, Prussia controlling eighteen votes, Bavaria six, and seventeen of the other federal units having only one vote each.

The only body in the federal constitution exhibiting the semblance of democracy is the Reichstag. This assembly is popular and democratic in that it is elected on a free franchise of manhood suffrage and represents the whole Empire. The electorates are so delimited that a minority of votes may sometimes have a majority of seats; but Germany is not entirely singular in this respect. The Reichstag lacks the sense of political power, because it has no control over ministers, in regard either to their appointment or to their tenure of office. That is why it is so often referred to as a mere debating society.

Party government is impossible under the present political conditions. A glance at the composition of the Reichstag, at any time within the past decade, would have proved the truth of this statement. On the Right one sees a handful of Imperial Conservatives,

representing the landed aristocracy, from whose class, or caste, ministers and high officials are for the most part chosen. In the Centre — appropriately enough — sit the members of a political party based upon religious confession. On the Left are the National Liberals, representing the industrial magnates, and the Social Democrats, representing the toiling masses in the large cities.

All these parties represent groups of interests. Neither the Chancellor nor any other minister is the leader of one of these groups, and he can never, like the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, rely upon a settled majority in the assembly. A Reichstag majority may be made up of Conservatives and Centre to-day, and a month hence it may consist of National Liberals and Conservatives, with the Centre in bitter opposition. The Chancellor placates this group, or intimidates that, organizing a temporary majority by undertaking to promote a particular measure.

What one traced throughout the debates was the sense of impotence in the members, a recognition of the fact that events would move in their appointed course, independently of speeches and opinions of the day. The frequent references in this chamber — an imperial assembly — to the three-class franchise in one of the constituent states, reflected the sinister light which Prussianism has cast over the whole political system.

The history of the various parties, but especially of the three large groups, the Social Democrats, the Centre, and the National Liberals, affords striking proof that the whole parliamentary life of Germany since the foundation of the Empire, has been passing through the formative period. The Socialists — the largest group numerically — have remained outside all the 'capitalistic parties,' placing the class-struggle, not political democracy, in the forefront of their programme. Denouncing imperialism and colonial expansion, whenever a great opportunity has come to prove that their loyalty to their principles on this subject can bear the test, they have declared that national considerations required them to support the government for the time being. To-day the organization is broken into majority and minority subdivisions, and many of the Socialist newspapers assert that the party was really a greater influence in the national life in the days of persecution and exceptional laws, than in 1918, with the largest parliamentary following in the Empire. Since the war, the result of by-elections for the Reichstag, and of municipal elections in Saxony and elsewhere, shows some inclination on the part of the working-class population to side with the minority against the imperialistic majority.

The Centre is another popular party, that is to say, it represents a section of the masses and not a privileged class. This party, numerically the largest after the Social Democrats, has always proclaimed quite frankly that it votes on the principle of support in return for concessions. Actuated by this motive, and acting upon it more consistently than any other group, it has for nearly fifteen years been the predominant parliamentary influence in the Reichstag, and upon its good offices both Bülow and Bethmann-Hollweg were frequently dependent for the passing of the army and navy estimates. Once bitterly assailed as hostile, both to Prussia and to the federal constitution, in 1918 the party gives the Empire a chancellor.

Shortly after the foundation of the Empire, the National Liberals seemed likely to exercise a real influence in shaping German politics in the direc-

tion of the party system; and had they been as liberal as they were national, they might have done much to infuse a democratic spirit into German political ideals. But, unlike English Liberals, the adherents of this party made no real effort to reach the masses. They soon degenerated into a group, identifying themselves exclusively with the industrial magnates. For twenty years this group has been the Chancellor's shuttlecock, tossed about between the Black (Centre) and the Blue (Conservative), now attached to the former, now to the latter, and at times even driven to the last of humiliations — courting the Socialists.

In what way can the principle of ministerial responsibility, either to the Reichstag or to the Federal Council, be introduced into such a system? We have seen that no 'government' can command a settled majority, but the word is misleading to English or American ears. There is no imperial government in our sense. It is merely as a member of the Federal Council that the Chancellor takes part in the debates in the Reichstag, and any other member of the Council has the same right. Complete ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag alone means the weakening of the royal prerogative, and consequently of Prussian influence; responsibility to the Federal Council alone would increase the prestige of a body essentially anti-democratic in its constitution. A double-barreled responsibility — to both houses — would be quite impracticable. If the federal character of the constitution is retained, the first real step toward true democracy is the conversion of the Federal Council into an elective assembly, and the second is the recognition of the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag as the popular chamber. If, however, the federal element is destined to become a weaker and weaker political influence in the constitution, then the democratization of Germany will depend upon the democratization of Prussia.

III

It is impossible for the closest student to foresee the ultimate political conditions in the German Empire, but tendencies indicate that the natural evolution will follow two main lines: (1) the federal system will approach more and more to the unitary type; (2) the gradual supersession of the agricultural population by a highly organized industrial community is bringing into existence a middle class that will exercise an important influence on the social life of the German people, and indirectly on their political evolution.

The unitary tendencies since the establishment of the Empire have been unmistakable. Forces making for commercial expansion, and for what is called 'world-politics,' have intensified the national consciousness. This in itself tends to break down the old particularism. But in the sphere of purely domestic activity also, forces working in the same direction are clearly traceable. The effort to reduce the law, so far as possible, to one uniform code, the vast body of imperial legislation regulating interstate commerce and the industrial conditions in the whole Empire, the appointment of a school commission to mould, so far as practicable, the educational system on one model, are all the continuation of the Prussianizing process under the new conditions.

Often, during the critical seven and a half years which I spent in Germany, I conversed with Prussians and South Germans whose memories stretched back to the wars of 1866 and 1870, to the days of the anti-Socialist laws and

the conflict between the state and the Roman Catholic Church — *Kulturkampf*, — and I tried to ascertain their estimate of Germany's political progress since those days. One and all seemed to regard any right of self-government, any constitutional power, as a concession from above. On another point also there was something like unanimity — that the establishment of constitutionalism in Prussia is inseparably associated with the outlook for political liberalism in the Empire. The Prussian type, they pointed out, is very stable, and seems destined to absorb more and more elements of the national life, because only its extension will satisfy the new aspirations and ambitions. So far from the structure, with all its anomalies, having ever been seriously menaced from within since the foundation of the union, the old distinctions based solely on locality have almost disappeared. Moreover, it is in Prussia that the greatest commercial and industrial advance has been made since 1871, and no section of the people has derived more relative benefit from this advance than the small tradesmen and the skilled artisans in the other states.

It is this question of Prussia's politics that is exercising the minds of German Socialists and Radicals to-day. The centre of political interest is, and will remain for some time, the constitution of the Prussian House of Representatives rather than the position of the Reichstag. The essential elements in the liberalizing of Prussia's political institutions are the substitution of equal adult suffrage for the three-class electoral system, and the recognition of the principle of ministerial responsibility to the representatives.

The details of the three-class system — *Dreiklassenwahl* — have been given too often to call for elaboration here. A general idea of its result in actual practice may be obtained from the bare statement of fact that at the 1908 election the Conservatives, with a total of 418,398 votes, secured 212 seats, and the Social Democrats with 598,522 votes, secured 7 seats. The bill promised last year goes some distance in the direction of substituting a more equitable electoral system, and also of liberalizing the Upper House (*Herrenhaus*). If the present agitation continues, we shall soon see how far the promises then made were sincere, and whether they are backed by the present Chancellor.

Though opposition to the reform of existing political institutions in Prussia is largely centred on aristocracy and privilege, it must be emphasized that no urgent need of democratic self-government seems to have taken strong hold of the intellectual element in the nation. The forces antagonistic to Junkerdom have been mainly recruited from the working masses and a section of the commercial middle class. These influences will not be powerful enough, or coherent enough, to work an organic change to a constitutional régime until they are reinforced by the flower of the national intellect.

IV

It is essential, however, in considering the prospect of political reform in Germany, or what are called the 'crises' of the past twelve months, to remember that what is at stake is the whole character of Germany after the war. This character will be determined by the peace, and if the military organization is strong enough to resist external pressure, it will be strong enough to resist any pressure likely to be exerted from the inside.

The attitude of the German press toward political developments since the appointment of the new Chancellor,

Count von Hertling, was widely interpreted in England as indicating a cleavage of opinion between the general public and the autocracy. But the German press is only partially trustworthy as a guide to the drift of political affairs in Germany. Hertling's appointment was another move in the offensive, directed from the political side. The German reply to President Wilson's and the Pope's notes, and the proposed Socialist conference at Stockholm, mark varying stages in this offensive. They all failed, for the simple reason that Germany could not state her terms definitely without exposing her blood-guiltiness and her aggressive designs.

The comments of the English press a few months ago on Michaelis's 'precarious position' and the 'distrust' of the Crown Prince and his clique, were quite immaterial to the main argument. Michaelis was nothing more or less than a stop-gap, accepted as a compromise by the Imperialists in the Reichstag, who succeeded in deposing the objectionable Bethmann-Hollweg. When Michaelis proved himself the third-rate politician which every one acquainted with the man and his career knew him to be, some of our English journalists already saw Kaiserism fighting in its last trench, and Germany abandoning her earlier dreams and schemes of world-power. The Chancellor 'crisis' was engineered solely because German statecraft was supremely concerned to make the most of the military situation, and Hertling was a far abler man than Michaelis to conduct the new 'offensive' against Germany's enemies. At home, the appointment was an honest effort to placate the extreme Imperialists without embittering the more moderate war party, but in no sense was it a yielding to popular clamor. On this ground the Reichstag welcomed him, but it was not responsible for the choice.

The appointment, it is true, was not decreed in the accustomed imperious manner of the Kaiser. Some sort of negotiation took place between the Chancellor elect and the parliamentary leaders. The Left clamored for the removal of Vice-Chancellor Helfferich, who had long been obnoxious to a section of the Reichstag. He was dismissed. Thereupon, with what would seem to the outsider a curious unanimity, the German press strove to give as much democratic color as possible to the incident, declaring that both Germany and Prussia were moving toward true constitutionalism. The Socialist and Liberal organs especially, in referring to the recent changes, said that Germany had already become a state ruled on parliamentary lines, and that the 'political revolution' which had taken place would increase her prestige with the nations of the world. If German Socialists and Liberals were really capable of such self-deception, it would not be surprising that the attitude of the Pangermanists toward them is what it is.

Nowadays comment on political movements and personages in Germany soon becomes out of date. The decisive factor in German politics today is simply the need of converting military successes into political assets. Hertling's whole speech in the Reichstag on January 24, 1918, proved this. The speech, throughout, showed that diplomatic astuteness for which he was noted as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Federal Council; but it showed also that he represents the German army quite as much as does Hindenburg or Ludendorff.

The disposition since the war to rest large hopes on every anticipated utterance of Berlin is in complete accord with the entire mental attitude of British Liberals to Germany and Germanism for at least a decade. Then, when

the concrete proposals are declared, they are found not to point to security, or to a league of nations, but to further strife and the continuance of all those conditions which would doom such a league; from its inception, to repose on a false idea and a false ideal.

Any discussion of the prospect of a long or short reign for Hertling would yield little profit. All that one can say with certainty is that his appointment was popular with the Clericals, and, apparently, with a small section of the Left. A more interesting personality than either Bethmann-Hollweg or Michaelis, he has for years played an important part in Bavarian politics, and in the Federal Council he always displayed a keen flair for the motives of German foreign policy. He has also long been the unofficial mouthpiece of the Wilhelmstrasse with the Vatican. In many respects a typical member of the Centre, he is nevertheless *Deutschnational*, patriotic, and German, to the finger-tips, finding no difficulty in reconciling his Germanism with the just claims of his church. His attitude to the war and war-aims since August, 1914, has left nothing to be desired, even by the Pangermanists. In February, 1917, he said, 'We have gained all that we wanted, so from Germany's point of view there is no longer any reason to continue the struggle.' He went on to defend the submarine campaign, which was organized 'to bring the war to a close on the basis of the present war-map.' Responsible statesmen in Germany have given few plainer indications of the motives underlying the policy that led up to the world-conflict.

I have often been asked if I thought there would ever be a revolution in Germany. My reply has consistently been, 'Only if the mass of the people find themselves face to face with military defeat and starvation.'

That time is not yet. It may well be that, before it is reached, militarism in Germany is destined to run its full course, and to supersede even such semblance of civilian authority as exists. For the pressure of democratic opinion, such as it is, will not influence the counsels of Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

I have never been one of those who hold that an overwhelming majority of the German people at any time sincerely believed that they were fighting a purely defensive war. But it is impossible to doubt that the German government would not now find that wholehearted support from the people which was accorded in the early stages of the war, or such unanimous approval of Hertling as the Allied governments can claim from their own people for their statement of war-aims. The German people have long desired peace, but the form of peace which has hitherto appealed to them is more or less associated with the ambitions and ideals of a militarist power. It will become less associated with those ideals in proportion as the militarists fail to 'deliver the goods.' Then the democratic ferment may begin to work effectively.

WATER BROOKS

BY ROBERT M. GAY

SUMMER resorts may not have been invented by women, but they would have short shrift in a womanless world. They are one of the more terrible products of civilization for which women are responsible. Suburbs are another. The average man hates half-and-half in all its forms; he wants either the city or the country; he is willing to be over-civilized during half the year if he may be under-civilized during the other half; for him it is either Broadway or the backwoods; and while, for prudential reasons, he may tolerate a suburban residence or even a summer resort, he can never be really happy in either.

My own taste does not run to resorts of any kind, but it runs least of all to seaside resorts. They are composed of sand, pavilions, hotels, and people, and I disapprove of all four, especially the people — not because I am undemocratic, but because I dislike to spend a summer watching people, whom I have seen all winter, amusing themselves in droves and herds, all doing the same things, wearing the same clothes, eating the same indigestibles. And there are too many of them. Sitting on a bench and watching them saunter by on the board-walk, most of them blistered and peeling, I want to push them off into the ocean. At such places there is usually an ocean, but it is a poor affair except at night or during a storm. At other times it is only so much water; nobody ever looks at it, though all keep up a pretence of loving it and liking to bathe in it.

Still, I do not mean to be too hard on the ocean. I like it better than I do the people, and, if I could look at it in peace, I might even grow to love it. I have watched it playing with the children, and for it to condescend as it does to fill the holes they dig and knock down their forts and gently lay scallop-shells and razor-shells and sand-hoppers at their feet, is companionable, to say the least. What I object to is having it lay banana-skins and cracker-boxes at *my* feet, and having its unplumbed salt estranging leagues of distance intercepted by rubber caps and bandana handkerchiefs.

When one turns landward, there are abominable formal beds of coleus and cannas in the foreground, and beyond, bath-houses and hotels and boarding-houses, of the jig-saw school of architecture, against a sky-line of chutes and Ferris-wheels and scenic railways, all simmering in the sun and exhaling an atmosphere of seaweed and clams, and humming with the drone of harmoniums and phonographs and the distant wail of merry-go-rounds.

That I view all with a jaundiced eye is not my fault. As a little boy I spent many summers in one of those curious places in which evangelical people used to gather once a year for a religious debauch. One could start going to church at six o'clock in the morning and continue singing and praying and listening to sermons until ten at night. When you were not attending a meeting in the temple or the tabernacle, you could enjoy yourself looking at a model of

Jerusalem in the park. If I remember rightly, even the merry-go-rounds played hymn tunes.

In my inarticulate way I disapproved more than all of this religious undercurrent, which turned a summer resort into a kind of gigantic Sunday-school picnic or church sociable. I had more than I wanted of Sunday-school picnics and church sociables at home, and condemned them in my infantile ignorance as feeble inventions of people who were afraid to have a good time after the manner of the unregenerate. Here, really to have a good time without circumspection had the air of misbehaving in church. No matter what you were doing, you had floating to your ears the strains of 'There is sunshine in my soul to-day,' or 'Throw out the lifeline,' or 'The Ninety and Nine' — good enough tunes, I supposed, for those who liked them, but tending to make me irreligious. The pious old ladies and gentlemen at the boarding-house, who went about carrying Bibles and hymn-books on week-days, became special objects of my aversion, because I obscurely held them responsible for the existence of the place.

To this day these early experiences have an odd effect upon me. I can go to no seaside resort without looking about furtively for the tabernacle. Viewing the sand and the boarding-houses, I suffer from a profound oppression; and watching the people, I find myself growing misanthropic.

This is all the merest prejudice, and yet not even the dithyrambics of the Byrons and Swinburnes can ever make me grow enthusiastic about the ocean. If I could have been introduced to it under other auspices; if I could have spent my boyhood summers on a light-ship or a Gloucester fishing-smack, I might have another story to tell; for being at sea on a ship — the Hispaniola, with Jim Hawkins, for instance — and looking at the sea from the shore — during a beach prayer-meeting, for instance — are two different things.

When a man says to me wistfully, 'I want to go to the mountains, but I suppose we 'll go to the seashore,' I understand; I know precisely where he wishes to go. He wishes to go fishing. There is community of spirit between us. We could both be happy on a cat-boat, but would both be miserable on a board-walk.

Philosophers have observed that most families are torn with dissension once a year over the question where to go for the summer, all the men wishing to go to the mountains and all the women to the seashore. Unmarried people who have no responsibilities of course see instantly how to arrange the difficulty. 'Let the men,' they say, 'go to the mountains and the women to the seashore.' But this solution is of specious simplicity, such as could proceed only from an unmarried brain. As the newspaper humorists put it, the married men compromise by going to the seashore; and it is a mournful thought how many of them are assuming an hilarity which they do not feel, on board-walks, piers, beaches, carousels, wearing stiff collars and white trousers, listening to band-concerts, and dancing and playing bridge, all because they are gentle creatures and would rather suffer mutely than be happy under a cloud of disapprobation.

Much thought on the subject has convinced me that the primal cause of this male suffering is to be found in the fact that women do not like fishing and that, not liking fishing, they are driven to inane amusements in summer, such as staying at hotels. Certain it is that in a womanless world every man, except a few bloodless creatures, would go fishing as soon as the ice broke up in the spring, and would continue to fish

until the hunting season began in the fall. The summer resorts would all be sold for taxes, but there would be a very strong market for tents. Man, as feminist lecturers are so fond of telling us, would revert to the stone age — or, rather, to the iron age, for one must have fish-hooks. Business would go to the dogs.

My introduction to the sea was unfortunate, but my family, aware of my dislike of the seashore, though not of the irreligiosity that it induced in me, took me to the mountains in August. Here my cabined soul expanded; my father, too, being a male, felt his heart leap up, I know, though he never said anything about it. I found him quietly content to wander miles and miles with me every day in the fields and woods, naming things with all the gusto of a new Adam in a new Eden. At the seashore there had been nothing to name except an occasional dead fish, and, as a consequence, our walks there had been to the last degree tame; but here there was a world of new things to be labeled, and every walk was a voyage of discovery. I looked upon his knowledge as encyclopedic, and he was wise enough not to undeceive me. I suspect that, when he did not know a name, he made one up; at any rate, there is a little blue flower which I still see by roadsides which he once told me was a Jerusalem daisy. I suppose that he had his tongue in his cheek, but a Jerusalem daisy it remains to this day.

Above all, we haunted the water brooks because we hated the public roads. Now, a brook is the loveliest thing in nature. It has the beauty of motion and the beauty of transparency and the beauty of iridescence; of the wind, the crystal, the rainbow; of the song, the flower, the bird, the butterfly. Almost all we can say in dry technical language about the charm of poetry or music is that it is the charm of 'the greatest variety consistent with regularity'; under the play of surface variation is the march of fundamental rhythm; there is 'many a winding bout,' but there is, too, a 'linked sweetness.' A brook is a poem even according to this dry-as-dust definition — a lyric of pure joy; above, the wayward ripples and changing shadows, the flowers, birds, and insects; and beneath, the urgent flow of the current. Compared with it other beautiful things are as nothing: nothing else is both cold and friendly, translucent and colorful; can both dance and sing and flow; is so fleeting, yet so permanent; is inanimate, yet so full of life and so richly the mother of life. Everything that lives in it and by it is delightful — the ridiculous caddis-worms, the grotesque cray-fishes, the whirling water-beetles and darting water-spiders, the may-fly that dies at midday and the white miller that dies at sunset, the burnished dragonfly, the wise muskrat that lives under the bank and the wiser old frog that booms from the pool, the trout swift as light and the dace and minnows that haunt the shallows; with all the mint and pennyroyal and cress by the swift current, the jewel-weed and arrow-heads and lily-pads of the back-waters, the birds that dip and the cows that drink, and 'everywhere the sound of running water' — they are all a part of its text or its gloss.

Once to have fallen in love with it is to be in love with it forever. I fell in love with it when I was very young.

There was a pool by which we stopped one day to look at a great dragon fly in golden mail lighting on a lily-pad. I suppose that he did not live the season through, but his race has not lost a scintilla of his radiance, and there is a curious comfort in thinking that even in days like these, when mankind seems to have gone mad, and 'when but to think is to be full of sorrow,' I

have only to go to the same pool to see a creature as beautiful, lighting on a lily-pad as green, floating on water as pure. Nor is this mere sentimentality. To become aware of the fleeting permanency of all these bright short-lived things, their incessant change with essential changelessness, their passing beauties but persistent Beauty, brings health to the spirit of man. After his wars and revolutions he always returns to the brooks, and is surprised but happy to find them still dancing and singing.

As I grew older, I took to fishing. In the strange soft-hard age in which we live there are men who condemn fishing as inhumane, and to hear them talk one would suppose that Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton were monsters of inhumanity. There was a time, indeed, when, after reading Leigh Hunt, who is very hard on fishers, I strolled along streams without rod and line. On such occasions I invariably saw the largest trout of the season. Finding, moreover, that people were calling me poetical, I was driven to taking along my tackle in self-defense. Even yet, abstractly, I disapprove of fishing; hunting I think barbarous; 'he who wantonly treads on a worm is no friend of mine'; and yet I fish. I do not merely carry rod and creel: I use them. I suppose it is like smoking: that seems to me a feeble-minded habit, and yet I smoke. Working, too, seems sometimes as foolish, and yet I work. Some pessimists have convinced themselves that living is a waste of time; and yet, so far as I have observed, they continue to live. Sweet are the uses of perversity.

Your fisherman is the most perverse of men. I once fished for trout in Pike County, Pennsylvania, where there was a law against fishing on Sunday; and I observed that the other fishermen on week-days studied the barometer and weather-vane, and never stirred off of the verandah unless temperature, humidity, sun, wind, and time of day were all propitious; but on Sundays they trooped to the streams in a body, without so much as a glance at the sky.

It is unnecessary to say that there were no clergymen among them; yet all clergymen fish, and it is a matter of nice speculation whether one cannot guess their sect or denomination by their manner of fishing. I have not observed widely enough to risk an induction. Methodist ministers, I know, however, fish as they preach, very thoroughly, using the democratic worm and affecting some scorn of fine tackle. Episcopalian rectors, I should imagine, on the other hand, show a decided predilection for dry flies and smooth water.

A Presbyterian minister, an advocate of down-stream wading, initiated me into the mysteries of trout-fishing. He charged through the middle of the stream with an athletic vigor that sent the billows breaking on the banks. He had a poor opinion of the intelligence of fishes and a Calvinistic faith that he was predestined to catch or not to catch enough for supper.

I was so far skeptical, piscatorially at least, as to give up after the first half-hour of politely following him, and sit down on a rock in the middle of a pool and ignobly angle. By sundown I had filled my creel without stirring a step. When at sundown he reappeared, somewhat heated over my defection, and asked in unministerial tones where in thunder I had been, and I told him and showed him my catch, he merely snorted.

'That is n't fishing,' said he, 'that 's angling.'

'But,' I answered, 'I have the fish. How many did you get?'

He made no reply, but tramped off toward home, grumbling. As we were

passing through a cornfield, however, I stole up behind him and peered into his basket. He had one fish, and that was a chub which he was taking home to the cat. The women at home praised my prowess, for they saw only the fish; but my clerical friend continued to make light of my success and insinuated that I ought to be ashamed of it. He seemed to think that I had taken advantage of the innocence of the trout.

Yet he was a good fellow, and his obstinacy was only a part of the sweet unreasonableness that characterizes the entire fraternity of anglers. Perverse or not, I could understand it better than I could his theology, on which latter science, art, habit, or pastime we suffered from an imperfect sympathy that would have persisted had our bones waxed old as Methusaleh's. On fishing, however we might disagree on superficialities of ways and means, we were in perfect fundamental accord: we agreed that it was good fun; while no one could have convinced me that his theology was even mildly amusing.

I have found, in fact, the subject of fishing the universal solvent of antipathies among men, as the subject of ghosts is of diffidence in a mixed company. Under its genial influence a revivalist and a biologist and a poet and a broker and a pacifist and a soldier could be brought to pass a peaceful evening together. There is no other to compare with it unless it is baseball, and that is inferior because it offers no such field for the fictioning, not to say prevaricating, which is so dear to the masculine heart.

As for the ladies, to learn to like to fish they have only to fish: their hostility or indifference to the gentle art is entirely the fruit of ignorance. Many are already fishing from boats, and a few are wading the streams. They make excellent fishers and are always lucky. In time they will become aware of the utter inanity of their present summer employments, which give them no such heart-easing mirth as brookside rambles do their husbands and lovers. These vagrancies of the men they now endure or pity, but do not commonly embrace. It is their fault, of course, if there is a lack of perfect concord between the sexes on this important subject, and it lies with them to establish one. They must not expect man to conquer his proclivities, for in this regard he shows the higher evolution. They must cure themselves of their restlessness, their gregariousness, their worldliness, and must cultivate the contemplative and reflective mind. At present, during the winter, they are bent on reforming the world, and until their energy has spent itself, man will be chronically uncomfortable. Some day they will have completed their task, or will have given it up, and then they will have time to cultivate contentment along the water brooks. Not till then will they be eligible, except under sufferance, to join the gentle fraternity of the anglers, or to pronounce its password, —

Et ego in Arcadia.

THE GROWTH OF DICTATORSHIP

BY HENRY JONES FORD

I

In one of Schopenhauer's essays he remarks that we fancy that the leading events in life will make a grand entrance on the stage, whereas, when we look back, we find that they all came in quietly, slipped in, as it were, by the side door, almost unnoticed. The truth of this remark is conspicuously displayed in the life of nations. The principal institutions of civilized life all made such an unassuming start that the tracing of origins is the most difficult task of historical research. It will probably be admitted that the most important political facts of our times are nationality and representative government. Both are comparatively recent as history runs, but both emerged from obscurity so gradually and imperceptibly that their very existence was not recognized until after they had been established as actual facts.

How vast may be the transformations unwittingly initiated by the continual effort of humanity for safe adjustment to practical conditions is shown by the fact that the name of an ancient republican politician has become an imperial title. From Cæsar to Kaiser has been a long way to go, but the continuity of the process is as complete as in the successions of species noted by the science of biology. The imperial office itself was as republican in its origin as the presidency of the United States. The term *imperator* meant at first the office of commander-in-chief, with scarcely more than the authority admitted by our own Constitution, which we are in the habit of designating as the war power of the president.

History obeys the dramatic instinct noted by Schopenhauer, in marking such eras as the fall of the Roman Republic and the establishment of the Empire; but the generations that experienced the events did not thus observe their significance. For centuries after the time when, according to present classifications, the Empire superseded the Republic, the institutions of government were habitually regarded as republican in character. Long after the office of the *imperator* had actually become an autocracy, it was explained by the Roman jurists as a popular trusteeship. There was in the beginning no more apparent purpose of introducing absolutism than there is in the political arrangements now being made in the United States.

This fact does not stand out in history, for the reason that developments have obscured origins; but the etymology of imperial titles is in the nature of a fossil record of primitive conditions. It is a commonplace of history that the Roman transition from republic to empire was bridged by the principate. But the original meaning of the word 'prince' was simply 'first,' and it primarily indicated, not rule but leadership. Our presidency is now a principate of the original type, but it is as readily susceptible of prerogative development as the ancient pattern.

As a rule public opinion is too impa-

tient of considerations of this character to be at all willing to attend to them. If they are met with, they are usually sniffed at and passed by as futile pedantry. Nothing is harder to get through the head of the practical man than that only history can teach practical politics. His notion of practical politics is to provide for present needs and deal with emergencies as they arrive. This is an animal instinct of adaptation to circumstances which may do for animal needs; but it surrenders evolution to accident and force as among brute species. If ever political development is brought under the guidance of reflection and choice, it is by studious attention to the lessons of history. It was by effort of this character — of which *The Federalist* is the literary monument — that this country was lifted out of anarchy in 1787.

The habitual disposition of the so-called practical politician toward casual adjustment of means to ends, according to immediate opportunity and interest, is the great obstacle to political progress, although it is ordinarily the main agency of political development. The sustained energy with which it adapts interests to conditions carries on development, and moderates popular sentiment in conformity with the changes thus produced; but whatever the fundamental conditions happen to be, it tends to conserve them as the basis of its diplomacy. It takes things as they are and makes dispositions accordingly with a perseverance which bit by bit contrives arrangements which settle into structure as unwittingly produced by its agents as the rise of a coral reef. It has ever been in this way that republics have succumbed and absolutism has been established.

To the framers of our Constitution, surveying the history of ancient and mediæval republics, the process looked like a vicious circle, in which every republican experiment was doomed to move, unless kept out of it by special precautions. The ordinary motives and activities of practical politics do not supply such precautions, but tend to divert attention from them and to resist consideration of them should they be proposed. If such precautions are now needed, successful effort to supply them will have to override the practical politics of the times through action as energetic and as independent as that which rescued the country from the practical politics of the Confederation period.

If anything can excite public opinion to this action, it is such a spectacle of peremptory authority as is now presented. It is not merely that the government seizes and directs every important industry, controls transportation, and regulates the production, supply, and use of commodities; not merely that it runs its hand into every pocket and takes what it sees fit of the citizen's money: those things abridge property rights in ways that are but extreme applications of powers which to a lesser degree have been heretofore asserted, although unfamiliar to the mass of American citizens. But it is a novel and startling experience to find the hand of authority laid upon the individual citizen against his personal freedom. His meals are rationed, his fireside is stinted, his shop is closed to business if the command is issued, his office-door is shut upon him in the exercise of an official discretion which supersedes his own discretion in the conduct of his own business.

Surely such things cannot be without provoking consideration of the nature and position of an authority so imperious and so exacting. The situation puts sharply to every one questions that go to the bottom of things. What is now the actual constitution of the United States? What does its

traditional republican form amount to in practice? Wherein does the reality differ from a dictatorship?

II

The fact must be owned that there is in principle no limit to the power of government. While considerations of practical convenience will always confine the operations of authority, yet as a jurisdictional principle the government may take the last man and the last dollar for its own use. Life, liberty, and property are all subject to the sovereignty of the state. There are really no inalienable rights. If it has been thought that there are, this has been due to confusion of thought by which orderly process maintained by the state has been mistaken for real limitation of power. Purely private vocations have heretofore been so exempt from restraint that it was easy to suppose that they were of right secure from interference. Events are now showing this to be a delusion. It is not worth while discussing the subject from the standpoint of legal theory, when facts of common experience are thumping into every head the real situation.

The American citizen is now in the position of the man who was arrested by executive order in President Lincoln's time and put in prison. He sent for his lawyer, who cited to him doctrines, rules, and principles showing that the government could not do what it had done. 'Yes,' said the prisoner; 'but all the same, here I am!' And there he stayed. As sharp a contrast between actual fact and traditional theory now faces every American citizen; and if he clears his head from cant and is able to see things as they are, he must recognize the fact that he is living under a dictatorship.

If he looks about to see how people in other countries are faring, he finds that the same situation exists wherever the war zone extends. Indeed, the example of other countries facilitated the rapid erection of dictatorship in the United States and disposed public opinion to ready acceptance of it. Whatever the nominal constitution may be, — empire, kingdom, republic, or Bolsheviki rule, — the actual fact is dictatorship. So far as assumption of authority to direct individual behavior is concerned, the amount is the same whether in England, France, Russia, Holland, Switzerland, or the United States. Behavior varies, but the authority assumed is practically unlimited. No difference exists in point of power; what difference does exist, is in means of making the power accountable for its operation.

The situation thus makes clear that the real difference between despotism and constitutional government does not lie in limitation of power but in the existence of means of enforcing responsibility. Ability to act promptly and energetically in the presence of emergency is of paramount importance to the preservation of life in all its sensitive forms, great or small, and every other consideration must give way to it. No form of government can survive that excludes dictatorship when the life of the nation is at stake. One of Jefferson's favorite aphorisms was that power always tends to steal from the many to the few; and his inference was that special precautions should be taken to resist this tendency. He sought to accomplish this by limitations of governmental function now universally discarded. What political party in the world to-day acts upon Jeffersonian principles? Certainly no party has less ground for pretending to do so than that which claims him as its founder. Stress of practical necessity has prevailed over theory in a way which shows that, if theory is to

have any relation to fact, fundamental principles must receive a different statement from that which Jefferson gave. His major premise was indisputably sound: power always does steal from the many to the few. It is an inexorable law which scouts attempts at resistance. It must be accepted and reckoned with if constitutional government is to be maintained.

Under every form of government power must exist and be trusted somewhere, its scope commensurate with all the might and all the means of the community, its actual exertion proportionate to the emergencies with which it may have to cope. No limit can be assigned to it. No distinction between private vocation and public employment can restrain it. If it can seize one and send him to the battle-line to die there for his country if it should so happen, why should it not detain another from his shop or his office upon occasion, or enter his home and regulate his table? Nowhere can the line be actually drawn between public power and private right. When the conscription act was attacked as an invasion of individual right, the Supreme Court unanimously replied: 'This but challenges the existence of all power, for governmental power which has no sanction to it, and which can be exercised only provided the citizen consents, is in no substantial sense such a power.'

It comes to this, then: that there is nothing but deceit in the notion of maintaining republican institutions and democratic government by limitations put to the scope of authority. The only way to secure the situation is by recognizing the inevitable fullness of power and then insisting upon its responsible behavior. The danger-point in our constitutional arrangements is not the organ of administration; it is the organ of control. The President's position is necessarily one of action: he cannot resist the forces that impel him. Like one whose canoe is in the rapids, he must keep paddling, with no power to stay his course, but compelled to steer it as best he may among the obstacles that beset it. So long as Congress exists, the power to make or alter the legal conditions under which presidential authority is exercised rests with it. But Congress acts upon the mistaken principle that the way to reduce power is to divide it, and hence it is continually encroaching upon executive functions. The result is confusion of responsibility such as Hamilton described in *The Federalist*: —

'It is often impossible amidst mutual accusations, to determine on whom the blame or the punishment of a pernicious measure ought really to fall. It is shifted from one to another with so much dexterity, and under such plausible appearances, that the public opinion is left in suspense about the real author. The circumstances which may have led to any national miscarriage or misfortune are sometimes so complicated that, where there are a number of actors who may have had different degrees and kinds of agency, though we may clearly see upon the whole that there has been mismanagement, yet it may be impracticable to pronounce to whose account the evil which may have been incurred is truly chargeable.'

It so happens that, at the present juncture, it is quite plain where responsibility for inefficient organization of the executive departments is truly chargeable. It is distinctly on record that executive authority did all it could to introduce economy and efficiency, but was stopped by Congress. During President Roosevelt's administration a group of experts, commonly known as the Keep Commission, was appointed to investigate departmental methods. Unnecessary offices, duplication of effort, slow, cumbrous, and wasteful

methods were discovered, and a report was made recommending changes that would reduce the cost and increase the efficiency of the public service. Congress ignored the report, but it took steps to prevent any further presidential action of the kind by putting a rider on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill of 1909, prohibiting the use of any appropriation 'heretofore or hereafter made' for the 'payment of compensation or expenses of any commission, council, board, or similar body,' unless the same has been expressly authorized by Congress. As a matter of fact, the Keep Commission was in the main constituted by detail of experienced officials belonging to various departments, so the work of reorganization might possibly have been carried on without an appropriation. Congress took care to shut off that possibility by prohibiting 'personal services from any executive department or other government establishment in connection with any such commission, council, board, or similar body.'

President Taft exerted himself to persuade Congress to consent to improvement, with such effect that he was able to get express authorization for the appointment of an Economy and Efficiency Commission, which carried on a systematic survey of departmental methods and submitted a series of instructive reports. Congress remained quiescent so long as no positive action was taken; but when President Taft sent in his special messages of January 17 and April 4, 1912, recommending changes which would increase efficiency and incidentally make a saving of eleven million dollars; and when he announced that he would send in budget estimates according to the accurate system worked out by the Commission, Congress acted with energy and effect. It destroyed the Commission by refusing any further appropriation for it; and it added a rider to an appropriation bill prohibiting the President from making any change in the mode of transmitting the estimates. President Taft protested that this was an invasion of the constitutional rights of his office, but Congress had its way, and budget reform was defeated.

Congress is so constituted and organized that its habitual activities create a vicious circle. Its interference is a source of administrative defect, and then the defect is made the occasion for more interference. The inevitable result is that presidential influence must be exerted to control Congress, and an accordant state of public opinion has been developed. It is popularly conceived to be one of the President's duties to keep Congress in order; whereas normally it is the constitutional function of Congress to keep him in order. The march of events is already on the Roman road. If Congress is incapable of exercising the function of control, and continues to figure as an incumbrance upon the necessary authority of government, suppression of it is simply a question of time. An institution which habitually stands in the way of efficiency will eventually be pushed out of the way.

III

The most dangerous feature of the situation is the present attitude of public opinion. The behavior of Congress is a chronic grievance, but it does not produce action at all commensurate with the feeling that exists about the matter. This singular lethargy is due to the fact that resentment of Congressional behavior is overshadowed by uneasiness over the portentous growth of presidential authority. People view with dismay the possibilities of abuse of such vast powers as are accumulating in the hands of the President. They feel disposed to endure much from

Congress in consideration of the fact that it appears to be a rival power, and in the belief that, badly as it behaves in particulars, it serves as a counterpoise to the aggrandizement of the presidential office.

The same view is held in Congress, and members who acknowledge that its powers are scandalously abused are yet disposed to put up with anything rather than do anything that might weaken those powers. This view of the case is plausible, but it is quite mistaken. It is true that the power of the President has increased and is increasing at a tremendous rate; but the constitutional aspect of the case is quite different from what is commonly supposed. The great expansion of the presidential function is going on outside of the formal Constitution, by reason of his enforced activity as lobbyist and promoter. His authority within the bounds of the Constitution has not increased at all, but has in fact been diminished by Congressional encroachment, and that is the true source of actual peril to constitutional government.

Comprehension of the true nature of our political system is obscured by the fact that the adoption of the Constitution is usually taken as a starting-point, whereas it was only an episode. The proper starting-point of our constitutional history is the organization of the Continental Congress. An assembly raised to power by a revolutionary movement has ever been prone to corruption. It could scarcely be otherwise, since public order is disturbed, traditional sanctions are impaired, and new opportunities are opened to those casting about for ways and means to employ their activities and push their fortunes. The Continental Congress was no exception to this general rule. Originally controlled by the landed gentry, of which Washington was an illustrious specimen, it soon fell into the hands of lawyer-politicians, who availed themselves of their personal opportunities with characteristic energy, diligence, and pertinacity. Committees of Congress took charge of the conduct of the war and directed all public services. Waste and mismanagement abounded. The result was that by 1779 the American cause was in a state of collapse and was saved only by the intervention of France.

The majority in Congress were obstinately opposed to any reform that would abridge their opportunities. The creation of executive departments, which went on from 1779 to 1781, was really due to French influence. Chevalier de la Luzerne, who was sent out by the French government in 1779, was a witness to the sufferings of the American army, and he attributed the situation to Congressional administration. He reported to his government: —

'It is difficult to form a just conception of the depredations which have been committed in the management of war-supplies — forage, clothing, hospitals, tents, quarters, and transportation. About nine thousand men, employed in this service, received enormous salaries and devoured the subsistence of the army, while it was tormented with hunger and the extremes of want.' When matters had gone so far that the paper money issued by Congress would not circulate, and the government had to depend upon France for money and supplies, Congress had to accede to reforms which were withstood when proposed by Hamilton and recommended by Washington, but which could no longer be resisted when French influence was enlisted in their support.

But the characteristic propensity of Congress to take matters into its own hands was simply curbed, not extinguished. It was again indulged as soon

as circumstances permitted; and when Robert Morris's position as Superintendent of Finance was made so uncomfortable for him that he resigned, the Treasury was put in charge of commissioners appointed and directed by committees of Congress.

After the war was over, Congress was again stranded by exhaustion of its resources. It still clung tenaciously to authority it was unfit to exercise, and it still pursued wasteful and inefficient methods; but the people could now protect themselves against Congressional administration by withholding supplies. Hence the national government was drifting into bankruptcy, and the country was about to break up, when the situation was miraculously saved by the adoption of the Constitution.

With that movement the Continental Congress had little to do. It originated outside of it, was carried to success outside of it, and was viewed with jealousy and suspicion by the group of politicians which then held control of Congress. But they were left with nothing in their hands but the mere rind of authority; all its meat was gone; so they could do nothing but watch events and await fresh opportunity.

It was perfectly well understood that a prime object of the constitutional movement was to put Congress in its proper place and keep it there. This purpose is distinctly avowed in the writings of the leaders of the movement. It runs all through *The Federalist.* But in this the movement was only partially successful, and this is the true explanation of the peculiar defects of our system of government, and of the extraordinary fact that the United States has lagged behind the democratic movement of the age.

The turning-point was the battle in the first session of the Federal Congress over the organization of the executive departments. An effort was made to perpetuate the situation as it existed under the Continental Congress, leaving the Treasury in the hands of a board of commissioners under Congressional direction. But this demand was met by such crushing disclosures that it could not be maintained. It was shown by instances which could not be disputed that, instead of the order and clearness in accounts which had existed while the Superintendent of Finance was in charge, there had been a return of waste, confusion, and extravagance. Those seeking to perpetuate the old opportunities fought on stubbornly, and although defeated on most issues, finally effected a compromise on an issue which was really the most important of all. The heads of the executive departments had direct access to the Continental Congress. This facility was now withdrawn. The effect upon the constitutional system will be found stated and analyzed in Justice Story's *Commentaries,* from knowledge derived from his own observation and experience.

The whole trend of our constitutional development has been determined by that event. It was a relapse to the old methods of the Continental Congress, shutting out the executive authority created by the Constitution and substituting administration by Congressional committees. During Washington's administration, however, Congress still relied upon the heads of the executive departments to prepare business for its consideration. The House of Representatives had no Ways and Means committee or Appropriations committee, except the committee of the whole house — just as is still the case in all British commonwealths. A separate Committee of Ways and Means was not established as a permanent standing committee until 1802, and thereafter the parceling of legisla-

tive initiative among standing committees went on until the system gradually obtained its present monstrous development.

The President possesses an actual initiative of masterful authority, but he derives it only from his position as head of his party; he exercises it, not by means defined by the Constitution, but through party agency. The fact that in the United States, of all the countries in the world, the administration is dependent upon party favor for the mere opportunity of getting measures before the legislature and receiving its decision, accounts for the massive development of political structure peculiar to this country — party platforms, political bosses, caucus dictation, and, in fine, that vast engine of sordid interest known as the party machine. It is an instructive exemplification of the principle that structure is proportioned to function, that, notwithstanding the close general resemblance between the Constitution of Switzerland and that of the United States, not one of these developments has occurred in Switzerland. The reason is that there a clause of the Constitution gives the administration the right to propose and explain its measures directly to the Congress. Hence, although parties abound, they are merely propaganda of opinion, carried on by spontaneous amateur effort like any other social activity. As opinion is matured, it is reflected in the formation of public policy by the Congress, of its own accord and through its ordinary personnel.

The true constitution of a country is always the actual distribution of power. From time to time this has varied in the United States without ever producing settled arrangements. Prior to the parliamentary revolution of March, 1910, commonly known as the overthrow of Cannonism, the seat of authority was a group of undertakers embracing the Speaker, and some leading chairmen of committees in both houses who held the gateways of legislation. It was the rule of an oligarchy, resting not upon public confidence but upon mere advantages of position. With its overthrow the seat of authority has shifted to the party caucus. The Committee on Rules, formerly directed by the Speaker, now acts under caucus direction in reporting the special orders under which important business is necessarily transacted if it is to get through at all.

The change has invigorated the initiative of the President as the national leader of his party; but since he has effective access to Congress only by caucus favor, it is essential to keep the caucus in an acquiescent temper. The President can apply great pressure to Congress by arousing and directing public opinion, but the work of obtaining practical results falls upon Congressional managers whose most effective argument is appeal to individual interest. In this respect the situation is worse under the present rules than it was under the previous oligarchic control, and it is a subject of acute anxiety with members who still have a sense of national responsibility. How can a country maintain itself under the trials that must now be borne, when it has a system which ever construes merit and efficiency in terms of partisanship, and makes it practically impossible to shape and decide issues except at the expense of the public treasury.

IV

In view of these facts of our constitutional history, the prime cause of our troubles is manifest. It is the usurpation of presidential and Congressional functions by the standing committees. The creation of that system has been a

deep corruption of the Constitution, which has perverted its character and has spread disease through all its parts. The actual system of government produced by this corruption is incongruous with the constitutional scheme, which looked to the concentration of executive authority in the office of the President while Congress was to be an organ of control over the government in behalf of the people. So long as the Constitution has any life left in it, nothing can relieve the President of his obligation to 'give to the Congress information on the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.' The Congressional theory at present is that this means no more than that he may request Congress to take the subject into consideration; but the Constitution makes no such statement, nor has such a view of the case ever been successfully exemplified in practice. On the other hand, the Constitution says nothing as to the form in which the President shall present his measures, or the means by which he shall get them before Congress. The cardinal difference between the Swiss Constitution and our own is that it attends to that point whereas ours does not. To this defect is due the degradation of Congress and the growth of dictatorship.

There is only one effectual way of arresting those tendencies, and that is to return to the Constitution as originally designed, restoring to the President his right of direct access to Congress for the presentation of his measures, and restoring to Congress its right to have the administration before it, subject to its open supervision and control.

Fortunately we have a President who thoroughly understands the situation. In his work entitled *Congressional Government*, he exposed the source of the disease, and in his dealings with Congress he has gone as far as he could to enter into open relations with it. If administration measures have to ooze through committees, contracting stains in the process, that is not his fault. He will propose them directly to Congress and explain them directly to Congress when he is allowed to do so. If he acts as a dictator, that is because he is not allowed to act as a constitutional leader.

This is a matter which rests with Congress, and it is upon Congress that the pressure of public opinion should be exerted to compel such changes in the rules as will introduce constitutional government. In practice this would mean that the President's recommendations would be presented to Congress in the form of bills drafted by experts, informed by administrative experience and acting under national responsibility. The present method allows legislation to be drafted according to the views of irresponsible committees acting under the guidance of particular interests and upon calculations of factional advantage. The sinister results of which this process is capable are displayed by the legislative record of every session. The situation has become so intolerable that some decisive treatment of it is inevitable.

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE

IV. HORATIO

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

THAT the poor have strange, one might almost say occult, powers, seems to me proved. The downtrodden with whom I dealt were, so far as I could judge, the very pies and daws of existence, who, one might reasonably suppose, would be grateful for whatever hips and haws and other chance berries the bleak winter of their calamities left them. Nothing could be further from the truth. They lived, rather, it would seem, on canary seed and millet, maize and sesame, not obtainable in the open markets of the world. I fell under the strange delusion that they were to labor for me, and that, for a wage agreed upon, they were to relieve me of care. Again, how wide of the mark was this! They expected to be looked after like queen bees, and they *were!* I myself laboring from flower to flower for them, and filling their cells with honey.

You may think them as stupid as you like and as inconsiderable. Deal with them but long enough, and you shall have strange suspicions. You shall begin to note a growing and undeniable likeness in these to Cinderella and 'The Youngest Brother.' Nor are these fairy tales, mind you, safe and unbelievable, shut up there in your Grimm and Andersen on the shelf, to be taken down only at pleasure; no, but fairy tales potent and indisputable, hoeing your potatoes, walking about in the flesh in your kitchen, and hanging out your clothes of a Monday.

It is astounding, if one only becomes poor enough, — I say it in all soberness and sincerity, — how rich and powerful one may become. And perhaps just here it is my duty to submit a testimony I have up to this time withheld. I have said that I myself have been poor, but I have as yet said nothing of the strange unlooked-for loftiness that this circumstance lent me. While I was of the wealthy, I strongly maintained that these, and what we are wont to call the 'upper classes,' have the very considerable advantage, and believed it with all my heart. But no sooner was I downright poor, uncertain even where the next meals were to come from, than the potion, the charm, the necromancy, the delusion, or the truth, — have it which you will! — began to work, and I myself to have a subtle suspicion, and at last a positive sense, of superiority.

> Who never ate his bread with tears,
> He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers!

The wealthy, the advantageous began to dwindle in my eyes. How poor they were in real experience, in sympathy, in understanding; how wanting in fine feeling; how destitute, for the most part, of that only wealth worth acquiring — wealth of the heart! — whereas, the poorer I was, the greater

the wealth of understanding that was mine; as my moneys dwindled, I was made rich of the universe; a new sense of love and bounty were given me as by an unlooked-for legacy. The vast tired multitude going home at night, all these suddenly were my own — my brothers and my sisters; further, it may be noted, I acquired the wealthy also. These too became my brothers, more chill and starved sometimes (I knew this now) in their luxuries than the 'poor' in their destitution. Could one, indeed, knowing any of the real values, feel a bitterness toward such? or could one fail to experience, having known any of the true humilities of life, a love for these also?

Let it sound as paradoxical as it may, — I do not say it unadvisedly, — poverty is an enrichment, and often enough a grandeur. Here, indeed, in this fact — I think it by no means unlikely — may lie the explanation of many a humorously high behavior and lordliness in those of whom I have more particularly told. If this be truth, as I take it to be, then it lends consistency, even if a little quaint, to what threatened to seem but unwarrantable chaos.

Is it not probable, remembering my own experience, that Musgrove, Mamie, Margaret, and the others had with their very indigence acquired a compensating fortune and, by reason of their very destitution, inherited as a legacy the universe? It should not be forgotten, moreover, that I had come to these distinctions only after years of comfortable living, whereas those I have told you of had been born to the purple of their poverty. I, in serving others, have never yet been able to give myself the ample airs of a Margharetta. I have never found it possible to pull pennies out of peoples' pockets by the Æschylean tragedy of my condition, nor to draw pity at will out of their hearts. I am smitten with silence when trouble and difficulty assail me, and I have an intolerable instinct against asking for the sympathy and commiseration of others; whereas those better accustomed than myself, — as I have shown you, — how readily are they able to requisition your sympathy, to appropriate wholly your pity, and to confiscate your possessions and your ethics! How easily, as I have borne testimony, can they set aside social customs and laws which the less privileged of us dare not ignore; can be married, for instance, without clerk or benefit of clergy — rather, after the manner of the owl and the pussy cat, by the mere procuring of a ring; can protect their children from drowning with canton-flannel charms; can preserve their faith unspoiled despite the most blasting circumstances; are on such easy terms with the Deity that they speak of her whom the poetic and devout prefer to name 'Star of the Deep,' and 'Queen of Heaven,' as the Deity's 'Maw-ma'; can at will, like prestidigitators or after the manner of a Mamie, by a mere turn of the hand make your conscientious resolves vanish; can draw pity out of the place where solemn indignation should have been, as magicians rabbits out of a silk hat; can carry off your much needed linen and have it look like a favor!

And we, mind you, in the face of these abilities, have assumed them to be our inferiors, and have organized for them frankly a society for the improvement of their condition! That we can mitigate their sufferings and inconveniences, lessen their cold or their hunger, I willingly admit; but I am not of so bold an intellect as to believe that we can improve their condition, or that their condition, take it for all in all, can be improved upon.

If you doubt such testimony as I have borne, and think it too personal, there is other more general and consid-

erable. Were not Egypt and all her power despised and triumphed over by 'a colony of revolted Egyptian slaves'? Did not proud Rome go down, also, to a like downtrodden people? Picture what Rome was in her might — Rome tracing her ancestry to the gods! And then look upon her bowed down in slavish subserviency to kiss the shoe of a poor fisherman!

And the poor then, who called themselves Christians — as now you would have called them underlings, menials, subalterns. Yes, and so they were. And they lived precariously in caves and catacombs under the surveillance of the emperor's guards, as our most scurvy poor under the police. Yet see them to-day, with dominion over palm and pine, and with control of the earth's continents. And where now are the Roman emperors?

History teems with such instances. With what scorn do you suppose the mighty Persians in their glittering armor might have looked upon those few youths who in the dawn 'sat combing their long hair for death' before Marathon? When the nameless poor murmured outside the gates of Versailles, what would any of us have given for the brief lineage or trumpery royalty of a Marie or a Louis? It would not have sold for a franc to any one with a head for business. Even as these poor people shook the gates, almost the haughtiest queen of history was already on her way, then, and at their bidding, to become the Widow Capet. And that, too, for only a little while, and by sufferance, before they hurried her on to the last level of all.

There may seem to be about them at first a marked futility. Only wait, and you shall see what a power they have! Is there need that they should pique or plume themselves or strut? They have no need to cut a dash. The herald's office could add nothing to their stature. Here is no newness or recency, no innovation; here rather are tradition, custom, something time-honored, however little you may think it venerable. Here is immemorial usage, 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.'

And have these continued in the world in predominating numbers, despite misfortune, calamity, catastrophe? No; mind you, rather because of these! Think of a race with that ability! Since Cain fell into misfortune and was shielded of the Almighty, and Lazarus, for a like reason, lacked not a divine advocate, have these not had the special protection of God? Can you show me any people of lands and property, of thrift and saving habits, of full granaries and honest provident stores laid by, who were guided by a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night? who had manna and quail supplied them; and an entire land swept clean of its rightful owners by the Lord's hand, so that they might come into it instead, to enjoy the wells they had not digged, and the fruits thereof which neither had they planted?

Were it not of too great a bulk, the testimony of literature could be brought to corroborate that of history. When you read *The Jolly Beggars*, you are informed without squeamishness which is the most free and powerful class in the world; and when you have read that other document by the same hand, *The Twa Dogs*, you have perused a fine bit of testimony as to which is the happiest. Or if there lacked these and there were left us but Arden and its gentle beggars — who could be in doubt? How they triumph over the rich and the successful and lord it felicitously in their poverty! What would you look to find these but broken and saddened — these who are not only beggars, mind you, but wronged men: the Duke, Orlando, Rosalind, all suf-

fering injustice; Adam starving; Touchstone, Jaques, Amiens, and for the most part all of them, too well acquainted with the rudeness of the world; men who had known but too well the unkindness of man's ingratitude, the feigning of most friendship, the bitterness of benefits forgot. And yet, turn only to that first scene in the forest. If ever I set eyes on independent gentlemen, here they are! And who doubts too, reading of these, that Shakespeare wrote of them out of his own Arden, out of the enrichment of his own poverty, and the splendors of his unsuccessful years!

II

The powers of the poor! This is a matter to which I have often lent my speculation, and have striven to perceive by what rights, as of gods in exile, they have maintained their dignity and their supremacy; and I have wondered whether one of these may not be that necessity laid upon them to touch more nearly than we the realities of life. We have set guards at our gateways to turn away Poverty or Misery or Cold or Hunger, yes, and Human Brotherhood and Life and Death themselves. Death, it is true, and some others, will not be altogether gainsaid, but enter at last into the lives of all of us, bringing invariably — this is to be noted — a great dignity to the house which they have visited. But to the poor the 'heavenly powers' come, whether welcome or no, and like the gods visiting mortals, they do not depart, save from the entirely unworthy, without bestowing enrichment.

I have sat at the table of an old Philemon and Baucis, whose condition of poverty appeared not to be bettered by their entertainment of the great realities of life; whose pitcher poured as scant as ever it did, though Death and Calamity had but lately visited them. But when you thirsted for a better draught, a draught not to sustain the body, but the spirit — then, then the miracle was evident enough! They filled your cup to its trembling brim, nor — pour as they would — could they empty their hearts of love and understanding.

These are indeed good gifts, and of the gods, and there are many others; and it would take little to prove how much more bountifully the poor receive of them than the wealthier classes.

Another possession, which I have noted often among the poor, is that gayety, that lightness of heart, that almost inconsequent gayety, so often seen, amazingly, among them. Where you and I might be crushed by calamity, they can raise their heads and be glad, and that over some trifle. Where you might have gone sad and sober for weeks, Mamie could dance her little ragtime songs; Margaret could be gay with the pig; and Margharetta, fresh from a new downfall, could gather the children of her heart to her as a hen its chickens, and in blissful content think nothing of the morrow. This I have seen again and again. They are as recuperative as King David. Let them sin and blunder and suffer and be cast down, it is but for a brief season; soon you shall hear the plucking of their harp and the sound of their psaltery, and a new song unto the Lord.

As further testimony, this is, I believe, the place to confess that it was not in the days of my prosperity and happiness, but in the days of my poverty and sorrow, that I myself became possessed of this good gift of the gods. The laughter and gayety of heart of prosperous years, though they may be of no mean order, seem to me but pallid things compared with those of a more tested season. To have seen the total wreckage of one's hopes, to have

known despair and the bleak winds of the heath of the world, and to delight still, and more than ever, in the little and the gay, and to taste with a keener relish than ever before the fine-flavored humor of the world, this is to be rich though one were in tatters; this is to be gifted though to the last farthing one has been robbed.

But there is another endowment besides all these, even more precious — I mean that unconscious grace and dignity of spirit possessed by some of the poor; I mean that quiet and gracious acceptance of a lot which to our reckoning seems but bare and difficult; that gentle and persistent kindliness of men and women toward a world which, it seems to us, has so roughly and despitefully used them.

This I take to be the greatest of the gifts that the gods confer upon the poor; and being so, it is fitting that it should not be indiscriminately bestowed. You shall not meet it commonly or often; yet here or there will be found some true ruler of his kind, looking out on the world with this kindly and gracious spirit. I have known some few such myself, and one notably.

III

I saw him first selling papers by a subway entrance. The day was cold, and he had that peculiarly pinched look of those who are both ill-nourished and ill-clad; and yet you could not without presumption have called him pitiful. There was a kind of simple grandeur about him which I am at a loss adequately to describe: a thing rather to be embodied in myth and legend.

The 'envy of the gods' has been variously set out in tale and story. Prometheus defying divinity is a moving enough figure, hurling curses back at his superior, and visited by Asia, Panthea, and the nymphs and Oceanides. But it would need a new legend, it seems to me, to embody that loftiness which, in a similar bondage, hurls no curses, breathes no complaint, nor asks even to be spared, if that be possible; a gentleness which, without the least leaning to humility, preserves a generous outlook, triumphant in its persistent kindliness as Prometheus in his unconquered might; unbroken, unlowered; bound, yet attaining somehow to a continued generosity and bestowal.

It might seem, by the look of this man, that Fate had come to hate one she could so little bend; for not only was he ragged and pinched, but there was about his delicate face and the great slenderness of the body, only too certainly, the mark of some physical ravage, and of an overborne endurance. To the casual observer, he was but a man selling newspapers at the entrance to the subway; to those of thoughtful and speculative observation, he was a man standing within a few feet of his grave, and likely at almost any moment to feel on his shoulder, or dimly on his chilly hand, the summoning touch of Hermes, Leader of Souls.

There was about him a most amiable patience and courtesy which had not at all the color of resignation. Indeed, to speak of resignation in his case would have been to impute to him riches and hopes he had not. I can give you no idea how much more courteous he seemed than his destiny. The only Asia who ever visited him, I am sure, was a woman, fat and comfortable-looking, who sold papers also, at the other end of the subway entrance, behind the shelter of its glass. She used to come over sometimes while I was buying my paper of him, to ask him to make change, blowing on her hands in a wholesome manner, or beating her arms like a cabby. That she never sympathized with him, I felt sure, not alone

because of the general look and contour of her, but because — as I have tried to show you — he was not the man to whom one would presume to tender sympathy.

As I came to know him better, I began to take the keenest pleasure in his smile, which was always ready. He never let the salutation go at a mere 'good-morning.' To my banal 'Pretty cold to-day!' he would reply smiling, and even while turning his shoulder to receive the cut of the wind less directly, 'Yes, but bracing'; or, while his blue fingers fumbled for change, 'Not quite so cold as yesterday'; or it was, 'Well, the children like snow for Christmas'; or, 'This snow will give work to the poor, cleaning the streets'; or, if the white flakes turned to threads of rain, 'This will save the city a great deal.'

There never was any bravado in this, only the incomparable gentleness and the winning smile. If Fate lingered about, malicious, hoping to hear him at last complain, she might as well have given over her eavesdropping. I, going to him for the daily *Times*, and not infrequently with a tired spirit and a heavy heart, would find that, in return for my penny, he had given me, not only the morning paper, but a new courage, or a heartening and precious shame of my own discouragement, or, oftener still, a new faith in the world. So it was that he stood there, day after day, in the freezing weather, dispensing these benefits, a peculiar and moving royalty legible in his person.

If those who read of him here pity him, it can only be because my words give but such a poor idea of his great dignity. Those who saw him with a clear eye, could they pity him, do you think? And I — I who had cried out more than once, under how much less provocation, against the duress of fortune — was it my right to give him commiseration? Marry, heaven forbid! Again and again, as I went from him, my mind suggested, rather, noble likenesses, and sought to find some simile to match him. Once it was, 'The gods go in low disguises'; again, 'Great spirits now on earth are sojourning'; and once the words of Amiens, addressed to the Duke, seemed to me to blend in with his behaviors: —

> 'Happy is your Grace,
> That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
> Into so quiet and so sweet a style.'

And again, I thought once that the royal Dane, addressing Horatio, offered me words befitting: —

> 'For thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.'

One day I bought him a pair of woolen gloves, and all the way to his corner I kept rehearsing an absurd speech of presentation, designed to relieve both him and me of embarrassment. He must not know that I had bought them for him! I wanted to spare myself that! So, I concocted what is currently known as a 'cock-and-bull' story; but, as I look back on it and its results, I lean to believing that I never perpetrated a finer bit of fiction, I give it now without shame.

'My husband,' said I, fumbling for my penny, 'has been very ill — a long while.'

'Well, now, I'm sorry!' said Horatio gravely, and without the least wonder, apparently, why this should have been proffered.

'And the doctors think,' I stumbled on, digging in my purse, 'there's no likelihood in the world at all he will be out of his bed before the summer.'

'Ah, that's very hard for a man if he's active,' said Horatio, speaking with full sympathy as of one who knew.

'And *so*,' said I, putting my penny in his hand, taking the *Times*, and mentally beshrewing me the clumsiness of language, 'and *so*, you see,' — here I brought them forth, — 'there's a pair of gloves of his he won't have even the chance to wear; and they're *almost* as good as new, and — I just thought — may be —'

Here words deserted me. I appealed directly to his eyes. These were fixed, kind and gray, on the gloves. He was already taking them.

'Indeed, I'd like very much to wear them,' he said, 'but I'm sorry he can't be wearing them himself. May be he'll be well sooner than you think, though. Sickness is a bad thing. These are very warm,' — this with his delightful smile, and he began drawing one of them on, — 'I'm very much obliged. But may be he'll be well sooner than you think. I'm sure I hope so.'

It was a busy morning. The early subway was pouring forth its crowds as an early chimney, just started, its smoke. I was glad to mingle and fade among them.

The next morning, he was ready, may be even a little eager, as I approached. He had my paper doubled and waiting for me, and waiting too, his gentle inquiry, 'Is he better?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I think so — a little.'

Some one else wanted a paper and we said no more. But each day after that he asked me, and I gave him a cautious, not too enthusiastic report, for my patient must remain indoors till sharp weather and all possible need of gloves were past. So, he was only a *little* better. I took pains once to add, 'A long illness is very discouraging.'

'That it is,' Horatio assented. 'But you'll forget that when he's well.'

So we continued in our courtesies and our sympathies; I very pleased and hardly conscience-stricken, to have been able to give him what I knew he must have cherished a good deal more than the gloves, something, indeed, for the warming of his heart — the chance, say rather the right, to extend his so experienced sympathy, and the opportunity to give, to one in need of them, some of the stored-up riches of his spirit. So, his own days growing short, and the shadow of his own cares lengthening, he yet smiled daily, as he gave me of these riches, and wished me a happy sunrise of my hopes and a good-morrow.

One day he was not there. His fine spirit had fared forth. I can still feel the shock and sudden loss it was to me. I went over to Asia, or Panthea, selling her papers, and questioned her. Was he ill?

'He went very sudden, ma'am, I believe. His wife came to say so. I'm selling his papers now. What will you have? The *Times?*'

Hermes, the kindly, had beckoned him from his 'undefeated, undishonored field,' and he had gone, eager and gentle there, too, I have no doubt.

IV

It was but a little while that I knew him, but the influence of him abides. He has lent something to life which even the least noble cannot take from it. The sorry old derelict, his poor old red lantern eyes looking out of his dark face, when I give him a dole, receives it not from me, I think, after all, but from some gentleness which Horatio lends me as a legacy.

Although I have spoken of them throughout with lightness, and have laughed at their amazing follies, yet I know well that there is a solemnity forever attendant upon the poor. There is without doubt some unexpected endowment in suffering and privation, some surprising enrichment in the common lot. Have it as you will, there

is no honor so high, or distinction so covetable, as to be a sharer of human joys and sorrows, and an intimate, even though it be in misery and solitude, of the hearts of men; and to this brotherhood, sharing the common lot, the poor undeniably contribute by far the greater numbers.

The grandeurs of the wealthy are but a brief pageant. The beggar who looks on, as did Horatio, at this pageant, without envy, and who, looking on, gives a gentle patronage to the rich, does so not without warrant. The greater splendors and possessions are his own. Let them decorate their stately halls; let them transport, as I have known them to do, entire ceilings from Venetian palaces, tapestries from chambers of those who also long ago once were great — the glory of the sun will not be subsidized, the halls of the morning are lit with unmatchable splendors, and the palace chambers of the night are hung by mightier ministrants with tapestries of a finer weave, and ceiled with stars for the mere vagrant and the vagabond who shall sleep some day beneath them, without monument and unremembered.

Do not these know life more nearly? Who has flattered them? Who has shielded them from infancy, from the great powers? Who has defended them? Have not these, like Œdipus and other kings' sons, been exposed upon the very rocks of time; and have they not survived that circumstance? Sorrow and Death have dealt with them more nearly, and without ambassadors. They have had audience with reality; they have talked with Life without interpreters.

He who loves this world, and has found it good on such terms, may be allowed his reasonable preference; he who speaks fondly still of life, who has had such communings, may speak with some authority. Horatio's smile was worth the pleasantness and optimism of a thousand who have never made change with blue fingers, or shrunk from the cut of the cold.

And if you tell me that none but a sentimentalist would call poverty an enrichment, then I can only assume that you have never been poor; and if you tell me that the high behavior of Horatio is at the best but endurance, even then, could I grant you so much, the argument still would hold. Even so, Horatio endured life with a noble grace, and helped others to do so; even so, he was able still to find pleasure in a fate from which the wealthy would shrink in horror, and lovable traits in one they would have called his bitterest enemy. He had blessed the life which had cursed him, and had loved it though it had despitefully used him.

So he triumphed — yet without pride; nor did one hear in his spirit's victory any hint of animosity, or talk of reprisals, or bitterness, or demand for indemnities, or hidden hate. Rather, he was to be found each day undefeated in his impregnable gentleness, that still unfallen province in which he dwelt. His were some incalculable riches of the spirit which Poverty had heaped up and amassed for him through those years when his fingers handled without complaint the miserable pennies; his was some towering strength under the disguise of the weak and broken body; like that Olympian glory fabled inevitably to appear some time, under the mortal humility of gods in exile. There was about him, for all his slenderness, something grand, something epic, and allegorical. He might have stood as a symbol of a downtrodden people, such nations as the world (be it said to our shame) sees still, and that not in small numbers — crushed, oppressed by the arrogant, the strong, yet still surviving and giving to the other nations their gifts of gay song

or heroic endurance, and out of an incredible bounty still bestowing love and kindness and beauty on the world which has behaved toward them without mercy.

Look, if you will, at the beggar nations of the world, and search the heart of the poor among peoples, and I am convinced that you will find in these also corroborative evidence of truths I have tried here to touch upon but lightly. Let be their follies and their mistakes and all their incredible assumptions: who shall declare that poverty has not enriched them likewise? And among them, shall you not find high and royal and single spirits, who, like Horatio, have both known and loved the world and triumphed over it without animosity? To have known and loved the world! Is not this the true test after all, and the indisputable mark of a king's son? And shall you not find it oftener among the poor than elsewhere? For he cannot be said to know the world who has never been at its mercy; as only he can be said to have triumphed over it who, having suffered all things at its hands, yet loves it with unconquerable fidelity.

(*The End*)

BILL

BY SIDNEY A. MERRIAM

I

Bill did n't live in the proverbial gilded cage, hung between lace curtains, where he could scatter birdseed and music over his admiring friends. Bill's home was at the bottom of a mine in a northern sector of the Allies' lines in France. It was damp and dark — at least, that part of it not reached by the light of flickering candles was dark. There were no lace curtains. The walls and ceiling were provided by Mother Earth herself, aided and abetted by carefully selected Welshmen who had devoted their lives to learning the simplest and quickest way to shore the galleries of a mine. For these talents they were enlisted in the Corps of Engineers.

Not far from 'Chalk Street,' a trench that wound through a labyrinth of piled bags of chalk, there lay an insignificant branch trench not dignified by a name. At the end of this smaller trench two dark holes led down into the earth. The smaller one, to the right hand, ended far below, in a tangle of wrecked timbers and caving earth. It was a relic of the days of German occupation. Within the opposite hole, leading steeply down into the earth, was a ramp of heavy planking, crossed at intervals with slats, that one might brace the feet for safe descent. At the mouth a working party of infantry passed an endless stream of bags of chalk from hand to hand, to be piled finally in even rows about the tops of the adjacent trenches. This was done

at night. Before dawn a few shovelsful of earth were scattered over the new bags, that the watchful 'Fritz' might not deduce from them the mining operations that were in progress, and 'strafe' the locality.

At intervals of a few feet along the ramp leading down into the mine sat chalk-smeared soldiers, each in a little circle of light from his candle stuck to a near-by timber with a handful of the plastic chalk. Overhead, and at the sides, the chalk bulged inward between the shoring of timber and planking. Weird shadows from the candlelight danced about the walls. From the bottom of the shaft came the incessant creaking of a hand-windlass hoisting the chalk bags from a still lower level. These were handed up to the men posted along the ramp, who in turn passed them to the party at the mouth of the pit, for final disposal.

About the windlass was grouped a little party of soldiers who relieved each other at the hoisting. A series of ladders with hand ropes led to the lower gallery eighty feet below the hoist. Here men of the Engineer Corps were at work. Some were busily picking the chalk from the walls, while others shoveled the lumps into the bags for hoisting above.

The chamber was some twenty or thirty feet square, and was lighted by candles stuck on convenient ledges scooped out here and there in the hard chalk. By the light of one of these Sergeant Campbell of the Engineers, and Corporal Murray of the Infantry, argued over a muddy slip of paper which the sergeant held and slapped with a chalky forefinger to emphasize his remarks.

'Ye 'll get no more candles,' he said. 'The last shift o' infantry warked every mon by a half candle, and it 's in their thievin' pockets were the other halves. D' ye think the Engineers are proveedin' candles for a' the doogoots in the sector? Can ye no haud ye' lads in hond?' The sergeant was no Welshman, though he had, in his time, worked much in the coal districts of Wales. 'I 'll gie ye fifty, nor you nor any other body shall hae more!'

The signed slip for obtaining the candles once safely in hand, the corporal began an angry reply, but ceased abruptly. Both men looked upward to a little wicker cage hanging on the wall. The sounds of pick and shovel ceased, and the men stood leaning idly on their tools, as most exquisite song poured from the throat of the little feathered songster in the cage. 'That Bill bird was spilling it again,' in the language of the men.

The tiny canary, with head tipped back, and eyes half closed, trilled on, unconscious of its grim surroundings and the listening men. With wings a-flutter, and little body swelling in its effort, the song flowed on, while the men stood embarrassed by their own emotion at the homelike sound. It was not unusual for Bill to sing, but each song was like a first appearance, and gained for him a sympathetic hearing that a prima donna might have envied. The trills and runs went up and down as the little singer willed, sounding strangely sweet in the unusual surroundings. Somewhere a man dropped a tool, and the reverberating clang of metal ended the song, and brought a shower of curses on the clumsy one.

An Engineer officer slid down the ladder and strode up to the sergeant, wiping his hands on his riding breeches as he came. The two non-commissioned officers came smartly to attention, but the sappers, mindful of the Field Service Regulations which ignore officers where work is to be done, busied themselves with their digging.

'Good-night, sir,' said the sergeant; 'there 's been no change.'

'Very good, sergeant. I've just come from listening in Number 54. Fritz is at work near there, but too late. We shall "blow" him at 8.45 to-night. You can warn your men, though they will not feel it much here. The Germans are loading their mine-chamber over 54. We have loaded under their sub-gallery and can get them "cold." If they are still working, we can cut off their whole party besides harvesting their explosives.'

'Oh! In the new sap, sir?' queried the delighted sergeant.

'Yes,' replied the officer; 'I 'll show you here. We heard them at 53 degrees northwest, at about forty feet distance and above. They were dragging ammunition boxes.'

The officer spread out a map of the mines and an outline of the trenches above. He and the sergeant examined them with much technical discussion.

The nearest sapper had ceased work, to repeat to a comrade what he had overheard about Sap 54. Noticing this, the sergeant turned to them and spoke sharply.

'Now, then, laddie, do ye get on wi' ye' wark. Fritz will no blow ye the night. When he does ye 'll ken naught about it. 'T is like the passing "whizz-bang": if ye ken aught about it there 's no harm done.'

The men silently began to shovel, with an enthusiasm that deceived no one.

The officer rolled his maps and called for silence. The men dropped their tools and sat down. The sergeant sent the infantry corporal above to warn every one to be quiet for 'listening.'

Unslinging an instrument from his shoulder, the officer scooped out a small hollow in the chalk with a hand-pick, and, applying the instrument to a flat surface, listened intently. The men stood silent, scarcely breathing. No one moved, or shuffled his feet, for to the chiophone, or to any microphone, the least sound is a crashing noise. Perhaps you have seen a head nurse maintain silence in a hospital while a surgeon used a stethoscope. The listening instruments used in mining work are far more sensitive. It is said that to them the sound of a fly walking on a window-pane is like that of a charging squadron of cavalry. The sound of German picks and shovels, or of boxes of explosive being moved, can be heard for considerable distances.

After some fifteen minutes of patient listening, the officer put away his instrument and prepared to leave.

'There is nothing doing here,' he said. 'Mind the "blow" at 8.45. You should feel it but little here, sergeant.'

'I ken, sir. A bit of a mild earthquake, and a draught of air to snuff the candles it always is, sir.'

The officer consulted a compass, and made a few entries in a note-book. The sergeant gave him some slips of paper bearing reports of the progress of the work, and the number of bags of chalk removed in the last four-hour shift.

'Air been all right, sergeant?' the officer asked.

'Aye, sir; Bill here was singing us a whole grand opera just before you come, sir.'

'Ah! that 's good,' said the officer, taking down Bill's cage and inspecting the bird. 'If Bill keeps bright and cheerful, one of our worst difficulties is avoided. Don't let the men be feeding him rubbish. Canaries are not expensive, but it is difficult getting them when we want them.'

Hanging the cage up, the officer shook his finger playfully at the bird. 'Remember, Bill,' he said, 'the lives of this tunneling company depend on you. Your duty is a hard one; but when the air gets dangerously bad, you must fall from your little perch and die. You 're one of the army now, Bill, and

you must give your life when the time comes, just as we must, that the "Unspeakable Hun" shall never crush civilization.'

The sergeant smiled. 'I'm thinking, sometimes, Bill's ancestors may have come from the Hartz Mountains in Germany, sir, but I dinna mention it to the men, for he has many friends among them the noo, an' they 'd haud it against him.'

'Well, sergeant, the bird's duty is so simple, and so involuntary, that we need n't worry about his nationality. He could n't betray us even if he was disloyal.'

The officer laughed as he turned away to mount the ladder. But he little knew. Poor Bill had heard the cock crow thrice, and though his little heart was loyal to his rough friends, who fed and tended him down there in the earth, he had been marked for a traitor — an innocent, but not less deadly one.

II

After the officer left, Campbell busied himself with the work. As it neared the hour for the blow in 54, he directed a few extra timbers to be placed at points that he thought required a greater margin of safety. The explosion, although at a considerable distance, would rock the ground severely. The consequent compression on the supporting timbers at other parts of the mine would be very severe.

When the work was well under way, he took down Bill's cage and tidied it. He saw to the food, and after rinsing the little cup, refilled it from the military water-bottle at his own belt. Afterward he devoted a few moments to petting the bird which had become a great favorite with the men.

At 8.40 he ordered them to 'knock off.' The men sat about talking in low voices. The sergeant bent his arm so as to bring his wrist-watch conveniently in sight. It had been set with headquarters by telephone. During the last two or three minutes he called off the time at intervals to the men. 'Eight — forty-three! — and-a-half! — forty-four! — forty-four-and-a-half!'

The men, knowing from experience the shock that would reach them even at that distance, rose and stood, some standing on tiptoe and opening their mouths, as artillerymen do when a heavy gun is to be fired.

'Forty-five!' There was no immediate shock. Some planking seemed to twist and writhe. A timber creaked. Then, for a second or two, all the timber-work groaned and swayed. Bits of chalk fell here and there as the earth undulated. A few seconds later came a dull boom, muffled and distant.

As the timbers settled into place with a final shiver, Bill's cage fell to the floor, bounced, rolled a few feet, and lay still. Sergeant Campbell and one of the men sprang to pick it up. Just then, a current of cool, fresh air, smelling of the night, rushed in and filled the place. Without a preliminary flicker the candles went out. A wick or two glowed red in the darkness. A soldier relighted one instantly. By its light the sergeant stooped for the cage. At that moment Bill fluttered from its open door, and eluding the sergeant's fumbling fingers, flitted across the chamber and up the shaft.

Campbell, with an expression of annoyance, sat down. The men were relighting the candles.

'Do ye be watchin' the candles, boys,' said Campbell. 'Bill 's deserted, an' ye 'll hae to take warnin' o' bad air fra' the candles for the rest o' the night. I hae no doot the air is guid enough, but 't will be no harm to watch if the candles burn poorly. I hae no need to tell ye. Ye all ken the canaries are put in the mine to gie ye warnin'

when the air gets bad. The wee birds can no stand the bad air. He 's gone the noo, and it 's no much harm for the present.'

Campbell, thinking no more of the bird for the moment, set to work examining the timbers for signs of damage from the ' blow.' He ordered some adjustments and repairs here and there, and then sat down on a box to fill in a report blank. A soldier picked up the empty cage and set it on the sergeant's box.

Gazing absently at it for a moment, Campbell sprang to his feet with an exclamation. 'Lloyd,' he called to a man working near him. 'Drop yer wark and double up to the nearest infantry officer ye can find in the trenches above. Tell him — and mind ye get it straight — tell him the canary assigned to this gallery has escaped, and I be fearin' 't will settle in No Man's Land. Jump to it, lad!'

As the man hurriedly ascended the shaft, the sergeant wrote two notes and dispatched them by other messengers to the infantry officers holding the trenches above. As he wrote he cursed himself for his stupidity. Why had he not realized at once that the Germans — expert as they were in mining — would deduce from the presence of the canary that the carefully concealed mining operations were in progress? How fortunate, he thought, that there were yet a few hours of darkness. He thought the bird would not sing in the dark. Would the bird go to the German trenches? Thoughts raced through the brain of the anxious man.

Above, Lloyd had found a major of infantry, and halted that astonished officer. 'From Sergeant Campbell to the nearest infantry officer, sir,' he began, mumbling the official message form. ' Bill 's escaped!' Seeing nothing but blank amazement in the officer's face, he began afresh. ' Bill, our canary in Gallery 47, has got away. The sergeant thinks he might give the game away to the Germans, sir.'

The major quickly grasped the situation. First acknowledging the message, he strode away to take steps in the matter. At the next turn of the trench he met the colonel commanding the sector, who was making a tour of inspection. The major stopped him and hurriedly explained matters. The colonel immediately sent messages to subordinates, and little Bill soon became an object of great interest to the officers and men of two battalions. Men peered anxiously about the corners of the trenches. Scouts and patrols in No Man's Land attempted the almost hopeless task of searching for Bill.

In a zealous search for the bird, Sergeant Lacy of the Scouts crawled nearly to the German wire. The ground was under fire, and he ran more risk than he had in winning his D.C.M. at Mt. Sorrel. On his return he was very impolite to a facetious Irishman, who suggested that he go again after Bill and take a handful of salt.

As the eastern sky behind the German trenches turned from blue to gray, eager eyes scanned the ground between the lines. Men were more than usually alert in observation of the German trenches. Fritz must have wondered at the reckless expenditure of ammunition that met every attempt on his part to use a periscope to observe the ground. The appearance of one was the signal for a fusillade. Men were detailed to keep telescopes and field-glasses directed on the German trenches and report every attempt at observation. Every ear was listening for the dreaded chirp. One song in greeting of the approaching day, and the harm would be done.

A bomber, at his post near the head of a sap, glanced over the ground with a field-glass. His heart leaped as he

spied a downy ball of yellow perched on the shell-shattered stump of a bush. With astonishing swiftness the news spread through the trench. Without waiting for orders men fired their rifles at the bird. A military rifle is designed to hit large objects at great distances, and is a poor tool to hit small objects close by. Poor Bill, too inexperienced to be alarmed, sat quietly preening and dressing his feathers, quite unconscious of his notoriety. The increasing fire and signs of activity, coming at the favorite attacking hour of dawn, alarmed the Germans. Although it was nearly daylight, a flaring rocket went aloft from their trench. It burst and set adrift the familiar display of red and green lights, now pale and sickly looking in the morning light. Before they reached the ground, Fritz's distant artillery responded sympathetically. The rifle-practice at the bird was continued under a rapidly increasing 'strafe.'

Impatient officers directed the efforts to destroy the tell-tale bird, but rifle-fire proved ineffectual. Bombers were trying to reach the bush with their grenades.

'Lord love a poleeceman!' shouted a cockney, pulling the pin from a bomb. ''Ere yer hare. 'It the bloomin' bird and get a V.C.'

Absorbed in the enjoyment of his joke, he continued to hold the four-second bomb. A shout from his comrades warned him to throw it, just in time for it to burst outside the trench.

Several hundred rounds of ammunition expended had only caused Bill to hop from branch to branch, and look reproachful at the interruption to his morning toilet. A bullet clipped a twig close to him. A machine-gun barked away, its bullets enveloping the bush in a cloud of chalk. Bill merely circled about the bush and relighted, to the exasperation of the officers. Settled once more, he ruffled his feathers in annoyance, and began a search for possible worms about the bush.

As the rattle of small arms continued, a sergeant, in charge of a Stokes-gun crew, begged an officer for a chance to try his weapon. The officer, amused at the contrast between the tiny bird and the deadly, thirty-yards destructive radius of the Stokes projectile, smilingly assented.

The gun was carefully plumbed and sighted. The sergeant had cut a special fuse for so short a range. With one of his gunners he awaited the result of a volley of bombs just thrown. As the smoke cleared, Bill was seen to make another of his circular flights and settle down again.

'Now!' said the sergeant.

The gunner held the long, deadly cylinder over the mouth of the mortar, and dropped it in. There was the usual muffled report of the propelling charge, sounding like a fire-cracker exploding in an iron pipe, followed by the swish of the returning projectile as it shot out of the mouth of the gun, and went hurtling into the air. Eager eyes followed its course as it mounted, spinning end over end. Its force expended, it fell earthward with ever-increasing speed. The fuse was well timed. As the heavy bomb struck the earth nearby, the now cautious bird poised himself for flight, but too late. The vicious crash of the explosion swept bomb, bird, and bush into the limbo of forgotten things.

At the mouth of the mine the men still piled the endless stream of chalk bags in preparation for the day that would see even the scene of the incident blown away.

Down in the mine the big Scotch sergeant drew a small, yellow feather from the empty cage, and thoughtfully laid it away in his pay-book beside the sprig of heather he carried there.

EARTH UPON EARTH

A MEDIÆVAL POEM REVISED

BY LAURA A. HIBBARD

EARTH upon earth hath woefully wrought;
Now earth bringeth earth to nought;
For earth on earth hath sought
How earth to ruin be brought.

Earth sendeth on earth the dearth
Of exquisite youth and mirth,
Starving the fire on the hearth,
Cheating new life of birth.

Earth winneth on earth but power
To curse the final hour
When earth by its grief will cower
And gaze on its desolate dower.

Earth turneth from earth sad eyes
Unready to be wise;
Earth, sickened for holy skies,
Remembereth Paradise.

SCIENCE IN THE HUMANITIES

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

I

In mediæval days, when ecclesiasticism ruled, there were venturesome spirits who held that there might be truth without dogma. They sought to discover from the literature and life of Greece and Rome those facts of human nature which were available, and yet were wholly removed by their antiquity from the speculations of dogma and the dangers of heresy. These fields of research became known in time as the Humanities, and as such they are known to-day. The subject includes, not only Greek and Latin literature, but the general domains of philology, history, and archæology. The habits of Science have aided in the organization, the thoroughness, and the order of these studies; but I make bold to postulate that Science has not yet developed sufficiently to be classed among the Humanities. It has been a servant, but not a companion of the temple.

Science has accomplished miracles of research in regard to human comfort and well-being, but despite the contributions of psychology and of social and political inquiry, it has not yet done its part in teaching us to understand one another better. Its language is definite, distinct, mathematical, and unconscionably ugly. If it is spoken in the presence of the uninformed, they hasten away or they strive to change the subject. It is not inviting, it is difficult to learn; and yet, once we have mastered it, we find it devoid of all refinement. Whoever has a fair reading knowledge of any of the major living languages can readily translate a scientific book from it into his mother tongue. Even to write a scientific work in a foreign language does not require very much greater facility.

This is not the case with the literature of the Humanities, which touches all the arts. It is fortunate that those who hold to the mechanistic theory of life are full of enthusiasm and believe seriously in the tenets of their creed, for they are under obligation to explain the phenomenon of personality. If this be due to reactions within the mind, qualified by its physical and chemical structure, including the action-patterns there recorded by processes of photo-chemistry, the doctrine must be set forth in other than technical language. To do this will require an achievement in the art of scientific literature which has not yet been generally attained. The refinements of speech which indicate personality are not present in the abstract language of Science.

It has been said that it makes but little difference what one believes: it is how he believes, that is far more important. We may say that this has to do with the art of living. And again, it might be maintained that it is what a man says rather than how he says it that determines whether his utterances shall be heard or read, and remembered. Language, as we have observed before, is a vehicle of intellectual traffic. Its business is to carry ideas, mental concepts, information, and, at times,

the truth. It is a clumsy invention, its steering apparatus is very defective, and with the greatest caution it often carries us along the paths of error. This is not wholly to be avoided by precision. There is always the receiving mind; and the purpose of language is not fulfilled until the receiving mind has accepted and placed in storage in its proper compartment of the brain the bundle of thought addressed to it. Meticulous precision often misdirects the bundle.

The other day Professor Simkhovitch showed me a Chinese painting made in the eleventh century, which impressed me very deeply. It was said of the artist who painted it that he depicted the souls of things. It was a simple landscape, with a little house in the foreground and beyond, a lake or an arm of the sea. Beyond and about this were mountains, and over the lake was a low fog. It was a little picture, the size of the leaf of an octavo book, taken from an album in some old collection. That is all I can say in describing it in detail, and yet it had a magic beauty, a beauty of the kind that imposes silence, that arouses a cosmic emotion and makes friends draw close together when they see it. There was not a single trick in the making of it to remind one of the painter, not a single stroke of the brush to call attention to the painting, but on the margin some owner wrote of the artist, centuries ago, 'He useth his inks as the Lord God useth his waters, neither of which have I the gift to understand.'

I have the faith to believe that there are these cosmic emotions awaiting us in Science as soon as we learn that it takes the soul of an artist to tell the truth, the whole truth, with all the facts correlated unto the truth. If you desire to tell me how much you know, you must tell it to me in words that I can understand. As soon as you use expressions with which I am unfamiliar I cease to marvel at your wisdom, and begin to wonder whether or not you are practicing quackery. The whole armament of quackery consists in words and phrases that the listener does not understand. You must keep within my comprehension if you are to have good standing with me. My ignorance may be colossal, — indeed, I assure you that it is, — but I hold that it does not accord with the graces of life to offend me because of it. We children of the earth have our weaknesses; we are not missing the mark when we assert that every one of us is, in one respect or another, feeble-minded. It is pathetic to consider how widely the field of our vision is covered with blind spots. That, perhaps, is why we are so sensitive. It is not given to us to look intimately into the consciousness of one another, and so we do not know where the blind spots and the blurred spots are. Therefore we must be simple in our speech. We never shall know all that goes on within the consciousness, even of those closest to us; but the key to understanding is simplicity.

What is simplicity to one is not simplicity to another, and yet the crossroads from achievement into the minds of our fellows must be maintained as well-beaten paths if Science is to enter into the daily life of the world. It is not childishness to speak in a language that a child can understand. It is art. If we leave the simplicity of art out of consideration when we say simple things, if we load our everyday speech with unnecessary technicalities, what medium shall we have when we want to explain something difficult? Then language will fail us. We may have the thoughts, but they will die within us.

Let us consider for a moment how much good thought dies. It is not alone by the fires of wrath that libraries, and storehouses of wisdom, and

temples made holy by enshrining the worship of many generations are destroyed. That which is ruined by war and hate, or even consumed by age, is less than that which is lost because the mind that conceives it cannot find the words with which to tell it. Every one of us knows the tragedy of talent wasted or gone astray — lost because its possessor could not speak; because the words were not available. It is not precision that such men lack; it is the art of speech.

Suppose the language of chemistry, instead of being the kind of Volapük that it is, were something desired of all men and women who look for the fine and beautiful things in life. The imagination is almost stunned at what might ensue. We cannot invent this thing, but if we wish for it hard enough, maybe it will come some day. Then the world may be vastly different, and better than now.

The man of research must set forth his findings in terms that will be understood. If he studies merely for his own satisfaction, and does not contribute his results to the great store of knowledge, he is far more reprehensible than the miser; for the miser cannot carry his treasures with him when he dies. The man of research can do what amounts to just this, and it is his duty, his obligation, to contribute what he has learned, the treasures of Nature that he has won, to the world. Unless he does so, he may die insolvent, a debtor to the world, a bankrupt in human history.

The man of science in industry has a similar problem, which is not only a duty, but a necessity, if he would succeed. Unless he owns the works, he cannot direct them; and unless he can explain the problems of materials and reactions to his directors, he can hardly ask them to follow his advice. How many industries have been ruined because some man who knew and would gladly have explained lacked the art to explain.

II

We talk of Science and Art as if they were beautiful twin sisters of Culture, gracefully standing in the open portal of Academe. Following this vague abstraction, a painter will drape a brunette model for Science and a blonde one for Art, and pose them as bringing gifts to his favorite girl or his more insistent wife, seated in a big chair as the Civic Spirit. Science is likely to offer an apothecary's balance, and Art a piece of a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo. Then the picture goes up in the new City Hall.

To all appearances these two lovely sisters are inseparable; they vie with each other only in the abundance of their gifts. Gifts they do indeed bring, but this is the whole substance of their relationship. They are not intimate at all. They do not like each other; they do not understand each other, and they do not even speak the same language. And they are not sisters.

The other day a gentleman distinguished for his eminence in affairs, as well as for his achievements as a patron of the arts, said in substance, 'The day of the industrial pioneer is passing. The day of the artist is at hand. The Greeks, who knew innumerable things that we have not yet learned, knew also the value of art in the development of citizenship. The mediæval kings knew this, too, and they built cities of incomparable beauty: the capitals of states adorned with the best that we know of architecture and decoration; and then and there lived happy men and women who found joy in their daily tasks. They sang at their work. They did the things they wanted to do and they wanted to do good things, being inspired by the beauty

around and about them. And so they were good citizens.'

Those were days when Art reigned and Science was not. These are days when Science reigns and Art is puny and sick. Art shows some signs of recovery and growth, but it is not yet thriving because it has not yet found its place in the hearts of the people. Science, on the other hand, has grown and prospered enormously, and it shows the effects of too rapid growth. Indeed, Science is bad-mannered, with all the faults of the newly rich; and it has no ethical standards. It will take any job that comes along: it will purify air and water and make life more comfortable and wholesome and clean; or it will, with equal ardor, take up its latest task and carry out its latest achievements, which, to its shame be it said, have made war more murderous, more cruel, more horrible than ever it was before.

Chemistry, for instance, is so little mated to Art that if we are to mention the two together without causing a smile, we must call chemistry by the abstract name of Science. We do not maintain that chemists are not artists in life, or that they are men without the refinements and graces that follow the best there is in thinking. In fact, we are not writing of chemists at all; we are writing of chemistry as an entity; of what is suggested by that black-haired girl with the scales, if you please.

Let us go further than this, and say that we are not yet civilized in applied science. Neither, for that matter, is any other people; but this is no reason why we should not make the effort to improve ourselves. And Science will not become wholly civilized in its work until it becomes much more closely affiliated with Art than as a mere purveyor of raw materials. The relation of Science to Art to-day is that of the quarryman who gets out marble for the sculptor; a worthy task and good service, but it is not companionship.

When news is brought that a chemical factory is to be built in a neighborhood, the disinterested neighbors, as a rule, do not like it. After it is built, and when it proceeds to befoul the air and bemess the streets, those who can move away do so. I am not blaming anybody for this; I am merely regretting the fact that there is so little of art in its civic or public sense in applied chemistry. In the industries we do not know how to do better than hide our works in some desolate place where there is least likelihood that a protest will be registered against us. Our business with the authorities is usually of a legal sort in which we appear as defendants. Then, when the civic powers intervene and make us contain our nuisances within our gates, they are teaching us the first principles of Art. With no attempt at definition, we know that Art does not offend against enlightenment, and we shall also postulate that it makes for good citizenship.

No; Science and Art are not twin sisters; the decorative painters have been all wrong. They are not even of the same sex. Science should bear in mind that the world is not complete, and should address itself to the wooing of Art. Then, when they are wedded, and we are all their children by adoption; when chemical factories shall have become adornments to the places where they are built; when industrial works shall be wished for along with cathedrals and schools and museums and public libraries; when the opening of a mine shall predicate a centre of enlightened citizenship among those who work in it, and the master shall be, as in Leonardo's day, an artist *because* he is an engineer; and when the language of science shall have become human, living speech — then will dreams come true and a golden age be at hand. By

this sign we shall know that Science has united with the Humanities. Until then is our boasting vain.

III

It has been our habit to regard Science as an impersonal thing, its findings absolute rather than relative; and in this respect I fear we have been led astray by the vanity of dogma. Now, dogma is the result of what Professor Sumner called the innate laziness of human nature, whereby each generation takes for granted the conclusions of the generations past, merely to save trouble.

Of course, we cannot find answers to all our problems as we meet them, without drawing upon the experiences of the fathers; but in consequence of this ability to find our problems ready solved for us, have come some of the vicious *sequelæ* of dogma. Among them is the tradition of monkish aloofness and scorn of the public which does not understand. This leads us into unsocial dullness and involves us in serious faults of omission.

Here is an example. One of the great leaders in astronomy made a record of his observations for publication. It was a work of momentous importance. The author found such joy and inspiration in it that he embodied in his preface a popular exposition of what was demonstrated in the pages that followed. The preface was at once a scientific summing-up of the work, a contribution of rare merit to literature, and an illuminating source of information about astronomy for the appreciative lay public. He sent a copy of it to a colleague, asking his opinion in regard to the propriety of writing the preface in terms of popular speech. The reply came promptly. It was highly improper, said the critic, — contrary to the dignity of the profession of astronomy, — and it would surely lower the standing of the author!

Now, the author's standing had already been made by his achievements in research. His colleague, however, seemed to think that the light of day would dim the truth, and he succeeded in destroying for all of us a beautiful and great thing. For many of us are not learned in astronomy: we needed just that elucidation which the preface contained. But it is lost.

In the name of conscience, what authority have those of us who follow Science with interest to hold in scorn our neighbors whose paths of study have led them through other than our familiar fields? What is the difference between our ignorance of what they have studied and their ignorance of what they think we know? Do we not ask compassion for our own shortcomings? Then should we not grant it unto others? It is only through such scorn as this, or from laziness, or lack of sufficient general culture to express ourselves in measures of grace, that the world at large, both schooled and vulgar, has come to the conclusion that it cannot understand the man of science when he speaks. Even the history of science has not yet been written. Why is there no history of science? I venture to say that it is because the succeeding stations, the platforms of its intelligence, are not generally known. The clear, lucid definitions are not yet available. Somewhere in the progress there has been a lapse, and I hazard the guess that it is in the literary habits of men of research.

Lavoisier had the gift of making things clear in a remarkable measure. He had the graces of life in his speech as well as in his bearing. On that dark day for chemistry when he was led to the guillotine, he implored his executioners to let him finish the work in hand. He would follow them gladly as

soon as the work was finished, and they might watch him in whatever manner they pleased. It would mean *so much for humanity*, he pleaded. But the *sans-culottes* knew better. He had already freed chemistry from the bondage of phlogiston. From what other bondage might he have freed us, had he been spared? Perhaps he would have revealed things still unknown to us, which we see only as through a glass, darkly. And then the history of Science might have been written, long ago.

I am glad to say that the history of Science now bids fair to be written. At least, Professor Sarton (of the University of Ghent, until the blackness of 1914, and now of Harvard) is devoting his life to it.

When we consider the nature and ways of matter we find that it is far from being impersonal. Nitrogen, for instance, has ways of its own that are as baffling to the understanding as are the ways of genius. The family of halogens have any number of Celtic traits; the green chlorine and its cousin fluorine are as full of tricks and potentialities of danger as any Irish lass who ever lived. What is the cosmic history of lead? Consider the allotropy of tin! We cannot all enter into research as to these whimsical qualities; so why not take a good-natured view of all inanimate things and tell of their ways? They are very interesting. Then, when some future disciple of Willard Gibbs tells us all about them, that will be interesting, too. We need a new and a livelier vision of them, just as we need dull catalogues of their reactions, and speculations as to the reasons why they take place. It will do us no harm to consider the personality of matter. There is an æsthetic side to Science if we would but look for it.

The liturgy of Science should not lack beauty. Why should we not inspire reverence and enlightenment instead of discouragement in the layman, when we relate the observations of men of vision and understanding? Why not employ Art and speak in the language of a child as often as we can in telling of reactions and phenomena which are constantly taking place and which abound in cosmic beauty?

IV

We have observed that the Humanities do not include Science, and that Art is the needed handmaiden of all. We have noted that Science and Art are less closely related than they might be; that, in fact, they are not on speaking terms. It appears also that Art, in its simplicity of speech and directness of manner, can guide Science into the fold of the Humanities, and that Science must make the next move if this is to be done. The step is to be taken by the adoption of human, living, colloquial speech whenever and wherever this is possible, in place of the employment of technical terms. We must educate ourselves to do this.

Now, whatever the substance of education may be, we know that it is not promiscuous memorizing. Dr. Martin Rosanoff, when assistant to Professor Friedel in Paris, once asked his master a question in organic chemistry.

'*Sais pas*,' answered the professor; 'look it up in Beilstein.'

A few days later he asked another question and received the same response: '*Sais pas;* look it up.'

Finally the assistant said, 'The world knows you as one of the greatest authorities on this subject; yet, whenever I ask you, you tell me to look up answers to questions that surely are familiar to you. Is this because you do not remember, or because you want to train me in habits of research?'

The old man took him by the arm and led him into the library.

'Voilà!' he exclaimed; 'there is all I know. Do you expect me to make a beehive of my mind, storing fragments of information into every little compartment, to the exclusion of all the good things of life? No, indeed!' he continued; 'books are useful instruments and we should use them. But the *general principles* — these I must ever keep alive in my mind.'

Now, that seems to me to be the essence of education. And since men and women are uneducated in Science, it is the business of those who have to do with it to make the subject so attractive that they will want to learn it. This cannot be accomplished by a policy of frightfulness; and it is better to be in good repute than to be feared and hated, anyway. The barrier of language still holds the followers of Science apart from the otherwise enlightened public; and yet the whole of its terminology is needed for records. So there must be invented a new habit of speech in regard to Science, familiar to the ears of the public, and shocking only to those pedants who consider it lacking in dignity for a man of science to be understood by persons who are as intelligent as he, but who have addressed their attention to other pursuits.

The way to discover this means of communicating ideas should be found in exercise and experiment, repeated again and again until the unwilling listener becomes a willing one. We might take for example the Ancient Mariner, who has left us this exposition of his method: —

> I pass like night from land to land;
> I have strange power of speech;
> The moment that his face I see
> *I know the man that must hear me* —
> To him my tale I teach.

The marvelous tale that Science has to tell is still more wonderful than that of the Ancient Mariner. His unwilling listener was compelled to hear because of the old man's emotion. His emotion gave wings to his words.

We may recall also that Huxley brought his emotion to bear upon what he said, and he was understood. Tyndall, by his consummate mastery of the art of letters, is still the unapproached example of how to write of Science. The late Robert Kennedy Duncan, with his poet's vision of the ways of nature, could arouse interest in whatever he spoke about; and there seems to be no one left who has this gift within him.

A curious feature in regard to many efforts to make Science popular is, to use a topsy-turvy simile, that many good people so engaged have overshot their mark. Learned papers are prepared for the *cognoscenti* and are duly printed in the scientific journals. Then, at the point in these papers where it is shown that a bell rings, or a noise is made, or a light is shown, the popularizer makes his abstract. This is then edited down to the level of infants and idiots, and it is usually published along with puzzles and toy-news. Such literature does not induce men who are engaged in making scientific history to contribute information, nor does it appeal to the intelligent public. Our appeal for simplicity is for simplicity of speech, not for stupidity of subject.

At one time I was loud in joining the chorus that Science should at all hazards be taught in the schools. It is so easy to provide for everything desired in the next generation by adding it to the curriculum of the common schools! There is physiology taught along with the multiplication-table, and psychology sometimes taught in place of English. Chemistry and physics are urgently called for in scornful substitution for Latin and Greek, and the choice of botany or algebra may depend upon the unripe judgment of a child and his preference for the easier course. The mind of the child is a wonderful instrument,

but its operation is limited in capacity. If we crowd the process of school with too many subjects, it will be of no more advantage to the pupil than several years spent in constant visits to moving-picture shows.

No; the business of schools is to effect mental preparedness to meet such conditions as may arise. I venture to say that the great problem of schools is to find teachers who have the art to teach. This requires the quick perception, the deft understanding, and the persuasiveness of the professional gambler, who must at once arouse the cupidity of his victim and put his suspicions to sleep. The teacher must arouse the curiosity of whomever he would teach, and, by subtlety of wit, find an entrance into his understanding. Of such are the teachers of a better day than ours.

V

It seems to me that teaching is the greatest of the arts, and that every one of us, no matter what his walk of life may be, is engaged willy-nilly for a good part of his time in teaching. Surely every father and mother is engaged in it; and I am persuaded that the vast majority of children address themselves to the problem of teaching their parents that the life of their day is wholly incompatible with the methods of a generation past. The master who learns how to handle men is taught by the men he handles. The senator and congressman in the throes of their eloquence are endeavoring to teach their honorable colleagues what they take to be wisdom, and their constituents they endeavor to tell of their impassioned patriotism. Whenever we endeavor to persuade any one to do as we want him to do, we try to teach him. Teaching is the universal art, and the greatest of them all.

Now, the greatest thing to teach is the science of living, the understanding of human reactions, the ways of people and things, and the cognizance of them. So my former passionate belief in the need to teach children thermodynamics, the gas-laws, the chemical elements, osmosis, and other things of the kind has lost conviction as the years of meditation have come upon me. These things are interesting, intensely interesting, but most of us do not know how to make them so. Of course, most of us do not understand anything about them; but of those who do, the majority are so anxious for precision that they lose the sense of art in the telling, and so forget the very purpose of language.

Not long ago I heard a lecture on the constitution of matter, in which the learned man who delivered it explained a certain hypothetical situation. The hypothesis was set forth with great care and elaboration, but it was difficult to comprehend. After spending several minutes in expounding the idea the professor looked up and said, ' Like beads on a wire,' and straightway every one breathed a sigh of relief, and understood.

When we can teach Science so that a child can understand it, let us teach it to children; until then, is not our main business to look for teachers who have the art to teach anything that is worth while? Who wants a child to prattle Beilstein, anyway? If grown-up men and women with well-trained minds cannot bring themselves to listen to the speech of Science so long as it sounds as it does, surely children are likely to be confounded by it.

I do not want to run amuck at this point, although I can smell the danger. I have said that the way to learn how to express ourselves in Science is by experience; and here I find myself drifting into a field in which I claim no right to speak: the field of pedagogics. I hold no brief for the present curricula of our

schools, nor have I any to propose. We know that the ordinary teacher cannot teach Science, and that there is a hazard in loading him with the task. On the other hand, it seems all wrong that what we call the Humanities should not include a knowledge of the intellectual tools with which men work for progress in our own day. It seems a pity that boys and girls at school should not know of the synthesis of sugars from water and carbon dioxide in the green leaves; of the polymerization (dreadful word!) of sugars to gums and starches and cellulose. It seems too bad that, in the days when their faculties of observation are most acute, their eyes should not be opened to the history of the hills and the valleys around and about them. And if they know more of the nature of the nerve-reactions of the human animal, it almost seems that it would be easier rather than harder to teach ethics.

True, the art of teaching classic lore is thousands of years old; it is well developed and complete. The art of teaching mathematics is also of ancient days, and yet I sometimes doubt if the philosophy of mathematics is efficiently taught at school. On the other hand, the art of teaching Science is only about fifty years old; consequently it often lacks the polish, the finish that we find in the teaching of other subjects. But that is no reason why we should wait a thousand years for improvement. Why not resolve to be artists at the work? Then we may become artists *in* the work.

Time was when all records were made in Latin and Greek. At present they are made in English, French, German, Russian, Czech, Hungarian, Spanish, Japanese, and Chinese, and some of us have not the gift of tongues. So we are in a quandary. We have great need of scientific thinking, while teachers are not equipped in the art of developing it, and children are leaving school to avoid the hard work of thinking about what does not interest them.

Perhaps my meditations have led me astray; perhaps it would be wise to begin with Science in the grammar schools, so that a generation of teachers may arise who can impart a knowledge of the ways of stuff and the phenomena of energy. Perhaps it would be wise to try it on the present generation of children, and let them worry out their own salvation. I can speak with no authority in regard to this. But I do know enough to say that we need more earnest, more inspired, and less weary teachers all over the country, and that the way to induce the right young men and women to take up the noble vocation is to do honor to their calling. Money alone will not bring them: we must greet them with a more gracious attitude of mind and heart. Then, out of their more abundant culture and more impulsive efforts will proceed the gentle voice of wisdom.

I am convinced that, if we would grow in grace as a people and wax great in understanding and develop qualities of sympathy that throw a light on the road toward the Kingdom of God, we must first glorify the art of teaching. The teachers will bring their art with them, and then the day of the triumphant entry of Science into the temple of the Humanities will be at hand.

True, the pathway is long and arduous. But, as the people wish for it and its disciples wish to tell of it, that will be the magic, and presto! the road will be made easy. In chemistry, the red-headed family of the halogens will lead in the march of the elements. The tricksy catalysts will keep the people wishing and guessing, to maintain the magic. And all the world will join and dance in the joyous procession, if only the chanting be done in that simplicity and beauty of speech which Art knows, but which Science has not yet learned.

THE PACIFIST AT WAR

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL

How shall one who has in the past proclaimed himself a pacifist justify his enthusiastic support of our government in making war upon Germany and her allies? Is he abandoning his principles when he fails to number himself with the 'conscientious objectors,' and refuses to encourage those who are ever ready to urge peace at any price? Is there warrant for the all too common distrust of his honesty of purpose, or, at least, of his whole-hearted sympathy with those who call upon us to fight with all our national power until victory is gained?

Many men of this type among us to-day, whose patriotism would not for an instant be questioned under ordinary conditions, and who feel that all our energies should, for the moment, be given to the arduous task before us in the present national emergency, find their efforts curtailed, or wholly thwarted, by this distrust and suspicion — and strongly resent it.

Nevertheless, it must be granted, I think, that such pacifists are themselves largely responsible for the uncomfortable position in which they find themselves placed, in that they do not make clear the grounds for what appears to their bellicose friends to be the pretence of a sudden and complete surrender of their principles since the declaration of war by the United States. They should remember that war arouses passions which render it difficult for the average man to judge fairly those who have opposed chauvinism in the past. They should, with patience, urge their opponents to cast aside prejudice, and to consider the grounds of their present position.

The consistent pacifist looks upon war as the greatest of all evils; and in this he finds few opponents to-day. The horrors of the present war have converted to this view a large proportion of those who have in past years appeared as apologists for war.

He finds, as he looks back at history, that, apart from the rare cases where the victor has actually crushed his opponent, few if any wars have closed with the full accomplishment by the victors of the ends that their wars were undertaken to attain.

He sees, on the other hand, that wars begun for a given end are likely to lead to other wars which would not otherwise have occurred. The spark that was struck in Servia in 1914 has developed the world-wide conflagration which has at last leaped across the broad Atlantic.

He sees that each war has left seeds in ground which has yielded abundant fruitage when time has become ripe for a new war harvest.

He notes in all this a likeness to the usual reactions of hostile individuals. The individual combatant, even where he completely vanquishes his opponent, seldom gains as the result of his success redress of the supposed wrongs which aroused his anger. His success is likely to create a host of enemies among the friends of the one vanquished. It arouses a spirit of revenge

which frequently leads to long successions of new ebullitions of violence.

He notes again that the emotions which lead to war are the same emotions which lead to combat between individuals, but which, appearing coincidently in many individuals of a race, are nationalized, if we may so speak.

All this leads him to ask whether the means man has invented to prevent hostile combat between individuals may not suggest methods by which war can be avoided altogether.

His thought, perhaps not unnaturally, turns to the familiar complex legal and extra-legal social restrictions adopted to control individuals; the result of such considerations appearing in the hopeful propositions, so prominent in our day, looking to the establishment of fully recognized international courts, sustained by national forces. But he too often overlooks the fact that judicial systems, and effective methods of control of the violent individual, are found only in highly socialized communities; that national life is much less fully organized than the life of individual men; that therefore it is scarcely comparable with the life of those who are controlled by social pressure, but is more properly likened to the life of men in a crude community, where legal restrictions are unformulated; as, for instance, among the head hunters of the Philippines.

Or we may come nearer home, if we consider the action of the people of California at the time of the sudden emigration to its gold-ladened mountains. There, in the effort to overcome the evil of violence between individuals, resort was first had to repression of the individual ruffian by extra-legal 'vigilance committees,' which aimed to control combat between individuals by organized violence, much as, in national affairs, the great powers joined in their punitive expedition in China after the Boxer movement.

The vigilance committee methods were abandoned finally; but only because certain influential individuals determined that they would take no further part in their proceedings, deeming it better to trust to the imperfectly administered courts, even though this involved great personal risk. They concluded that the way to stop violence between individuals, even under serious provocation, was to stop it.

Arguing thus, the pacifist holds that the way to stop war is to stop it; and that the elimination of war cannot be hoped for until some powerful and influential nation, suffering under very serious provocation from another great power, determines to stop. He acknowledges that such a course involves, in the first instance, risk of aggressive attack; and that it carries with it an implication of national cowardice; but he feels that the risk will be warranted in consideration of the possible gain to civilization; and that the adoption of this course really involves the highest possible degree of national courage.

These are general principles.

But, in every crisis we must face conditions as they exist. War has for ages been, and still is, the natural mode of settlement of deep-seated racial hostilities. Even if one hopes for the eventual realization of the ideal of enduring peace, he must acknowledge that the war habits of man cannot be expected to disappear once for all and suddenly; that there must be an era of transition when the strength of the pacifist will be spent in urging the adoption of means to block impending wars.

We, at best, are living in this transitional time. A great war, the greatest of all wars, is being waged in Europe; a war which has brought to man's attention as never before the horrible cruelty and loss of war, and the national

conceptions which lead to it. We have ourselves stood calm under serious provocation, and have thus stimulated in ourselves a spirit of control that must ever remain an example to other races. But gradually, as matters have shaped themselves, it has become clearer and clearer that the ideals of the Teutonic alliance, if realized, will tend, not to eliminate, but to perpetuate war; and that the pacifist's hope of the early approach of an era of enduring peace will be thwarted if they are victors. And we see that the defeat of this alliance is the only means by which this realization of their barbaric ideals can be prevented. Thus, by joining with the Allies in opposition to the Central Powers, we see ourselves taking our part with a national vigilance committee determined to render powerless the Prussian desperado; the existence of this committee being necessary pending the fuller development of an effective international judiciary.

And our special world position has given our country in this connection a very unique advantage, which looks to substantial aid in the realization of the pacifist's ideal. For in entering this war, we appear as purely disinterested participants so far as the original grounds of contention are concerned; and we are thus enabled to bring to the attention of the world the fact that the main object in view is the final elimination of war. We fight that we may render powerless the arch aggressor ruffian; that we may take from him the weapons with which he threatens the peaceful life of the race; that we may persuade him, and indeed his opponents as well, that, after he has been disarmed, a world-order must be evolved which will tend to displace the national vigilance committee with which, for the time being, we have cast our lot, and substitute for it a national judicial system with such national police power as may be necessary to maintain its authority.

And we have seized our opportunity to make another great step in advance, which would have been utterly impossible had we remained neutral. We, through our President, have enunciated an ideal of governmental aims, and governmental procedure, which never before has been brought clearly before the world; and we have been able to do this at a time, and in a manner, which have led all the great nations with whom we are in alliance to receive it with acclaim.

This last fact is, in itself, a great triumph in the cause the pacifist has at heart; for this approval of our President's words is certain to be made use of by statesmen in later generations to curb the aggressive tendencies of the jingoes among political leaders, whom we must expect to find from time to time in the future aiming to influence the legislative bodies of their day.

The rational pacifist thus enters this war because it looks towards the realization of his ideal. He cannot expect it to be the final war; but it may well be the last great war. In this sense, then, it is a war to prevent war.

And with all this in mind the pacifist, as an idealist, may well give, as many of them are now giving, all the strength that is in them to win this war; realizing that for the moment we must lay aside all thought of peace, devoting all our energies, without stint, to every action that looks to victory. Vast will be the treasure we shall sacrifice; bitter will be the suffering we shall incur in sympathetic coöperation with our allies. But we shall make the sacrifice with enthusiasm, and shall bear the burden of sorrow with courage, assured that in so doing we are helping to take a long step on the road to enduring peace.

We must win this war; and we shall win it.

RUSSIAN SIDELIGHTS

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE studio windows looked down on Moscow River and the Kremlin. As the young painter-journalist rattled on, he now and then emphasized his words by flinging an arm out toward the river, the ancient mossy-red rampart above it, and the gilded Kremlin domes.

'We're a nation of artists and savages. You can reach us through our feelings — give us a poem, a play, a picture, and we can imitate it, or even improve on it. You send us cannon,' — He raised both arms helplessly and dropped them.

'You thought Russia was a huge country. That was a fiction built up by the old régime, which meanwhile intrigued with Germany. As a matter of fact, Russia extends for a few hundred kilometres, north, south, east and west of Moscow. The rest was a foreign country, held together by force. It might become a federation and grow into something like your United States, but it never was a nation in the real sense of the word.

'You think we're a great agricultural country. Another fallacy. We have land but no agriculture. Our peasants dance on their fields instead of fertilizing them.

'Foreigners have been very naïve. They assumed we were modern, strong, and capable because of a few fine things we sent to them. They read Tolstoi or saw Pavlova, and said "Ah! — a great people!" They saw greatness through the *entrechat* of some ballerina's legs.

'You thought we had a great army. We had no army and neither officers nor soldiers. We had skillful technicians, but they were not good officers, because a good officer must be on good terms with his men, and that, under the old régime, was impossible. Our army was n't an army, but a prison, with soldiers for prisoners. It is true the Russian soldier will endure conditions no other soldiers in the world would submit to — I served my time at the front, and I know. They have a patience *épouvantable!* They fought well because all human beings will fight to save themselves, or when enraged by the fire of the enemy. But they had no idea why they were fighting — they were not soldiers, they were slaves driven by their masters.

'The revolution which began so beautifully is no longer beautiful. And this was inevitable. If you cut off a man's leg because he has some malignant sore in his foot, he may recover, but you do not immediately enter him in a race. You may have a race between two men on foot, but not between one man on foot and another in an automobile. Even if you give him an automobile, it must be especially built for him, and very simple, or he will break it the first time he tries to run it.'

The young man talked well and was not displeased with his own eloquence. His realistic detachment was a bit extreme, no doubt, yet, thoroughly Russian. The Russian resembles the Frenchman in that, — in his lack of hypocrisy, — though the two are so

very different. One of the minor — and rather melancholy — compensations of the breaking in Russia of all those ties that usually bind a nation together, is that every one may say exactly what he thinks.

They were singing 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Moscow opera. Six balconies, in crimson and gold, crowded as in times of peace, and everywhere the imperial eagles. There were eagles on the empty royal box, still guarded in the foyer by its two sentries, eagles over the proscenium arch, and looking over the edge of our box at the orchestra, I saw eagles on the drums. That orchestra, and the performance on the stage, was like some curious perfect mechanism, wound up and set going in an airtight box, and come down from the old days intact. A stone's throw away, battered tram-cars, jammed with *tovarishi* who had paid no fare, worked painfully through muddy streets. Queues of tired people waited at shop-doors in order that, to-morrow morning, they might buy a little sugar or flour or cotton cloth; and the queues waiting for galoshes were about half made up of soldiers with wooden legs, intending to buy rubbers at 12 rubles, sell them to Jews for 15, who, in turn, would sell them again for 21 rubles, or whatever they could get. All this actuality, all the dirt, disorder and despair, vanished the instant the spectators crossed the threshold and caught again the warm familiar smell of the great theatre, and saw the ancient ushers, still in their old livery, and the jolly wardrobe women, receiving and hanging up cloaks with their air of welcoming old friends. And a moment later they were swept into a new world on the music of the violins. How fine and strong and sure it all seemed — the quick, imperious gestures of the leader, the discipline and team-work of orchestra and chorus, the ballet's swift finesse! Romeo strides in, — and Romeo, too, is a Russian, — flames at the taunts from the Capulets, and like a flash, runs Tybalt through. No Hamletizing here, no qualms of non-resistance — with what untroubled repentance does he drop on one knee before the corpse, and holding his sword in front of him as a cross, lift his tenor above the chorus in eloquent lament. One must have known Russia's moral sickness to know how reassuring these crazy operatic heroics seemed — then presently the curtain fell and one went out into the street and reality again. Only here it was a nightmare which was real.

Ghosts and echoes of the old régime assail one everywhere. One has a curious divided soul, and floats back and forth between the shabby realities of a freedom that has not yet found itself, and a slavery that had its incidental beauty and nobility.

You sit in some fine old room, as I sat one evening, in a room in the Marinsky Palace, now used as a press-headquarters, and above the clacking typewriters and the endless half-baked arguments, suddenly see looking down on you, from the frieze, the names of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Petrarch, Calderon. Or you go into the Tretiakoff Gallery, in Moscow, for instance, and feel all at once that curious bite and mysteriousness, that rather exotic distinction of the Russia we used to know. Who were the Russians who had feelings like these, and where have they gone now?

These ghosts visit one in the most unexpected places. There was a dentist in Petrograd who used to tell me to come at ten o'clock in the morning. He was never ready at ten o'clock, and knew, of course, that he would n't be; but when one suggested that this

might be a trifle early, he would smile in his disarming way, and say, 'Oh, yes! I get up early, too!' At ten next morning, a sleepy little maid would admit one into an office waiting-room, silent as a tomb. After ten or fifteen minutes a tremendous running back and forth overhead — Ah — he's up at any rate! One tried to follow his movements — now he must be dressed — this long silence must mean that he is eating breakfast. Finally, about eleven, when one was ready to dynamite the place, the door of the operating-room would open, and there he would stand in his white jacket, rubbing his hands one over the other, bowing and speaking so pleasantly in his soft, slightly broken English, that he would be forgiven again.

Beyond the muslin curtain and the usual alcohol lamp and instruments of torture, there was, instead of a New York apartment, one of the Grand Ducal palaces, from which, while closed during the summer, the *tovarishi* had thriftily carted away a million rubles' worth of old tapestries, jewels, and paintings. He would stuff something in one's mouth, say 'Don't close, please!' and then disappear for half an hour. During one of these waits, I got out of the chair and began stumping up and down the room, jaw still gaping, with a notion of making enough noise to recall him. A photograph album lay on a table and I seized on that. In it was a faded picture of the Champ de Mars, where now the first victims of the revolution were buried, and where I had seen soldiers and working men and women shuffling by in that great sleepy July demonstration that lasted all day. But this photograph had been taken during one of the annual reviews of the old days, and lines of soldiers were drawn across the vast space as straight and sharp as lines ruled on paper. You could see the little specks of men — dead long ago, no doubt, on Galician and Polish battlefields — presenting arms, see the drummers beating the long roll, while down in front the Tsar and his suite, ablaze with decorations, went trotting on their splendid horses. And one felt small as one would have felt that day, when a mere civilian who raised a finger would have been crushed like a mosquito; and there in the dentist's office, with its smell of drugs, that dismal November morning, the thing came back again, — that old hypnotic sense of majesty and power. One felt it, yet stood outside and looked at it, and wondered at the quaintness of a world, out of which something so strong and seemingly permanent, should, at a snap of the fingers, so to speak, vanish like so much smoke.

At tea one evening in one of the old Petrograd houses, we were again turning over photographs, — ladies of the seventies and eighties, with splendid bare shoulders, and wasp-like waists, and cold white faces at once beautiful and cruel — the kind of women men fought duels over, or for whom they shot themselves. There was a young cavalry officer among them, a nephew of our hostess, sitting his rearing horse as if he were an equestrian statue. He had ridden at military horse-shows before the war, the Austrians knew him, and when he was killed in one of the first engagements in 1914, they sent a letter to the Russian commander, expressing their regret. Ghosts now — he and the other young knights of his class who went riding out into the west, as if to a tournament; and if he had been alive that night, his own soldiers might have murdered him, or he might have had to slip like a thief into his own Petrograd.

Kerensky's theatrical appearance at the democratic conference in October

was perhaps his last victory. The conference had been called to clear the air for the much-postponed constitutional convention, and it came when the air was still murky with the smoke of the Kornilov fiasco. Kerensky's part in that was by no means clear — he seemed to have worked with the commander-in-chief up to a certain point, and then to have turned on him with cries of treason and counter-revolution. Neither those who sympathized with Kornilov, nor those who hated him, were satisfied, and it was plain that Kerensky must either clear himself or be beaten.

From our place just under the stage — the conference met in the big Alexander Theatre in Petrograd — we could see the committeemen on the stage, the orchestra and five balconies packed with delegates, and the imperial box in the centre of the first horseshoe, where various dignitaries were sitting, including Verkhovsky, the new War Minister. He was a tall, well-built, grave young man with spectacles, a professional soldier and socially allied with the upper class, yet with enough originality and imagination to say in his first announcement that Kornilov and the other old-school generals were useless now, 'because they did n't understand the psychology of the present-day soldier.' People still hoped to build up the army, then, and Verkhovsky seemed to offer real hope. He was brushed aside even sooner than Kerensky was. Cheidze, a squat little Georgian, with a rasping voice, from the Caucasus, presided. A Social Democrat and regarded as extremely radical in the old Duma, he had become almost 'Right' as the Bolsheviki power grew, and his quick wit and firmness had done much to keep the wilder horses from running away during the All-Russian Congress a few weeks before.

About him were various revolutionary figures — the tall, dark, oriental-looking Tseritelli; Chernov, suggesting, with his plump figure and mane of hair, a rather soft and domesticated lion; Mme. Kalentai, a well-born lady who had turned Maximalist, fled to escape arrest, and now, in the bewildering revolutionary fashion, was here on the stage talking over the footlights, big as life, to some of her friends in the front row. In the left-hand stage box sat a dark, bearded professorial-looking man, the author of 'Rule No. 1,' which started the breakdown of discipline in the army; and beside him, Mrs. Kerensky, a girlish-looking woman, with a quite Russian face, and wistful expressive eyes. In one of the front rows, among the men, was the sad face of Vera Figner. Like the famous 'Grandmother of the Revolution,' she was one of the old-school revolutionists — idealists of the upper classes, who left everything, in the sixties and seventies, to 'return to the people,' and literally to live their life, but she had kept none of 'Babushka's' almost masculine vitality and optimism. Her gentle face, under its severely parted gray hair, lit up sometimes for an instant when she was spoken to, but a moment later resumed its fixed look of sadness and disillusion. She was here now among some of the peasant delegates, but as far away in feeling from most of those in the front of things at the moment as she would have been at a meeting of the Council of Empire in the old days.

The meeting was called to order. Several spoke, one of them, the Bolshevik Kamanev, attacking Kerensky openly and declaring that a coalition government was impossible. There was a good deal of noise, and few noticed who had entered the royal box, until Cheidze's rasping voice suddenly announced Comrade Kerensky. The whole house turned and saw the Minister President standing at the front of

the box, with one hand thrust in his military tunic in his favorite Napoleonic pose. Waiting until the applause became insistent, he made a quick gesture, disappeared through the box curtains, and preceded and followed by several aides, strode rapidly down the runway over the orchestra seats to the stage.

He shook hands with Cheidze, and then with each member of the committee in the semi-circle on either side of him, going first down one side and then down the other, and giving each a curious, rapid, entirely impersonal handshake — all with the sharp punctilious air of a soldier come from great affairs to these slower-moving, less important men of words. Then he swung about to the house and began to speak. The interruptions came almost at once. Cheidze banged his gavel and threatened to throw the disturbers out. The interruptions continued and nobody was thrown out, but gradually the sympathetic noise grew louder.

Kerensky spoke with one hand behind his back, the other thrust into his tightly buttoned coat, his whole body quivering. He gave the impression of a man under intense nervous strain, living and working on his nerve, thinking in flashes, and acting largely on instinct and impulse — a man who reasoned, so to speak, with his nerves instead of his brain. In the climaxes, he released one hand in sharp, spasmodic gestures and occasionally flung both hands over his head, fingers quivering. A Russian reporter, describing the speech, said, 'It was the gesture of a man struggling in the water. As I looked, I seemed to be on the bank watching a drowning man going down for the last time.'

Kerensky threatened, asserted, appealed to patriotism, explained without explaining, His part in the Kornilov adventure was still not clear, but by sheer nervous intensity, that half-ecstatic fervor, with which he had won many crowds, he whipped his crowd into line. The contagion spread as he strode down the runway again, with that same preoccupied air of hurrying back to great affairs; and again he pushed through the curtains of the royal box, and stepping to the front of it, raised his arms and called for cheers for the 'free Russian Republic.' A great uproar came back to him and with a word to his attendants, he disappeared. The performance was generally described at the moment as a 'triumph' and 'ovation.' It was neither, but it was exceedingly well stage-managed, and it was not until several weeks later that Kerensky and the rest of the Provisional Government were swept aside like driftwood when the ice breaks in the spring.

It is odd to recall now, and suggestive of what everyday life was like in Petrograd, that one of the most striking features of the conference was that you could get sandwiches for 20 kopeks and tea for 10 kopeks, with two lumps of sugar to every glass! The speeches ran right on through dinner-time and into the evening, and we were famished when the word went round that the regular theatre buffets were open. In the Nevsky cafés, thin little sandwiches cost a ruble apiece, and coffee another ruble, and even in good restaurants, one had got used to the warning phrase '*bez sahkar*' — no sugar. The theatre buffets are generally much more expensive than ordinary cafés, and to crowd up with a fighting mob and get a whole sandwich for a 20-kopek stamp, and two lumps of sugar as well as tea for 10, seemed about like dropping a penny in the slot and getting a magnum of champagne. Men grabbed like children and gulped their scalding hot water and sugar down as if afraid that the people behind the

counter might find out their mistake before they could escape. It seemed like giving things away, and as a matter of fact it was, for the sugar had been requisitioned from hospital stores, in order, apparently, that the visiting delegates might get the notion that things in Petrograd were not so bad as people said.

To tales of peasant simplicity and 'darkness,' there was no end. Instead of idolizing the peasant, as educated Russians — and foreigners — used to do, when he was merely a sort of good-natured domestic animal, the fashion, now that the educated classes had become almost strangers in their own country, was to harp continually on his stupidity and cussedness. It makes a great deal of difference, of course, whether one sees the simple *moujik* against such a background as, for instance, an annual review on the Champ de Mars, or whether the *moujiks*, themselves, are romping round Mars field, monarchs of all they survey. Here is a day's grist of anecdotes — the kind of thing, true or not, one was always hearing: —

The peasants of X—— were suffering for rain. They told the priest they thought they had done wrong to put the words 'Provisional Government' in the usual prayer for the royal family, and that they should pray as of old for the Tsar. The priest said he had no right to make the change, but finally consented, after a long discussion, and there was a regulation old-fashioned chant for Tsar Nicholas II and the imperial family. Within three hours there was a magnificent downpour, and the whole neighborhood are now enthusiastic monarchists.

At Tobolsk, where the Tsar and his family were confined, the peasants, seeing how often priests visited the house, decided that Nicholas must be a good man and that they had done him an injustice. So the house was surrounded day and night by peasants on their knees praying for forgiveness.

In Penza, they threw flour in the river so that the bourgeois — 'bourzhooy,' as they say — should not get it. Having taken the land from one proprietor and had no success with the crop, they begged him to take it back again on the old terms.

Old General A—— had to make a request of one of the new ministers, whose office was in a former palace. The minister had no doorkeeper, and in his stead had thriftily given employment to his two sons, little boys with colds. They sat on either side of the door, both snuffling and wiping their noses. 'Is the minister in?' asked old General A——. 'Yes,' replied one of the youngsters sliding down from his chair; 'wait a minute [snuff] and I'll go [snuff] and tell him!'

My landlady's cook saw a procession coming down the street with a red banner and the familiar word '*svoboda*' (freedom) on it. 'Here comes another liberty!' she said. How could Russia be a free country, she asked, when the Tsar was in prison.

R—— says that his *dvornik* (a sort of doortender) was not feeling well, and was told by somebody that he ought to stop drinking coffee. 'How can coffee be bad for you?' he demanded. 'Look at the Germans! They drink more coffee than anybody in the world.'

The Bolsheviki have declared Breshko-Breshkovska, the 'Grandmother of the Revolution,' — she is 74 years old, — reactionary, in spite of her years of exile and life of service for Russia. But for a time the revolution brought the venerable revolutionist poetic justice, and during the autumn, she lived in two pleasant old rooms just up under the roof of the Winter Palace.

Any one could call during certain hours, and I dropped in one gray morning. One of the old palace servants, a tall, bearded functionary, still wearing the old long blue-and-gold coat, met me on the ground floor and took my hat. 'Ah, Babushka!' he said. His manner changed at once, and with a playful, almost familiar air, he led me up stairway after stairway, hung with beautiful old tapestries, to the top floor.

One of the surprising things about the Winter Palace, so huge and monumental from without, is the number of charming little private apartments stuck into it at all levels. This was one of them — a snug little retreat, warm, rich, and restful, with a few dusky old Flemish paintings on the wall, a mahogany bed behind a heavy mahogany screen. A short-haired, rather 'artistic' looking young woman acted as secretary, and there were several secretarial young men. 'Babushka' herself, a survivor of the days when typewriters were unknown, and of years of prison life during which one was fortunate to have even pen and paper, sat at a big table by the low window, writing rapidly — scooting over the paper, as ladies write letters in plays.

Several visitors waited their turn. One, a vigorous, middle-aged man with spectacles, Babushka embraced and kissed, Russian-fashion, sounding smacks on both cheeks. When my turn came, she shook hands and said in English, with a strong accent, 'My friend, what can I do for you?' I said I had come merely to pay my respects. We talked for a little, with some difficulty, for she was hard of hearing and out of practice in English. She was busy with committees on school improvement, women's matters, and so on — more than she could handle, she said, yet everybody wanted her name. But then, she had never had time for anything but to work for her country.

'I was in America once, and near Niagara, but I did n't see it. We have some beautiful falls in Finland, too, yet I never saw them, and then our great galleries here in Petrograd and Moscow — and I like all those beautiful things — but there's never the time.' The Russian people had never known liberty, she said, and did n't know how to use it now. The Allies must be indulgent and help all they could.

While we talked, one of the old palace servants, in his long coat, came in with a tray. 'Here is your lunch, Babushka,' he smiled; 'are you ready for it now?' They all treated her with this half-smiling deference, as if her nickname 'Grandmother' were really true. Her manner was that of one who accepted this as right and natural, looked on herself as a servant of the revolution, and was not without a certain detached appreciation of how satisfactorily she filled the rôle. Her vigor and readiness to talk, and unquenchable optimism made her very different from that other revolutionary heroine of the same day and school, Vera Figner, about whom there was always something of the 'lady,' permanently stamped by autocratic cruelty, and starved of hope, and left with a fixed, almost petrified sadness and disillusion. Yet, Breshko-Breshkovska herself belongs to the 'noble' class, her people were land- and serf-owners in the government of Chernigov, northeast of Kiev. It was their own servants and serfs who convinced her of class injustice, she said; and after the serfs were freed in 1861, she joined in the 'return to the people' which took so many young idealists of that time. With a pack on her back, she set out in peasant costume, preaching that the land should be owned by those who till it. The peasants agreed to this, but could not believe that the Tsar was not their kind father and that the fault lay in

him, and not in those around him. Some maps she carried with her were seen by a peasant woman, who reported to the police and she was arrested. Exiled to Siberia in 1874, in the neighborhood of Lake Baikal, she was shifted afterward to various neighborhoods, and endured all sorts of discomfort, yet kept her health and her enthusiasm. She was in Siberia when word came from Kerensky that she was free, and she went at once by wagon to the nearest railroad and reached Moscow in April of last year.

The autumn sun holds later in Moscow than in Petrograd and there are more pleasant little corners for it to rest on. They meet one at every new street — old world bits of Kremlin wall or city rampart, the side of a church covered with antique-looking frescoes, a blind alley, at the end of which the warm sun blazes on a garden wall, the yellowing chestnut or birches hanging over it, and above them beet-shaped little church domes in gilt, or green, or indigo blue. It is a comfortable old town, eighteenth century in all but its newest parts, and mediæval in the rest. Marxian socialism seems curiously out of place here, the *débâcle* gathering in the Capitol was felt less, and people talked more hopefully of what might be done.

Some of the artists of the Moscow theatres — in Russia, players are often serious artists, like writers and painters — were especially interesting, and though bewildered and depressed like all educated Russians, full of dreams, nevertheless, of what they might do to educate the people and build up a new sense of nationality and patriotism. A union had been formed, partly to protect the players themselves in the new conditions bound to result from the general disorder and the probable withdrawal of government subsidies, partly to broaden the influence of the theatre itself. There was one scheme, for instance, for a sort of big municipal theatre, in which the various Moscow companies should play in turn, at reduced prices.

'Of course,' they said, 'those who loved Russia and tried to work for her in the past, were generally sent to jail for it. Our people had never been allowed to be patriotic. We must begin at the beginning. But there is no end to what might be done if we can act with our hearts as well as our heads and put the new ideas into emotional terms, so that the people will be reached by them.'

Stanislavsky, the director and one of the actors of the famous Art Theatre, was full of these hopes, as well as of new ideas for his own theatre. Among the latter was that of inviting foreign companies to visit them, after the war, to give performances in their own language, and, so far as possible, just as they would be given at home. The name 'Stanislavsky' is for the public, and not that of the old Moscow family, of which the director of the Art Theatre is a member — his own attitude and that of his associates, was illustrated when they declined to be photographed, with the explanation that, while their pictures in costume might be found at the regular dealers in such things 'their personal lives were their own.' In repose — if he ever is in repose — a tall grenadier of a man, mentally, Stanislavsky is a bird on the wing. Busy with a dozen things at once, and one of the hardest men to find in Moscow, he is, when one does find him, altogether simple and hospitable, alive with ideas and sympathy and quick contagious charm — a very unusual example of the artist-executive.

In addition to revisiting the Art Theatre, I saw something this year of its two 'workshops': the little 'Studio,'

used, as its name implies, as a secondary and experimental stage, especially for the more intimate sort of plays; and the 'Second Studio,' used entirely by the young folks of the Art Theatre's dramatic school. In straining to project themselves to the limits of a large audience, Stanislavsky said, actors necessarily fell into a habit of over-accent, and lost that quiet realism and sense of character which is the peculiar quality of the Art Theatre's plays. To correct this, their players returned, every now and then, to the 'Studio,' and appeared in little one-act pieces and even monologue character sketches; then, after this artistic vacation, resumed their regular work.

He spoke of their method of breaking in new players — those, that is to say, already trained in other companies — and of rehearsing a new piece. The newcomers were generally told to forget everything they had learned. A player might merely sit on the stage day after day, trying all the time to get a clearer feeling of what the writer had in mind — to 'live into' the part. Bit by bit the part would be built up, and then came the task of finding the one tendency running through the various characters, and drawing them all together. I was reminded of this talk later, while watching the presentation of one of Dostoyevsky's stories; not a 'dramatization,' in our sense of the word, but the original dialogue played literally, with sufficient characterization and stage management to give the impression of unity, — a kind of novel-play with which the Art Theatre has had unique success. In one scene twelve or fifteen characters were gathered round a dinner-table. A certain amount of 'story' held the scene together, yet each one of the group was enveloped, so to speak, in the most extraordinary way in his own little aura of temperament and experience — each was a Chekov story in himself.

The Moscow Art Theatre makes one feel as Hazlitt used to say he felt — that he but existed through the day and began to live in the evening in the theatre. It is not a 'show' one sees there, even in the best sense of the word, but a finer, richer, more nourishing kind of real life. This is it, you feel, this is the real thing.

Even the ushers are different, and when they close the doors, as they do before each curtain rises, — no one is permitted to enter afterward, and there is no applause, — they do it, not with the air of mere employees, but of those who, in their own small way, are also artists and responsible for the play's success. An evening at the Art Theatre when a Chekov play is on — the venerable Prince Kropotkin, back in Moscow, after his life of exile, was watching the 'Cherry Garden' the night I was there — is one of the fine flowers of civilized city life; one of those things — and there are n't many of them — which one would really miss if one had to spend all one's life on a Wyoming ranch.

There is nothing in the papers these days of Stanislavsky and Russians of his class, but they are all there in their broken and bewildered Russia, nevertheless, and sooner or later, must come into their own again. And at a moment when every blatherskite can heap ridicule on the Russian people, and talk of their ignorance and immaturity, it is just as well to keep in mind some of the things in which Russians are grown-up, in which we, comparatively speaking, are mere children, and vulgar ones at that.

THE DARK HOUR

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE returning ship swam swiftly through the dark; the deep, interior breathing of the engines, the singing of wire stays, the huge whispering rush of foam streaming the water-line made up a body of silence upon which the sound of the doctor's footfalls, coming and going restlessly along the near deck, intruded only a little — a faint and personal disturbance. Charging slowly through the dark, a dozen paces forward, a dozen paces aft, his invisible and tormented face bent forward a little over his breast, he said to himself, —

'What fools! What blind fools we've been!'

Sweat stood for an instant on his brow, and was gone in the steady onrush of the wind.

The man lying on the cot in the shelter of the cabin companionway made no sound all the while. He might have been asleep or dead, he remained so quiet; yet he was neither asleep nor dead, for his eyes, large, wasted, and luminous, gazed out unwinking from the little darkness of his shelter into the vaster darkness of the night, where a star burned in slow mutations, now high, now sailing low, over the rail of the ship.

Once he said in a washed and strengthless voice, 'That's a bright star, doctor.'

If the other heard, he gave no sign. He continued charging slowly back and forth, his large dim shoulders hunched over his neck, his hands locked behind him, his teeth showing faintly gray between the fleshy lips which hung open a little to his breathing.

'It's dark!' he said of a sudden, bringing up before the cot in the companionway. 'God, Hallett, how dark it is!' There was something incoherent and mutilated about it, as if the cry had torn the tissues of his throat. 'I'm not myself to-night,' he added, with a trace of shame.

Hallett spoke slowly from his pillow.

'It would n't be the subs to-night? You're not that kind, you know. I've seen you in the zone. And we're well west of them by this, anyhow; and as you say, it's very dark.'

'It's not that darkness. Not that!'

Again there was the same sense of something tearing. The doctor rocked for a moment on his thick legs. He began to talk.

'It's this *war* —' His conscience protested: 'I ought not to go on so — it's not right, not right at all — talking so to the wounded — the dying — I should n't go on so to the dying —' And all the while the words continued to tumble out of his mouth. 'No, I'm not a coward — not especially. You know I'm not a coward, Hallett. You know that. But just now, to-night, somehow, the whole black truth of the thing has come out and got me — jumped out of the dark and got me by the neck, Hallett. Look here; I've kept a stiff lip. Since the first I've said, "We'll win this war." It's been a matter of course. So far as I know, never a hint of doubt has shadowed my mind, even when things went bad. "In

the end," I've said, "in the end, of course, we're bound to win."'

He broke away again to charge slowly through the dark with his head down, butting; a large, overheated animal endowed with a mind.

'But — do we want to win?'

Hallett's question, very faint across the subdued breathings and showerings of the ship, fetched the doctor up. He stood for a moment, rocking on his legs and staring at the face of the questioner, still and faintly luminous on the invisible cot. Then he laughed briefly, shook himself, and ignored the preposterous words. He recollected tardily that the fellow was pretty well gone.

'No,' he went on. 'Up to to-night I've never doubted. No one in the world, in *our* part of the world, has doubted. The proposition was absurd to begin with. Prussia, and her fringe of hangers-on, to stand against the world — to stand against the very drift and destiny of civilization? Impossible! A man can't do the impossible; that's logic, Hallett, and that's common sense. They might have their day of it, their little hour, because they had the jump — but in the end! *in the end!* — But look at them, will you! Look at them! That's what's got me to-night, Hallett. Look at them! There they stand. They won't play the game, won't abide at all by the rules of logic, of common sense. Every day, every hour, they perform the impossible. Not once since the war was a year old have they been able to hang out another six months. They'd be wiped from the earth; their people would starve. They're wiped from the earth, and they remain. They starve and lay down their skinny bodies on the ground, and they stand up again with sleek bellies. They make preposterous, blind boasts. They say, "We'll over-run Roumania in a month." Fantastic! It's *done!* They say, "Russia? New-born Russia? Strong young boy-Russia? We'll put him out of it for good and all by Christmas." That was to cheer up the hungry ones in Berlin. Everybody saw through it. The very stars laughed. *It's done!* God, Hallett! It's like clockwork. It's like a rehearsed and abominable programme —'

'Yes — a programme.'

The wounded man lay quite still and gazed at the star. When he spoke, his words carried an odd sense of authenticity, finality. His mind had got a little away from him, and now it was working with the new, oracular clarity of the moribund. It bothered the doctor inexplicably — tripped him up. He had to shake himself. He began to talk louder and make wide, scarcely visible gestures.

'We've laughed so long, Hallett. There was *Mitteleuropa!* We always laughed at that. A wag's tale. To think of it — a vast, self-sufficient, brutal empire laid down across the path of the world! Ha-ha! Why, even if they had *wanted* it, it would be —'

'If they *wanted* it, it would be — *inevitable.*'

The doctor held up for a full dozen seconds. A kind of anger came over him and his face grew red. He could n't understand. He talked still louder.

'But they're *doing* it! They're doing that same preposterous thing before our eyes, and we can't touch them, and they're — Hallet! *They're damn near done!* Behind that line there, — you know the line I mean, — who of us does n't know it? That thin line of smoke and ashes and black blood, like a bent black wire over France! Behind that line they're at work, day by day, month after month, building the empire we never believed. And Hallett, *it's damn near done!* And we can't stop it. It grows bigger and bigger, darker and darker — it covers up the sky — like a nightmare —'

'Like a dream!' said Hallett softly; 'a dream.'

The doctor's boot-soles drummed with a dull, angry resonance on the deck.

'And we can't touch them! They could n't conceivably hold that line against us — against the whole world — long enough to build their incredible empire behind it. *And they have!* Hallett! How *could* they ever have held it?'

'You mean, how could we ever have held it?'

Hallett's words flowed on, smooth, clear-formed, unhurried, and his eyes kept staring at the star.

'No, it's we have held it, not they. And we that have got to hold it — longer than they. Theirs is the kind of a *Mitteleuropa* that's been done before; history is little more than a copybook for such an empire as they are building. We've got a vaster and more incredible empire to build than they — a *Mitteleuropa*, let us say, of the spirit of man. No, no, doctor; it's we that are doing the impossible, holding that thin line.'

The doctor failed to contain himself.

'Oh, pshaw! *pshaw!* See here, Hallett! We've had the men, and there's no use blinking the truth. And we've had the money and the munitions.'

'But back of all that, behind the last reserve, the last shell-dump, the last treasury, have n't they got something that we've never had?'

'And what's that?'

'A dream.'

'A *what?*'

'A dream. We've dreamed no dream. Yes — let me say it! A little while ago you said, "nightmare," and I said, "dream." Germany has dreamed a dream. Black as the pit of hell, — yes, yes, — but a dream. They've seen a vision. A red, bloody, damned vision, — yes, yes, — but a vision. They've got a programme, even if it's what you called it, a "rehearsed and abominable programme." And they know what they want. And we don't know what we want!'

The doctor's fist came down in the palm of his hand.

'What we want? I'll tell you what we want, Hallett. *We want to win this war!*'

'Yes?'

'And by the living God, Hallett, we will win this war! I can see again. If we fight for half a century to come; if we turn the world wrong-side-out for men, young men, boys, babes; if we mine the earth to a hollow shell for coal and iron; if we wear our women to ghosts to get out the last grain of wheat from the fields — we'll do it! And we'll wipe this black thing from the face of the earth forever, root and branch, father and son of the bloody race of them to the end of time. If you want a dream, Hallett, there's a —'

'There's a — nightmare. An overweening muscular impulse to jump on the thing that's scared us in the dark, to break it with our hands, grind it into the ground with our heels, tear ourselves away from it — and wake up.'

He went on again after a moment of silence.

'Yes, that's it, that's it. We've never asked for anything better; not once since those terrible August days have we got down on our naked knees and prayed for anything more than just to be allowed to wake up — and find it is n't so. How can we expect, with a desire like that, to stand against a positive and a flaming desire? No, no! The only thing to beat a dream is a dream more poignant. The only thing to beat a vision black as midnight is a vision white as the noonday sun. We've come to the place, doctor, where half a loaf is worse than no bread.'

The doctor put his hands in his pockets and took them out again,

shifted away a few steps and back again. He felt inarticulate, handless, helpless in the face of things, of abstractions, of the mysterious, unflagging swiftness of the ship, bearing him willy-nilly over the blind surface of the sea. He shook himself.

'God help us,' he said.

'What God?'

The doctor lifted a weary hand.

'Oh, if you're going into *that* —'

'Why not? Because Prussia, doctor, has a god. Prussia has a god as terrible as the God of conquering Israel, a god created in her own image. We laugh when we hear her speaking intimately and surely to this god. I tell you we're fools. I tell you, doctor, before we shall stand we shall have to create a god in *our* own image, and before we do that we shall have to have a living and sufficient image.'

'You don't think much of us,' the doctor murmured wearily.

The other seemed not to hear. After a little while he said, —

'We've got to say black or white at last. We've got to answer a question this time with a whole answer.'

'This war began so long ago,' he went on, staring at the star. 'So long before Sarajevo, so long before "balances of power" were thought of, so long before the "provinces" were lost and won, before Bismarck and the lot of them were begotten, or their fathers. So many, many years of questions put, and half-answers given in return. Questions, questions: questions of a power-loom in the North Counties; questions of a mill-hand's lodging in one Manchester or another, of the weight of a head-tax in India, of a widow's mass for her dead in Spain; questions of a black man in the Congo, of an eighth-black man in New Orleans, of a Christian in Turkey, an Irishman in Dublin, a Jew in Moscow, a French cripple in the streets of Zabern; questions of an idiot sitting on a throne; questions of a girl asking her vote on a Hyde Park rostrum, of a girl asking her price in the dark of a Chicago doorway — whole questions half-answered, hungry questions half-fed, mutilated fag-ends of questions piling up and piling up year by year, decade after decade. — Listen! There came a time when it would n't do, would n't do at all. There came a time when the son of all those questions stood up in the world, final, unequivocal, naked, devouring, saying, "Now you shall answer me. You shall look me squarely in the face at last, and you shall look at nothing else; you shall take your hands out of your pockets and your tongues out of your cheeks, and no matter how long, no matter what the blood and anguish of it, you shall answer me now with a whole answer — or perish!"'

'And what's the answer?'

The doctor leaned down a little, resting his hands on the foot of the cot.

The gray patch of Hallett's face moved slightly in the dark.

'It will sound funny to you. Because it's a word that's been worn pretty thin by so much careless handling. It's "Democracy!"'

The doctor stood up straight on his thick legs.

'Why should it sound funny?' he demanded, a vein of triumph in his tone. 'It *is* the answer. And we've *given* it. "Make the world safe for democracy!" Eh? You remember the quotation?'

'Yes, yes, that's good. But we've got to do more than say it, doctor. Go further. We've got to dream it in a dream; we've got to see democracy as a wild, consuming vision. If the day ever comes when we shall pronounce the word "democracy" with the same fierce faith with which we conceive them to be pronouncing "autocracy" — that day, doctor —'

He raised a transparent hand and moved it slowly over his eyes.

'It will be something to do, doctor, that will. Like taking hold of lightning. It will rack us body and soul; belief will strip us naked for a moment, leave us new-born and shaken and weak — as weak as Christ in the manger. And that day nothing can stand before us. Because, you see, we'll know what we want.'

The doctor stood for a moment as he had been, a large, dark troubled body rocking slowly to the heave of the deck beneath him. He rubbed a hand over his face.

'Utopian!' he said.

'Utopian!' Hallett repeated after him. 'To-day we are children of Utopia — or we are nothing. I tell you, doctor, to-day it has come down to this — Hamburg to Bagdad — or — Utopia!'

The other lifted his big arms and his face was red.

'You're playing with words, Hallett. You do nothing but twist my words. When I say Utopian, I mean, precisely, impossible. Absolutely impossible. See here! You tell me this empire of theirs is a dream. I give you that. How long has it taken them to dream it? Forty years. *Forty years!* And this wild, transcendental empire of the spirit you talk about, — so much harder, — so many hundreds of times more incredible, — will you have us do that sort of a thing in a *day?* We're a dozen races, a score of nations. I tell you it's — it's impossible!'

'Yes. Impossible.'

The silence came down between them, heavy with all the dark, impersonal sounds of passage, the rhythmical explosions of the waves, the breathing of engines, the muffled staccato of the spark in the wireless room, the note of the ship's bell forward striking the hour and after it a hail, running thin in the wind: 'Six bells, sir, and — *all's well!*'

'*All's well!*'

The irony of it! The infernal patness of it, falling so in the black interlude, like stage business long rehearsed.

'*All's well!*' the doctor echoed with the mirthless laughter of the damned.

Hallett raised himself very slowly on an elbow and stared at the star beyond the rail.

'Yes, I should n't wonder. Just now — to-night — somehow — I've got a queer feeling that maybe it is. Maybe it's going to be. —Maybe it's going to be; who knows? The darkest hour of our lives, of history, perhaps, has been on us. And maybe it's almost over. Maybe we're going to do the impossible, after all, doctor. And maybe we're going to get it done in time. I've got a queer sense of something happening — something getting ready.'

When he spoke again, his voice had changed a little.

'I wish my father could have lived to see this day. He's in New York now, and I should like —'

The doctor moved forward suddenly and quietly, saying: 'Lie down, Hallett. You'd better lie down now.'

But the other protested with a gray hand.

'No, no, you don't understand. When I say — well — it's just the shell of my father walking around and talking around, these ten years past. Prison killed his heart. He does n't even know it, that the immortal soul of him has gone out. You know him, doctor. Ben Hallett; the Radical — "the Destroyer," they used to call him in the old days. He was a brave man, doctor; you've got to give him that; as brave as John the Baptist, and as mad. I can see him now, — to-night, — sitting in the back room in Eighth Street, he and old Radinov and Hirsch and O'Reilly and the rest, with all the doors

shut and the windows shut and their eyes and ears and minds shut up tight, trying to keep the war out. They're old men, doctor, and they must cling to yesterday, and to to-morrow. They must n't see to-day. They must ignore to-day. To-day is the tragic interruption. They too ask nothing but to wake up and find it is n't so. All their lives they've been straining forward to see the ineffable dawn of the Day of Man, calling for the Commune and the red barricades of revolution. The barricades! Yesterday, it seems to them now, they were almost in sight of the splendid dawn — the dawn of the Day of Barricades. And then this war, this thing they call a "rich man's plot" to confound them, hold them up, turn to ashes all the fire of their lives. All they can do is sit in a closed room with their eyes shut and wait till this meaningless brawl is done. And then, to-morrow — to-morrow — some safely distant to-morrow (for they're old men), — to-morrow, the barricades! And that's queer. That's queer.'

'Queer?'

'It seems to me that for days now, for weeks and months now, there's been no sound to be heard in all the length and breadth of the world but the sound of barricades.'

The voice trailed off into nothing.

To the doctor, charging slowly back and forth along the near deck, his hands locked behind him and his face bent slightly over his breast, there came a queer sense of separation, from Hallett, from himself, his own everyday acts, his own familiar aspirations, from the ship which held him up in the dark void between two continents.

What was it all about, he asked himself over and over. Each time he passed the shadow in the companionway he turned his head, painfully, and as if against his will. Once he stopped squarely at the foot of the cot and stood staring down at the figure there, faintly outlined, motionless and mute. Sweat stood for a moment on his brow, and was gone in the steady onrush of the wind. And he was used to death.

But Hallett had fooled him. He heard Hallett's whisper creeping to him out of the shadow: —

'That's a bright star, doctor.'

HIGH ADVENTURE. V

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

We got down from the train late in the afternoon, at a village which reminded us, at first glance, of a boom town in the Far West. Crude shelters of corrugated iron and rough pine boards faced each other down the length of one long street. They looked sadly out of place in that landscape. They did not have the cheery, buoyant ugliness of pioneer homes in an unsettled country, for behind them were the ruins of the old village, fragments of blackened wall, stone chimneys filled with accumulations of rubbish, garden-plots choked with weeds, reminding us that here was no outpost of a new civ-

ilization, but the desolation of an old one, fallen upon evil days.

A large crowd of *permissionnaires* had left the train with us. We were not at ease among these men, many of them well along in middle life, bent and streaming with perspiration under their heavy packs. We were much better able than most of them to carry our belongings, to endure the fatigue of a long night march to billets or trenches; and we were waiting for the motor in which we would ride comfortably to our aerodrome. There we would sleep in beds, well housed from the weather, and far out of the range of shell-fire.

'It is n't fair,' said J. B. 'It is going to war *de luxe*. These old poilus ought to be the aviators. But, hang it all! of course they could n't be. Aviation is a young man's business. It has to be that way. And you can't have aerodromes along the front-line trenches.'

Nevertheless, it did seem very unfair, and we were uncomfortable among all those infantrymen. The feeling increased when attention was directed to our branch of the service by the distant booming of anti-aircraft guns. There were shouts in the street, 'A Boche!' We hurried to the door of the café where we had been hiding. Officers were ordering the crowds off the street. 'Hurry along there! Get under cover! Oh, I know that you're brave enough, mon enfant. It is n't that. He's not to see all these soldiers here. That's the reason. Allez! Vite!'

Soldiers were going into dug-outs and cellars among the ruined houses. Some of them, seeing us at the door of the café, made pointed remarks, grumbling at the laxity of the air-service.

'It's up there you ought to be, mon vieux, not here,' one of them said, pointing to the white *éclatements*.

'You see that?' said another. 'He's a Boche, not French, I can tell you that. Where are your comrades?'

There was much good-natured chaffing as well, but through it all I could detect a note of resentment. I sympathized with their point of view then as I do now, although I know that there is no ground for the complaint of laxity. Here is a German over French territory. Where are the French aviators? Soldiers forget that aerial frontiers must be guarded in two dimensions, and that it is always possible for an airman to penetrate far into enemy country. They do not see their own pilots on their long raids into German territory. Furthermore, while the outward journey is often accomplished easily enough, the return home is a different matter. Telephones are busy from the moment the lines are crossed, and a hostile patrol, to say nothing of a lone *avion*, will be fortunate if it returns safely.

But infantrymen are readily to be forgiven for their outbursts against the aviation service. They have far more than their share of danger and death while in the trenches. To have their brief periods of rest behind the lines broken into by enemy aircraft — who would blame them for complaining? And they are often generous enough with their praise.

On this occasion there was no bombing. The German remained at a great height and quickly turned northward again.

Dunham and Miller came to meet us. We had all four been in the schools together, they preceding us on active service only a couple of months. Seeing them after this lapse of time, I was conscious of a change. They were keen about life at the front, but they talked of their experiences in a way which gave one a feeling of tension, a tautness of muscles, a kind of ache in the throat. It set me to thinking of a conversation I had had with an old French pilot, several months before. It came

apropos of nothing. Perhaps he thought that I was sizing him up, wondering how he could be content with an instructor's job while the war is in progress. He said, 'I've had five hundred hours over the lines. You don't know what that means, — not yet. I'm no good any more. It's strain. Let me give you some advice. Save your nervous energy. You will need all you have and more. Above everything else, don't think at the front. The best pilot is the best machine.'

Dunham was talking about patrols.

'Two a day of two hours each. Occasionally you will have six hours flying, but almost never more than that.'

'What about voluntary patrols?' Drew asked. 'I don't suppose there is any objection, is there?'

Miller slapped Dunham on the back, singing, '*Hi-doo-dedoo-dumdi*. What did I tell you! Do I win?' Then he explained. 'We asked the same question when we came out, and every other new pilot before us. This voluntary-patrol business is a kind of standing joke. You think, now, that four hours a day over the lines is a light programme. For the first month or so you will go out on your own between times. After that, no. Of course, when they call for a voluntary patrol for some necessary piece of work, you will volunteer out of a sense of duty. As I say, you may do as much flying as you like. But wait. After a month — or we'll give you six weeks — that will be no more than you have to do.'

We were not at all convinced.

'What do you do with the rest of your time?'

'Sleep,' said Dunham. 'Read a good deal. Play some poker or bridge. Walk. But sleep is the chief amusement. Eight hours used to be enough for me. Now I can do with ten or twelve.'

Drew said, 'That's all rot. You fellows are having it too soft. They ought to put you on the school régime again.'

'Let 'em talk, Dunham. They know. J. B. says it's laziness. Let it go at that. Well, take it from me, it's contagious. You'll soon be victims.'

I dropped out of the conversation in order to look around me. Drew did all of the questioning, and, thanks to his interest, I got many hints about our work which came back opportunely afterward.

'Take my tip, J. B., don't be too anxious to mix it with the first German you see, because very likely he will be a Frenchman; and if he is n't, if he is a good Hun pilot, you'll simply be meat for him — at first, I mean.'

'They say that all the Boche aviators on this front have had several months experience in Russia or the Balkans. They train them there before they send them to the Western front.'

'Your best chance of being brought down will come in the first two weeks.'

'That's comforting.'

'No, *sans blague*. Honestly, you'll be almost helpless. You don't see anything, and you don't know what it is that you do see. Here's an example. On one of my first sorties, I happened to look over my shoulder and I saw five or six Germans in the most beautiful alignment. And they were all slanting up to dive on me. I was scared out of my life. Went down full motor, then cut and fell into a *vrille*. Came out of that and had another look. There they were in the same position, only farther away. I did n't even tumble then, except farther down. Next time I looked, the five Boches, or six, whichever it was, had all been raveled out by the wind. *Éclats d'obus*.'

'You may have heard about Franklin's Boche. He got it during his first combat. He did n't know that there was a German in the sky, until he saw the tracer bullets. Then the machine

passed him about thirty metres away. And he kept going down. May have had motor-trouble. Franklin said that he had never had such a shock in his life. He dove after him, spraying all space with his Vickers, and he got him!'

'That all depends on the man. In *chasse*, unless you happen to be sent on a definite mission, protecting photographic machines or *avions de bombardement*, you are absolutely on your own. Your job is to patrol the lines. If a man is built that way, he can loaf on the job. He need never have a fight. At two hundred kilometres an hour, it won't take him very long to get out of danger. He stays out his two hours and comes in with some framed-up tale to account for his disappearances. Got lost. Went off by himself into Germany. Had motor-trouble. Gun jammed, and went back to arm it. He may even spray a few bullets toward Germany and call it a combat. Oh, he can find plenty of excuses, and he can get away with them.'

This conversation continued during the rest of the journey. The life of a military pilot offers exceptional opportunities for research in the matter of personal bravery. Dunham and Miller agreed that it is a varying quality. Sometimes one is really without fear; at others only a sense of shame prevents one from making a sad display.

Our fellow pilots of the Lafayette Corps were lounging outside the barracks on our arrival. They gave us a welcome which did much to remove our feelings of strangeness; but we knew that they were only mildly interested in the news from the schools, and were glad when they let us drop into the background of conversation. By a happy chance, mention was made of a recent newspaper article of some of the exploits of the Escadrille, written evidently by a very imaginative journalist; and from this, the talk passed to the reputation of the squadron in America, and the almost fabulous deeds credited to it by some newspaper correspondents. One pilot said that he had kept a record of the number of German machines actually reported as having been brought down by members of the corps. I don't remember the number he gave, but it was an astonishing total. The daily average was so high, that, granting it to be correct, America might safely have abandoned her far-reaching aerial programme. Long before her first pursuit squadron could be ready for service, the last of the imperial German air-fleet would, to quote from the article, have 'crashed in smouldering ruin on the war-devastated plains of northern France.'

In this connection, I can't forbear quoting from another, one of the brightest pages in the journalistic history of the legendary Escadrille Lafayette. It is an account of a sortie said to have taken place on the receipt of news of America's declaration of war.

'" Uncle Sam is with us, boys! Come on! Let's get those fellows!" These were the stirring words of Captain Georges Thénault, the valiant leader of the Escadrille Lafayette, upon the morning when news was received that the United States of America had declared war upon the rulers of Potsdam. For the first time in history, the Stars and Bars of Old Glory were flung to the breeze over the camp, in France, of American fighting men. Inspired by the sight, and spurred to instant action by the ringing call of their French captain, this band of aviators from the U.S.A. sprang into their trim little biplanes. There was a deafening roar of motors, and soon the last airman had disappeared in the smoky haze which hung over the distant battle-lines.

'We cannot follow them on that journey. We cannot see them as they mount

higher and higher into the morning sky, on their way to meet their prey. But we may await their return. We may watch them as they descend to their flying field, dropping down to earth, one by one. We may learn, then, of their adventures on that flight of death: how, far back of the German lines, they encountered a formidable battle-squadron of the enemy, vastly superior to their own in numbers. Heedless of the risk, they swooped down upon their foe. Lieutenant A—— was attacked by four enemy planes at the same time. One he sent hurtling to the ground fifteen thousand feet below. He caused a second to retire disabled. Sergeant B—— accounted for another in a running fight which lasted for more than a quarter of an hour. Adjutant C——, although his biplane was riddled with bullets, succeeded, by a clever ruse, in decoying two pursuers, bent on his destruction, to the vicinity of a cloud where several of his comrades were lying in wait for further victims. A moment later, both Germans were seen to fall earthward, spinning like leaves in that last terrible dive of death.

'These boys are Yankee aviators. They form the vanguard of America's aerial forces. We need thousands of others just like them,' and so forth.

Many of the questions which had long been accumulating in our minds got themselves answered during the next few days, while we were waiting for machines. We knew, in a general way, what the nature of our work would be. We knew that the Escadrille Lafayette was one of four pursuit squadrons occupying hangars on the same field, and that, together, they formed what is called a *groupe de combat*, with a definite sector of front to cover. We had been told that combat pilots are 'the police of the air,' whose duty it is to patrol the lines, harass the enemy, attacking whenever possible, thus giving protection to their own *corps d'armée* aircraft — which are only incidentally fighting machines — in their work of reconnaissance, photography, artillery direction, and the like.

But we did not know how this general theory of combat is given practical application. When I think of the depths of our ignorance, to be filled in, day by day, with a little additional experience; of our self-confidence, despite warnings; of our willingness to leave so much for our godfather Chance to decide, it is with feelings nearly akin to awe. We awaited our first patrol almost ready to believe that it would be our first victorious combat. We had no realization of the conditions under which aerial battles are fought. Given good will, average ability, and the opportunity, we believed that the results must be decisive, one way or the other.

Much of our enforced leisure was spent at the bureau of the group, where the pilots gathered after each sortie to make out their reports.

On one wall of the bureau hung a large-scale map of the sector, which we examined square by square, with that delight which only the study of maps can give. Trench-systems, both French and German, were outlined upon it in minute detail. It contained other features of a very interesting nature. On another wall there was a yet larger map, made of aeroplane photographs taken at a uniform altitude and so pieced together that the whole was a complete picture of our sector of front. We spent hours over this one. Every trench, every shell-hole, every splintered tree or fragment of farmhouse wall stood out clearly. We could identify machine-gun posts and battery positions. We could see at a glance

the result of months of fighting: how terribly men had suffered under a rain of high explosives at this point, how lightly they had escaped at another, and so could follow, with a certain degree of accuracy, what must have been the infantry actions at various parts of the line.

II

Tiffin, the messroom steward, was standing by my cot with a lighted candle in his hand. The furrows in his kindly old face were outlined in shadow. His bald head gleamed like the bottom of a yellow bowl. He said, 'Beau temps, monsieur,' put the candle on my table, and went out, closing the door softly. I looked at the window square, which was covered with oiled cloth for want of glass. It was a black patch, showing not a glimmer of light.

The other pilots were gathering in the messroom, where a fire was burning. Some one started the phonograph. Fritz Kreisler was playing the 'Chanson sans Parole.' This was followed by a song, 'O movin' man, don't take ma baby grand!' It was a strange combination, and to hear them, at that hour of the morning, before going out for a first sortie over the lines, gave me a 'mixed-up' feeling which it was impossible to analyze.

Two patrols were to leave the field at the same time, one to cover the sector at an altitude of from 2000 to 3000 metres, the other, 3500 to 5000 metres. J.B. and I were on high patrol. Owing to our inexperience, it was to be a purely defensive one between our observation balloons and the lines. We had still many questions to ask, but having been so persistently inquisitive for three days running, we thought it best to wait for Talbott, who was leading our patrol, to volunteer his instructions.

He went to the door to look at the weather. There were clouds at about 3000 metres, but the stars were shining through gaps in them. On the horizon, in the direction of the lines, there was a broad belt of blue sky. The wind was blowing into Germany.

He came back yawning. 'We'll go up — Ho, hum!' — a tremendous yawn — 'through a hole before we reach the river. It's going to be clear presently, so the higher we go the better.'

The others yawned sympathetically.

'I don't feel very pugnastic this morning.'

'It's a crime to send men out at this time of day — night, rather.'

More yawns of assent, of protest. J. B. and I were the only ones fully awake. We had finished our chocolate and were watching the clock uneasily, afraid that we would be late getting started. Ten minutes before patrol time we went out to the field. The canvas hangars billowed and flapped, and the wooden supports creaked with the quiet sound made by ships at sea. And there was almost the peace of the sea there, intensified, if anything, by the distant rumble of heavy cannonading.

Our Spad biplanes were drawn up in two long rows, outside the hangars. They were in exact alignment, wing to wing. Some of them were clean and new, others discolored with smoke and oil; among these latter were the ones which J. B. and I were to fly. Being new pilots, we were given used machines to begin with, and ours had already seen much service. Fuselage and wings had many patches over the scars of old battles; but new motors had been installed and the bodies overhauled, and they were ready for further adventures.

It mattered little to us that they were old. They were to carry us out to our first air battles; they were the first *avions* which we could call our own, and we loved them in an almost personal

way. Each machine had an Indian head, the symbol of the Lafayette Corps, painted on the sides of the fuselage. In addition, it bore the personal mark of its pilot, — triangle, a diamond, a straight band, or an initial, — painted large so that it could be easily seen and recognized in the air.

The mechanicians were getting the motors *en route*, arming the machine-guns, and giving a final polish to the glass of the wind-shields. In a moment every machine was turning over *ralenti*, with the purring sound of powerful engines which gives a voice to one's feeling of excitement just before patrol time. There was no more yawning, no languid movements.

Rodman was buttoning himself into a combination suit which appeared to add another six inches to his six feet two. Barry, who was leading the low patrol, wore a woolen helmet which left only his eyes uncovered. I had not before noticed how they blazed and snapped. All his energy seemed to be concentrated in them. Porter wore a leather face-mask, with a lozenge-shaped breathing-hole, and slanted openings covered with yellow glass for eyes. He was the most fiendish-looking demon of them all. I was glad to turn from him to the Duke, who wore a *passé-montagne* of white silk which fitted him like a bonnet. As he sat in his machine, adjusting his goggles, he might have passed for a dear old lady preparing to read a chapter from the book of Daniel. The fur of Dunham's helmet had frayed out, so that it fitted around the sides of his face and under the chin like a beard of the kind worn by old-fashioned sailors.

The strain of waiting patiently for the start was trying. The sudden transformation of a group of typical-looking Americans into monsters and devotional old ladies, gave a moment of diversion which helped to relieve it.

I heard Talbott shouting his parting instructions and remembered that I did not know the rendezvous. I was already strapped in my machine and was about to loosen the fastenings, when he came over and climbed on the step of the car.

'Rendezvous two thousand over field!' he yelled.

I nodded.

'Know me — Big T — wings — fuselage. I'll — turning right. You and others left. When — see me start — lines, fall in behind — left. Remember stick close — patrol. If — get lost, better — home. Compass southwest. Look carefully — landmarks going out. Got — straight?'

I nodded again to show that I understood. Machines of both patrols were rolling across the field, a mechanician running along beside each one. I joined the long line, and taxied over to the starting-point, where the captain was superintending the send-off, and turned into the wind in my turn. As if conscious of his critical eye, my old veteran Spad lifted its tail and gathered flying speed with all the vigor of its youth, and we were soon high above the hangars, climbing to the rendezvous.

When we had all assembled, Talbott headed northeast, the rest of us falling into our places behind him. Then I found that, despite the new motor, my machine was not a rapid climber. Talbott noticed this and kept me well in the group, he and the others losing height in *renversements* and *rentournements*, diving under me and climbing up again. It was fascinating to watch them doing stunts, to observe the constant changing of positions. Sometimes we seemed, all of us, to be hanging motionless, then rising and falling like small boats riding a heavy swell. Another glance would show me one of them suspended bottom up, falling

sidewise, tipped vertically on a wing, standing on its tail, as if being blown about by the wind, out of all control. It is only in the air, and when moving with them, that one can really appreciate the variety and grace of movement of a flock of high-powered *avions de chasse*.

I was close to Talbott as we reached the cloud-bank. I saw him in dim silhouette as the mist, sunlight-filtered, closed around us. Emerging into the clear fine air above it, we might have been looking at early morning from the casement

> opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

The sun was just rising, and the floor of cloud glowed with delicate shades of rose and amethyst and gold. I saw the others rising through it at widely scattered points. It was a glorious sight.

Then, forming up and turning northward again, just as we passed over the receding edge of the cloud-bank, I saw the lines. It was still dusk on the ground and my first view was that of thousands of winking lights, the flashes of guns and bursting shells. At that time the Germans were making trials of the French positions along the Chemin des Dames, and the artillery fire was unusually heavy.

The lights soon faded and the long winding battle-front emerged from the shadow, a broad strip of desert land through a fair green country. We turned westward along the sector, several kilometres within the French lines, for J. B. and I were to have a general view of it all before we crossed to the other side. The fort of Malmaison was a minute square, not as large as a postage-stamp. With thumb and forefinger I could have spanned the distance between Soissons and Laon. Clouds of smoke were rising from Allemant to Craonne, and these were constantly added to by infinitesimal puffs in black and white. I knew that shells of enormous calibre were wrecking trenches, blasting out huge craters; and yet not a sound, not the faintest reverberation of a gun. Here was a sight almost to make one laugh at man's idea of the importance of his pygmy wars.

But the Olympian mood is a fleeting one. I think of Paradis rising on one elbow out of the slime where he and his comrades were lying, waving his hand toward the wide, unspeakable landscape.

'What are we, we chaps? And what's all this here? Nothing at all. All we can see is only a speck. When one speaks of the whole war, it's as if you said nothing at all — the words are strangled. We're here, and we look at it like blind men.'

To look down from a height of more than two miles on an endless panorama of suffering and horror, is to have the sense of one's littleness even more painfully quickened. The best that the airman can do is to repeat, 'We're here, and we look at it like blind men.'

We passed on to the point where the line bends northward, then turned back. I tried to concentrate my attention on the work of identifying landmarks. It was useless. One might as well attempt to study Latin grammar at his first visit to the Grand Cañon. My thoughts went wool-gathering. Looking up suddenly, I found that I was alone.

To the new pilot the sudden appearance or disappearance of other *avions* is a weird thing. He turns his head for a moment. When he looks again, his patrol has vanished. Combats are matters of a few seconds' duration, rarely of more than two or three minutes. The opportunity for attack comes almost with the swiftness of thought and has passed as quickly. Looking behind me, I was in time to see one

machine tip and dive. Then it too vanished as though it had melted into the air. Shutting my motor, I started down, swiftly, I thought; but I had not yet learned to fall vertically, and the others — I can say almost with truth — were miles below me. I passed long streamers of white smoke, crossing and recrossing in the air. I knew the meaning of these: machine-gun tracer bullets; the delicately penciled lines had not yet frayed out in the wind. I went on down in a steep spiral, guiding myself by them, and seeing nothing. At the point where they ended I redressed and put on my motor. My altimeter registered 2000 metres. By a curious chance, while searching the empty sky, I saw a live shell passing through the air. It was just at the second when it reached the top of its trajectory and started to fall. 'Lord!' I thought, 'I have seen a shell, and yet I can't find my patrol!'

While coming down I had given no attention to my direction. I had lost 2500 metres in height. The trenches were now plainly visible, and the brown strip of sterile country where they lay, vastly broader. Several times I felt the concussion of shell-explosions, my machine being lifted and then dropped gently with an uneasy motion. Constantly searching the air, I gave no thought to my position with reference to the lines, or to the possibility of anti-aircraft fire. Talbott had said, 'Never fly in a straight line for more than fifteen seconds. Keep changing your direction constantly, but be careful not to fly in a regularly irregular fashion. The German gunners may let you alone at first, hoping that you will get careless, or they may be plotting out your style of flight. Then they make their calculations and let you have it. If you 've been careless, they'll put 'em so close, there'll be no question as to the kind of a scare you will have.'

There was not in my case. I was looking for my patrol to the exclusion of thought of anything else. The first shell burst so close that I lost control of my machine for a moment. Three others followed, two in front, and one behind which I believed had wrecked my tail. They burst with a terrific rending sound in clouds of coal-black smoke. A few days before, I had been watching without emotion the bombardment of a German plane. I had seen him twisting and turning through the *éclatements*, and had heard the shells popping faintly, with a sound like the bursting of seed-pods in the sun.

My feeling was not that of fear exactly. It was more like despair. Every airman must have known it at one time or another, a sudden overwhelming realization of the pitilessness of the forces which men let loose in war. In that moment one does not remember that men have loosed them. He is alone and he sees the face of an utterly evil thing. Miller's advice was, 'Think down to the gunners'; but this is impossible at first. Once a French captain told me that he talked to the shells. 'I say, "Bonjour, mon vieux! Tiens! Comment ça va, toi! Ah non! je suis pressé!" something like that. It amuses one.'

This need of some means of humanizing shell-fire is common. Aviators know little of modern warfare as it touches the infantryman; but in one respect, at least, they are less fortunate. They miss the human companionship which helps a little to mask its ugliness.

However, it is seldom that one is quite alone, without the sight of friendly planes near at hand, and there is a language of signs which, in a way, fills this need. One may 'waggle his flippers,' or 'flap his wings,' to use the common expressions, and thus com-

municate with his comrades. Unfortunately for my ease of mind, there were no comrades present with whom I could have conversed in this way. Miller was within 500 metres and saw me all the time, although I did not know this until later.

Talbott's instructions were, 'If you get lost, go home' — somewhat ambiguous. I knew that my course to the aerodrome was southwest. At any rate, by flying in that direction I was certain to land in France. But with German gunners so keen on the baptism-of-fire business, I had been turning in every direction, and the floating disc of my compass was revolving first to the right, then to the left. In order to let it settle, I should have to fly straight for some fixed point for at least half a minute. Under the circumstances I was not willing to do this. A compass which would point north immediately and always would be a heaven-sent blessing to the inexperienced pilot during his first few weeks at the front. Mine was saying north — northwest — west — southwest — south — southeast — east — and after a moment of hesitation reading off the points in the reverse order. The wind was blowing into Germany, and unconsciously, in trying to find a way out of the *éclatements*, I was getting farther and farther away from home and coming within range of additional batteries of hostile anti-aircraft guns.

I might have landed at Karlsruhe or Cologne, had it not been for Miller. My love for concentric circles of red, white, and blue dates from the moment when I saw the French *cocarde* on his Spad.

'And if I had been a Hun!' he said, when we landed at the aerodrome. 'O man! you were fruit salad! fruit salad, I tell you! I could have speared you with my eyes shut.'

I resented the implication of defenselessness. I said that I was keeping my eye open, and if he had been a Hun, the fruit salad might not have been so palatable as it looked.

'Tell me this. Did you see me?'

I thought for a moment, and then said, 'Yes.'

'When?'

'When you passed over my head.'

'And twenty seconds before that you would have been a sieve if either of us had been a Boche.'

I yielded the point to save further argument.

He had come swooping down fairly suddenly. When I saw him making his way so saucily among the *éclatements* I felt my confidence returning in increasing waves. I began to use my head, and found that it was possible to make the German gunners guess badly. There was no menace in the sound of shells barking at a distance, and we were soon clear of all of them.

J. B. took me aside the moment I had landed. He had one of his fur boots in his hand and was wearing the other. He had also lighted the cork end of his cigarette. To one acquainted with his magisterial orderliness of mind and habit, these signs were eloquent.

'Now keep this quiet!' he said. 'I don't want the others to know it, but I've just had the adventure of my life. I attacked a German. Great Scott! what an opportunity! and I bungled it through being too eager!'

'When was this?'

'Just after the others dove. You remember —'

I told him, briefly, of my experience, adding, 'And I did n't know there was a German in sight until I saw the smoke of the tracer bullets.'

'Neither did I, only I did n't see even the smoke.'

This cheered me immensely. 'What! you did n't!'

'No. I saw nothing but sky where

the others had disappeared. I was looking for them when I saw the German. He was about four hundred metres below me. He could n't have seen me, I think, because he kept straight on. I dove, but did n't open fire until I could have a nearer view of his black crosses. I wanted to be sure. I had no idea that I was going so much faster. The first thing I knew I was right on him. Had to pull back on my stick to keep from crashing into him. Up I went and fell into a nose-dive. When I came out of it there was no sign of the German, and I had n't fired a shot!'

'Did you come home alone?'

'No, I had the luck to meet the others just afterward. Now not a word of this to any one!'

But there was no need for secrecy. The near combat had been seen by both Talbott and Porter. At luncheon we came in for our share of ragging.

'You should have seen them following us down!' said Porter; 'like two old rheumatics going into the subway. We saw them both when we were taking height again. The scrap was all over hours before, and they were still a thousand metres away.'

'You want to dive vertically. Need n't worry about your old 'bus. She'll stand it.'

'Well, the Lord has certainly protected the innocent to-day!'

'One of them was wandering off into Germany. Bill had to waggle Miller to page him.'

'And there was Drew, going down on that biplane we were chasing. I've been trying to think of one wrong thing he might have done which he did n't do. First he dove with the sun in his face, when he might have had it at his back. Then he came all the way in full view, instead of getting under his tail. Good thing the mitrailleur was firing at us. After that, when he had the chance of a lifetime, he fell into a *vrille* and scared the life out of the rest of us. I thought the gunner had turned on him. And while we were following him down to see where he was going to splash, the Boche got away.'

All this happened months ago, but every trifling incident connected with our first patrol is still fresh in mind. And twenty years from now, if I chance to hear the 'Chanson sans Parole,' or if I hum to myself a few bars of a ballad, then sure to be long forgotten by the world at large, 'O movin' man, don't take ma baby grand!' I shall have only to close my eyes, and wait passively. First Tiffin will come with the lighted candle: 'Beau temps, monsieur.' I shall hear Talbott shouting, 'Rendezvous two thousand over field. If — get lost — better — home.' J.B. will rush up smoking the cork end of a cigarette. 'I've just had the adventure of my life!' And Miller, sitting on an essence-case, will have lost none of his old conviction. 'O man! you were fruit salad! fruit salad, I tell you! I could have speared you with my eyes shut!'

And in those days, happily, still far off, there will be many another old graybeard with such memories; unless they are all to wear out their days uselessly regretting that they are no longer young, there must be clubs where they may exchange reminiscences. These need not be pretentious affairs. Let there be a strong odor of burnt castor oil and gasoline as you enter the door; a wide view from the verandahs of earth and sky; maps on the walls; and on the roof a canvas 'pantaloon-leg' to catch the wind. Nothing else very much matters. There they will be as happy as any old airman can expect to be, arguing about the winds and disputing each other's judgment about the height of the clouds.

If you say to one of them, 'Tell us

something about the great war,' as likely as not he will tell you a pleasant story enough. And the pity of it will be that, hearing the tale, a young man will long for another war. Then you must say to him, 'But what about the shell-fire? Tell us something of machines falling in flames.' Then, if he is an honest old airman whose memory is still unimpaired, the young one who has been listening will have sober second thoughts.

(*To be continued*)

PRUSSIAN MANNERS

BY C. JOURNELLE

Life in the invaded provinces of France, during the years 1914 and 1915, remained under a pall of mystery and silence; one would have said that that strip of our territory had fallen into an abyss, so rigorously did the Germans keep our compatriots in secret durance. It was not until after a year of this seclusion that some repatriated persons began to emerge — at first, at rare intervals, then in frequent batches; but in what a state of pallid exhaustion! Let this one physical fact suffice: all of them without exception, even in 1916, had lost a fifth, a fourth, or a third of their weight. They all looked as if they had escaped from a torture chamber. Morally they are unconquered, all quivering alike with indignation and contempt for the barbarians; or, if there are some who prefer to hold their peace, they do it only from excess of inward horror, and in this way give voice, perhaps, to an even more tragic protest.

Indeed, as we shall see, the German tyranny does not consist simply in an exorbitant application of the dogma of might. It has special mortifications, peculiar to the race, which make it even more painful, if that is possible. It is not inspired solely by the systematic despotism and immorality cynically adopted by Germany; it is not a pure, unadulterated application of any doctrine: it springs from a genuine lack of morality, and from a well-spring of vicious animalism, which psychologists have so often detected in the German blood.

Not that I am so foolish as to hold that all Germans are low, malignant, and brutal; but it can be said without hesitation that such is, generally speaking, their psychical type, more or less emphasized; that such are their racial characteristics, as appears from innumerable facts gathered from the lips of our repatriates of every locality.

I

One of the most amazing manifestations of the Germanic spirit, in invaded France, is the compulsory salutation which the officers impose upon all males, and, by a refinement of tyranny, upon the women and girls. Even in ancient Latium, at the Caudine Forks, only the men were made to pass under the yoke, and that but once. But the Teuton, in his insensibility to human dignity, is never weary of trampling

upon other men's souls and of treating man like a beast of the field.

This enforced tragi-comic salute to the invaders and intruders naturally wounded to the quick the high sense of their own dignity and of the truth characteristic of Frenchmen. Resistance appeared on all sides. Force was necessary to gratify a caprice that Gessler might have delighted in. At Noyon, at Vergnier, in hundreds of places, those who infringed the regulation were thrown into jail. Sexagenarian priests who had neglected to bare their heads before sub-lieutenants were dragged away to prison beyond the Rhine. Officers did not blush to horsewhip passers-by who did not salute them, or who did not bow low enough. At Étreux a blind man was struck by a colonel whom he could not see.

Above all, the salute extorted from women displays to the full an innate vulgarity peculiar to the German. We recall our own Louis XIV, always the first to salute the women in his service, absolute master as he was. Our secular French tradition of courtesy and chivalry rises in revolt. But nothing is more German than to lay the heavy hand of oppression on women. Why, at Saint-Quentin, in 1915, an elderly woman, in her terrified haste to salute an officer and make way for him on the sidewalk, fell and broke her leg. Sometimes this female salute is elaborated; women are compelled to smile when bowing. These anxious and grief-stricken women, torn from their husbands and children and brothers, these women who are robbed and whose homes are constantly searched and tossed and turned over like the bedding of cattle, are commanded to smile upon the invaders!

II

It is not the salute alone which shows us the Germans engaged in actively persecuting women. In September, 1914, the troops constantly pointed their guns at Frenchwomen to force them to wait upon them; the officers as constantly had their revolvers in their hands. In the districts where game is abundant, girls, whatever their station in life, act as beaters when the officers hunt, and those who refuse are imprisoned in a cellar three days for each such refusal.

The period of actual assaults has passed, but there remains the pleasant pastime of frightening young girls by discharging firearms at close range, and firearms held in whose hands — in those of the assassins of Tamines and Dinan!

Since January 1, 1917, the civil mobilization has exhibited this female slavery in all its hideousness. Even before that the women had been forced to wait upon the officers at table, and to wash their linen. The German authorities had already laid upon them all possible tasks — taking no account of social position or of physical strength. Middle-class women of Lille and La Fère were sent to dig potatoes a hundred kilometres from their homes. The widow of a French colonel killed in action was in turn chambermaid and farm laborer in Germany. In the region about Laon one could see women working under the lash. Worse still, they are sent out to work in close proximity to the firing-line, where the Germans themselves find it unsafe to go. Or again, when aircraft are passing over, the women are forbidden to leave their work, while their keepers run to cover. Mrs. Edith Wharton even saw elderly women whose arms or legs Boche officers had broken with their sabres.

The harassing and insulting of women take also another turn. Women and girls of good social position are compelled to undress on the pretext of search or medical examinations. The

German has no respect for girls; he has torn them from their families by thousands. Nor does he respect maternity: in 1915, the wife of the mayor of Le Catelet, sentenced to three months confinement for not making known her husband's presence in her house, was separated from the infant she was nursing and led away between two policemen. In many places mothers were torn from their children in arms, from sobbing and desperate little girls, who threw themselves on their knees without avail.

III

From what has gone before it will be seen that ' the nation that deceives,' as Nietzsche himself called his compatriots, is at the same time the nation that degrades, the nation that tramples at pleasure upon all the laws of civilization, of justice, and of honor, and drags in the gutter all things of spiritual worth, everything that lifts us above the beasts of the field.

In their souls, no less than in their flesh and blood, do these Germans exert themselves to wound the helpless French. They have cast off all restraint in this respect. Passing over the merely humiliating measures, which are constantly being added to, — such, for example, as transforming the school-boys of Saint-Quentin into street-sweepers, — we may mention the method of requisitioning copper and iron, which was adopted in our northern towns. Each inhabitant was required to deliver his metal personally at the *Kommandantur*. In vain did the mayors implore them to spare the bleeding patriotism of the French, asking them to strip the houses, themselves, of all their copper and iron, but to relieve Frenchmen from the hateful necessity of carrying to the enemy with their own hands materials with which to sow death in the ranks of their brethren. At Lille, a retired officer of 1870 vainly invoked his past career to those Huns. Pointing to his gray hair, he called his persecutors to witness that in requiring him to surrender his copper to their munition factory, they required him to surrender his honor and to belie his whole life. Taken to jail as a rebel, he fell dead on the threshold, suffocated with indignation.

Thus far we have dealt only with the method of requisition. What shall we say of the requisition itself, and, worse yet, of the enforced labor of our people upon German munitions. In very truth, the enrollment of captive Frenchmen in the enemy munition factories has enlarged the confines of human degradation. French and Belgians who refused to lay aside their moral obligations have been deprived of food, or have been immersed for hours at a time, in winter, in pools of ice-cold water, or bound to trees and flogged, until they were changed into mere beasts of burden.

Let no one believe that such enslavement of captives is an inevitable consequence, a new and rigorous law of war. No, it is a German decree, an outward manifestation of their innate materialism, their faint notion of conscience and human dignity.

The Germans also impose upon the French the dishonoring obligation of informing upon one another. Many mayors were sentenced to years of imprisonment in German fortresses for having neglected to denounce the mobilized men of their communes.

It is as if one were looking on at a general proscription of souls which are being hunted down on all sides. The barbarians carry their outrages so far as to cast obloquy upon our reverence for our dead. Not content with erecting over the charnel-houses of the battlefield carved monuments insulting to our gallant troops, they even profane

the cemeteries and mar them with obscenities; they empty graves by the thousands, in order to carry pillage to the limit. At Laon they actually stole the flowers which the people had laid on the coffins of three children killed in a bombardment from the air on December 21, 1916.

The dignity of the priesthood in its turn has been dragged in the mire, with the same craving to outrage sentiments most worthy of respect. In October, 1915, they derisively enveloped in a green gown, and sentenced to hard labor, the curé of Saint-Michel, in whose house they had found the toy rifle of a child! So, too, in 1914, the curé of Le Catelet, having been maltreated and beaten on a false suspicion of assault, had to look on while the soldiers arrayed a dead horse in his priestly robes amid laughter and hooting.

Nor have the churches always been immune to outrage, even at a distance from the firing line. At the outset the Germans pillaged and defiled, among many others, the churches at Chauny, Candor, Sempigny, and Vermand, tearing down the silver crucifixes, and swathing the statues of the saints in tawdry rags. In 1917, the cathedral of Laon was used as a stable for four hundred horses. They did not stop short even of trying to assail elementary Christian morality in the invaded communities, and destroy it. To mention but one example: the curé of La Capelle, a true apostle, passed three months in prison for having enjoined upon his flock compassion for the deported Belgians who were dying of hunger.

Nothing was left for the invader to debase except inanimate things; and this they are doing. In their hatred of the soul, they cut through to the stone upon which its impress is stamped. Just as, in the loftier regions of art and history, they have disfigured the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims and the Château of Coucy, so, on a lower plane, in order to put a bitterer affront upon French homes, it has been their delight to put their ban on parlors and dining-rooms and turn them into stables. Their flood of insults goes even further: it becomes simply revolting. Once the houses are utterly looted, they proceed to make them filthy, exulting savagely, like man-apes, who have broken their chains, and who dance for very joy on finding themselves where bestiality is under no restraint. Parlors, bedrooms, no less than churches and cemeteries, they take delight in using as latrines, with the approval and concurrence of their officers. It is a manifestation of the superabundance of the animal element in them — that element of which it has been said that it is 'their vital, deep-rooted characteristic.'

IV

It would have been natural — or so it seems — that in the officers at least a more fully developed intellectuality would counterbalance these degrading tendencies. But no, nothing of the sort. Their intellectuality has no other effect than to lead them to acknowledge with pride, and to display more fully, their racial deformities.

Still imbued with the feudal spirit, they assume their station openly, without shame or reserve, on an Olympus of good living, of material indulgence and rapine, above the mass of common soldiers and the suffering people. Everywhere, in the zone of cantonment, private casinos afford them abundance and comfort. Notably at Laon, their requisitions of plate and glass bear witness to their tempestuous revels, wherein one can detect the survival of their primitive mental state when they were rushing toward Paris, like gigantic Saturnalian worms; for numerous officers

carried away in their trunks the smoking paraphernalia of the theatres and private supper-parties, and others lay dead drunk under the tables at their halting-places.

They arrange casinos and private apartments at their pleasure, tearing down such walls or houses as happen to be in their way, seizing furniture on all sides, drawing upon each town as upon an immense free warehouse. Factories supply them with electric light at the cost of the inhabitants. Cattle and fowl, left behind on the farms, are hardly numerous enough to satisfy them. They requisition these fowl at the expense of the people, who are left to starve. They leave for the children only an infinitesimal quantity of milk. The butter of the dairies is also reserved for them, and even the private soldiers are allowed to buy only the skim milk that remains.

At the beginning of the occupation, certain officers maintained some reserve and some appearance of decency in the French households in which they had their billets. But as time passed they all sank deeper into iniquity, and stood less and less upon ceremony. If they passed through the dining-room while the family were at table, they would lean over and remove the covers of the dishes. Even in districts where they pretend to restrain the looting of their men, it not infrequently happens that they themselves, after defiling their bedrooms, carry away anything that takes their fancy. Even the chaplains steal valuable chalices or sacerdotal ornaments, which they have used in saying mass, thus substituting the Kaiser's formula for the divine law.

The large towns are a field for special experiences. As respect for human sensibilities weighs more heavily there upon the invaders, they sometimes exercise more self-restraint, and try to ingratiate themselves. At Lille and Saint-Quentin certain officers have tried to reëstablish social courtesy: they have offered their arms to their hostesses, given flowers to the ladies and sweets to the children. A painful embarrassment for Frenchwomen! If their persecutors smiled, they laid bare the wolf's teeth which rent the human flocks of Belgium and Armenia. To be offered a box of candy would raise a suspicion of incendiary pastilles. Mothers would keep the sweets from their children, but sometimes they would accept the flowers, for fear of enraging these polite gentlemen who had come red-handed, one from a burglary, another from murdering a child, and who tagged with madrigals the cynical theories of Bernhardi.

In other places, — at Roubaix for instance, — out upon even the outward show of courtesy! No more flowers, no more sentimentality, according to the advice of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. Their lack of respect for womankind reappears in all its brutality. The *Kommandantur* orders all the young and good-looking women to report at the officers' quarters, and punishes recalcitrants with three months in a German fortress. Failing to find sufficiently effective panders in destitution and terror, Germany does not shrink from subjecting virtue to the ordinary penalties of vice, and thus allows her latent criminal frenzy to appear in a new aspect.

V

But we need not go on forever detailing the particular acts of the invaders: we have only to regard their official administration and their police regulations, to obtain a conclusive picture of their barbarous and hideous mentality — a picture which they paint themselves. The same obtuse moral sensibility and the same heaviness of hand

reveal themselves there, aggravated, on the one hand, by their meticulous habit of looking after the veriest trifles; on the other hand, by their tendency to exaggeration and excess.

The whole territory is divided into *Kommandanturen*, which are so many little satrapies of varying size: one for each village in the zone of actual fighting; one for each group of villages in the zone outside the lines. The *Kommandant*, who stays in one place several months, sometimes a year, may be a simple lieutenant; he is always a genuine potentate, a petty savage king, legislating and carrying on the government almost at his whim.

The first thought of these Kommandants in the way of police regulation was to forbid the inhabitants to have weapons of any sort, and to confiscate them all most painstakingly. In carrying out this order, they displayed the same frenzy of fear which has often led them to extreme measures. The most harmless steel instrument in the drawer of a solitary old woman made them wince. There is no town, no district, in which one or more civilians have not paid with their lives for the imprudence of keeping in their house some musket from an old stand of arms dating back to the seventeenth century, or a paltry shot-gun which they thought of no consequence. The Boche has so rudimentary a sense of equity that these civil murders were often attended with the most revolting cruelty. At Saint-Quentin, one of the victims, a woman, did not even know that the weapon was in the house, of which she was only temporarily in charge. Another was a gunsmith, in whose shop some shot-gun powder was found, and who was shot for the offense. A miller of Vendhuille, who had used his revolver, it is true, upon two brutal thieving soldiers, was smeared with kerosene and burned alive. Other engines of war, — or what were so designated, — pigeons, and telephone wires, afforded an excuse for much slaughter of the innocent. A schoolboy of Saint-Quentin was on the point of being shot simply for having waved his handkerchief when an aeroplane passed over almost too high to be visible.

Police persecution of every sort was carried to the border-line of endurance. The roads were constantly patrolled, say the repatriated. A deadly subjection to regulations was enforced: no traveling from village to village; no assembling in groups of more than three; no going out after six o'clock at night, and lights out at nine. The annoyances were endless: repeated summonses to assemble, sometimes at midnight in midwinter; house-to-house requisitioning visits; frequent searches, carried out with an arbitrariness and brutality which were denounced by the Archbishop of Cambrai in his protest of October 20, 1916.

Suppose a search-warrant to be issued against an old lady suspected of having more than ten kilogrammes of potatoes on hand. The Boches rush to the house in force, drive the lady and her children out-of-doors, regardless of the weather, upset the house from attic to cellar and pillage it in their search for the *corpus delicti*. And there have been even more barbarous refinements of police inquisition. Some Kommandants have not blushed to seek and confiscate in every house the churn and even the coffee-grinder, to make it more certain that the people would not grind secretly the little grain that they were able to glean, or to pick up by chance here and there.

If a barn was burned, as at Crèvecœur, the Kommandants ordered all the male inhabitants of the village to be driven into the church and shut up like cattle. Although the culprit, who in this case happened to be a German sol-

dier, was discovered, the prisoners were not immediately released.

The instruments of this tyranny, the police, in bottle-green uniform and decorated with a metal badge under the chin, which points them out from afar to public suspicion, have been dubbed by the people ' green devils,' because of their zeal as persecutors.

And signs of approbation from the authorities fall in showers: fines on every pretext, imprisonment, deportation, sentence of death. These penalties are often imposed on persons simply under suspicion, especially on many priests, imprisoned for no cause. ' No one can be sure of to-morrow,' says one of the repatriated. A word too outspokenly French in sympathy may send you to a prison cell. At Bohain the prisons are overflowing with civilians condemned for trifles; a convict-gang has been formed of inhabitants alleged to be refractory. In certain communes regular prisons have been built, as the cellars were too small. For, in most cases, the cellars, long ago emptied of their contents, are used as jails in the villages, and jails where the inmates are kept on a bread-and-water diet. And all this aside from blows and insults.

Space forbids me to write of all the disproportionate and inhuman acts of repression. A shopkeeper at Hirson, the mother of three children, was shot because she went into Belgium to buy goods. Young deportees, who are employed in digging and who drop their shovels from weariness, are shot at point-blank range by the sentries. At Vauresis, on September 18, 1914, ten people were shot for going out at night with lanterns, as their custom was.

The readiness of the Germans to shoot inoffensive persons has manifested itself a thousand times. How many — how many women have been victims of drunken or brutal soldiers! How many others have fallen under the fire of sentries because they had ventured into the street after six o'clock at night, to fetch a doctor for a sick person, or to look for a child who had not come home!

And there is no real protection against the excesses either of the private soldier or of the Kommandant. The former, if any one dares to complain of him, avenges himself by pillage or by some foul blow. The Kommandant, from whose decree an appeal is taken to the commanding general, wreaks his vengeance at once by requisitions, expulsions, or burnings.

VI

Their police administration is not merely inhuman and vexatious: it is, in addition, like everything that issues from the pagan wilderness beyond the Rhine, a revolting medley of falsehood, double-dealing, and sophistry.

The bare definition of the proscribed offenses shows us upon what a vicious and disgraceful plan the arbitrary power of the Kommandanturs is exercised. Their agents themselves, with sober faces, call the householder who tries to conceal his property from them a ' notorious thief.' In their eyes the father of a family is a criminal who hides his silverware in his cellar — a crime, it would seem, which confers upon the invaders the absolute right to seize the property. A criminal, too, is the faithful wife who gives shelter to her husband who has eluded their pursuit; so, too, the girl who refuses to be dishonored. And it is a crime to give a bit of bread to an unfortunate prisoner.

The same lack of moral rectitude is responsible for all the penalties imposed in the invaded districts. The Boches have set up there on a great scale the system of penal confiscations. The hateful practice of taking hostages,

ancient though it is, had never before taken on such gigantic dimensions, or attained such a degree of cynicism. This unjust notion of confiscation is so congenial to the Prussian character that they have extended its application in all directions. Since the outbreak of the war, whenever they have come in contact with Anglo-French troops, they have persistently taken revenge for their losses on the innocent inhabitants. Notably at Laon, whenever a French airplane bombarded their military trains, the city, though already devastated and blood-stained by air-raiders, was compelled to pay an enormous fine. If an urchin scrawls some taunting words on a wall, the town is mulcted. If a spy is caught passing through Saint-Quentin, the repatriation of Saint-Quentinites is instantly suspended.

In every regard the German administration of the invaded districts maintains a treacherous attitude. Questions and conversations of apparently trivial importance are often traps laid to evoke criticism, which is punished on the instant. Often during the first year the officers solemnly promised to restore the piano, the furniture, the tools of which they took possession; but almost never have they kept their word; and the generals were the first of all to break their written promises. The Kommandantur at Chauny gave a manufacturer of the town permission to go away, on his pledging a valuable collection of stamps, which it bound itself to return; but it kept the collection, with a cynical jibe at the owner. The Kommandantur at Saint-Quentin in 1916 readily authorized the inhabitants to clothe four hundred ragged Russian prisoners, and congratulated them on their humanity; but the garments were no sooner supplied than the Kommandantur laid hands on them, and the Russians were left in their rags.

Here is another common example: The repatriates are authorized to take home with them three hundred francs in cash as well as their registered securities, and on the road they are robbed of them. Sometimes, adding a cowardly insult to their rascality, the Germans substitute for the cash a subscription to their war-loan.

The climax of achievement in the way of falsehood is perhaps the having publicly organized it — as the Germans have done in the French provinces — by printing and selling false French newspapers. For instance, they compelled the publication of the *Gazette des Ardennes* (at least twenty copies for each three hundred people) — a base and insane effort to reach and pervert the hearts and minds of a whole nation that is brutally gagged; an effort in which we detect anew the unfailing materialism of the German, who thinks that he need only mutilate texts and distort facts in order to manufacture convictions as by machinery. Logical in their madness, they hunt down all the genuine newspapers of France. Let a balloon with a package of such papers be spied in the air, and on the instant, cavalry, motorcyclists, and automobiles rush in pursuit. Whoever is detected in possession of a *Temps* or a *Figaro* is imprisoned or fined.

VII

Pillage, although an essential part of the German method of waging war, demands a chapter by itself, as the culminating point of the system. From the days of Tacitus, pillage has always been the supreme German achievement. We do not propose to recount their innumerable and violent depredations during the irruption of August, 1914 — especially how the wine in all the cellars was stolen or drunk in a few days. Even under the status of terri-

torial occupation they employed themselves, in many places, in burglaries with violence, as carefully prepared as notarial documents.

Under the administrative régime properly so-called their fury has been little less unbridled. They have levied exorbitant war-taxes in all the communes, large or small. Factories of all sorts very soon began to be dismantled. Machines, ovens, vats, taps and cocks, weaving frames, raw materials emigrated to Germany in procession. Of all the textile, metal-working, and other establishments, there soon remained in the North of France only a few munition factories, a few saw-mills producing posts and timbers for the trenches, a few electric power-houses, and some sauerkraut factories set up in remodeled sugar refineries.

Agriculture suffered no less. Not only crops and cattle, but all the good horses and the best farming implements were taken to Germany; to such an extent that the Germans, becoming conscious of the mistake they had made, eventually brought them back in a hurry. In 1916 there were villages of 1600 people which had no more than twenty cows and a few superannuated horses. Other villages had none at all.

In 1915 the special requisitions of leather, rubber, metals, wool, and cotton began. Even the worn-out leather on carriage-shafts was carefully detached. In 1916 the German Cyclops shook the church bells everywhere to bring down the bronze. Table linen and body linen were swept away in the same torrent of spoliation. Mattresses were opened and emptied of their wool. In one village of a thousand people, five hundred mattresses were thus disinflated in a few days. No mercy was shown even to the mattresses on which sick persons lay. The sole manifestation of German delicacy consisted in replacing the wool by chips. In 1917 the kitchen utensils and the silver plate fell into the abyss in ever-increasing quantities. Everything was requisitioned by the Boches, says one of the repatriates, even the night vessels.

The general spoliation is accompanied by destruction pure and simple. Houses in the peaceful occupation of their owners, a long way from the trenches, are demolished to obtain wood for burning or construction. Doors, windows, floors, even school furniture, are used for fires.

To sum up — pillage, requisition, destruction go side by side, look alike, and run in harness together, like a fraternal team of apocalyptic monsters.

But, concurrently with these direct methods, the occupying forces seek also to increase their prizes by oblique devices. They assume the mask of commerce, the mask of industry, to say nothing of the judicial mask, which enables them to glut themselves with fines without number. In the dairy country, in 1915, they requisitioned all the butter, paid for it at the rate of fifteen cents a pound, and sold it at double the price to the inhabitants. This exploitation of the farm was transformed into a comedy of unending spoliation. The Kommandantur issued its orders to the laborers, but did not pay them; it laid that burden on the commune. It exacted from the farmer himself a huge indemnity, said to be for the expenses of cultivation. And, as a climax, it rushed the harvest into Germany by motor, without in all cases taking the trouble to hand the farmer the notes of requisition, which were in any event a mere mockery of payment.

Thus, it was not enough to confiscate the crop, but the invaders devised this buffoonery of compelling payment to themselves by those whom they despoiled, including the workmen, whose daily wage did not exceed thirty cents.

The rule is the same for the wood-

cutting and for the few industries which remain, such as saw-mills. The mayor is the inexhaustible paymaster, and the Kommandantur takes unto itself the product. The French municipality, with a rope about its neck, pays even the very workers in the munition factories.

The Germans' quarrelsome and extravagant attention to trivialities is equally open to criticism, alongside their brutality, their falsity, and their greed. Their organization of conquest and rapine is carried on in accordance with a meticulous, oppressive, and enfeebling system of rules. Let us cite this one fact: they have extended their census-taking to include hens, rabbits, pigeons, and even the most microscopic beasts, and have given to each one of them a certificate of civil status, recording their birth and their demise. They keep an exact account of vegetables and eggs; and certain villages — for instance, the gallant little village of Bony in the Department of the Aisne — have been the theatre of preposterous scenes in this connection, the Kommandant going so far as to enclose the farmers' hens under his own windows, that he might follow and verify their laying qualities at close quarters.

VIII

All these details show clearly enough what an intolerable state of serfdom our compatriots have fallen into; and how they are being rushed *en masse* down the incline of destitution and starvation. Kept closely confined within the bounds of their towns or villages, they go thence only to perform enforced labor in the fields, or to be deported to distant parts. They are literally fettered to the soil, and can, at most, go to the next commune on payment of a fee. The Germans, as the inevitable result of their retrograde imperialism, have revived feudal customs, and brought forth from the depths of past ages the most archaic abuses and usages — the servitude of mortmain, peonage, the whim of the lord of the manor, and compulsory labor.

In agriculture, too, they have reestablished the régime of the primitive community; for the fields of each village are cultivated as a whole, without distinction of ownership, under the direction of a Boche inspector who is very often a blockhead.

Another truly gothic backward step is the almost universal closing of the schools, which are transformed into barracks or hospitals. There are no longer boarding-schools, as the children of the country districts are not allowed to go to the town. Tens of thousands of children have broken off their studies. It is a return to the darkness of the year 1000.

In a word, on all sides our defenseless compatriots are confronted by a barbarian despotism which tramples on them, and deprives them of their most legitimate rights and their means of livelihood. Materially they lack everything. In many communes there has been a coal famine for three years: nothing to burn but green wood. The people sometimes lack clothing, and often leather shoes: they wear clogs or sabots or shoes of old cloth. They no longer have either gas or kerosene. Barring an occasional lighting plant of acetylene or electricity, they are reduced to grease-pots, which recall the *crasset* of the serfs in the Middle Ages. They make them of jars, blacking-boxes, or bottles, filled with lard taken from their rations, and in this they dip a wick made of a skein of yarn or cotton.

Since 1914 this unfortunate people, accustomed all their lives to the light wines of the country, have had absolutely nothing but water to drink. No wine — the Germans having drunk the

cellars dry in less than no time. No beer — the breweries having been stripped of their machinery. No cider — the apples having been taken to Germany. The population eats meat once in two months or once in six months. There is little milk, and the children die in large numbers, from being poorly nourished. In 1917 many villages no longer possessed a single hen or a single rabbit.

And with all the rest there are the troops passing through and in occupation, who fill the houses to overflowing and compel even the women to lie on the floor. They search the cupboards and seize the provisions which the family has succeeded in putting by as a reserve. Moreover, as a result of the withdrawal of the German lines in 1917, or of the digging of new trenches, whole villages have been evacuated, and their people quartered in the more distant ones, which are already overcrowded; so that a twofold destitution results. It sometimes happens that even the most well-to-do have nothing to eat except a *compote* of beets and boiled grass which they pick themselves at the side of the road, by virtue of a special permit.

To cap the climax, doctors and medicines are almost impossible to find in many districts.

In very truth our 3,600,000 compatriots (1915) have descended to the last stage of want and are hovering on the brink of famine. Only the Spanish-American, and, later, the Spanish-Dutch supplies are keeping them alive, far from abundant as they are. They are sustained only by clinging, with a feeble grasp, to that source of succor, which the Germans have not always held inviolate.

And all about them, before their eyes, for three years past Germany, deaf to the appeal of humanity, pursues more and more deliberately her plan of underfeeding the deported French and Belgians, whom she regales, after her fashion, with nettle soup, a little black bread, and a little weak coffee. For three years she has been starving the prisoners. In 1916, to mention a few instances among a thousand, the Russian prisoners who were working in the trenches actually picked up oat-grains in the muddy roads, and pulled up beetroots, which they gnawed greedily. At Hirson, out of five hundred Roumanian prisoners, seventeen were carried away, dead from lack of nourishment, in a single day. At Vendhuille two hundred and twelve out of four hundred British prisoners died of cold and privation during the winter of 1917.

IX

All the brutality, perfidy, and savagery manifested by Germany from day to day is not to be explained by any philosophic theory, or as a systematic policy. Temperament is an essential part of it. Moreover, there must be a special lack of the moral sense, an inherent deficiency of the sentiments of justice, honor, and charity. There must be an hereditary perversity. Intellectual perversion by the sophisms of a Fichte or a Haeckel would not have sufficed to make Huns, or to change men to wolves. Grafted upon a sound trunk, the Pangermanist heresy would never have sprouted. Never would Germany — leaders and flocks — have been able to sink so deep into her violent self-worship, her terrorism, and her unmitigated brigandage in war, if she had not glided into it by degrees through weakness of conscience and latent criminality. In reality, behind a false cloak of philosophy and policy, one can detect in her nothing more than revolting organs of the carnivora, retarded in their human development.

ORDINARY SEAMEN, U.S.N.

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

I

Forty miles north of Chicago, on the high bluffs that overlook Lake Michigan, the Naval Training Station of the Great Lakes stretches a mile back to the railroad tracks from a mile frontage on the shore; and even beyond the tracks the latest additions have crept out on the rolling prairie. Here, covering approximately three hundred acres, the vast camp, with its recent additions to meet the war emergency, houses an average total of 22,000 men — the largest and most complete naval training establishment in the world.

There had been a heavy blizzard in Chicago the first week in January, and when, on the eighth, I walked up from the railroad station to the great brick entrance, the ground was deep with snow. Beyond the iron gates, hundreds of jackies in white trousers and blue pea-coats were piling the snow back from roads and sidewalks. From the entrance a long, straight road stretched almost to the lake. On either side, and back as far as the eye could see, the substantial brick buildings of the station extended in orderly arrangement, like the buildings of a modern university. At the far end the tall, massive clock-tower of the Administration Building rose red against the blue winter sky. High above it, to the right, the slender tapering towers of the wireless caught their swinging cobwebs of wires up four hundred feet against the blue. Below, everywhere, the red brick buildings and the glitter of sun-touched snow in zero air.

In the recruiting building a long line of men already were waiting to swear their loyalty to Uncle Sam's Navy, and merciless hostility to his enemies. One by one we filed into the recruiting-room, where a dozen jackies, in neat uniforms with their yeomen's ratings on their blue sleeves, shamed our motley civilian clothes by contrast. Short and tall, stout and thin, from Texas, Ohio, Colorado, and Minnesota, in cheap 'sport suits,' sweaters, caps, derbies, every kind of clothing, with broken dress-suit-cases, cord-bound, with paper bundles, and many with hands empty — here was young America in its infinite variety.

To the room where physical examinations were held we were passed along with our identifying papers. Yellow sunshine shone warmly through high windows; there was the moist smell of steam radiators, and the unmistakable and indescribable smell of naked bodies which threw my recollection back to school and college gymnasia. At a desk by the window the surgeon faced the room; two assistants stood beside him; along the side of the room three or four yeomen at tables recorded the results of the examination.

The test was severe, and from our little squad of seventeen, two were cast out for defective eyesight, one for stricture, two for heart trouble, and another for some imperfection of the foot. Weighed, measured, tested for eyesight and color-sight, identified by

scars and blemishes, we dressed and then recorded our finger-prints on the voluminous record, which grew as the examination progressed. It was late afternoon and the electric lights were lighted when we finally stood before the desk of the last officer, and, with right hand lifted, touched the Book with our left and swore to follow the flag by sea or land wherever the fate of war might call us.

In *Two Years Before the Mast* I recollect the phrase, 'There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life'; and in that long first day of my admission to the Navy I began to realize — in but small measure, to be sure — the tremendous change that I was soon to experience, and the vastness of the education that I must acquire before I could hope to be of even slight value in a sailor's capacity.

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station was originally built in 1911, to care for 1600 men. But with the declaration of war with Germany, the enlargement of its capacity was begun on a stupendous scale. South, north, and west of the station, additional acreage was acquired, and under the direction of enlisted engineers and architects complete villages or camps were built, increasing the capacity of the station to over twenty thousand men. Although the new construction was only for emergency purposes, on land leased for the duration of the war and a year beyond, nothing was omitted by which the comfort of the men might be increased, their health maintained, and the efficiency of their training most expeditiously promoted. They were grouped in camps, each holding several thousand men; the barracks of each camp were arranged about a central square or drill-ground, and each camp was provided with its central steam-heating plant, mess-kitchen, laundry, dispensary, hospital, drill-halls, and such buildings as are necessary for the officers and the storage and distribution of supplies, as well as a system of hot and cold water, complete sewerage, electric lighting, and fire hydrants.

In order that as much of the material as possible may be salvaged when the war is over and the temporary buildings are taken down, each building was so designed that it might be constructed of boards and timbers of stock sizes, without cutting, so put together that the buildings can be resolved into approximately the identical piles of lumber from which they were built.

Each day hundreds of recruits pass through Chicago on their way to the station. From every corner of the United States, from every walk of life and representing practically every vocation, they swell the ever-increasing total of our naval forces. For about three months they remain at the station: three weeks in detention, then to the main camp for intensive training, and finally off to sea. With seabags neatly packed and shouldered, the blue-clad contingents depart; not with the great band playing, but by night, at hours unknown to the sleeping world. Under the stars the long trains pause, are loaded, and are gone. A few days later the men are put on shipboard at some Atlantic port.

In order to prevent recruits who have been exposed to contagious diseases from being immediately admitted to the main camps, to spread contagion among the men, a detention camp is maintained, where every recruit must pass three weeks of complete isolation from the world and the main camp. During these three weeks the men are not only regularly examined and constantly observed by the medical staff, but the several vaccinations against smallpox and typhoid are administered, throat-cultures tested, and other

physical examinations made, and the elementary principles of seamanship and cleanliness are inculcated by the commander in charge of each company of men.

I had come in my oldest suit, which I planned to throw away as soon as my sailor clothes were issued; and I was a little disappointed to find that I should not get my uniform my first day in camp. My instructions and a friendly sentry directed me to Camp Decatur, and here my papers admitted me, past the sentry, dressed like an Esquimau in his great brown storm-proof suit, to a large frame building of substantial construction, where I answered the innumerable questions of inquisitive yeomen, and received my temporary pay-number and a list of clothing and other articles soon to be supplied to me.

It is interesting to learn the care which the Navy Department exercises in thoroughly equipping its men, and it is particularly gratifying, that, despite the fact that each week many hundred recruits enter the station and are fully equipped, there is apparently an abundance of every article that the recruit requires for his complete outfit.

A white hammock, a blue mattress (which also serves as a life-preserver at sea), a white cotton mattress-cover, two thick white blankets, and a large bath-towel were immediately given to me, and these were plainly stenciled with my name in black paint, in letters an inch high. With this cumbersome bundle on one shoulder, and in my hand the ancient satchel that I had brought, containing a few toilet articles, I followed my guide to the barrack designated as my home for the three weeks to come.

Deep-set in snow, the low green buildings edged the wooded ravines which empty, almost a mile away, into Lake Michigan. In and out, the winding roads led from group to group of buildings. Occasional groves of trees hinted of summer shade; but to-night, in the dry cold air, the street lights gleamed as sharply as the stars, and struck a twinkling radiance from the snow. Here and there the tall black stacks of the heating-plants flung a smearing streak of smoke along the light evening breeze; fires fed by strong arms and shoulders which in a few short months may be flinging like banks of smoke from racing destroyers to screen the protected fleet from hostile eyes.

It was almost dark when I reached my barrack, half-way down one of the long streets on the far south side of the detention camp. Each barrack building contains two entirely separate barracks, each accommodating one section, or twenty-four men. These buildings are about 120 feet long by 30 feet wide, with a dividing partition in the middle, thus making each barrack about 60 by 30 feet. The entrances are side by side, and lead into separate vestibules, which, in turn, open into the 'head' or wash-room, and the main sleeping- and living-room. The wash-rooms are fitted with the most modern white vitreous fixtures; there are hot and cold showers; the floors are of cement, and walls and ceiling are painted white.

The main barrack-room occupies the rest of the space, and is lighted by day by six big windows on each side and four at the south end. Walls, floor, and ceiling are of bright clear matched pine, and the sashes, doors, and casements are painted olive-green. Radiators under the windows keep the room always comfortably warm. At the other end, by the partition which separates the two barracks, is the scullery, which is connected with the main room by a door, as well as by a large opening above a counter over which the food is

served. As all food is cooked in the local mess-kitchen, there is no cooking done in the barracks. Below the counter, on pine shelves, scrubbed, as is everything else, after every meal, are neatly stacked the twenty-four white enameled plates, cups, and bowls; and in orderly line on the lowest shelf, lye, soap, cleansers, and so forth, are arranged.

On the right hand the wide counter extends along the wall under double windows, and beneath it is a compartment completely inclosing the garbage-can, which can be removed only through doors opening to the outside of the building, and reached from inside through a circular hole in the counter directly above the can and closed by an aluminum cover. The interior of this compartment is painted white. After every meal the garbage-can is removed by two of the men, the contents is burned in the camp incinerator, the can is sterilized with steam, and the interior of the compartment scrubbed with soap and water.

On the back wall of the scullery is a white enameled kitchen sink supplied with copious hot and cold water, and beside it a large metal sterilizer piped with live steam, in which all dishes, knives, forks and spoons and dish-rags are sterilized for fifteen minutes after every meal. On the fourth wall, a small cupboard with drawers contains the 'silverware' and the writing materials; and on a shelf above are such books and magazines as the men may happen to possess.

In order to assure further the sanitary condition, a pail of formaldehyde solution is kept at one end of the sink, and in this is submerged the drinking cup, which must be taken out and rinsed before use, and immediately put back into the solution.

Half of the main room is occupied by a long pine table with a bench on each side, where the men eat, read, and write; and here along the wall is a long row of hooks, on which each man's blue coat and caps and muffler are hung.

The hammock is a Navy institution. Here, high above the deck, Jack swings in comfort through the night hours. Where many men must be housed in little space, and where absolute cleanliness is necessary, the hammock solves the problem. A single piece of white canvas, six feet long by about four feet wide, is drawn together at both ends by a dozen ropes, the ends of which are braided together to metal rings, to which are fastened the lashings by which the hammock is suspended, tightly stretched between the jack-stays. The result is a contraction of the sides of the hammock, making a receptacle for all the world like a magnified pea-pod in which even an amateur can sleep in comparative safety and comfort. The south end of the barrack-room is given over to the hammocks, which are swung between the big iron-pipe jack-stays in two rows of twelve hammocks each, head and foot alternating, at a height of about six feet above the floor. From the centre jack-stay are hung our big white bags, containing our belongings; and he is indeed unfortunate whose clothes or other possessions are at any time found in any other place.

I am perhaps elaborating in too great detail on the equipment of the Navy barracks, but it is in the belief that too little is generally known of the marvelous efficiency which is exemplified in this great camp — an efficiency which can be but an expression of a similar efficiency in the great department of which it is a part.

The barrack was only half occupied, and I was warmly greeted by the men, as complete uniform equipment would not be issued until the section of twenty-four men was completed. The

barrack 'chief,' appointed by the company commander from among the first recruits in the barrack, whose luckless job is to maintain order and neatness among his fellows, without powers of punishment, welcomed me and showed me how to lay my mattress in my hammock, fold my blankets so that my name showed clearly, and hang my towel in an equally exact location on the foot lashings of the hammock.

'Chow!'

It was only half-past four, but Jack is an early riser, retires early, and must be fed accordingly, with breakfast at six-thirty, dinner at eleven-thirty, and supper at four-thirty. Through the open door two of my new comrades suddenly appeared, with a great cylinder swinging between them. Behind them another lugged a huge can, like the old-fashioned milk-can but more complicated in construction, while a fourth carried four long loaves of white bread in his arms. Deposited in the scullery, the top of the cylinder was unclamped, and from it was lifted a series of aluminum containers nested one on another like the vessels in a fireless cooker. And, in fact, here was something not far different; for these containers, filled several hours before in the mess-kitchen, were opened in the barrack as hot as when the food left the fire; and from the apparent milk-can, in reality a glorified thermos bottle, poured steaming coffee into ready cups.

We sat down at the long table, and my first meal in the Navy was consumed with alacrity. That meal, and every meal since, has been distinctly good: no relishes or frills, but good food, well-cooked and served hot. I have since seen the mess-kitchen, and its system and cleanliness are beyond reproach. Beans are usually served at one meal a day — big red mealy beans, cooked almost to a soupy consistency. Coffee, tea, and cocoa are served daily, coffee with breakfast and dinner, and tea or cocoa at night; but for some reason unknown to me, all are indiscriminately called 'Java.' We have meat, usually in a stew, at least twice a day, and always two vegetables with dinner. Bread is provided with every meal, and butter with breakfast. Two or three times a week we have excellent cereal with breakfast, and on the other days soup with dinner. Jam is often served with supper, and we have fresh apples or stewed fruit daily.

II

Our barrack contains a strange assortment of men, but perhaps no stranger than every other barrack in the camp. Here are two Texas boys, who, during the extreme weather of the past few days, have clung tenaciously to the radiators. One was a farmer-boy, another a fireman on a southern railroad. The head bell-boy of a Middle-West hotel swings in a hammock near my own, and on one side of me is a lithe, alert, blond-haired young man of perhaps four and twenty, who in his vicarious career has peddled papers, 'ridden the rods,' bumming from town to town, driven a motor-truck, won his laurels as a successful prize-fighter, and waited on the table in a city cabaret — of all the men he is one of the most attractive, with a lively humor, a pleasant manner, and a quick sense of fair play. He joined the Navy, he told me, because it 'offered him the finest opportunity to make a real man of himself.'

Another interesting character is a young Wisconsin farmer-boy. Of French descent, from the old Green Bay settlement, he has developed a rugged American character, the result of the purification and enrichment of the blood of an ancient nation by three

generations of labor on our north-western frontier. His bursts of wild laughter and rough horse-play are constantly blended with sentiment when mention is made of the finer things of life, and with a frank affection for those who show their friendship. He was the joint owner of a small farm, which he gave up to join the Navy, with apparently no thought of exemption when duty shone clear.

I must not forget to mention the pessimist of our little company. Away for the first time from home, he weathered the early anguish of nostalgia to settle into a fixed atmosphere of constant gloom. It was he who gathered voluminous data regarding supposititious sickness in the camp, although it would be hard to find anywhere so large a number of men in such splendid health. It was he who always told with sour visage the latest camp-gossip if it held bad future omens. I last saw him on the way to the camp hospital, where he was to have his tonsils removed; and I think he was really complacent in contemplation of his discomfort to come.

Of the eastern colleges, Amherst and Harvard are represented in our barrack each by a graduate, and there are a number of boys from various western state universities. A painter, whose good-natured laziness and rotund figure immediately won him the nickname of 'Butterfly,' a hotel clerk, the assistant purchasing agent of a large automobile company, a carpenter, a bond salesman, and a number of youthful clerks and office-boys complete our numbers. It is interesting to find how many of the recruits are under draft age.

It is still dark with the blackness of five o'clock when the barrack chief calls us in the morning with his 'Hit the deck, boys.' Five minutes to tumble out into the brilliance of the electric lights flashed on sleeping eyes, fold our blankets, lash up our hammocks, and get out our toilet articles, is all the time allowed. In line we answer to our names, and then a rush to the shower-baths, with much friendly 'joshing' and cheering as those hardy ones who turn on the cold water spatter the crowd.

As soon as we are dressed comes the first of our three daily house-cleanings. After the entire room is swept out, all the cracks and corners are cleaned with water and a stiff broom, and then dried with a cloth. Then the floor is mopped and dried, and the whole room carefully dusted. The same complete cleansing is at the same time given to the 'head' or wash-room, the scullery, and the vestibule; and after dinner and supper the operation is repeated. At least twice a week all the windows are washed, and a weekly scrubbing is administered to our benches and tables.

For four days we cleared the ground immediately about our barracks of the winter's accumulation of snow, which had piled about the buildings in four- or five-foot drifts. With huge improvised sleds, carts, boxes, and every possible kind of receptacle, the forty-eight men in the two barracks beneath our roof loaded the snow and dragged it to a near-by ravine. Under a bright sun shining in a cloudless sky, hundreds of Jackies from the other barracks, like the uniformed students of some great university, dashed up and down the slippery roads with frequent collisions and endless merriment.

In command of each company of men in the detention camp is a young seaman who has passed through the School of Instruction, where these men are trained to instruct the recruits, not only in the rudiments of drill and seamanship, but especially in cleanliness, both personal and general, and in deportment and obedience. Our company commander is a fine big Texan,

with a soft southern inflection, a ready smile, and a rigidity of purpose that compels prompt obedience. As likely as not he will appear at five in the morning to catch the laggard riser, or at midnight to check the man on watch in the barrack-room. By day he is our counselor and guide and drill-master. Under his crisp commands the long blue-clad lines tramp back and forth across the snow-packed drill-ground. 'Squads right into line, march!' and we swing sharply past him. A dozen other companies are drilling also, under their respective commanders. It is an inspiring scene.

A few days after my arrival our barrack quota was completed, and we marched down to headquarters to receive our complete outfit. Up to this time we all had to a certain extent retained our past identity; by the cut and fashion of our garments we clung to our little niche in civil life. But now all past identification was swept aside. Rapidly we stripped, in a great white-painted room, casting to one side all articles we did not wish to save, and tying in a bundle the garments we might wish to send home. Through a door the naked column passed, and here we were sorted into two files, each of perhaps a hundred men. We had brought our big cotton mattress-covers with us, and using these as bags, we passed to the end of the room, across which was a long counter. Behind the counter a dozen men served us with the various articles of our equipment, which they tossed into our bags with lightning-like rapidity and accuracy. And so specialized were they that a single glance at each man as he neared the counter was sufficient measurement by which to supply him with exactly the proper size and fit of garment. With distended bags we paused again in the back of the room, hurriedly dressed, and again formed in line. And now, as we stood fast, inspectors passed rapidly down the columns, to see that each man had been properly provided with shoes, trousers, and other garments of the right size. Wherever anything wrong was discovered, the fault was immediately corrected.

It may be of interest to enumerate the various articles provided each sailor by the government for his personal equipment. The following items are copied from my 'Clothing and Small Store Requisition,' and are issued to the recruits as the articles are needed: —

One pair of arctics, one pair of bathing trunks, two woolen blankets, whisk-broom, scrub-brush, shoe-brush, assorted buttons, needles, and thread, clothes-stops for tying each garment in a compact roll, knitted cap called a 'watch cap,' cloth 'pan-cake' cap, cap-ribbon, comb, two sets of heavy underwear, four sets of summer underwear, woolen gloves, a dozen handkerchiefs, two white hats, jackknife, blue knitted jersey, two white jumpers and trousers, pair of leggins, silk neckerchief, heavy blue overcoat, blue overshirt and trousers, two towels, soap, six pairs of woolen socks, and a pair of high shoes. All this is provided without cost to the recruit.

To complete our equipment we were, a few days later, supplied with Red Cross 'comfort kits,' and although they contained some duplications of our government equipment, they filled a big want and were promptly put in use by every one. Socks, mufflers, and wristlets also were given out, and these were particularly appreciated, because of the severity of the weather and our out-of-door life.

There are many hours in Detention, especially after supper, when time hangs heavily, and to the Y.M.C.A. I owe a debt of gratitude for a slim shelf of books over the scullery sink,

which the local Y.M.C.A. representative changes weekly. Collected from households throughout the county, these volumes possessed a rare variety. The first week it was *School-Days at Rugby* that stood boldly forth from the best-selling but less enduring volumes of more recent days. The next week came another assortment, and then it was *Trilby*, with Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird, who helped me keep my thoughts from wandering too often homeward.

Every Saturday morning we are 'inspected.' Dressed in our blue suits, we stand at attention, with all our possessions spread at our feet on our clean white bag. Every garment is carefully rolled, according to an exact method, into a tight smooth roll, tied three inches from each end with a white 'stop,' or cord, knotted in a square knot. All the blue bundles are in one row, white bundles in another, and each garment is so rolled that the stenciled name of the owner appears in the centre of the roll. With swinging swords and full uniform, the officers check up our belongings and their appearance, and carefully inspect the cleanliness of the barrack, running white-gloved fingers along the door-tops, in the sink, and along scullery shelves. A dirty window or a trace of dust brings the punishment of additional work in the week to come; but punishment is rarely necessary.

Sickness is the constant foe of any large body of men, but there can be little sickness here. First of all, Detention itself, through which every man must pass before entering the camp, practically eliminates all possibility of the introduction of sickness by fresh recruits. Furthermore, the breaking up of the men in Detention into several sections of twenty-four men, each section segregated from the others, prevents the spread of sickness in the detention camp. Conveniently located throughout Detention are a number of completely equipped hospitals and dispensaries, where the recruits are cared for when indisposed. An amusing rule, but one obviously necessary when the remedy is not palatable, is that the patient for whom pills or gargles are prescribed must present himself at the dispensary at the required hours, and take the remedy under the eyes of one of the doctors.

Filled with healthful work and drills that are a recreation, the days have passed quickly. Each evening we sit at the long white-scrubbed pine mess-table and write letters home, read, study, and sew. Then there is laundry work to be done, for we seem to take pride in washing our own clothes, as it will soon be necessary for us to do on shipboard. Occasionally we have an entertainment, which consists of the Y.M.C.A. phonograph with its dozen worn records, an impromptu sparring bout, or, more often, an improvised band with a strange variety of instruments, to which all keep time with tapping feet and cheers for 'Dixie' and 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.' By nine we are ready for our hammocks, and deep breathing and occasional snores are flagrant, often before the guard has opened the last window. Sometimes during the night I wake with a sudden start, and as my eyes catch the matched-board ceiling so close above me, yellow in the glare of a near-by street light which shines in through the window, my thoughts carry me far away before sleep comes again. I am sure that there are many such thoughts here, although such things are rarely mentioned.

It was a bright blue morning and the sun was still stalking low behind the trees, when a bugle-note brought me suddenly to a halt. I was passing a turn in the road when it reached me.

Everywhere bluecoated men and boys were working; their voices sounded here and there, word-snatches on the breeze. Half a mile away, against the pale western sky, a flagstaff pointed high above the green buildings. Fluttering, a flag was mounting to the peak. I stiffened and a shiver seemed to pass through me, the same emotional shiver that comes when the band goes by. My hand snapped to salute; the flag reached the peak, and the red stripes and star-flecked blue stood out against the sky.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PRAISE OF OPEN FIRES

I HAVE read and heard much praise of open fires, but I recall no praise of bringing in the wood. There is, to be sure, the good old song: —

> Come bring with a noise,
> My merrie, merrie boys,
> The Christmas log to the firing;
> While my good dame, she
> Bids ye all make free,
> And drink to your heart's desiring.

But this refers to a particular log, the Yule log (or clog, as they used to call it) which was brought in only once a year, and, even so, the singer evidently is *not* bringing it in himself. He is looking on. The merrie, merrie boys, he thinks, need encouragement. After they have got the log in, and the good dame has produced the rewarding jug, bowl, or bottle, everybody will feel better. Dry without and wet within; how oft, indeed, has praise of open fire kept company with praise of open bottle! Forests uncounted have been cut down, — the hillside beech, from where the owlets meet and screech; the crackling pine, the cedar sweet, the knotted oak, with fragrant peat, — and burned up, stick by stick; so that, as the poet explains, the bright flames, dancing, winking, shall light us at our drinking. Others than inebriates have sung the praise of open fires; but the most highly respectable, emulating the bright flames, have usually winked at drinking. And never one of them, so far as I remember, has praised the honest, wholesome, *temperate* exercise of bringing in the wood.

And there is the Song That Has Never Been Sung — nor ever will be, so the tune is immaterial: —

> How jolly it is, of a cold winter morning,
> To pop out of bed just a bit before dawning,
> And, thinking the while of your jolly cold bath,
> To kindle a flame on your jolly cold hearth!
> Ah me, it is merry!
> Sing derry-down-derry!
>
> Where now is the lark? I am up before him.
> I chuckle with glee at this quaint little whim.
> I make up the fire — pray Heaven it catches!
> But what in the world have they done with the matches?
> Ah me, it is merry!
> Sing derry-down-derry!

And so forth, and so forth.

I invented that song myself, in January, 1918, when circumstances led me — so to speak, by the nape of the neck — to heat my home with wood because nowhere could I buy coal. But I felt no impulse to sing it — simply a deeper, kindlier sympathy for forefather in the good old days before stoves and fur-

naces. I do not blame him for not taking a cold bath. I wish in vain that he had had the thing that I call a match. An archæological authority tells me how forefather managed without it: 'Holding between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand a piece of imported gun-flint (long quarried at Brandon in Suffolk, England), strike it diagonally against a circlet of properly tempered steel held in the left hand, so that the spark flies downward on a dry, scorched linen rag lying in a tin cup (the tinder-box). When the spark instantly catches the rag, blow or touch it into flame against the sulphur-tipped end of a match, which will not otherwise ignite. Then with the burning match, light a candle socketed in the lid of the tinder-box, and smother the smouldering rag with an inner tin lid dropped upon it. Thus you were master of the house of a winter's morning when the fires were out.'

But I would n't believe that archæological authority if he had added, 'singing at your task.' Singeing at it seems more plausible.

To many of us plain bread-and-butter persons, praise of open fires sometimes seems a little too warm and comfortable — too smugly contemplative. We like open fires. We would have them in every room in the house except the kitchen and bathroom — and perhaps in the bathroom, where we could hang our towels from the mantelpiece (as gallant practical gentlemen, now some centuries dead, named it by hanging up their wet mantels), and let them warm while we were taking our baths. We go as far as any in regarding the open fire as a welcoming host in the hall, an undisturbing companion in the library, an encourager of digestion in the dining-room, an enlivener in the living-room, and a good-night thought of hospitality in the guest-chamber. But we cannot follow the essayist who speaks contemptuously of hot-water pipes. 'From the security of ambush,' says he, 'they merely heat, and heat whose source is invisible is not to be coveted at all.'

Oh, *merely* heat! The blithe gentleman betrays himself out of his own ink-well. He may have forgotten it, — very likely somebody else takes care of it, — but there is a furnace in his cellar. Does he, we ask him seriously, covet the reciprocal affection of some beloved woman — start as angrily as he may at our suggestion of any comparison between *her* and a hot-water pipe — *only when he can see her?* Or, supposing him a confirmed woman-hater, does he repudiate underwear?

He brushes aside the questions. 'With a fire in one's bedroom,' says he, 'sleep comes witchingly.'

'Unless,' say we, 'a spark or coal jumps out on the rug and starts to set the bedroom afire. Better,' say we, pursuing the subject in our heavy way, 'a Philistine in bed than a *fellow of fine taste* stamping out a live coal with his bare feet.'

And so we thank the thoughtful host who safely and sanely screens the open fire in his guest-chamber; but fie, fie upon him if he has decoratively arranged on our temporary hearth *Wood without Kindlings!*

If you give it half a chance, my friend, this 'joy perpetual,' as you call it, will eat you up.

And yet we agree with anybody that nothing else in the house has appealed so long and so universally to the imagination of man. It began before houses. Remote and little in the far perspective of time, we see a distant and awful-looking relative, whom we blush to acknowledge, kindling his fire; and that fire, open as all outdoors, was the seed and beginning of domestic living. With it, the Objectionable Ancestor learned to cook, and in this way

differentiated himself from the beasts. Kindling it, he learned to swear, and differentiated himself further. Thinking about it, his dull but promising mind conceived the advantage of having somebody else to kindle it: so he caught an awful-looking woman, and instituted the family circle. Soon, I fancy, he acquired the habit of sitting beside his fire when he should have been doing something more active; but a million years must pass before he was presentable, and another million before he had coat-tails, and could stand in front of it, spreading them like a peacock in the pride of his achievement — a Captain Bonavita turning his back on the lion. I would have you note, for what it may be worth, that praise of open fires has always been masculine rather than feminine.

Nowadays, I judge, many of his descendants find the open fire much like a little movie theatre in the home. Under the proscenium arch of the fireplace the flames supply actors and scenery, and the show goes on indefinitely. It is better than a movie, for it has color, and lacks the agonizing facial contortions and interpolated text: 'Even a Princess is just a girl — at Coney Island'; 'It is like the nobility of your true heart, old friend, but I cannot accept the heroic sacrifice.'

Sometimes it is useful. An author sits by the fire, and smokes; and soon the puppets of his next romance obligingly appear and act a chapter for him. To-morrow he will dictate that chapter to his pretty stenographer. Sometimes it is consoling. A lover sits by the fire and smokes; presently he sees his love in the flames, and sighs — as Shakespeare would say — like a furnace. Sometimes it does n't work. *I* sit by the fire, and smoke; and I see nothing but fire and smoke.

It is a pleasant place to sit — and yet how rapidly and unanimously, when coal came into use, and stoves came on the market, did people stop sitting, and brick up their fireplaces! They had no time for essays, but praise of stoves ascended wherever the wonderful things were available. A new world was born: stoves! kitchen ranges! furnaces! hot-water pipes! heat all over the house! — invisible, to be sure, but nobody seemed to worry about that. And out went the open fire — to be lit again later, but never again as a cooker of food and a warmer of the whole house. It came back to be sat by.

There are times, indeed, — speaking as the spokesman of bread-and-butter, — when the open fire *seems* to stimulate amazingly our powers of conversation. We sparkle (for us); we become (or at least we feel) engagingly animated; but is it really the open fire? I have met those with whom it is no more stimulating to sit cosily beside an open fire than cosily beside an open sea or an open trolley-car or an open window or an open oyster. I have known others in whose company a kitchen range seems just as stimulating.

Fires go out, but each new flame is a reincarnation. Our open fires are but miniatures of the old-time roarers that set the hall or tavern harmlessly ablaze, and lit its windows for the ruddy encouragement of winter-blown travelers. Reverting to the menagerie for a figure, the open fires of the past were lions, those of to-day are cubs. Like cubs they amuse us; and so we forget what grim and tragic humors of life the open fire must necessarily have witnessed. Was it not before an open fire that Cain killed Abel? In the glow of those bright flames, dancing, winking, has been planned every villainy of which mankind is capable: winked they have at every sin that could be sinned by firelight. Elemental and without morals, the open fire has lived

in hovels as well as in palaces; it has lighted the student, heels in air and lying on his belly to study his book; the Puritan on his knees at prayer; the reveler, flat on his back and snoring in maudlin sleep under the table. And now, a luxury of the well-to-do, it is departing, dancing and winking as usual, out of the universal life to which it has been as necessary as cooked food and warmth in winter.

But perhaps, after all, it is not yet too late for praise of bringing in the wood. Let us at least provide the good old song — and trust to luck that four or five hundred years from now some imaginative gentleman, digesting his dinner before a surviving open fire, will hear afar off the faint but jolly chorus: —

Come, lads, all together,
And get the wood in.
This brisk zero weather
Is pleasant as sin.
Put on your warm hosen,
And shuffle a bit;
Your toes may be frozen
Before you know it.
To sit hug-a-mugging
The fire who could,
That might be out lugging
In armfuls of wood?
In — armfuls — of — wood!

THE POET AT THE DINNER-TABLE

THAT was a timely article in a recent Contributors' Club urging the 'little poets' to silence in the presence of things greater than the silver of the stars and the green and rose of April; a *favete linguis* deserving the attention of its audience. I, for one, — myself a mere poeticulum, but a very great lover of poetry, — have taken it to heart and shall profit thereby. This particular urge, however, had regard to the printed page. But I here and now enter a protest against those of my fellow poeticula (the word is neuter, not feminine!) whose tongues are even mightier than their pens.

It is at the dinner-table that I find these chiefly offensive, and lately a whimsy seized me to compare their behavior there with that of the adherents of a great antagonistic camp: the scientists have always eaten, and made no bones about it; and poets, despite their satisfying ecstasies, do dine. Moreover, this particular part of the earth's surface is well supplied with followers of both camps. My brother frequently brings home a scientist or two; myself encourages the presence of the poets. I could observe at close range.

In the earlier stages of my observation I was inclined to think that the poets carried off the palm in regard to the small niceties of table behavior. They universally manipulated their forks and knives with greater ease;they knew the exactly proper manner of disposing of their napkins at the end of the meal; and they never failed to catch my eye at the precise instant when I gave the signal to rise and retire to the drawing-room. Moreover, the Valkyrie approved of them, for they never needed to be nudged, like Miss Mattie's cousin from India. Poets or no poets, they knew a dish of potatoes when it was under their noses, and helped themselves like gentlemen.

Meanwhile the men of science were reprehensible in more ways than one. They never, for example, caught my eye for any purpose whatever. Save that I supplied their wants, I was for them practically non-existent. They made no attempts at the airy persiflage due to a hostess, but fell heavily into discussion with my brother from the first instant. Doubtless they sized me up as not belonging to the class of women to whom 'arithmetic was always my favorite study,' but rather in a class with little Marjorie Fleming, to whom it was 'the most devilish thing.'

They were, too, very hard upon my tablecloths. Not that they customarily spilled anything, — their record here is as good as that of the poets, — but they drew diagrams upon the cloth with their forks: lines of force, perchance, or a comet's orbit, or the internal anatomy of a turbine engine, or a flying-machine, or the nervous system of some beast or other, or an equation bristling with Greek letters and giraffe-necked symbols.

Each of these figures has marred the glossy smoothness of my best Belfast weave in my favorite shamrock pattern. The Valkyrie ever waxed furious at such a breach, muttering Scandinavian gutturals in her throat, and her eyes darting blue icicles. Only the laundry wringer and a hot iron would, she knew, remove the desecration. I have, too, a vivid recollection of three scientific forefingers being dipped into the finger-bowls and then rubbed round and round the rims till the bowls uttered protesting music. And, if you will believe me, water was poured back and forth from one bowl to another, until the three tortured instruments had arrived at the same pitch. And then the *how* of it — your true scientist leaves the *why* to the philosopher — was impressed upon the long-suffering cloth in curves and angles, while the Valkyrie rose to a forbidding pitch of her own.

But with the arrival of the coffee my hostess-mind, unburdened of dinner minutiæ, was free for a more impartial observance. And then, I must confess, the singlemindedness of the scientists, their absorption in their subject, their forgetfulness of self, and the quiet modesty they displayed over what were frequently notable achievements, compared favorably with the myriad-mindedness of the poets, their absorption in self, their naïve vanity, their peculiar forgetfulness, which always came upon them at aggravating times, and their exasperating tenacity of memory just when one was weary of poetry.

A scientist upon whom some marked honor had been bestowed would speak of it only if the subject were torn from him by the roots; but the stanzas of a five-dollar poem had, apparently, no roots whatever, but lay lightly on their maker's tongue like iridescent films upon a pool. When neutral topics were broached the scientists weighed them; *weighed*, mind you; whereas my poets tossed them back and forth, shuttlecock fashion, upon their imaginations, casting them lightly at length into some quaint limbo of their own, leaving them harmlessly there while themselves hurried along to other and more colorful things.

And how they breezed in and out, the poets! Your scientist stood stolidly on the door-mat and rang the bell on the stroke of six; but the poet timed himself by the evening star, or the rising of the moon, entering with their glamour strong upon him. Or her. There are hers among the poets, — many, indeed, — but that is neither here nor there. I mind me of an occasion when we sat at table four strong, two scientists, one neutral, and myself, together with an empty chair, discussing the case of the Lusitania with an absorbed interest. Presently the door opened; a poet hexametered in, late but unabashed. He lyricked forth a greeting; he dramatized into a chair; with a large, vague, adorable gesture he dismissed the great disaster and focussed upon poetry. What did we think of the new school? There were some utterances better uttered in *vers libre*. He himself —

With an effort I introduced the current American Note. This he blew lightly into air like so much gossamer and substituted the personal note. Did

we know that he was giving a programme next week at the Little Theatre to ninety-nine other poets? I would switch him off, an I could, but no, we must needs hear the items on his programme. What's the Lusitania to him or he to the Lusitania, unless perchance he have a metrical inspiration on the subject? And so he balladed on, with much persuasive charm and beguiling laughter, swinging at last into a very epic of self, with delicate and numerous quotings of his own lines, as if, forsooth, a generous Heaven had not given us Shakespeare to quote from! With my hand upon the book of Jeremiah, I solemnly swear that this picture is not exaggerated.

And what of the scientists, in the presence of all this sweetness and light? These men, who are adding their quota to the knowledge of the laws that swing the constellations about the pole, hold humanity to the breast of mother earth, push up green blades and golden harvests, sweep the blood through every beating heart, set winged steel a-ride upon the air, and draw the evil fangs of cholera and plague? These men grow silent before my poet's rosy flow of happy fancies; for they live in three dimensions, frequently think in four, and would not give a decimal point for an audience. Nor is there any undue urge within them to recite you Grimm's Law, Mendelejeff's Law, Newton's Three Laws, or even their own recent contribution to the *Phil. Mag.* I know full well the secret of Mona Lisa's non-committal smile; she has a poet at each ear. Whereas the Sphinx is watching scientific engineers build the Pyramids.

Can it be that we little poets, lined with star-silver and the purple of twilights and the flame of dawn, are of a sore necessity constrained to turn ourselves inside out? Rather would I believe that some, if not all, of us may comport ourselves like Antipater, Alexander's general, who, though he kept the sober black garb of Macedon even in the midst of Persian splendor, was yet *all purple within*. And as even the garrulous Æneas confesses that upon occasion, when he stood before a divine portent, *vox faucibus haesit*, so would I wish to see myself and my fellow poeticula stand speechless before a great art. So would I wish us to lend our ears and withhold our voices before the arts other and the sciences. So would I have us put a constraint upon ourselves at the world's dinner-tables, — breaking into print on occasion is harmless in comparison with breaking into speech on all occasions, — for the sake of our hostesses, ourselves, and the reputation of Poesy. Else perchance the wrathful Muses may take from us, even as they took from boastful Thamyris, the Thracian, the *high and gracious gift of song*.

LAST CHRISTMAS

The little town climbs the hill from the shore, English and typical. There is the 'Cobb,' the very origin of whose name is lost, jutting its stone breakwater into the sea, a bulwark along the deep, such as you know all up and down the coast and around the shores of England. The Cobb shelters the fishing-fleet whose many-colored boats, drawn up along the shingle, are heeled over to-day among lobster-pots and fishing-nets.

Few boats go out to the deep sea in the early gray of morning. Stout heart and quick hand are called to more desperate duty and are not found in safe harbors. Old men remain to smoke, to gather on the stone parapet, and to take out the seine when the weather favors — old men and boys who will carry on the great tradition!

Halfway up the hill, to seaward,

stands the market, with pitched oak roof sturdy on stone pillars, where Dorset farmers from the rich inland have brought their produce for many a hundred year; forefathers, brothers, and friends, think we, of our forbears who crossed that wide sea to the rocky shores of our New England. Brave men, to leave this South Wessex land so sunny and secure, this dear warm corner of old England, for an unknown wilderness. Brave men sailed, and brave men stayed. Brave men are coming back to-day. Standing in the tiny cobbled market-place overhanging the sea, we hear in the Dorset speech, 'Transport and two destroyers.' — 'Where?' — 'Yonder — Americans.' There is deep satisfaction in the tone. Steady eyes look seaward. Sons of men of Dorset, men of Devon, Dorsetmen are watching your return! Do you feel the call of the blood, of the old places, of the old names in old England, of the places where you have played as boys, in New England? The transport creeps along the sky-line, and the two destroyers.

The church of St. Michael, like all Saint Michael's churches, stands on the steep, and the tombstones and the crosses halt at the clean cliff edge. Here, looking out to sea, the sleepers lie — the men of Dorset who knew the fathers of New England. As we stand beside their graves and watch the transport stealing by, we wonder if dust is all, if spirit does not hover to acclaim and welcome back the sons of English sires, come across the seas to fight.

The bell rings from the square church-tower, where the flag of England waves — a merry peal, for it is Christmas Day, 1917. Up, up through the streets of the little town come the old men and the women and the children.

The bell rings merrily, for it is Christmas Day; but it is a quiet people, with grave faces and earnest hearts, who enter the church porch.

The sea — the mart — the church — the arteries through which the steady pulsing life of England has run these thousand years — a noble life.

The church is full, to the doors; but the black-gowned sexton leads us to a place in the main aisle, where we kneel with the sweet Christmas sense of holly and greens, and boys' voices singing a Christmas song, and rise to see — our flag — *our* flag! The Stars and Stripes are hanging above the altar in a sunlit glory, dimmed only by the tears in our eyes.

So they have come back — Dorset men who sailed away — to the hearts of their own kin. I laughed in my heart, but the tears would not cease. My flag, with all it stands for — there; 'the faith that was in them' has brought it back again. 'Peace on earth to men of good-will,' reads the vicar from the old Jacobean pulpit, standing under a sounding-board wreathed around with the carven name of 'a merchant adventurer, 1615.' 'Peace on earth to men of good-will.'

The transport is sailing to France.

'Of your charity, pray for the souls of the gallant dead, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917' — so run the words on the shrine against the pillar. Beneath the laurel wreath, between the white ensign and the Union Jack, is inscribed the long list — so many names of Massachusetts and Connecticut among them — of the men who have died, for what? On the wall close by, I read the answer. An exquisite small brass tablet, silvery with time, bears arms, and the inscription: —

'Here lyeth the body of Ralph Edmonston, gentleman, also here lyeth the body of Thomas, son of the sayd Ralph, also William, son of the sayd Thomas, also

Anthony son of the sayd William, which sayd Anthony deceased Sept. 12, 1655.'

Men pious, just, and wise, each many a yeare,
The helme of this towne's government did steere,
Beyond base, envious reach, whose endless name
Lives in all those that emulate their fame.

Brought up in a pious, just, and wise tradition, their sons have gone forth to die for justice and their God — and are going and will go — will go.

We hurried out among the graves to the cliff top — the transport was almost out of sight.

In the church of St. Michael the Stars and Stripes keep Christmas vigil with the cross of St. George above the altar. 'Peace on earth,' they promise, 'to men of good-will.'

As I wrote these words, sitting in my great bedroom at the old inn late that night, a true and wonderful thing happened.

The red damask curtains were drawn, and the four-poster bed and the old prints were dim in the light of the two candles on my writing-table; this and my arm-chair I had pulled as near as I could to the fire, for it was very cold. Suddenly a distant step rang out on the stillness of the frosty night, coming nearer down the steep cobbled street; and then a man's voice came to me, clear and sweet, upon the frosty air. 'It's a long, long way' — he was quite close — 'to my home in Kentucky.' He was under my window — 'It's a long, long way' — he had passed.

For a moment home did seem half the world away; then I remembered the flag above the altar, and I said aloud, 'O you singer! It's not nearly as long a way as it was!'

WAYSIDE FACES

In passing along the road of the life or the writings of a genius, I have often been distracted by a chance acquaintance with a countenance more shadowed and retired, looking out at me from a wayside window on the great man's fame. Often I cannot remain on the road. The wayside figure irresistibly invites me in to her hospitality, and I knock at the door, and enter into the hallway of her tale of many mansions, her history real or imaginary.

To such a place I have lately been distracted from the essays of Hazlitt and of Lamb, by the frank, light, and easygoing nature of their common acquaintance, afterwards Hazlitt's wife, Sarah Stodart — a young woman pathetically desirous of more life and fuller, pathetically eager to see the sights of the universe. The daughter of an army officer and the recipient, in correspondence, of Mary Lamb's confidences on the subject of her passion for sprigged muslin, she appears almost in the character of a dissipation for the sister of Elia.

Mary Lamb loves her, and her 'merry face' and her warm heart. She regards with mixed emotions her surprising frankness, which at once frightens and fascinates both the Lambs. At the same time she expresses an unhesitating disapproval of Miss Stodart's conduct: her volatility; her outspoken determination to marry, without any marked particularity as to whom she selects, or rather whom she chooses to pursue: and her bold rebellions against her brother, whom she considers hard and formal, and her sister-in-law, from whom Mary Lamb begs her not to conceal her various matrimonial engagements.

'As much as possible make a friend of your sister-in-law. You know I was not struck with her at first sight, but upon your account I have watched and marked her very attentively; and while she was eating a bit of cold mutton in our kitchen, we had a serious conversation. From the frankness of her man-

ner I am convinced she is a person I could make a friend of: why should not you?'

It is all like a judicious story of Miss Edgeworth's about some injudicious heroine, except that Sarah Stodart is always somewhat coarser and blunter, never really as nice, as even the most misguided of Miss Edgeworth's young women. According to your inclination, you may regard her as like Flossy in *The Divine Fire*, an unscrupulous and greedy Beaver, with her determination, whoever her husband may be, to have her small property at Winterslow settled on herself and her future children; or you may regard her as like Ann of *Man and Superman* — a magnificent force devoid of petty pride in over-coming all obstacles to accomplish a noble ambition. But, unless a person whose vision is fixed on the detail of extremely etiquettish standards, or else a person whose sight in matters of courtship is blurred in the grand haze of a contemplation like Whitman's over

> the garden, the world new-ascending,

you will probably feel very much like Mary Lamb about her friend's rapidly successive betrothals and affairs with somebody named 'William,' who shoots partridges; with Mr. Turner; and then with 'William' again; and then with Mr. White; and then with a second William. You will feel at once a disaffection with her behavior, and also a liking for something large and honest in her. You will be sorry for her, and touched by her; and it will be with a start of something like dismay that you will find in this second William the presence of Hazlitt, the Solitary Thinker, whom she married when he was about thirty.

It is a fact not often commented on that a husband is a gateway to many things other than motherhood, or the romance of a peculiar devotion. Indeed, one observes often that a husband is unreasonably expected to supply an access to virtually everything in the world, and to many aspects of creation on which his nature, through no fault of his own, has absolutely no outlook. Something of this kind seems to have happened in the Hazlitts' marriage. Perhaps, as a husband, Hazlitt was rather a wall than a gateway. He was an affectionate father; and in all his and his wife's difficulties, their separation and Scotch divorce, they each kept, and kept for the other, the devotion of their son.

Idle to assume an air of refinement for Sarah Stodart Hazlitt. As well realize that she, as well as her husband, had qualities which were thoroughly low, and qualities truly magnificent. But if she is coarse and light, she is never little or stuffy; and you understand why, with all her faults, Elia and his sister would have liked to have her live with them. Perhaps, indeed, the faultless are not the most desirable persons to live with; and she possessed a valuable talent. She understood how to go through whatever hatefulnesses life might fling upon her; and her intent of happiness, without depredations upon others, still smiles at us from her window on the way of Hazlitt's fame, with a random charm undimmed by a hundred years.

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A NATURALIST IN PARIS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

THE end of the fourth winter of war finds a front-line trench within eighty miles of the city of Paris. Forty minutes in a swift Spad brings one from the Tour Eiffel to temporary Bocheland. With the right wind a salvo of heavy German guns rattles the windows on the Bois de Boulogne. And yet Paris, to the seeker of truth about the war, is a veritable tower of Babel. Sources of information are as unstable as weather-cocks; the wires of truth are crossed and short-circuited. The probable length of the war; the present morale of the French, the English, the Germans; the relation between the French and American poilus — these can be estimated with equal clarity and greater accuracy from a newspaper in the Waldorf, or a Wall Street rumor, than from inquiries or researches in Paris.

The reason for this is an explanation also of the relative scarcity of first-rate literature concerning the war — namely, a lack of perspective; a proximity in time and space respectively, which beclouds larger generalizations and emphasizes the individual, magnifying moods, coloring enthusiasms, encouraging a vain attempt to interpret a palimpsest of emotions. In my little red French dictionary *futur* is the next word to *futilité;* and at present Paris is no place for a prophet. He may take his choice of two methods: to stay at home and study the present turn of the wheel in corresponding past cycles of human history and philosophy; or to lie on his stomach on half-frozen mud in helmet and gas-mask, beside a horizon-blue-clad poilu, and seek for his answer in the whine of the five-point-nine *arrivés,* or the muffled *chanson* of the troglodyte reserves crowded in their subterranean burrows.

In these days when the very life and existence of individuals and nations are at hair-trigger poise, it is well to have lived in Paris and at the Front. One longs to be in both places at once. Yet there is a veritable monotony of excitement in the first lines: we can kill in only a certain number of ways, and one has a fixed number of limbs and organs to be injured. But behind the lines, in Paris, the ways of living, of physical and mental healing, of readjustment, of temporary despair and sorrow, of eternal hope, of selfishness and altruism — these are myriad in number and wholly absorbing in interest.

Three things impress the American on the first day of his arrival in Paris: the deliciousness of the crusty war-bread, the world's congress of uniforms and insignia, and the apparent callous-

ness and disregard of the war on the part of the Parisians. The first-mentioned impression merely deepened with time; and in fact the abundance and excellent quality of the food in general was a constant source of surprise. In New York I had become accustomed to meatless and wheatless days, and had only just escaped the heatless ones; but here I learned that the Latin cannot deny his stomach as can the Anglo-Saxon. But in scores of other ways he puts to shame our economies and self-sacrifice.

This apparent abundance of food has another, sadder explanation, in the lack of money among the greater part of the population, who are thus unable to purchase as much as in more normal times. Hence food, although less in quantity, accumulates rapidly and is at the command of the minority. Candy and chocolate stores are closed two days of the week, while sugar and bread are scarce enough to be given special thought. The Baron de —— would be delighted to have you take déjeuner with Madame la Baronne and himself; then follows a little postscript, '*Apportez un peu de pain si vous le voulez*' — and we trudge Baronwards with four inches of the most excellent war-bread in our pocket!

The uniforms and insignia were as confusing as water-marked postage-stamps or sub-specific variations of birds. The tunic of an Anzac who had been detailed from his company to ground work in aviation, and at present was serving in a tank, bore considerable resemblance to that of Joseph. I was glad to learn that the flaming scarlet trousers and caps of the French soldiers were worn on the boulevards only from motives of economy, and would be exchanged for uniforms of faded blue when they left for the front. One's love of symbolism was aroused by the spread wings of the airmen and the rampant dragon of the men of the tanks; but why a scarlet patch with a hole, sewed on the back of overcoat and tunic, should indicate that the Canadian within was an erecter of light railways was unfathomable.

Of still greater interest than the modern symbolism were the quaint atavistic decorations — generally as useless as most atavisms, and sometimes actually harmful. The horse in modern warfare is almost an anachronism, but evidence of his importance in past wars is widespread. *En voici deux.*

When a regiment as a whole is decorated, the flag receives the decoration, while all the individuals enlisted in the fortunate command are permitted to wear a *fourragère* — which is a braided cord extending from a front button of the tunic over and around the left shoulder and arm. In times long past this shoulder-cord was less decorative and more useful, and, true to its name, was a rope of any sort which the cavalryman kept wrapped around his shoulder to bind up a bundle of forage for his horse's dinner. A second, less remote equine reminder are spurs, which, upon a lieutenant of aviation, seem as appropriate as would sheepskin 'chaps' on a machine-gunner. Many of the officers who stride along the boulevards, booted and spurred, have never thrown leg across a horse's back, and I recall two instances of broken and sprained ankles from spurs catching in the rugs or doors of automobiles.

I have already mentioned the remarkable dorsal insignia of the light-railway men. Another nuchal spot is of real historic interest. A widening patch of black cloth, extending down behind, over and below the collar, and with a zigzag lower border, characterizes the Welsh Fusiliers, but does not indicate a vital interest in captive balloons or submarine engines. In days gone by, the men of all British regiments wore

powdered wigs with dangling pigtails, and to prevent the powder and grease from soiling the back of the coats, a bit of special cloth was always worn behind. To this day the Welsh Fusilier preceding you down the avenue de l'Opéra, although with hair close-cropped and in khaki undress, still exhibits this link with the wars of our forefathers. Wigs and matchlocks have gone — but the grease-patch is still there.

The subject is inexhaustible, and there are many sides to it. One phase of intense interest is the readoption of armor and missiles long since discarded, such as steel helmets and various weapons for infighting. In a little curiosity shop in Montparnasse, I was attracted by the excellent quality and low price of a steel battle-axe and mace, both of small size but most beautifully damascened, and handled with tanned snake-skin. Later an Anzac friend brought me two more, and told me of twenty-seven being captured in one raid on the Boche trenches. There was no doubt of their age and authenticity; but how they ever made their way from the Orient to the Boche front is a mystery. They are powerful weapons and well adapted for trench-warfare as it is waged in 1918, in competition with bayonets, daggers, and brass knuckles.

Walking along the boulevards of Paris one feels somehow as if one had slipped back into mediæval times, the emphasis of color and ornament is so reversed. Almost every man is clad in bright hues, or with some warm splash or stripe, and most are adorned with medals and citations. So many women are in dark colors, if not in crape, that one's thought of their costumes in general is of sombreness of hue.

How distinctly national traits and characteristics are emphasized by the self-consciousness of uniforming! Individuality is lessened, nationality is augmented almost to caricature. The British Imperialist strides along, the least self-conscious of all; here soldiering is a fine art, so thoroughly mastered that he can spare time for every detail of dress. He is a fashion-plate of neatness, glossy leather, and shining metal, with cane of correct length and exact material. However carefully one has groomed one's self, one feels fairly out at heel when a British colonel passes.

The Anzac or the Canadian private gives us a thrill of the open air. We sense the great spaces, ozone-laden, which have given these men the vitality that seems to fill their frames. On leave they throw off all military stiffness, individuality creases their uniforms, tips their caps a bit awry. A British officer looks askance at the hand in the pocket, but he will not soon forget the fineness of profile of the New Zealand triumvirate who just passed.

The most conservative Briton admits that nothing can equal the Canadians in offensive work, but in defense they are hopeless. They go doggedly ahead and, in spite of any percentage of casualties, take whatever objcetive is pointed out. Then they dig in like fox-terriers — each man a hole to himself; and if left to their own devices, there they would take root, like lines of newly planted saplings, with no thought of consolidation, or aught but stalking above ground through machine-gun fire when a cigarette light is needed. An officer of artillery told of two instances not far from the 'Wipers' salient where a heavy barrage was maintained for the express purpose of confining a Canadian advance to the indicated objective, and not allowing them to keep on, headed for the Rhine and annihilation.

Italian officers, slender and dark, are swathed in close-fitting puttees and uniforms, while Serbian giants swing proudly along. We turn and watch the latter: they are seldom seen, their race

is scattered, their numbers pitifully few. Belgians are everywhere and of many types — one thinks of them *en masse* as sturdy soldiers in khaki, each with a tassel swaying from his cap. Even the composite American offers a more concrete type — reminding one most of the Colonials, but always more or less self-conscious. There was no doubt as to the resolution and enthusiasm with which they had plunged into military life in this fourth year; but the grip on rifle and sword was a bit unsteady as yet; palms were moulded more accurately to plough or axe, the habit of fingers was still too facile with pen or brush or lever. Raw as we seemed to the game, nothing but assurance of the ultimate worth and skill of these big, clean men ever came to one's ears from any of their allied brethren. One loved them all the more to see approaching groups searching nervously for any officer's insignia which they might miss. And for a lieutenant unconsciously to lift his cap to a fellow countrywoman, was a delight.

The Americans at the present time were the newest recruits to this world-game of war, but the past masters were not of the Continent of Europe. Down the Bois de Boulogne would come a quartet of great Sikhs; handsome as etchings, proud as only Sikhs can be, unconscious as camels, with turban ends swinging, patrician descendants of forbears who were warriors when Britons and Gauls roamed as nomad tribes.

As any vista of trees or sea or plain is always in contrast with the blue of the sky, so the ever-changing patterns and colors of the various Allied nations were always seen against one tint — the horizon blue of the omnipresent poilu. He combined many qualities; yet whether perfectly groomed officer or disheveled *arrivé* from the trenches, he was the embodiment of patience and ability, of consecrated devotion, of unalterable determination. There passed Athos, Porthos, and Aramis — not the revelers, the youthful seekers of combats, but the veterans of later years. D'Artagnan I have seen, too, — but not in Paris, — and his eyes will haunt me forever.

II

This great assemblage of soldiers was strange in many ways. During all my stay in Paris I heard never a note of martial music — no beat of drum or note of bugle. Scarcely a flag in the whole city, except dingy *drapeaux* on official buildings. Never a parade — only twice the muffled beat of feet, marching to their own rhythm: once of poilus off for the front, once of a company of Americans fresh from the *gare*.

And this thought brings me to the third vivid impression which Paris gives — the apparent abstracted life and thought of the Parisians. In New York I had been accustomed to miles of waving flags and banners, to frantic protestations of patriotism on every hand, to bands and glaring posters and headlines, to the public materialization of endless socks and sweaters between the Bronx and Bowling Green. I had, perhaps unconsciously, expected to find the same thing leavened with French art and enthusiasm. A day sufficed to reorient my thoughtlessness. France is naturally no longer inspired with the white-hot spirit of exaltation and enthusiasm which infused her during the first part of the war; nor, on the other hand, in this fourth year is there manifest the slightest desire to make any but a satisfactory end. But our entrance has caused a relaxation, a certain sub-conscious shifting of a part of the responsibility; and as at present we are in evidence more as casuals than as legions, there is an air of suspense, of waiting, which is omnipresent.

In Paris one realized at last the meaning of the 'business of war.' It had entered into every phase of life. As our men commute to business, so the poilus commute to the trenches, each trip of uncertain length; and in place of competition, financial or otherwise, they go to a business of life and death. Few men could show the same vigor and enthusiasm as do these poilus. For years they had faced high adventure that most men know, if at all, only in an annual vacation. To myself and to others whose life-work carries them into dangers from the elements and from savage men, war held no absolute novelty. But think of the gunner formerly a traveling salesman for women's hosiery, of the stretcher-bearer who was a floor-walker in a department store! Did the florist whom I met ever conceive that he would be removed from sausage-balloon duty because of unconquerable air-sickness?

Think of the children in Paris old enough to talk and walk, who have never known a world free from universal war, and it will be easier to realize the daily, monthly, yearly labor and worry which have worn for themselves ruts deep into the life-routine and emotions of this Latin people. As the medical student loses all sensitiveness concerning the handling of human fingers and feet and hands, so the participants in the war, without being really callous or insensitive, come to take danger, wounds, disability, as incidents, not finalities.

One's geography of Paris would read: the city is bounded on the north by supply dépôts, on the south by hospitals, and on the west by aerodromes. Its principal imports and exports are bandages, crape, wooden legs, and Colonials; its products are war-bread, war-literature, faith, and hope.

I had become familiar with the poilus at the front, the never-to-be-forgotten sight of a regiment of blues coming from trench-duty — besmeared with blood and mud, grimy and unshaven, with faces heavy-eyed and deep-lined. Dress and men are all forgotten in those eyes, weary with a world of weariness, but terrible with the memory of things seen, and the vision of coming achievement. When we meet the *arrivés* in Paris, as they pile off the train at the Gare de l'Est, they are transformed, as much as soap, razor, fresh uniforms, and puttees will permit. But the eyes are unchanged. When I look back in future years to memories of this war, it will be the eyes of the soldiers which remain most vivid. It is not anything which lends itself to definite phrasing, but an impersonal peering into the distance. They look at you, yet their gaze is beyond, there is an abstraction wholly lacking in the glance of the civilian. Their eyes never smile. The whole face may break into a hearty appreciation of something witty, *spirituel*, but the eyes still search the distance. They are surcharged with some supersense thing, something apart from the direct contact with their surroundings and home.

The women at the station wait quietly. One wishes that they would weep, or show their anxiety and fear with more human emotion. Many are already in black; but as the mob of men in faded blue comes surging out, they simply stand at the sides and wait. Peasant women in strange, white-starched, outstanding head-dresses, women of caste, women painted and women of natural beauty — all wait. Now and then one turns and goes out with a soldier. Their hands are clasped together, and they chatter as only Parisians can, but they seldom look at each other. Now that the moment of moments is past, the outside world again rushes into their consciousness.

After watching forty or fifty couples

and groups meet and pass on, one wonders casually how so many of the men happened to marry such young wives. Another thought, and I look closer and know the truth. In the instant of meeting the wives have banished the hunted, gnawing fear and their faces have become young. But the men are young only behind their faces. Four years of this terrible work has trebled the ravages which time would have demanded of that period.

Now and then two gaunt trenchmen come out arm in arm, — they are always in twos, — unshaven, with mud but scraped from their clothes, reckless-looking, more deeply lined than the rest, and almost always with glittering croix de guerre pinned on their discolored tunics. Some have the caps of Zouaves, and they look about them only with curiosity. There is no one to meet them. Two such giants stopped near me — terrible men, who might have been welcomed as worthy additions to the crew of Henry Morgan himself. I wondered upon what wild revels they would launch, and listened.

'*Que voulez-vous? Un cinema?*'

'*Mais oui, c'est très bien.*'

And out they trudged.

I turned to go and then wished I had not, for I almost stumbled over a very tiny boy, clad in a dirty blue smock, who at this instant reached up to a big-bearded poilu, and said, in a half-understanding voice, as if he had been told to say it, '*Maman est morte.*' The poilu looked at me, or rather beyond me, took the tiny hand held out to him, and went out into the street with no word, no change of expression.

I was used to the sight of the women who slipped away alone, but this was a reversal of tragedy which was not in the routine of the ruck of war. I wondered whether hereafter the bearded poilu would return, heedless of his appearance, and would go to a cinema with some lonely comrade. I have never been back to the Gare de l'Est and I do not wish to, but I should like to have every slacker, every pacifist, every doubter of the necessity of pushing the war through to a complete decision, look into the eyes of these soldiers. Their bodies are weary, their souls firmer than ever.

III

These are some of the direct objective reflections of the struggle waged from the two opposing lines of ditches, a few miles to the north. Between flights and my visits to the Front, I watched Paris obliquely, from a corner of my eye, and at times almost forgot the war in the great joy of little things.

One day I remember as being particularly rich in small adventures.

After an unusually high and futile flight I motored back to Paris one gray morning, and was seized with the desire to visit my old stamping grounds in the Jardin des Plantes. Six years ago, in happier times, I had trudged day after day between the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle and the Hôtel Lutetia, until I knew every rue and alley by heart. And now in the Parc Zoölogique I found curiously accurate reflections of national conditions outside.

I was greeted by a most forlorn moulting stork, who sadly clattered his beak, appearing the very embodiment of hopelessness. Indeed, for most of his class he was a true prophet, for I found the birds to be in scant numbers and of very ordinary interest. A peacock in a high tree made repeated feints and false starts at flight. He was facing the east and may have had it in mind to depart this dreary France and seek his native Indian *terai*. A marabou stood listlessly and tore off bits of bark, champing them with closed eyes as if imagining a *poisson*

délicieusement ancien; its mate, however, making no effort to share in this power of will, shivered in hunched-up misery, as if fully convinced of the error of existence.

Passing cages and aviaries, rusty and untenanted, I found an abundance of gulls and birds of prey. These could exist on fish-heads and offal, and so had proved themselves the fit ones to survive in this new critical phase of life. Some of the African eagles were in excellent condition. An emaciated *lezard ocelle* and a small boa wandering about its cage were the only reptiles in sight. As in the case of birds, the meat-eating mammals were in the majority, although deer and antelopes were devouring carrot-parings and the wilted tops of greens. The vultures and hyenas appeared the best fed and most contented natives of France that I had seen. When there appeared a big haunch of horse-meat which no censor would have passed, the hyenas grinned horribly and the vultures hissed, with at least the incentive to think with satisfaction, '*C'est la guerre!*'

My last glance at the menagerie showed a big black curassow on a perch snuggled close up to an Australian crested pigeon — the sole inmates of a large inclosure; and this brought vividly to my mind an association of corresponding nationalities which I had observed the night before on the Boulevard des Italiens — an American and an Anzac trudging arm-in-arm and turning finally into one of those phonograph places in which the French delight. I watched them through the window, and soon saw them seated side by side, with tubes to ears in attitudes of rapt attention, one with a blissful smile, the other with a puzzled expression of impatience. I entered and saw that they were absorbing the auricular vibrations of Harry Lauder and the crashing overture to an Italian opera. The Australian and the man from Maine — the curassow and the pigeon; again, *c'est la guerre* which makes strange companions!

I later attended a meeting of the Société Nationale d'Acclimatation, and was profoundly impressed by the spirit of these few elderly scientists. With all the young men dead or at the front, they were yet striving with all their might to keep up the spirit of scientific research, so that, in this as in other fields, *après la guerre*, France may have something of a flying start to maintain her place in the domain of science. Old men of the past generation had renewed their life-interests and argued politely and volubly about the possibilities of the introduction of certain new exotic plants and birds. It was a wholly futile discussion by a score of brave French gentlemen, and affected me as does a remnant of a Zouave regiment in a passing parade.

It was late afternoon when I came out upon the street, and the low winter sun was pale through the mist, while overhead was the strangely unfamiliar sight of blue sky. I stopped in an old book-shop on rue Hautefeuille, which had no sense of the war. It was an old, old publishing house, and on the shelves were sets of Buffon still tied up in ancient packets and for sale at the same prices which they brought so many years ago, when the type was fresh from the press. After considerable argument I succeeded in purchasing a classic work on spiders which I had long desired. This was indeed a most modern publication for this establishment, as it appeared only two decades ago. The kindly old man was persuaded that I was laboring under some delusion, and that an American aviator could have no use for any *Études des Araignées.* He seemed to fear that I had been injured in the head as well as the wrist, and his last

reassuring words were that, if I found the work to be not the one I wished, I was to return it without hesitation. Without doubt my transaction did not tend to clarify one Frenchman's idea of American participation in the war.

Turning homewards, I walked slowly, with thoughts of my spider volumes and their quaint memories still dominant. Then I caught sight of a little Frenchwoman whom I had seen in the Jardin des Plantes. She was very aged and very crooked, and she hobbled pitifully along in a huge pair of soldier's brogans. A long black veil trailed from her faded bonnet, and as she walked ahead of me I could see that it was a mosaic of three bits of crape. Her face was wreathed and wrinkled, but in her wizened cheeks was still a suspicion of color, and in her manner the quick femininity which often survives all other characteristics in the tragic women of France.

In the Jardin I had stood near and watched her throw a few crumbs from the bottom of her bag to a brown peahen. She was talking to the bird and I caught, '*Vous avez faim comme moi*'; and later, '*Mais vous avez votre mari.*' Not until now had I realized the extreme poverty, the thinness of the shoes, the scantiness of her clothing.

I reached her and spoke: '*Permettez moi, madame — pour plus de pains pour les oiseaux; j'aime les oiseaux; je suis un naturaliste!*'

For a moment I thought she would refuse my offering; but with a graceful courtesy she accepted the little deception. '*Vous êtes plus qu'un naturaliste*'; and I forgot the gracious language and murmured something harsh and bromidic in English and passed on swiftly. As I turned into another street I looked up and saw by the shining blue sign that I was leaving the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie.

My next little adventure befell on the Pont Neuf, and was delightful in its spontaneity. A push-cart, or rather pull-cart, heavily laden with apples, passed me, with a smocked peasant and a big shaggy dog in the traces. I was nibbling a piece of chocolate, — the greatest delicacy which Paris can afford in these days, — and I idly snapped my fingers at the dog and held out the cake. With hardly a moment's hesitation the great black beast backed out of his collar, and came leaping toward me, tail waving frantically as a friendly countersign. I was so surprised that I gave him the whole cake, which he took gently, bolted whole, and returning, half leaped upon the toiling man, with a lick or two at his hands. Then, dropping back, the dog nuzzled the dangling, partly closed collar until his nose worked its way inside, then with a forward rush slipped it over his head. The tail sank at once to half-mast, and straining steadily outward and forward, the dear beast voluntarily assumed his full share of the labor.

The whole incident hardly seemed real, so used are we Americans to dogs as friends and not as draft animals. The man gave me a smile and a low '*Merc'm's'u*,' and I knew that he must be a good man who could possess such a dog. I thought of the dog I had seen near the front with its leg in a sling; of the police dogs; of the adored canine mascot of Paderewski's Polish regiment, and of a score of others; then of the hundreds of horses pulling the guns to the front and suffering hunger and often death with their masters. And it became clearer than ever before who were man's best friends on the earth. Cows give their milk and hens lay eggs, but so does a sausage-machine produce for man uncountable links. In a time of stress like the present, those creatures, catwise, walk alone, and are rather organic machines than friends.

For the French horses and dogs alone, *c'est la guerre.*

The Seine was flooded, with the water lapping the walls and near the danger-mark, and in the dim light I sat in an embrasure and watched the last of the ancient fishers cast from the stone steps a last cast, and then unjoint their rods and start for home. Automatically searching for planes, my eye caught a great eagle, high in air, still in full sunlight, circling around and around over the great city, whose streets were merging into the same dismal half-lighting which must have characterized them in mediæval times. Thus ended one of my days of small adventure.

IV

Then came the time of the great adventure — the night raid by sixty Gothas. Like the low distant rumbling presaging an approaching storm, or the whine of an oncoming shell, I had been hearing on every front the persistent, muttered rumors of a night raid on Paris. For over a year there had been some kind of tacit understanding — that, if the French would leave the German towns alone, Paris would remain inviolate; and rumor had it that this would soon end. Then one day appeared a casual half-column in the papers, almost apologetic, from the Prefect of Police, recalling the more important regulations in case of the 'very unlikely occasion of a raid.' A few days later, on another front, two Boche airmen were taken, and I heard them boast of their three hundred planes which were to smother Paris with gas-bombs. This continual reiteration sharpened the channels of sense, and, night after night, between trips to the Front I was awakened by screeching taxi-horns, and sat up listening. Once, several screams aroused me to a realization that it was only a small band of revelers. And night after night the kindly dense mist enfolded the great, darkened, saddened city in a blanket camouflage of safety.

One afternoon I visited a well-beloved general in the hospital where he was recovering from a wound. With characteristic altruism, he made no comment on his own miraculous escape, but grieved only for the terrible death of the splendid French officers and men, who were standing in front and whose bodies had saved the lives of our Americans. As I was leaving he said jokingly, 'Well, it will be my luck now to have the Boche raid Paris to-night.'

I went out and wandered across the Seine, up boulevard Saint-Germain and rue Monge to rue des Arènes. The name conveyed nothing unusual to me, until I turned a corner and saw for the first time the old Roman amphitheatre. Before one reaches the corner, there is nothing to be seen but a great front of very ordinary buildings — rather cheap flats, with dismal shops beneath. Skirting the end of these, I saw that they were but of cardboard thickness, a single room's width, like the prow of the flatiron building. Immediately behind was the little park enclosing the amphitheatre; and I walked across the old arena, sat on the rows of mossy stone seats, and watched the sparrows feeding on crumbs of war-bread which a poilu and his wife threw to them.

Suddenly these sparrows (dingy little feathered replicas of their brethren in our own parks) assumed a new importance and I looked at them with renewed interest. Fifteen hundred years ago, when these same seats were occupied by Romans and Gauls waiting for the coming of the beasts and the gladiators, the far-distant ancestors of these sparrows hopped about and chirped in this self-same arena, quite unchanged, quite as dingy, seeking the bits of food which might fall from patrician or ple-

beian. The little 1918 birds linked me closely with the past centuries, going about their daily business regardless of wars and the passing of peoples, stuffing the unkempt bundle of straw which they call home, with yearly regularity and perennial equanimity, in a crevice of the amphitheatre, beneath a Notre-Dame gargoyle, or in the rusting framework of a fallen aeroplane. My mind drifted easily to memory of the calmness of distant jungles, of the myriads of tropical blossoms just opening, and there came to my ear the humming of lazy, yellow-thighed bumble-bees. Then I glanced upward, to where a French biplane drew slowly across a bit of blue sky, and filled the air with its twanging hum.

After dinner I walked up the avenue de l'Opéra, in a light mist, with the moon striving to shine through, and, tired out from my week in the trenches, turned in at once in my comfortable room in the American University Union.

It was before midnight when the wailing moan of sirens brought me to my senses, and I heard two fire-engines race past, filling the air with this, the most fearsome of all noises of human manufacture. Then, from the street below, I heard an American voice call out, 'Put out that light in 103, damn quick!' Half-dressed, I went into the hall and joined a group of American officers, and by common consent we went to the front balcony of the room of a Cornell lieutenant, who assured us it was the best seat in the house. We crowded close together for sight and for warmth and waited for the performance to begin.

The reaction from warm beds demanded a forced gayety, and we cheered as the first star-rockets went up. Then the quick winking flash of shrapnel sobered us, and we listened to the bark of anti-aircraft guns from the Tour Eiffel and elsewhere. The lop-sided moon looked down calmly on it all, as undisturbed as I had seen it silvering the jungle, or as it illumined the earth before the first man stood upright or fashioned speech.

The stars were out, and to those fixed constellations were added numerous green and white comets and steadily unwinking planets which throbbed across the heavens — French planes patrolling all heights. Then the gunfire grew louder, and occasionally a staccato mitrailleuse spoke out viciously. Then the bombs began — distant, deeper, still more ominous notes in this celestial overture; and at last came the unmistakable humming of a Boche plane. Nothing could be seen against the blue-black sky, but we knew it was close overhead. Instinctively we drew back. Personally I felt more conspicuous than I can remember; my half-draped figure seemed the focus of the whole sky.

Without further warning a great orange gleam shot up a few blocks away and the deep smothered boom of a bomb shook every window. This sent us back to our rooms, where we dressed as best we could and went downstairs. Two more bombs were heard; then a white-faced little Frenchman ran in and incoherently told of having trod on things which he found were legs, and not with their body. We started out, and a few minutes away came to an American ambulance in which two bodies had just been placed. The bomb had fallen inside a house, and a soldier and a civilian had been killed in the street. Broken glass was everywhere.

Again came the humming, and we all moved along restlessly. Two of us agreed that the open Tuileries Gardens sounded most healthy, and off we set. A great red glow showed where a fire had started somewhere in the suburbs.

Then I saw something which perhaps meant more to me than to the

others. A plane — apparently a French one, as it carried a green light — was fighting for equilibrium, out of control, and jockeying for a landing-place. Like a crippled bird struggling for balance, the pilot used every means to fight the deadly pull of gravity. Twice his engine started and he gained a little, only to lose it at once, and was compelled to volplane steeply lest he should slacken below the forty-mile danger speed and side-slip. I watched him, tense with sympathy, until he sank from view. Later, I found that he had cleverly sought the open Place de la Concorde, had managed to skirt the obelisk, but struck a pillar, wounding himself and killing his observer.

The streets were almost deserted, except for occasional American soldiers and some of the poorer classes. Every light was quenched and seldom a sound of any kind was heard. But it was not the silence of sleep, but of silent waiting. Peering into corridors or hallways, one could see families crouched together, while the hotels were crowded with half-dressed people muffled in cloaks, waiting. Ambulances were stationed near every large hotel and at many corners. Now and then a motorcyclist streaked past, causing more alarm with his muffler open than the arrival of another bomb. Sometimes a group of men and women rushed by, whimpering and dodging into doorways. One thought of Pompeii — only here there was no localization of the volcano. Any portion of the heavens might give forth death at any moment.

It was a curious feeling, to have no sense of security in houses, and we sympathized with the crowds which took shelter in the metro, deep underground. I was surprised to hear women laughing now and then, and so repeatedly that I wondered at it. It was not altogether hysterical laughter, and I believe the solution to be the actual relief from silent worry and waiting for the ever-fateful news of the front. Here were vital, dynamic happenings, and it must have been a very real temporary relief. For of all the suffering and worthy bravery of war I place first that of the months and years of waiting at home, with inaction and worry eating into normal living; and second, the years of watchfulness of the British fleet, in the darkness and cold of the North Sea — the very lack of anything vital sapping the nerves more than any active trench-warfare.

I saw cases of funk among our own and other soldiers — sudden collapses of manliness, a clinging together, in the throes of an imagination which pictured the swift, immediate descent of the next bomb; and I knew that these very men would make brave soldiers when the real test came.

As we walked under the trees I saw groups of stock doves perched quietly, sleeping. At eleven-thirty the sirens had announced the attack; at two in the morning the fire-engines went the rounds again with bugles, signaling that the raid was over.

The whole feeling of the raid was a sinister one, and I doubt if any one was wholly without an uncomfortable sense of dread at the invisibility of the danger. It was a severe raid, there being about seventy bombs dropped in all, resulting in two hundred and fifty-odd casualties, of which eighteen were children and over a hundred women.

During the next week a few people left the city, apparently of the classes whose absence enriches any city. The object of the Boche was evidently to terrorize the people; instead of which, the effect during succeeding days was an all-pervading curiosity to see the damage done, and a tireless search for souvenir bits of bomb. One heard short, succinct remarks as to the martyred women and children. The French

memory is long and very patient. I do not think such things will be forgotten when the final reckoning comes. I saw two officer poilus following tiny coffins, and there was a look on their faces which it is not good to see on the faces of men — without good cause!

Paris is weary — Paris is sad — but Paris is absolutely confident; and that we, however laggardly, are at last permitted to take our place beside these poilus, should be the greatest cause for thanksgiving which we, as Americans, can conceive.

WHAT DID MARSE ROBERT THINK?

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Marse Robert, — better, but less affectionately, known elsewhere as General Robert E. Lee, — done by Mascier in colossal bronze, very dignified and heroic, very beautiful also against the tender blue of an early spring sky, sat upon Traveller at the meeting-place of four broad streets, and looked out over the city of his affection; while all the bright afternoon, to the crash of bands, the clapping of hands, and the steady throb of marching feet, the huge war parade, with its black festoons of watching people on the sidewalks, eddied and swirled around the great base of his statue. And what did Marse Robert think of it all?

There was very much for him to see — there was more, perhaps, for him to think.

Here below him an immense panorama of war unrolled itself, company after company, marching and marching up the wide street under faintly budding trees, past Marse Robert on the right, up and around the Davis Column beyond, and down past Marse Robert on the left again. In the foreground of every mind was the pageantry of war; in the background of every heart was its sharp reality; for, just as the parade got itself at last into marching order and started from the Capitol, little newsboys ran suddenly out among the crowd crying extras: 'Great German Drive Unchecked!' — 'British Line Broken at St. Quentin!' — 'Shells Dropping on Paris from Gun Sixty Miles Away!'

Column after column of troops — soldiers, sailors, marines, white troops, colored troops, Home Defense, Aviation Corps, Red Cross, Blue Cross, tank, medical float, — doctors and nurses displaying a brave sign: 'Don't Worry, Mothers, We 'll Take Care of Your Boys Over There,' — Governor of the State, Commander of Camp Lee, marching mothers, marching schoolchildren, marching business men — what a medley! A little group of smart English officers — a merry Highlander with them; then a line of blue-clad Frenchmen. Mr. B——, the druggist around the corner, could tell Marse Robert a story about these last delightful and courteous gentlemen.

The little druggist — a quiet man of middle age — was afflicted by a German neighbor. At the time of the sink-

ing of the Lusitania, the latter came into Mr. B——'s establishment, and triumphed, winding up with, 'Well, the damned Yankees, why don't they stay at home then?' Suddenly and violently he found himself flat on the floor; then with equal violence he was jerked to his feet and rushed to the street, where the furious little druggist faced him exclaiming, 'Now, sir, in case you have any objection to fighting me in my own store, we are out in the street, so come ahead!'

The German, however, did not come ahead: he went home.

It was a great day for Mr. B——. Old friends came in to shake him by the hand, strangers from all over the country wrote and telegraphed their congratulations; but the best was yet to come. Two and a half years later, looking out of his window one day, he beheld the young French officers of whom every one was talking come swinging down the street, very stiff and martial, very brisk and businesslike. At his shop they paused, they entered, they lined up before him, they saluted, smiling. 'Monsieur,' they said, 'we haf come to view ze battleground of ze first American victory of ze war.' The druggist would like Marse Robert to know about that.

More and more marchers: Y.M.C.A. float, Knights of Columbus, Thrift Stamp, Liberty Loan; and everywhere waving United States flags. And what did Marse Robert think of it all?

There were many children and grandchildren of former kinsmen and old friends of his, marching there. Doubtless the features of many of them looked familiar to him; and he would be very familiar, too, with the pleasant friendliness of the crowd on doorsteps and porches, calling out greetings and encouragement to the marchers — to Uncle Sams, Columbias, or Red Cross nurses. 'How do, Sallie! You look grand — but ain't you mighty cold?' — 'Well, will you *please* to look at Wilcox!' — 'There, that's Lucy! ain't she sweet?'

It is the Home Defense that comes in for the greatest amount of comment. They are perhaps the bravest body of men in the world. They know they are not glorious in appearance. They are used to securing their equipment from any cast-off lots that come their way; they know that their women-folk regard them askance, asking one another in anxious asides, 'Do you think Jim looks *very* funny in his uniform?' They are used also to having their small sons, home from the near-by Military Academy, drill them severely, singling out their own particular parents for especial abuse. 'There now, father, *you* messed that up! *You* were pivot man that time!' And yet they march bravely on, apparently oblivious to masculine hoots of 'Oh, look! just look at Bill! Oh! he, he, he!' and the softer feminine tones lamenting, 'Oh, *why* did n't somebody pull his coat down good for him 'fore he started!' Three cheers for the Home Defense!

Yes, all the gay exchange of greeting Marse Robert would have found familiar enough; but what about the tank, the aviators, and a gun that would shoot sixty miles? And what about all those waving United States flags? And what did he think also when a detachment of soldiers swung by to the tune of John Brown's Body, and the words, 'We'll hang the Kaiser to a sour-apple tree'? Perhaps he hoped they would choose another refrain before they reached the Davis monument.

But if any of this surprised and puzzled Marse Robert, there was at least a handful of men there in the crowd whom he completely and tenderly understood. These were old men with faded eyes and white hair; broken men they were, too, with here a leg missing,

and there an arm twisted out of shape; and they were clad in gray uniforms.

One of these old soldiers of the Lost Cause stood for a long time rooted to the same spot and stared speechless at the great parade. A kindly neighbor ran down the steps and invited the old man to sit on his porch; but, never taking his eyes from the sight before him, he shook his head in refusal. He could not see enough of that moving war-picture before him. He gazed and gazed, not with his eyes alone, but with his whole body as well. French officers, English officers, aviation, tank – here was war, indeed! And what did the silent old soldier think of it? Were the years wiped out for him, and did he remember his own fighting youth? Did he remember the Battle of the Crater, Manassas, and Seven Pines? And what did *he* think of all those United States flags waving there before him? Well, if any one knew, certainly the heroic figure sitting there above him on Traveller must have known; and surely Marse Robert's heart must have been very tender and understanding toward his old gray comrade there in the street, who seemed the very incarnation of the past flung sharply up against the background of this vivid present.

And if the years were wiped out for that old veteran, for others distance was destroyed. With those tall black headlines walking ominously across the front pages, and the 'Big Drive' on, France was no longer a far-away country. All at once it was poignantly close inside one's very heart, indeed. And people farther away than Dover or Kent heard the guns that day. There were mothers marching there, with bright rosettes on their bosoms, who heard them terribly loud, thundering all through their bodies every step they took. And fathers too. 'Look at Ellis Blair,' the crowd whispered, as a business man's section went past; 'he's got a boy over there right now in this big drive — how do you reckon *he* feels?' He *looked* like a prosperous gentleman strolling quietly down the avenue to his office; but how *do* you reckon he felt?

And as the black headlines flared in their eyes, apprehension shivered wildly through the colored spectators. 'Now, if the Germans git through dis time, do it mean they has dominion over the United States?' they questioned.

So all the bright afternoon the great procession swept around the base of Marse Robert's statue, the head coming down on one side of the double street while the tail went slowly up on the other. The bands played, the hands clapped, the feet marched and marched; and then at last it was all over. The crowd broke up and swirled away; nurses and parents collected tired children; automobiles honked, and backed heavily out of vacant lots; friends parted with a hand-clasp, and, 'Well, I hope we have better news in the morning.'

The sun went down as a red ball of fire, and the moon came riding up in silver silence; and Marse Robert was all alone in the empty street —

And what had he thought of it all? Well, nobody knows; but one may surmise that he must have been deeply proud of his city and of his people.

And, perhaps, with his pride in his face, he turned to another watching American, and spoke. 'Have you noticed my people to-day?' he said; 'have you marked their high hearts, and the splendor of their spirit?'

And if he did, I know that the other American was very swift to respond. 'Yes, Bob,' I think he said, putting out a great hand, — the hand of a rail-splitter, — 'yes, I have watched our people to-day, and so I always knew they would be.'

THE GULF

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

On a certain day in the spring of 1917, a day of showers and sunshine, and of tears and laughter, the streets of one of our American cities were cleared of their drab traffic to make way for marching thousands who were escorting Maréchal Joffre on his entry into the freedom of the city and the hearts of the citizens. For many of the bystanders this brave pageant was their initiation into the perennial romance of war. The men whom they saw sweeping past were something more than a hastily assembled group of available military units. They seemed to the bystander to have become, for the moment, members of an indivisible and mystical society, some 'community of memory and hope.'

So, reflected the bystander, have men always marched with the Hero at their centre, and so will men march again and again while there is left in mankind the impulse to celebrate the spirit and deeds of those who have given battle and have overcome. That procession reawakened in the mind of the bystander the memory of the mythical and the historical victors of all the world's yesterdays. And it was prophetic of the day toward which the hopes of the free peoples of the earth are now set, when such marching men in their millions shall tell of the realization of those hopes which had at the Marne their first military pledge of final achievement.

But the memory which still lingers most vividly from that brave day is not the memory of the genial marshal smiling his gracious way into our affections, or of the thousands of our fellow countrymen who formed his bodyguard of honor. The most vivid memory is that of a little group of French, English, and Colonial soldiers midway in the procession, who had seen service in the trenches. The contrast between these men and the marshal was great. The Hero bowed continually to right and to left. His hand was at an almost unbroken salute to the riot of Allied flags waving on the waysides. But these other heroes, of humbler rank, and yet, perhaps, of sterner experience, 'marched straight forward.'

And the contrast between these men of the achieved armies of Europe and the boys of our own army in the making was still greater. The precision of our own boys was that of men with whom discipline was still a self-conscious effort; but with these other men it seemed to be the habit of a lifetime. The bystander had the uncertain impression that at any time one of the college boys with the battery might turn to glance hastily and furtively up at some window, on a hungry quest for an answering flutter of lace; but he knew that these other men would never turn and look. It was not merely that they were strangers in a strange land, where they need not look for answering faces. It was something deeper than that — the subtle suggestion that they had eyes for a scene far away and very different. Their faces were as the faces

of men wearing masks, the mask neither of care-free levity nor of disconsolate tragedy, but the stern mask of a deliberate and studied stoicism. As they passed, they seemed to reincarnate and rehabilitate a sombre discredited article of the traditional creed, 'He descended into hell.'

These marching men from the trenches left with the bystander the sense of the presence in the pageant of an alien, or at least an unassimilated, element. The bystander realized that here was something which lacked its true spiritual *milieu*, and he found himself wondering what primitive emotions of pity and desire and anger might be working on the human faces behind that Stoic mask. There was here the suggestion of judgment reserved, of something yet to be said — something which could not then be said, which perhaps never could be said so that the crowds along the highway should hear and understand.

The bystander remembered the incisive comment made upon the poet Gray by one of his contemporaries, 'He never spoke out.' Were there mute poets there in dusty blue uniforms and trench-helmets who could never 'speak out'? The bystander remembered again those lines with which long ago Bernard of Clairvaux prefaced one of his treatises: 'It is my strong opinion that no one can comprehend what it is, save he who has experienced it; it is as it were a hidden manna, and he who tastes of it still hungers for it again. It is a fountain sealed from which no stranger may draw; but he who drinks from it still thirsts to drink again.' Was it thus that these men were thinking of their lives?

The bystander's mind ran on, in obedience to these suggestions, to the thought of William James's catalogue of the hall-marks of men's mystical experiences: 'Ineffability — the handiest of the marks by which I classify a state of mind as mystical is negative. The subject of it immediately says that it defies expression, that no adequate report of its contents can be given in words. It follows from this that its quality must be directly experienced; it cannot be imparted or transferred to others.'

Was this the deeper secret of the vast reserves suggested by the impassive faces of those men from the trenches? Had they been baptized by blood into some ineffable mystery which, even if they would, they could not tell?

And when they had passed, the bystander went his civilian way again, with the seeds of a new conviction in his mind, the conviction that there was already appearing in his world a gulf between the mind of the soldier and the mind of the civilian in war-time, which must widen and deepen unless by some fresh effort of sympathy and imagination he could bridge the rift.

The bystander then began to understand what previously he had been unable to understand — the reticences of his friends who had been and seen and who had come home again. They had gone off blithely and unselfishly, to drive ambulances, to nurse the wounded, to know the storm centre for themselves; and they had come back sobered, which was intelligible, and silent, which was unintelligible. That they should speak modestly of their deeds was natural, but that they should be so strangely reticent in speaking of the grim total fact and of their inner reactions was unnatural. They had been willing to communicate a few items from their adventure, but of their total experience they would not speak. The cleverest *raconteur* broke down. The most discerning philosopher found himself beyond his depth. A touch of the ineffable seemed to have entered into the lives of all such as had seen

and shared, however briefly and humbly, in the strain and stress of the storm centre. It was this mysterious and previously inexplicable quality in the character of his friends who had been and seen and come home again which the marching soldiers from the trenches incarnated and illuminated.

Then, for the first time, the bystander understood that halting passage in one of Mr. Wells's last books. No one had ever thought of Mr. Wells, as the victim of the ineffable. His universe has been one of romance, but never of mystery. Yet even Mr. Wells, with his gift for interpretation, seems to have suffered, on his trip to the Front, something of these inhibitions and impotences of the soldier mind.

It has been my natural disposition [he writes, with his fine candor] to see this war as something purposeful and epic. I do not think that I am alone in this inclination to a dramatic and logical interpretation. The caricatures in the French shops show civilization in conflict with a huge and hugely wicked Hindenburg Ogre. Well, I come back from this tour with something not quite so simple as that. If I were tied down to one word for my impression of this war, I should say that this war is *Queer*. It is not like anything in a really waking world, but like something in a dream. It has n't exactly that clearness of light against darkness or of good against ill. My memory of this tour is filled with puzzled-looking men. I have seen thousands of poilus sitting about in cafés, by the roadside, in tents, in trenches, thoughtful. I have seen Alpini sitting restfully and staring with speculative eyes across the mountain gulfs toward unseen and unaccountable enemies. I have seen trainloads of wounded staring out of the ambulance-train windows as we passed. I have seen these dim intimations of questioning reflection in the strangest juxtaposition: in Malagasy soldiers resting for a spell among the big shells they were hoisting into trucks for the front; in a couple of khaki-clad Maoris sitting on the step of a horse-van in Amiens station. It is always the same expression one catches, rather weary, rather sullen, inturned. The shoulders droop. The very outline is a note of interrogation. One meets a pair of eyes that seem to say, 'Perhaps *you* understand . . . in which case . . .?'

In all these ways the civilian mind, over the last four years, has been made more and more conscious of some new spiritual fact coming into being, the mind of the Front, puzzled, thoughtful, speculative, 'inturned'; a mind as yet unable to grapple with the dominant ineffable fact. The secrets of the men of this fraternity have not yet been shared with us of the homelands. They have done their graphic best to make us understand the setting of their experience. They have visualized for us mud and rats and shrapnel and gas. But beyond that they have not gone. They can only intimate by their silence that life there has certain qualities which may not be told. The mood of the thoughtful man, as he reflects on war, is the mood of the thoughtful man as he faces toward war: —

> And went discouraged home,
> And brooded by the fire with heavy mind.

In some such way the soldier mind of the present day seems to be brooding over ancient chaos come again.

II

Every reader who has followed the more intimate and reflective soldier literature of the last three years has become familiar with a single adjective which seems to the fighting man to be the most accurate description of his own state of mind and that of his fellows. It is the adjective 'inarticulate.' It would seem as though, at the heart of the cyclone, there was some silent centre where either thoughts lie too deep for words, or where thought is not.

If Mr. Wells, bringing to the storm centre the most alert and articulate mind of the day, finds himself strangely inhibited in thought and speech, how much more the man of lesser intellectual prowess, who knows the storm, not as a spectator, but as a participant. In so far as he is able to philosophize at all about his world, the soldier tells us that it is too vast and complex to yield to the interpretation of any political or ethical monism.

If ever a man lived in a 'pluralistic universe,' it would seem to be the soldier in the modern army. His total impression, in so far as he is able to give us any account of that impression, is like a wild futurist sketch. He is in a moral chaos where the noblest virtues rub shoulders with the basest vices. If this strange wild world of his has any dominant hue, it is a neutral tone, which communicates itself to his own spirit. 'Without using either a whitewash brush or a tar brush, I will paint Tommy as I have seen him. I have looked for the good in men as earnestly as for the bad. Some think of Tommy as being clothed in sins of scarlet hue. Others think of him as robed in the spotless white of righteousness. But, as a matter of fact, Tommy's moral dress is neither scarlet nor white: it is khaki.'

This spiritual khaki of the soldier is not the expression of an inherent moral indifference as to the causes and issues of the war; it is the expression of the natural instinct for protective coloration. One who has known the soldiers well, says of them, 'They do not deny greatly, but neither do they joyfully assert.' Beyond the deep silent conviction that, the world being what it now is, he must 'carry on,' the soldier seems to be keeping his mind in a state of suspended judgment. We still wait for the man who shall dare to strike the first trial-balance between the good and evil of this experience. Indeed, the civilian accountant may well ponder the conclusion of one who has looked into the confused ledgers of our time and said, 'It would be impossible for any single human mind to sum up the good and evil of war, and strike a balance between the two.' Some such oppressive sense of a universe too great and intricate to be easily analyzed and assessed is the seat of the inarticulateness of the soldier.

And the sharp contrast between the facile dogmatism of the civilian and his own inner inhibitions seems to be the fact which most heavily oppresses the thoughtful soldier. There appeared a year or more ago in one of the English weeklies a brief contribution from an anonymous soldier under the caption, 'When These Dumb Speak.' 'Over all the world,' says this nameless man of the trenches, 'there is a chaos of sound. But amid all this noise there is a notable silence. It is the silence of the fighters. They are dumb: dumb by law, dumb by instinct and reason. What will those lips say when their seal is removed?'

This is a question which has not seriously troubled the civilian mind as yet. But it is, probably, the most important question of the day. We have not had time in America to grasp the fact that we must ultimately make our reckoning with this reaction to the war. We have complacently taken it for granted that our civilian dogmatism and oratory are the first and last words upon our age. But it behooves us to begin to cultivate, in this present hour, a little of the inhibition and inarticulateness of the soldier, so that, when he does speak to us, we may not be wholly unprepared for the mood and substance of his words.

'What will those lips say when their seal is removed?'

Many of them will say what was

said to all the facile chatter of an English fireside a little while ago: 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

Others of them will take refuge in verse. Coming back from their hell to find the world of business and pleasure making cheap capital of their experiences, they will break out into savage resentment.

The house is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din, —
'We're sure the Kaiser loves the dear old tanks.'

I'd like to see a tank come down the stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tunes and 'Home, sweet home' —
And there'd be no more jokes in music-halls,
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

Or if, in less bitter mood, he tries to give sober prose form to his inarticulateness and the sense of the great gulf which that inarticulateness puts between himself and the mind of the civilian world, this is what the home-coming soldier will say, as he has already said: —

You really have come back from another world; and you have the curious idea that you may be invisible in this old world. These people will never know what you know. There they gossip in the hall, and leisurely survey the book-stall; and they would never guess it, but you have just returned from hell. What could they say if you told them? They would be polite, forbearing, kindly and smiling, and they would mention the matter afterward as a queer adventure with a man who was evidently a little overwrought: shell shock, of course. Beastly thing, shell shock. Seems to affect the nerves. They would not understand, they never will understand. I know how Rip Van Winkle felt about it. But his was a minor trouble. All he lost was a few years. But the man who comes back from the line has lost more than years. He has lost his original self.

The home-folk do not know this and may not be told. The youngster who is home on leave knows that what he wants to say cannot be said. What would happen if he uncovered in a sunny and innocent breakfast-room the horror he knows? If he spoke out? His people would not understand him. They would think he was mad. They would be sorry, dammit!

It is difficult for him to endure hearing the home-folk speak with confidence of the special revelation of the war they have not seen, when he who has been in it has contradictory minds about it. The greatest evil of war — that which staggers you when you come home feeling you know the worst of it — is the unconscious indifference to war's obscene blasphemy against life of the men and women who have the assurance they will never be called on to experience it.

What is the matter with London? The men on leave, when they meet each other, always ask that question. They feel perversely that they would sooner be amid the hated filth and smells of the battlefield than at home. Out there, though possibly mischance may suddenly extinguish the day for them, they will be with those who understand them, with comrades who rarely discuss the war except with quiet and bitter jesting. Seeing the world has gone wrong, how much better and easier to take the likelihood of extinction with men who have the same mental disgust as your own, and can endure it till they die, than to sit in sunny breakfast-rooms with the newspaper maps and positive arguments of the unsaved.

These are hard words for the civilian to hear. To realize that he cannot understand and never will understand, and that his dogmas are the easy creeds of the unsaved, is a perplexing and humiliating experience. And yet there is no need in our total world of to-day so great as the need of some such inhibition among all those who by choice or by necessity still live 'in the safe glad rear.'

The time was, in the past, when armies made and unmade history. Such a time may well come again, when some such fraternity of the saved

will assume control of the moral history of our own time, not by force of arms, but by the imperious and ultimately articulate authority of their own experience. 'All mystics,' said Saint-Martin, 'come from the same country and speak the same language.' Some such mystical order is coming into being to-day—the brotherhood of those who from many countries have gone to Northern France and who will ultimately return to the civilian world citizens, not of the states they left, but of that No Man's Land, that strange, common spiritual world that they found there.

We 'unsaved' of the civilian world are thrown again into the morally helpless lot of those who must be saved, if they are to be saved at all, by the efficacy of some vicarious atonement. For the outstanding moral fact of this age is the fact that again the simple and good and true are having to suffer for the careless and the evil. And the ultimate salvation of the unsaved rests still, as it has always rested, upon the ability of these unsaved to partake of a vicarious sacrifice in the spirit of humility and self-scrutinizing silence.

In classical Christian history the doctrine of the Atonement has had moral efficacy only for those men who have never been able to take the initial historical fact quite for granted. The record of the Crucifixion, when it fails to awaken in those who read it some mood of inarticulateness, becomes a meaningless and impotent platitude. As soon as the Disciple takes the death of the Master for granted, a moral gulf appears between them, and the agony of the one becomes unavailing for the experience of the other. 'The King's Way of the Holy Cross' has been efficacious only with those who have pondered it in the humble halting mood which Thomas à Kempis long ago breathed into his *Imitation*.

III

It is the easy-going civilian habit of taking the vast atonement of these years for granted which bodes so ill for its ultimate efficacy for our generation. The institution of conscription is not only a military and political necessity: it rests upon some deeper intuition of the fact that all life is a conscription, that there is an imperious element of necessity about being born, and living in the world, and dying. The draft law is the counterpart, in the world of statecraft, of determinism in the world of science, and the dogmas of Foreordination and Election and Irresistible Grace in the elder theology. All we can say is, Life is like that. Something of this element of necessity in all life conscripted Jesus on to his cross.

But the facile habit of taking this deeper conscription for granted, and of acquiescing in its operations carelessly, as it works for our security, is a habit of soul full of peril for those who slip into it easily and thoughtlessly. So long as women acquiesce romantically and comfortably in Nietzsche's dictum that it is the business of man to be a soldier and the business of woman to be the solace and relaxation of the soldier, whether that solace be licit or illicit, so long will there be a great moral gulf between the two. So long as men who are over age, and men who are exempted by virtue of their valuable civilian services, take it comfortably for granted that others shall descend into hell in their behalf, just so long will the vicarious sufferings of these others be morally inefficacious for them.

Here is the spiritual rift of the time, the great gulf between those who can no longer take anything for granted in their world, and those who take it all for granted. It is for some communication of the inarticulate mood of the

soldier to the spirit of the civilian that the present hour waits.

'I hate that which is not written with blood,' said Nietzsche. The war-time philosophy of the civilian world is still written with typewriters and pens, in editorial sanctums and in church studies. And all these easy creeds and dogmas must ultimately vanish before a faith which is being written now with blood.

The mood which must, somehow, by some miracle of imagination and sympathy, creep into our unsaved civilian soul, if the gulf between our world and the world of the soldier is not to be a sinister and widening gulf, is the mood of the poet: —

In earth or heaven,
Bold sailor on the sea,
What have I given,
That you should die for me?

What can I give,
O soldier leal and brave,
Long as I live,
To pay the life you gave?

What tithe or part
Can I return to thee,
O stricken heart,
That thou shouldst break for me?

The wind of Death
For you has slain life's flowers,
It withereth
(God grant) all weeds in ours.

The sombrest transcript out of all the war, which the bystander has found, is not any record of battlefields, or any story of horrors or atrocities, but rather 'Some Reflections of a Soldier' — reflections which for the moment were the articulate expression of all this inarticulateness at the heart of our time, the inarticulateness which marched in those men from the trenches that spring day of 1917: —

It is very nice to be home again. Yet am I at home? One sometimes doubts it. There are occasions when I feel like a visitor among strangers whose intentions are kindly, but whose modes of thought I neither altogether understand nor altogether approve. You speak lightly, you assume that we shall speak lightly of things, emotions, states of mind, human relationships, and affairs which are to us solemn or terrible. You seem ashamed, as if they were a kind of weakness, of the ideas which sent us to France, and for which thousands of sons and lovers have died. You calculate the profits to be derived from 'War after the War,' as though the unspeakable agonies of the Somme were an item in a commercial transaction. You make us feel that the country to which we've returned is not the country for which we went out to fight.

I cannot dismiss as trivial the picture which you make to yourselves of war and the mood in which you contemplate that work of art. They are an index of the temper in which you will approach the problems of peace. You are anxious to have a truthful account of the life of a soldier at the front. You would wish to enter, as far as human beings can enter, into his internal life, to know how he regards the tasks imposed upon him, how he conceives his relation to the enemy and to yourselves, from what sources he derives encouragement and comfort. You would wish to know these things; we should wish you to know them. Yet between you and us there hangs a veil. It is mainly of your own unconscious creation. It is not a negative, but a positive thing. It is not intellectual, it is moral. It is not ignorance, it is falsehood. I read your papers and listen to your conversation, and I see clearly that you have chosen to make to yourselves an image of war, not as it is, but of a kind which, being picturesque, flatters your appetite for novelty, for excitement, for easy admiration without troubling you with masterful emotions. You have chosen, I say, to make an image, because you do not like, or cannot bear the truth; because you are afraid of what may happen to your souls if you expose them to the inconsistencies and contradictions, the doubts and bewilderments, which lie beneath the surface of things. You are not deceived as to the facts; for facts of this order are not worth official lying. You are deceived as to the Fact.

Perhaps I do you an injustice. But that intimation does seem to me to peep through some of your respectable paragraphs. As I read them, I reflect upon the friends who, after suffering various degrees of torture, died in the illusion that war was not the last word of Christian wisdom. And I have a sensation as of pointed ears and hairy paws and a hideous ape-face grinning into mine — sin upon sin, misery upon misery, to the end of the world.

O gentle public,— for you were once gentle and may be so again, — put all these delusions from your mind. The reality is horrible, but it is not so horrible as the grimacing phantom which you have imagined. Your soldiers are neither so foolish, nor so brave, nor so wicked, as the mechanical dolls who grin and kill and grin in the columns of your newspapers. The war . . . is a burden they carry with aching bones, hating it, hoping dimly that, by shouldering it now, they will save others from it in the future. They carry their burden with little help from you. For an army does not live by munitions alone, but also by fellowship in a moral idea or purpose. And that you cannot give us.

No, the fact is we've drifted apart. We have slaved for Rachael, but it looks as if we'd got to live with Leah. We have drifted apart, partly because we have changed and you have not; partly, and that in the most important matters, because we have not changed and you have. . . . We are strengthened by reflections which you have abandoned. Our foreground may be different, but our background is the same. It is that of August to November, 1914. We are your ghosts.

THE MOTHER OF STASYA

BY CHRISTINA KRYSTO

It was during the campaign of Warsaw that we had the news. There appeared in an obscure pacifist sheet, which had somehow slipped in from Russia, a paragraph which told of the death of a young Polish lieutenant, Stanislav Ivanoff, who had been shot by his commander for refusing to lead his men into battle. The incident was worthy of note, the newspaper went on to say, because Ivanoff had refused, not so much through the fear of being killed, as through the fear of killing.

Mother's eyes narrowed as she read. 'Ivanoff —' she repeated thoughtfully; 'Stanislav Ivanoff — Stasya — Do you think it could be?'

'Not Stasya! Surely not our Stasya!' And, even as I denied it, my mind went back over a score of years and countless miles, back to our early years on the edge of the forest which fringes the Black Sea, and I knew that there could be no doubt. It is an almost impossible combination of names — Stanislav Ivanoff. And, besides, it was logical, so brutally logical, this end, for him.

I

Stasya was the boy the tip of whose finger we sliced off one day with the corn-chopper which we had been forbidden to touch.

Up to that day there had been no joy for us in Stasya's visits. We found it hard to forgive him for being what he was instead of what we had expected

him to be; and we had had the right to expect much from the boy who lived on the most wonderful spot in all the world. Our own place was delightful enough, holding, as it did, the centre of a wooded crescent which sloped sharply down to the sea; but at each end of the curving slope a dizzy cliff jutted out over the sea itself, and one of these cliffs belonged to Stasya's father, the black-bearded and silent and appalling Ivanoff, who sometimes came to take his tea with us.

It must have been much like the deck of a giant's ship, that cliff, when Stasya turned his back upon the land; it must have rocked gloriously to the beat of the waves on stormy nights. Through its base went the railroad tunnel, so that, many times each day, Stasya stood straight over the rushing train, and, when it had passed, the smoke crept up to him from both sides at once. And, as if that were not enough, there was the cross which topped the summit of the rise behind the house.

Crosses were not unknown to us — we had one of our own, a thick and clumsy affair which marked the forest grave of our favorite dog Rudkó; it was our secret, shared only by Ashim, our oldest Turk, who had helped us at our task, dubiously enough, his Mohammedan soul rebelling against the injustice to the dog. But there was nothing dreadful about Rudkó's cross. We knew that, after a season of rain, it would rot at the base and fall over into the fern and be forgotten. It had not grown out of the top of the cliff, it did not stand — straight and slender and black — against the dawn, it did not reach desperately up into the sky. And it did not make us afraid at twilight.

We knew, of course, for chance reports had reached us — snatches of the cliff's history, vague bits which conjured vistas of an entrancing world. We had heard that Ivanoff's parents had been killed on that cliff in the dim days before the Turkish War; that Ivanoff himself had renounced fame as an engineer and the promise of a fortune because — and we accepted it literally — he could not breathe air which did not smell of our sea; that, for a time, his wife, the loveliest person of all the earth, had lived there with him. Of her we knew from Ashim, who once had worked for Ivanoff.

'Like a little kitten she was,' he would tell us when, in the solemn month of the Ramazan, we sat with him on the hilltop and helped him with his long vigil for the first star whose coming broke the daily fast of the faithful; 'like a little lamb, soft and helpless. All day she sang when first they came, and it was good at that time to work for the bearded one; he was like a happy sultan, with laughter enough for all who might come near. But she did not sing long, and after a time her eyes were always red, and the bearded one swore horribly at us as we worked. Very soon she died, and then he buried her body and his laugh together in one grave and built that cross over them both. So I went away in search of a glad master. Perhaps I should have stayed.'

'Ashim! A star!'

Heads thrown back, fingers pointing frantically, we waited until his slower eyes had picked the faint twinkle from the transparent sky — until, with a sigh, he closed his yellow teeth on his crust of corn-bread, then trotted away, eagerly building his last story into another wild and wholly satisfying tale. And in these tales, the reckless, the heroic, the impossible deeds were always performed by Stasya, the mysterious boy who had never known his mother and who lived beside the grave of his father's laugh.

And, with the image of that father

before us, it was not hard to create the image of the son. Not so tall he was as the elder Ivanoff, perhaps, but quite as fierce; denied the father's heavy beard, but richly blessed with his hard eyes and fixed frown, with the bitter mouth which never smiled, the voice which rumbled deep within his body, the thick hands which bent a horseshoe as if it were of tin. We knew that he, too, stooped from the shoulders when he walked, and dragged his huge feet as though forever following the plough; we knew that he, too, rushed in between fighting dogs and tore them apart by twisting their collars till they gasped for air. We used to talk without end of seeing him some time, of calling a greeting to him, of hearing his gruff voice answering. He was a rare and an alluring child, the Stasya of our dreams.

The real Stasya, when one day he came to us, proved a very slim, very blond little boy, incredibly fragile, incredibly gentle, incredibly shy. He held the hand of his Polish governess and smiled a beseeching smile.

'Go and play!' said Ivanoff.

But Stasya did not know how to play. We stared at him in helpless amazement, and through our outraged minds went the thought of the treasures we had stored against his coming; the two-edged Turkish knife, the pirates' swords, the bleached bone of a murdered child, — we could not show it to a grown-up lest it be ruthlessly linked with a sheep or dog, — the knotted club which the sea had given us and which, beyond the shadow of a doubt, had drifted from the hand of an Australian blackfellow, following the tortuous course which we had often traced for it upon our globe. We thought of these, and glared at Stasya, and Stasya smiled his pitiful smile and held more tightly to the hand of Mademoiselle.

He came very often after that, and we might have been kinder had he come alone. We had no love for Mademoiselle; for, instead of surrendering her charge into our keeping when she came, and retreating behind a book, she made us all her temporary charges, and her unending admonitions, delivered in stiff, roundabout Russian, ring in my ears to this day.

'Let the biggest one descend from the tree,' she would shout, her bony finger following her words, — she never did learn our names, — 'lest he scratch his knees and tear his stockings! The one in the blue blouse has eaten enough wild strawberries! The small infants must not walk to the house unattended, the large dogs will harm them! Let the girl accompany them; it is not the affair of a girl anyway — the building of a fort!'

And, since scratched knees and torn stockings were not worth anybody's mentioning; since one could never eat enough wild strawberries; since the large dogs would have killed any one who tried to harm the 'small infants'; and since the girl resented her sex sufficiently without being reminded of its limitations, Stasya's Polish governess became — so brother Fedik put it — a person one must needs despise, but could not stoop to hate. And because Stasya obeyed her, and because we held him traitor to the cliff and the tunnel and the cross, we despised him also and dubbed him *kissél*, — which translates itself into custard, — and our games when he was with us narrowed down to the one of trying to kidnap him from Mademoiselle.

And on the day of the corn-chopper we had succeeded. From the steep meadow below the deserted house we watched Mademoiselle's pink dress darting wildly in and out among the shrubbery, and our triumph must have gone to our heads. For we fell upon the forbidden machine and sent its wheels

spinning, shouting to each other in Turkish which, we felt, offset Stasya's French and Polish combined. And because we were very gay, and because he felt sadly out of it, and because he wanted to play with us, Stasya put out a very bold finger and touched a revolving disk.

The next instant, the wheels of the corn-chopper still whirring behind us, we were racing back to the house and to father, calling to Stasya to keep his hand high in the air as he ran. Past the grinning Turks we went, past Mademoiselle, who shrieked, through the house, and to the 'stand-up' desk in the library. Father looked down coolly — he was often thus disturbed; so often that he had converted the desk-drawer into a first-aid box and was wont to give thanks to the far-seeing Providence which, in his youth, had led him to a doctor's diploma. Without a word he lifted Stasya to the couch, his big, deft hands went swiftly about the task, and we were entirely forgotten. But when the bandage had been brought down across the back of Stasya's hand and tied around the thin wrist, when Stasya's white mouth had relaxed a little, father turned a very stern face upon the rest of us.

'Corn-chopper?'

We shifted and swallowed and said nothing. And in the heavy silence Stasya's quavering voice sounded thin and uncertain and ridiculously inadequate: —

'It was not the corn-chopper! I was playing with Fedik's knife!'

We heard it with scorn, we who knew that it was useless to lie to father and knew little of the lie which winks at truth — so little that we did not understand why father turned quickly back to Stasya, why his stern eyes took on the smiling look we loved, why he bowed so gravely his acknowledgment of the clumsy fib. We did not understand, quite, why we were not punished or why the corn-chopper was not locked away. But we knew that we could never touch it again, and we knew that Stasya was not a *kissél*. And, very earnestly now, we seized upon the task of teaching him to play with us.

It was easier after Ivanoff caught Mademoiselle lifting Stasya from a limb to which we had boosted him, for she never again came without a book; but now Ivanoff himself took her place, which bothered us — it is hard to slay giants before a grown-up who stands with his arms crossed on his breast, looks on with his hard eyes, and neither smiles nor says a word. Yet Stasya learned a little. He could skip fairly well, and he made a first-class merchant. Stick-in-a-hole fared worse; he confessed his fear of the stick's sharpened ends. In our pirate games he was always the priest who buried the dead and had no part in either the killing or the dying, which left us dreadfully short-handed for real work, when, as lawless Georgians, we held up a stage, and he came — a distant relative under a white flag — to bring ransom for the captives. And once, — and on that day Ivanoff left us abruptly, — he delighted me by taking my place in the wigwam where I had been sulkily awaiting the return of my scalp-hunting braves.

So it went for several months, until one afternoon, in the Straits of Gibraltar, we scuttled a ship laden with Spanish gold. On that day we had decided that we could no longer be bothered with buryings, and Stasya, his chin quivering but his hand tight upon his wooden cutlass, went readily enough into attack. It was then that we heard a sound which startled us. High on the bank above us Ivanoff was laughing — and our battle grew more furious as we heard it. We were having a beautiful time of it when, suddenly and without

warning, in the middle of our merriest assault, Ivanoff jumped down on the pebbles of the beach, strode forward and said jerkily, —

'Stasya, come home!'

Then, all in the space of a second, he had torn the cutlass from Stasya's fingers, swung it furiously above his head, — even then we gasped with envy at the sweep of it, — let it fly far out into the sea, and dragged the bewildered Stasya up the bank and out of sight.

We pondered it at length, and quite in vain, as we sat barefoot in the hot sand waiting for our shoes and stockings to dry, our eyes on the misty horizon where the little white rabbits were leaping from the waves to warn the sailors of the coming storm. We had evidently done something to Stasya, — bumped him or knocked him over, — and, out of the blackness of his heart, Ivanoff had thrown away our best cutlass and had gone off to tell father. Very soberly we walked home through the dusk.

But no one was angry in the warm, candle-lighted house. Stasya and Mademoiselle had gone, and Ivanoff was staying to supper, though he did not pretend to eat. Outside, the wind was rising — the too-warm day was bringing its own swift doom. When it was really whistling under the eaves, the forest began its deep, unbroken humming, and, ever so faintly, the sea stirred in reply. By morning, far as eye could see, it would be a dark mass of tumbling waves, and we laughed at each other in joyous anticipation as we clambered — feet and all — upon the wide Turkish *tahta* and begged father to take down his 'cello, while Ivanoff pushed his armchair close up to the fire and turned his back on us. Now and then, in a pause of the music, he rose and came to the samovar for another glass of tea, and presently he began to take wine in it.

All too soon mother's eyebrows lifted in their bedtime sign. Yet bedtime had its compensation, for a fairy good to children had had a hand in the building of our house. Sister's tiny room was far in the wing, the two babies slept with mother, but to us four 'middlers' had fallen the nursery, whose door into the living-room was close beside the fireplace. And, on company nights, this door, in the shadow of the mantel, could be left open a crack with no one the wiser for it.

Even then it did not seem strange that Ivanoff should talk as he talked; for when we said good-night to him, he had forgotten the tea and was taking his wine straight. There was the storm, there were the candles and the fire; father's hands were as deft with the bow and strings as they were with bandages, and the 'cello and Russian melodies were made one for the other.

I cannot say just now how much I heard and understood that night, and how much I learned from father when I questioned him in after years; but I like to think that I remember the very tone of Ivanoff's voice as it came to us through the unlatched door and that he used the very words — sharp, carelessly chosen words, crowded together in curt sentences — which now I use. A moment only we were out of sight before his question rose above the first bar of a plaintive lullaby.

'What do you think of my boy?'

The bow squeaked painfully on a high note and the lullaby broke off abruptly.

'Stasya is ill, Ivan Ivanovich' — it was as if father had long held the answer ready. 'This country demands a rugged body to begin with and the climate is not good for your boy. The malaria —'

Ivanoff snorted.

'With you it is always malaria! Do you know that, in Batum, they call

you the malarian; that they say — and they laugh at you for it — that you give quinine to your cows!'

'Also they beg me to open a dairy when they do not beg me to resume my practice,' father rejoined mildly. 'But as for Stasya, he grows more thin and white from week to week. If it is not the climate, what is it?'

'I think I shall tell you,' said Ivanoff; 'and when I have told it, you will remember that my mother was a peasant; you will shrug your shoulders over the superstitions of the illiterate, and you will laugh. And I shall be more alone than before, for I have enjoyed it, coming here to tea with you. Nevertheless, I think I shall tell you.'

But he did not at once begin. There came to us the sound of a bottle uncorked, and the unsteady pouring of a drink, with its tinkle of thin glass against thick.

II

'It goes so far back, to the day on which, from the sea, my father saw my cliff. He was in government service, running down smugglers, and had ventured out of his territory, and that one glimpse of that cliff ordered all his later life and mine. For he dropped his work, dropped the woman he was to have married, and married a peasant girl who would not be afraid of the future he was choosing. You, who know this life as it is to-day, can imagine what it was in those days, when all this was still Turkish soil and when — so histories tell us — there was not a Russian here. Yet my father held that cliff for many years. Mad? So they said, they who had never seen our sea at evening turning from blue to gray.

'My first memory is of the sunset path across the water. I swam before I was quite steady on my feet. I tracked boars across the snow, and rode a vicious little horse up and down these mountains, and sailed my own boat when I was little older than Stasya. I could spend happy days playing with my dogs and the tamed gulls on the beach. I used to lie awake on nights of storm, and feel the waves against the cliff with a terror that was three fourths joy. I knew no other life. I wanted no other life. And they took me away from it all, from my gulls and my forest and my mountains, from the sea without which I had never lived a day, and sent me into the chill and the loneliness of the north, to a boarding-school in St. Petersburg.

'Perhaps they were right. I was an only child, the son of a nobleman, and I had turned out like my mother, rough and thick-set and uncouth. I had to be polished up somehow, and the grief would pass, they said; all children sob like that.

'Have you ever awakened from hearing the forest humming as it hums to-night; from hearing the rising waves rustling upon the pebbles, to find yourself in a half-lighted dormitory? If you have, you will believe me when I say that I should have died, taken poison or thrown myself from a window, were it not for the thought that, if I lived, if I waited long enough, I could come back. I did not even go home for my summers — traveling was too difficult here. So I spent those summers in planning the life which some day would be mine, on this cliff, with a son who would have all that I had missed. I was only a boy myself. But I knew that my own youth was lost, and knew that I could find it again only if I saw my son living the life which should have been mine from the start. A poor sort of pastime for a growing child, these fancies, but they were all that I had.

'Then chaos came, just as I was finishing my course. Both my parents

were killed by Turks — which was to have been expected, I suppose. I should have grieved for them. But my sorrow was all for the cliff to which they had held no claim. And my chance for happiness now hung on the chance of another Turkish war. On that chance I chose my profession, — for I had little money, — and I worked in the classroom with a fierceness which worried even those who instructed me. When, years later, the war did come, I was a rising young engineer; and very soon after it had given this coast to Russia, I came here for a day and bought the cliff which had always been mine.

'I stood, that day, on the outermost point of it, over the breakers of the beach. A storm had just passed — to-morrow will be another such day. The wind still blew and, all about me, the gulls rose and fell on outstretched wings. I was penniless, and I knew that my real life still lay at the end of a long wait. But the deed to the place was crushed in my fist, and I shouted my triumph to the waves and heard them shouting back.

'There is nothing phenomenal in my success after that. I had had good training, big things were being built all over Russia, and my desire for money was little short of insane. From Yalta to Archangel I worked, from Riga to Vladivostok, year upon year, and every new ruble which went into the bank was to me another day, which, some time, I should spend above my sea. I hated my work, hated it inexpressibly, but I was buying my future with it, and I was ready to pay a big price. And at last, — I was no longer young, — there came the day on which I started on the journey which would bring me here for all time. You know in part, — for I have seen your face when you watch the twilight come from out our ravines and go creeping up to the crimson peaks, — you know, in part, what that returning was to me.'

And suddenly Ivanoff fell silent, for so long that I thought he would speak no more. And his next words came unwillingly, as if he were wishing that his story had ended there.

'I stopped in Warsaw, — there was a conference of engineers — my last. You know the Polish. Cold they are and reserved and calculating, as correct as the English, more over-mannered than the French. They laugh at us and they hate us; lazy they call us, and crude. And I was the crudest of them all — my schooling had not rubbed away my mother's heritage. But my word was worth something then, also my good-will, so one of the engineers took me to his house to dinner and I met his youngest daughter there.

'They call love blind. But I saw. I saw that I was on the verge of my life's greatest folly, and the knowledge made that folly the sweeter at the time. Perhaps I gloried in the fight I fought to claim her. Perhaps I had visions of taking her from the glittering life about her, from the impeccable puppets with whom she danced and chatted, and letting this country make a simple and normal woman of her. I don't know. I saw that her boots were of the thickness of gloves, and I did not forget the paths which led up to the cliff. I knew that hands which could feel as hers felt against my lips would drop helplessly before the lightest task. I knew that I ought to be marrying a woman of my own sort, strong of body and not overfine, a woman who would love me because she knew no other kind of man, and not because I was a novelty among the men she knew. The cups which I broke should have warned me, were I heeding warnings — bits of translucent china they were, crumpling up like eggshells in my hands, for my hands were used to a thick glass at tea-time.

She, too, should have taken heed. But she only rang for a servant to take away the broken fragments, called me her awkward Bruin, kissed my scalded fingers and laughed — there never has been anything on earth like that laugh of hers.

'So I brought her here, just another bit of fragile china where iron and steel should have been. In the middle of the night sometimes, after a very sad evening, I can still see her smiling as she smiled that day, her teeth on her lower lip, when we walked for the first time together up the path to our cliff and streamers of wild blackberry tore at her arms and hair.

'Of course we were gay for a time — picnicking she called it. It was fun to build the new house, to plan the garden; fun to read together through the long summer afternoons. I was in a heaven of happiness. And then, — it was when the first storm of autumn was gathering, — one evening she came to me and asked, simply, like a child, "When are we going home?"

'Do you see it all there, in that question, all the horror of the next year? She did not leave me — the Roman Catholics are even more unbending than we; she did not quarrel, she did not even complain, much. She simply grew afraid. Afraid of the howl of jackals and the screech of owls, yet more afraid still of the silence, afraid of the Turks and Kurds who worked on the place and worshiped her for an angel, afraid of the forest, afraid of the wind, terrified by the sea.

'I tried to reason with her; I too was afraid, I told her, and I spoke the truth. When I am alone in the forest after a snowstorm, with everything white and still, I am so afraid that I would let a boar charge me rather than dare break the silence with my gun. When the sky on the horizon grows murky as it did to-day, with the little white rabbits cresting the far waves, and the air gone suddenly motionless and stifling, I am so afraid that my mouth goes dry.

'I told her all this, but I only frightened her the more. There were the gulls — I saw her, time after time, sitting in the big window to watch them sweeping up on the wind over the edge of the cliff. She seemed to like them. So I told her more about them, told her what they really were, — which every one knows who has ever seen them following a ship, — the souls of sailors drowned at sea. I thought to please her. But she only shuddered. And she never again sat in that window to watch them sailing past. And on restless nights, when the sea roared under the lash of the wind — oh, my God!

'At the end of that winter I begged her to go back to her people. She would have gone, I think, did she not know that a child was coming. Which made everything more hopeless still. For she could not bear the thought of bringing a daughter into this wild life; and I should have chosen to remain childless rather than have a son of mine grow soft-bodied and soft-souled in the city which she loved. For we had shared too many secrets, that son and I, and we had very splendid years to live together.

'It was then that we gave to each other the solemn pledges which were to bind us once and for all time. If a daughter came to us, I was to give up all this and go back, back to my profession and the life I hated. But if it was a boy, — and how I hoped for it! — then it would be Caucasus forever. It seemed fair enough to me — I should have lived up to my part had Stasya been a girl. But she failed me utterly. She stayed. But she would not live. I don't think I was hard; I let her send for Mademoiselle, and I said nothing when she gave to my son that

heathenish name of the Poles. Ivan he should have been, like myself, like my father and my father's father. She should have been content. But she was unreasonable, — women are, you know, — and she died. And that was not all!'

Again came the sound of thin glass touched shakily to thick. Father stirred uneasily, his chair creaked in the silence.

'She pleaded with me when she was dying, to send Stasya to Warsaw, to give him to her sister. I promised it — one does not deny a death-bed plea. But I had no thought of keeping that promise. They talk of mother-love! But I wonder if a woman ever knows, quite, what a son can mean to a man who remembers his own lonely boyhood. Stasya stayed with me. And then, from her grave she reached out and laid a curse upon him.'

In my bed, suddenly, I regretted the door we had not closed. Something awful was going on in the next room, something which could not be stayed, like the storm which was making me shiver for all the blankets over me.

'I know that, to yourself, you are laughing. Laughing and thinking of the folk tales which fill a peasant child's life. But Stasya was a perfect baby. I can still feel the first grip of his fist on my finger. There was no hint in him of these wrists no bigger than my thumbs, of the neck which I can encompass with one hand — until she died. She had wanted a girl who would free her from this. So she took all manliness from Stasya, gave him a begging smile, and made him, too, afraid. Hour after hour he sits silently, with his books and his pictures and his crayons, in some corner of the house which has no window opening on either forest or sea, and every day he is a little more listless than on the day before. Sometimes he plays with dolls. Dolls don't hurt him, he says. His toys are neatly piled, his hands are clean. All this I could stand. But, in the fullness of her revenge, she put into my boy's heart a fear of me. Stasya cringes when I touch him. Surely she sees it now — the beauty of the place as I see it; surely she understands now why I could not go away. I buried her here that, with her new vision, she might see. Yet she will not lift the curse. No Russian soul could do a thing such as this!

'For a time I thought that Stasya would change. When I came to know your young cut-throats, I brought him here. If he could be made into a boy, could be taught to romp, to laugh, to fight, your vandals alone could do it. I ordered Mademoiselle to keep away. I wanted him to be scratched and bumped and battered. I wanted him to cry until he learned to fight instead. I watched them playing day after day. And all the sorrow which had been mine was as nothing to the torture of these playtimes. Yet on some days I was hopeful. There was the evening on which he talked to me of bandits! To have him always shrink at sight of me, to have him tremble when I spoke to him, and then, one evening, to have him come and stand between my knees, his hand on my arm, and talk, with shining eyes, of bandits! That night I sobbed myself to sleep like a hysterical schoolgirl. I bought him a dagger next day — walked to Batum because I could not wait for the train. It was a real one, silver-hilted. Your Fedik would go through fire to claim it. And Stasya cried out with terror at sight of it, and ran and hid from me! The coward!'

'Not a coward! Anything but a coward!' Father's words were sharp, and I knew of what he was thinking. 'Ivan Ivanovich,' he went on, hurriedly, lest he be interrupted, 'why don't you drop your fairy tales? Why don't you get a first-class nurse for Stasya,

why don't you take him into a higher altitude, away from our swamps? If you give him mountain air, if you watch his diet —'

'Diet?' and Ivanoff cursed. 'I am telling you of the thing which burns me night and day, and only the doctor in you is listening! If you had seen what I saw this afternoon —

'They were looting a sinking ship. Your Fedik was in command; I'd cast away my soul for such a son! My own fists went tight, I was so afraid that they could not get all the treasure before the waves took the hull away. There was the waterlogged old rowboat and the pebbles which filled the bags, but I swear I saw the sinking galleon and heard the clinking of the gold doubloons. And Stasya! Never had I seen him so. Hair tousled, shoes drenched, the cutlass swinging in his hand — once he swore and, at the word, I forgave his mother everything. Already I saw him, square-shouldered and reckless, playing wild games and climbing trees; heard him laughing and shouting through my house, slamming doors as he went. Already I was teaching him to shoot, to swim, to row, to sail. And then, just then, he bumped into Fedik, head on and Fedik's fault. He should have knocked him down, — or tried to, — he was a pirate fighting for his loot. But he stopped still, dead still, his cutlass hanging, the begging smile back on his lips. "*Pardon*," he said, "*pardon*." And, man, he clicked his heels! Her cousins used to click their heels just so, — and how I loathed them for it! — when they bowed among the gilt-legged chairs of her father's house. But no one had taught Stasya. I questioned Mademoiselle. She was pleased: it's in the blood, she said. But man-made things such as that do not get into the blood. It is the dead mother over him. And I am helpless, helpless.'

He was pacing the floor now. I could hear his feet when he came to the space between the rugs. And his voice was very tired.

'So, I have made my decision. It came to me — the thought which I had driven from me a thousand times — as he stood bowing there, ankle-deep in water, the heels of his soaked shoes close together. One cannot win a fight against the dead. I shall take them to Odessa, him and Mademoiselle, and put them on a Warsaw train. It is queer, after the longings for this country, that the only wish which is left me is the wish that I too could go with them. I should hate it as of old for myself, and, for Stasya, I should die a new death each day. But I could see him. And even that I cannot do. She will be kinder if he is away from me. For, when he is gone, I shall begin my prayer to her, an endless prayer, for the lifting of the curse. And his aunt will give him everything — everything that goes with gilt chairs and pretty speeches and cups which break in the hands of a man! You have more wine?'

'But how,' said father after a time, 'how will you live without him?'

Ivanoff laughed unhappily.

'It is better than building another cross on my cliff.'

He went away soon after that; or it may be that I fell asleep. The last words which I heard that night seemed, just then, of no especial moment.

'One condition shall I impose upon her, the aunt. Stasya shall go into the army. We shall see whether even the curse of a dead mother can keep him from fighting there.'

III

We awoke, next morning, to a brand-new world, a world of dazzling sunshine, of shreds of white clouds tearing across the sky, of a glistening forest

still dripping with rain, of a gray-green sea gone mad. The dogs whined impatiently under our windows; in the kitchen Ali the Kurd was imploring the good *hakím* to find some means whereby that sea could be held from cutting into the field which he had planted to corn.

Shaking with the thrill of all that lay before us, our fingers fumbled over buttons and straps. To swing on the branches of uprooted chestnut trees, to count the tiles blown from the house and barn, to race to where the pebbly beach was wide enough for quick retreat and snatch at the delightful wreckage before the breakers caught it back, to stand and shake our heads with Ali at the foam-tipped tongues which reached over the bank and far into the soft earth, mercilessly crumbling row after row of young green shoots — that morning held no minute for either the future or the past. It was only when, with the sun high overhead, we were going home, walking backward lest we lose sight of the tumbling sea, that we looked at the cross, — black and very still against the flying clouds, — and, all in a flash, remembered Ivanoff's story.

We talked it over excitedly, — we had dropped asleep at different points of it, — but even then there remained much that was neither clear nor convincing, and we went to sister with it: she was thirteen and knew everything. But, as usual, sister was very busy deciding whether to devote her life to the uplifting of the poor or to the breaking of a prince's heart, and, as usual, we got nothing at all from her. And soon another problem was added to our ever-lengthening list.

Father had taken us to Batum next day, and we were returning in the same car with Ivanoff. I should not have dared address him, so formidable did his profile show against the window, but — bold with the boldness of the favorite — Fedik ran gayly after him when we had jumped down at our half-station.

'*Zdravstvuitye!*' he called.

Ivanoff turned and saw him, saw father, turned again, and walked away with great uneven strides.

'Father!' Fedik whispered, aghast; 'what is it? Is he angry with you?'

'Very angry' — father's voice was strangely quiet. 'You see, my son, he has told his secret to me. Some day, perhaps, I shall tell you.'

So Stasya came no more to play with us, and, because he had miraculously regained all the prestige which our dreams once gave to him, we missed him unbelievably. Yet on the morning on which he was to leave us, Ivanoff's Turk came to ask us to run down to the railroad in time for the early train.

With Stasya glad and excited, with the radiant Mademoiselle calling to the one in the torn trousers to come and kiss her, with Ivanoff's face turned away from us, it should not have been a sad occasion, to us who still measured sorrow by the attending tears. Yet sad it was, and final, and very much like death — the departure of the little boy who was going away because we could not make a vandal of him. We were glad when the train crept from out the tunnel and we had done with shaking Stasya's limp hand, glad when the three had climbed aboard the rear platform and the train puffed heavily away.

Stasya and Mademoiselle disappeared in the car, but Ivanoff stood at the railing, his eyes raised to his cliff, and, as he looked, he slowly bared his head. And we knew that he had begun his endless prayer.

'IT WILL BE A HARD WINTER'

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

They say the blue king jays have flown
From woods of Westchester:
So I am off for Luthany,
But I shall make no stir;
For who fair Luthany would see,
Must set him forth alone.

In screwing winds last night the snow
Creaked like an angry jinn;
And two old men from up the State
Said, 'Bears went early in,' —
Half pausing by my ice-locked gate, —
'March will be late to blow.'

So I for Luthany am bound,
And I shall take no pack;
You cannot find the way, you know,
With feet that make a track,
But light as blowing leaf must go,
And you must hear a sound

That's like a singing strange and high
Of birds you've never seen;
Then two ghosts come; as doves they move,
While you must walk between;
And one is Youth and one is Love,
Who say, 'We did not die.'

The harp-built walls of Luthany
Are builded high and strong,
To shelter singer, fool, and seer;
And glad they live, and long.
All others die who enter there,
But they are safe, these three.

The seer can warm his body through
By some far fire he sees;
The fool can naked dance in snow;
The singer — as he please!
And which I be of these, oho,
That is a guess for you!

Once in a thousand years, they say,
The walls are beaten down;
And then they find a singer dead;
But swift they set a crown
Upon his lowly, careless head,
And sing his song for aye!

So I to Luthany will flee,
While here the winter raves.
God send I go not as one blind
A-dancing upon graves!
God save a madman if I find
War's heel on Luthany!

THE WILD OSTRICH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In Mr. Scully's interesting article on the life of the African ostrich, he states that, as regards 'the habits of the wild birds, nearly every extant account bristles with inaccuracies.'

In the next paragraph, he states that 'to an unprotected man in the open an infuriated ostrich is as dangerous as a lion.' This sentence is itself a 'bristling inaccuracy.' If, when assailed by the ostrich, the man stands erect, he is in great danger. But by the simple expedient of lying down, he escapes all danger. In such case, the bird may step on him, or sit on him; his clothes will be rumpled and his feelings injured; but he will suffer no bodily harm. I know various men — including Mr. William Beebe — who have had this experience. Does Mr. Scully imagine that an infuriated lion will merely sit on a man who lies down?

Mr. Scully says that the ostrich is the only animal man has domesticated because of 'sheer loveliness, as distinguished from utility.' Surely Mr. Scully has forgotten that the peacock has been domesticated for a far longer time than the ostrich. His statement that the ostrich plumes are 'probably the most perfect decorative items in Nature's storehouse,' ought, like any such statement, to be put in the form of an expression of personal taste; various storks, cranes, and herons, not to speak of birds of paradise and argus pheasants, carry plumes which to a multitude of persons with equally good taste seem even more beautiful.

Mr. Scully's description of the ravages of the jackal among the ostrich eggs is of moment. In the course of the description he says that 'the white-necked raven coöperates with the jackal. He will carry a small heavy stone up into the air and drop it into the nest. Jackal and raven then share amicably the contents of the smashed egg.'

This is most interesting, and it is so important, that Mr. Scully ought to have described in detail the particular observations which warrant the various features of the statement — the co-operation, the use of the stone as a tool, the amity in sharing the result. Similar statements are frequently made, usually about vultures. But I wish that we could get the testimony of trained eye-witnesses. It is not in the least impossible: in the same regions in Africa the alliance between the big honey-badger and the queer honey-bird, is much more remarkable. Moreover, many birds drop shells on rocks or pebbly beaches, to break them; last week I saw gulls doing this. But the wielding of a stone as a tool marks an effort of intelligence akin to that of the higher primates, and of man himself at about the opening of the Pleistocene; so that it would be interesting to have real evidence of it. The incident of a raven and a jackal sharing the egg is also of special interest — entirely possible, of course, but as unexpected as a similar friendly alliance between a fox and a crow; so that it ought to be a subject for first-hand testimony.

In one paragraph Mr. Scully says

that the wild ostrich is polygamous. Yet in the next paragraph but one he states that both cock and hen sit on the eggs, and that the cock sits on the nest 'from about four o'clock in the afternoon until about eight o'clock next morning, approximately sixteen hours.' This must mean that the cock broods all the eggs of all the hens at the same time; for, of course, if the cock has more than one hen, he cannot spend two thirds of each twenty-four hours on each hen's separate nest. I came across only six or eight cases of nesting ostriches and ostriches with broods while I was in Africa. In each case there was only a pair of birds, a cock and a hen; it was only a pair and always a pair that did the brooding of the eggs, and only a pair and always a pair that led the chicks when hatched. Of course, this does not mean that polygamy may not occur; but inasmuch as both the cock and the hen sit on the eggs, and as the sitting cock can hardly cover all the eggs of both or all the hens, polygamy must radically interfere with the normal habits in this respect — and accurate and extended observations on wild birds ought to be a preliminary to generalizations on the subject.

Mr. Scully says that the nesting habits offer 'an undoubted instance of protective coloration. The cock, being jet-black, cannot be seen at night; the hen, which sits throughout the greater part of the day, is more or less the color of the desert sand. She thus attains a maximum of invisibility while on the nest.' This is certainly a misreading of the facts, — even if the facts are observed correctly, — and is probably a failure to observe them correctly. In Africa I came across wild-ostrich nests five times, always toward noon — that is, between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon. In three cases the hen was on the eggs, in two cases, the cock. The cock which I shot and which is in the National Museum at Washington was one of these birds which I, by accident, put up from sitting on its eggs toward midday. Of course, five instances are not sufficient to generalize from, but they do warrant further examination of the subject before making dogmatic assertions as to the cock always sitting at night and the hen always in the daytime. My own observations were that the two sexes sat alternately, and indifferently, during both night and day. Nor are my own observations the only ones to bear out this view. In Selous's *Travel and Adventure*, page 463, he speaks of a hen ostrich being shot 'as she was returning to her nest just at sunset.' In Stewart Edward White's *Rediscovered Country*, page 123, he describes a return to camp after a morning's hunt, and says, 'Near camp caught sight of a queer-looking black hump, sticking out of the tall grass. When near, it suddenly unfolded into a cock ostrich and departed. We found twenty-eight eggs.'

Moreover, even if the rule laid down by Mr. Scully on this subject proves to apply generally, his interpretation of the rule is certainly erroneous. Protective coloration is a relative matter. Under the conditions which Mr. Scully describes, the cock ostrich is practically always revealingly colored, as compared to the hen, and his coloration is of a highly advertising type. Mr. Scully says that the hen is colored like the desert sand, and therefore attains the maximum of invisibility (compared to the cock) when on the nest. This is true; and it is almost as true at night as in the daytime. Under most conditions, and normally, the cock is more easily seen at night than the hen. Cloudy nights are very rare in the desert: half the time it is moonlight; and then the cock is almost as reveal-

ingly colored as in daylight. The rest of the time it is brilliant starlight, and against the desert sand the cock is even then more visible than the hen.

Nor is this all. Mr. Scully says the cock sits on the nest during four hours of daylight, the two hours after sunrise and the two hours before sunset. These are precisely the four hours during which carnivores are most active if they are abroad during daylight at all. African carnivorous beasts are for the most part nocturnal; but they are often active for a couple of hours before sunset or after sunrise; whereas during the heat of the day, say from nine o'clock until four, it is exceptional for them to move round. Therefore, if Mr. Scully is correct, the cock ostrich sits on the nest during the very hours of daylight when its revealing coloration is most dangerous and disadvantageous, while the hen sits on the nest during the hours when her concealing coloration is of little or no consequence.

Mr. Scully's theory — the accepted theory of many closet naturalists — has no warrant in fact. All the evidence goes to show that neither the revealing coloration of the cock ostrich, nor the concealing coloration of the hen, is a survival factor. The birds' habits and surroundings, their keen sight, wariness, speed, and fecundity, and the desert conditions, not their coloration patterns, are the survival factors.

Mr. Scully speaks of the curious waltzing or gyrating of the ostriches as not occurring among wild birds. I saw it twice among parties of wild birds in the Sotik country, beyond the Guaro Nyero of the south. Mr. Scully says that, as ostriches live under 'constant menace' from carnivorous foes, 'the general practice of gyration or of any exercise calculated to attract the attention of enemies is unthinkable.' The facts directly contradict this assertion. In the first place, by the time the young birds are old enough to gyrate or waltz, they are so conspicuous that any foe is sure to see them, whether they are walking about or gyrating; and after their early youth ostriches do not seek to escape observation — they live under such conditions that they trust exclusively to seeing their foes themselves, and not to eluding the sight of their foes. In the second place, 'exercises calculated to attract attention' not merely are not 'unthinkable,' but are actual in the cases of many birds with far more numerous foes than the ostrich has. In East Africa, in parts of the ostrich country, I found the whydah finches numerous. The very conspicuous males performed continuously in their dancing rings, and their exercise *was* 'calculated to attract the attention of' every beast or bird that possessed eyesight. Relatively to the size of the bird, it was far more conspicuous, far more advertising to all possible enemies, than the waltzing of the ostrich. Certain antelopes, especially when young, indulge in play almost as conspicuous.

Mr. Scully's explanation (of a condition which does not exist) is to the effect that 'probably' the ostrich had its origin in some 'vast Australian tract where carnivora were scarce.' This is mere wild guesswork; all the information that we have indicates that it is the reverse of the truth.

Mr. Scully writes with genuine charm about much of his subject. This would be in no way interfered with if he were more careful, both in his observations and in his generalizations.

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

BY MAURICE BARRÈS

I. THE LAST DAYS OF COLONEL DRIANT DEPUTY FOR NANCY

Colonel Driant was killed before Verdun, at the head of his superb battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied*, in February, 1916, on the first day of the terrible German offensive.

Driant was my friend and my colleague in the Chamber of Deputies. He represented Nancy — the same district for which I sat before I was chosen Deputy for Paris.

He wrote some excellent books. His work as an author was an extension of his military and national activity. During twenty-five years, in some thirty volumes, he strove to prepare our young men to face the new German invasion which some of us could see approaching.

When he fell, I went to Verdun. I talked much about him with his comrades in arms. Their words, like the numerous letters from his men, are stones in the monument of his glory. I began at once to collect this useful material; it was the fitting way to be of service to a hero. Thus in my narrative I shall include so far as possible the very words that have remained graven in my memory. In the glowing tales of his comrades, they were magnificent; and if, scattered through my text, they may sound awkward, what does it matter? they preserve something of the last impressions which he made upon his soldiers and his friends.

We know that the two battalions of *chasseurs-à-pied* which Driant commanded formed one of the links in the chain which covered Verdun to the north; one of the links in the —— Corps under General —— .

For a long time Driant was free from anxiety. I have been rereading his letters. On November 2, 1914, he wrote me from Samogneux: 'We are holding them here, twenty kilometres from Verdun, so that they can't possibly place their heavy batteries within range, and they will never take Verdun.' But for more than a year he witnessed the constant augmentation of the enemy's stock of munitions, and called constantly for works of consolidation on our side.

During the last weeks he was firmly convinced of the imminence of an assault. 'We have numerous and unquestionable indications,' he said; 'the statements of prisoners agree with our information, but there are those who still doubt.' On February 16, he wrote to Paul Sordoillet at Nancy, 'The Boches are working like ants all about us. The hour of the assault cannot be far away. Never did the phrase, "By God's grace," seem to me less commonplace.'

One evening about this time, when Driant was returning from Verdun to Mormont farm, he said to one of his men, who was with him, —

'Thus far the fates have been kind

to us, but the time draws near when we are going to get a severe blow. My poor chasseurs! Most of all I grieve for the battalion that happens to be in the front line on the day they break loose.'

He expected the battalion to be destroyed on the spot, without even a sight of the enemy.

That same evening, he said again, 'For my part, I shall never be taken prisoner. I will not! At twenty-five metres I'll put a bullet between the eyes of the first German who comes near. As you know, when I was in the first battalion at Troyes, I was the champion revolver-shot of France.'

In the night of the 20th and 21st he wrote to a former commanding officer of his, —

'The attack on Verdun is near at hand, and the Crown Prince has declared, so a deserter informs us, that he is going to take the city and so end the war. He is going to find out what it costs *not* to take it. If destiny should be adverse to me, I want to give you once more the assurance of an affection which you cannot doubt. From the bottom of my heart I send remembrances to all my friends at Nancy to whom I cannot write. Above all things, do not imagine that I am beset by gloomy thoughts. On the contrary, I am quite calm, and convinced that my usual luck will follow me.'

In the morning he mounted his horse much earlier than usual, — a little before six, — and, as he wanted to see Major Renouard, rode to Caures Wood. It was Monday the 21st of February. He arrived just at the beginning of the bombardment — a very intense general bombardment against all our positions. It was understood instantly that this was the beginning of the attack.

Driant's station would properly have been in the second line, at Mormont farm, which he had just left. He did not for an instant think of going back. 'If there is an attack,' he had always said, 'I shall not stay at Mormont, I shall go with the supporting battalion. What business should I have there when both my battalions were engaged?'

He went to the dug-out of the commander of the advanced posts, Major Renouard. The tempest of bullets was frightful, so witnesses tell me, on Caures Wood and the positions near by. All the communications were cut, and the chasseurs were isolated by an incredibly intense barrage. The 210*s*, 305*s*, and 380*s* devastated the woods, overthrew great oaks at every instant, crushed and even fired the dug-outs.

About 11 o'clock, the second in command, Lieutenant Petitcollot, a mining engineer of Lorraine, who was always talking about '*la revanche*,' was killed. The colonel was deeply affected. Shortly after, the post which had resisted most obstinately was blown up, burying fourteen men and an officer in the ruins. At two in the afternoon, not a single dug-out remained.

At four o 'clock the Germans began to fire at longer range; then there was a very slight slackening, and at the same moment several men came running in from the outposts, crying, 'Here come the Boches!'

'To arms!' shouted the colonel, seizing a rifle. As he had not troops enough to face the unknown number of the enemy, he sent to Mormont farm for reinforcements, that is, for the 56th, while he himself, fully exposed to the bombardment, ran through the ruined trenches where the chasseurs were.

'Well, boys, how goes it? Your heart 's in the work, eh? Here we are; this is our place, we won't budge!' And pointing to the bodies of those whom the bombardment had struck down, he added, 'What, is it so very hard to do as they did? All together

now, and like them we will go on to the end!'

He at once ordered Lieutenant Rolin to recapture by counter-attack the outposts where the enemy had gained a foothold, in the northwest fringe of Caures Wood.

Lieutenant Rolin succeeded in bombing the enemy out of two trenches, and failed at the third; but about six o'clock reinforcements began to come up, in open order (to avoid heavy casualties), and dribbled into the ranks despite the barrage. Driant sent his men to support Lieutenant Rolin, and there was ground for hope that, notwithstanding the furious artillery assault, the whole wood would be ours at dawn.

The night came on. The colonel passed it walking about the forest. Whenever he met one of his men, he spoke words of cheer to him. To some of the 56th he said, 'Ah! the 56th: the boys from the North — "grousers" all of you! but when there's a blow to be struck, you're on the spot! — You can be certain that I shan't forget you, my boys,' he added; and calling to Sublieutenant Debeugny of the 59th, he bade him take the names of the gallant fellows.

Several times he declared that they must wait and prepare for the great blow of the next day. Under cover of the darkness a wagonload of bombs and munitions arrived. He wrote to General —— a note, of which these are almost the exact words: 'We shall resist the Boches whether their bombardment is irresistible or not.'

In the morning Lieutenant Rolin and his chasseurs attacked the only one of the trenches lost the day before which the Germans still held; but the enemy had had time to install machine-guns there. The rush of the chasseurs was checked, but at all events they held what they had recovered the day before. They were not dislodged, but all their communications were cut. Fifteen men, whom Lieutenant Rolin sent to Driant and the rear, were killed one after another on the way.

At one in the afternoon the Germans began a formidable artillery fire. There was a solid mass of shells which crushed everything. Behind that tornado came the infantry — so close behind that many must have been struck by their own missiles. This manœuvre enabled them to debouch suddenly. They hurled themselves upon what remained of our trenches. Driant ordered Lieutenant Undenstock to lead a counter-attack with the bayonet. That officer, on receiving the order, put his bleeding hand behind his back; he had just had a finger shot off, and was fearful that his commander, seeing that he was wounded, would deprive him of that duty. Wrapping the stump in his handkerchief, he rushed to the attack amid the shouts of his men: 'Forward! down with the Boches!' A bullet brought him to earth. Lieutenant Belgny took his place and fell, shot through the throat.

All this heroism had its effect. The enemy was brought to a standstill. He was checked in front, but continued his turning movement. He got one claw behind Caures Wood, and even into the wood, by way of Haumont and Ville. 'The bullets whistled through the branches,' says a witness; 'the machine-guns crackled and squalls of shot swept the thickets. Our skirmishers had no cover except ball-proofs made of stones hastily piled up, and shell-holes.

At three o'clock the colonel discovered that his men were being shot in the back. Caures Wood was partially taken in flank. Furthermore, the ammunition was giving out.

He calls his officers together — those splendid men: Major Renouard, Captain Vincent, Captain Hamel. 'The gravity of his determined face im-

pressed me deeply,' said Captain Hamel later. In a few words Colonel Driant declares that every one has done his duty honorably to the end, and that nothing can stop the enemy now. ' My dear friends,' he says, ' a few moments more and we must either die or be made prisoners.'

'But,' says Captain Hamel, 'why not try to lead some of these brave fellows out of the wood? That will mean just so many more fighting men tomorrow.'

Colonel Driant consults with a glance his two battalion commanders.

' It is hard; I would rather die,' says Captain Vincent.

Tears were rolling down his cheeks, and everybody present was crying.

Major Renouard approved Captain Hamel's suggestion. All agreed. Major Renouard made sure that there was nothing left of which the enemy could make use, and the order was given to withdraw to the village of Beaumont.

What remained of the battalions was formed in four columns. Colonel Driant, Major Renouard, Captains Vincent and Hamel, each took his place at the head of one of them. Only that commanded by the last-named was to succeed in escaping almost intact.

Driant proposed trying to cross the crest behind the wood of Ville. On the edge of the wood, he was checked. He ordered his whole column to pass him, to make sure that there were no laggards, after the manner of a captain who is the last to leave his ship. He had his cloak over his arm and his cane in his hand. The instant that the chasseurs debouched into the open they were shot down by machine-guns.

The shots came from Joli-Cœur, from cover afforded by the hollow which Driant himself had dug on the plateau as a shelter for his reserves, and which the Germans had seized.

The column, which was advancing in groups, struggled on and grew still thinner; it was no longer a unit on the march, but small fragments trying to force a way through, leaving dead on the ground at every step. The course was from shell-hole to shell-hole. To convey some idea of the terrain, we may say that, during his retreat, at a near-by point, Captain Berweiler and seventy of his men occupied a single shell-crater.

'The colonel ought not to have tried it,' a chasseur told me. 'He was no good at hiding.'

Just as he was jumping into a shell-hole, Driant was hit in the temple, turned half around, exclaiming, 'Oh, my God!' and fell face to the foe. This is the testimony of Paul Coisne, sergeant in the 56th; it is confirmed, word for word, by Sergeant Jules Haquin, of the 59th, who says, 'I put out my head to see what was going on, and I saw Colonel Driant just as he fell, facing the enemy, on the edge of the hole.'

In this extremity Colonel Driant was not abandoned by his men. Coisne jumped down beside Haquin, and together they cleared the approach to the hole so that they could draw the colonel in where they were, hoping that he was merely wounded; but they could hear the death-rattle, and saw blood flowing from his mouth. Two or three minutes later, the Germans came up and seized the two sergeants. The colonel gave no sign of life, but the two prisoners wanted to take him on their shoulders. The Germans objected.

It was between four and five in the afternoon. Lieutentant-Colonel Driant, Deputy for Nancy, lay stretched upon Lorraine soil, bathed in his own blood.

Meanwhile some men of his column joined a group of the 59th about 30 metres ahead of them, and called out that the colonel had been hit. They kept on their way. A moment later Major Renouard was killed and Cap-

tain Vincent wounded. Our men were followed so closely by the enemy that they could see Lieutenant Crampel, when, as he was made prisoner, he waved his hand to them in a despairing gesture of farewell.

Captain Hamel, a young man of twenty-eight, the sole survivor of this group of noble officers, was now in command of the two battalions. He made his way back to Beaumont with his column, the last remnant of those heroes.

To the last moment we persisted in hoping. It is the instinct of friendship and patriotism to keep hope anchored in one's heart; and, after all, we knew nothing to make it certain that Colonel Driant had not revived; but here follows the German letter which closed the life of a great Frenchman: —

'To Madame Driant, *née* Boulanger
'*Chasseurs-à-pied* 57/59 — *France*
'Wiesbaden, 16 *March*, 1916.

'Madame, — My son, a lieutenant of artillery, who fought face to face with your husband, asks me to write and assure you that Monsieur Driant was buried with every mark of care and respect and that his enemy comrades dug and decorated a fitting grave for him. I hasten to add the assurance of my profound sympathy to that of my son. He bids me say to you that there was found on Monsieur Driant's body a medallion with three small hearts, which he wore around his neck. We hold it at your disposal. If you desire, I can send it to you through the Baroness von Glütz-Ruchte at Soleure, who will be kind enough to send you these lines. On one part of the chain there are these words on a gold background (the medallion is gold), "Souvenir of the first communion of Marie Therèse, June 14, 1902."

'Monsieur Driant was buried beside Major Étienne Renouard, of the same battalion, 57/59 *Chasseurs-à-pied*, on the edge of Caures Wood, between Beaumont and Flabas.

'The grave is to be cared for, so that you will be able to find it when peace returns.

'Accept, madame, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

'Baroness Schrotter.'

And soon there arrived from the King of Spain confirmation of this intelligence and even more precise detail.

Madrid, *April* 3, 15*h.* 10*m.*

'Martin, *chef protocole*, *Paris*, —

'We learn from Berlin that the grave of Colonel Driant has been found, near Beaumont and Caures, beside that of the major of the 59th Chasseurs, and those of seven of his men. Regards.

'Alfonso R.

Let us not even yet take our leave of this glorious mound of earth. Beside this grave words have been spoken so fittingly, with such an accent of truth words so expressive of their subject, that I must set them down; they are the best portraits of the dead. And if they *seem* only to concern a Colonel Driant who fell in the midst of his gallant chasseurs, face to the enemy, to save France in the great battle of Verdun, let us not hesitate to tarry and to gather for our remembrance radiant deeds and words.

Should I myself demur; should I be afraid lest individuals seem too trivial amid the preoccupations in which we are involved by the vast drama, and the nameless sacrifices which flow like a river of blood? In painting the best type of soldier, I paint to the best of my ability the army of 1914–1916 — the whole moral force of the country; I assist in collecting the treasure to which future ages will come to kindle the imagination and warm the

heart. Is Driant dead? He breathes, he acts, he creates; he lives as an example!

Look at him as he survives in the hearts of his men. One of them tells me, —

'He looked out for the welfare of his men; he never met one of us without stopping him. "Well, chasseur, is everything all right?" If you had asked the chasseurs what they thought of their colonel, "He's the father of the battalion," one would have answered; and another, "He's the best there is!" The words would have varied, but the idea was always the same.'

Another writes me, —

'I believe that under the circumstances his "children" showed themselves worthy of their "father"; for to us the colonel was always "Father Driant." He was so fatherlike, and so full of kindly consideration! . . . There was nobody who feared to go to him and ask for what he needed; he knew that his children were boys from Northern Lorraine and the Aisne, from those invaded districts which are groaning under the heel of the oppressor; and he had put them at their ease by saying, "Ask and you shall receive." There was never need of an intermediary; you knocked at the door of his modest dug-out, and received from him with affection what you asked him for: boots, drawers, shirts, pipes, tobacco. What would n't he have done for his chasseurs!

'And now he has died, died like a brave man, face to the foe! Is not this the fulfillment of his dream, and, as it were, the apotheosis of his "works"?' (Letter from a wounded private of the 56th: Br ——.)

And still another: —

'He went very often to the outposts, at all hours, and had haversacks full of tobacco and chocolate brought behind him. He would say a few words to the sentries, and then, turning to the man who was with him, "Give him some tobacco."'

And in addition to his kindness of heart there was his fearlessness: —

'I was with him on the 17th of the month,' a soldier told me. 'When a bullet passes close to you, you instinctively duck your head. But the colonel knew no such motion.'

Again, on the same subject: —

'His indifference went to the point of rashness,' said a chasseur. His indifference: do you not like that proud and transparent word to describe courage? And he adds, 'No one can contradict this: Colonel Driant was never afraid. He sought out corners just a little bit dangerous, where the bullets came from time to time. "Colonel," some one would say to him, "don't stand on that spot; the Boches have been firing at it since morning." That would pique his pride: he would go there and say, "You know well enough that they'll never fire at me."'

Here is another anecdote that I have heard from his men: —

'At Gercourt, on September 1, 1914, after he had entered the village, riding, crop in hand, at the head of the 56th, he was ordered to fall back. Many men, among them Lieutenant Delcassé, who was wounded, had fallen. The bullets spat out by the machine-guns at the top of the church-tower were whistling round our ears, and the colonel (then major), rode backward, with no sign of haste. Observing the amazed look of a corporal, he said, "You wonder what I am doing, do you, my boy? Well, I am keeping my face to the foe, for I don't propose to have any one say that Driant died with his back to the Boches."'

Driant found a death in harmony with his whole existence, and his last sacrifice would have contented his soul. It takes its place so naturally at the

end of his days that he seems to have foreseen it, to have dreamed it. Do but read this page, which I have copied from his *Robinsons Sous-marins*, and compare it with the narrative I have given you.

'I am on a battlefield. The bullets sing their death-dealing song through the ranks, which grow thinner and thinner; the melinite shells burst, sending forth their characteristic puffs of black smoke shot with gleams of red.

'The air is poisoned with their acrid vapor; I breathe with difficulty.

'I have no idea where and why I am fighting.

'Is this the war of revenge so long dreamed of? What is this forest-crowned ravine of which my feverish glances search out the details? Are we in France or in Germany?

'By my side *chasseurs-à-pied* are firing, firing without pause, lying in the furrows. . . . Behind them subalterns run hither and thither, stooping low, to point out the objectives, and rectify the elevation.

'I recognize faces of friends; I try to call out to them.

'A word of command: "Forward!"

'An inspiring air, if ever there was one, — the *Charge*, intermingled with strains from *Sidi-Brahim* and the *Marseillaise*, — and the whole line moves toward the wood.

'I raise my arm, waving a sword which feels heavy, heavy as an axe or as a sledge-hammer.

'I try to shout, "Forward!" suddenly a sharp pain passes through me: I have heard distinctly a nearer hissing sound amid the intense humming of the projectiles which pass in frenzied swarms, and I fall to the ground, seated pointing to the hill with my arm which seems to grow ever more numb and lifeless.

'A bullet has entered my side, fulfilling its muttered destiny in the dull sound of pierced flesh and crushed bones: then another strikes me in the centre of the forehead, and it seems to me that my brain bursts like a ripe pomegranate. An icy hand stretches me at full length in a furrow, amid poppies and bluebells.

'Silence: the artillery-fire slackens, the fusillade dies away; darkness overspreads the heavens.

'I am close beside a little beardless soldier, with a blue cloak, and on the collar I read, "No. 1," the number of the battalion which I love above all else. The little chasseur's eyes are closed; he seems to sleep; but he has, as I have, a hole in the centre of his forehead.'

Driant dreamed a true dream. He sleeps beside 'his little chasseurs.'

II. PAUL DROUOT

In an earlier paper[1] I have put before the readers of the *Atlantic* the eloquent and moving letter in which the young poet, Paul Drouot, described to me the last hours of his beloved and honored chief, Major Madelin, who died for France early in the war.

There is more to be said of Paul Drouot. I have shown how exalted are the sentiments which attach our soldiers to their officers. Another document, no less authentic, will allow us to probe still deeper into the generous nature of that poet dead on the field of honor, and so to see how a young man typical of France consummates his sacrifice and enters the ranks of heroes. To this end I shall make use of a very beautiful letter written by a friend and comrade in arms, Henri Massis, a young writer already wounded

[1] See the *Atlantic* for January, 1918.

and decorated with the *croix de guerre*.

'When the mobilization began,' writes Massis, 'I met Paul Drouot at the dépôt near Langres. It was a great satisfaction to our families to know that we were together. I was already well aware of the loftiness of his character and its fine quality; I knew how his imagination turned instinctively toward every form of grandeur, and how he loved only the most vigorous, the most heroic, the most religious of the works of the human intellect. Our friend had his eyes fixed on all the things which are eternal, on all that can make the divine manifest upon the earth. Led by aspiring masters, he had garnered the greatest poems of mankind. He revered the Greeks, the Hindus, the great Englishmen, Hugo, whom he idolized. But is this the time to speak of literature? Nevertheless it was in the field of literature that he toiled to compose that heroic, glowing vision of life and of man which was inspired by the Catholicism which he had lost and found again, and which affords a perfect proof of his sincerity.

'Meanwhile, when war was a fact, he straightway emptied his soul of all that there was within it of youthful enthusiasm, all that tendency to levity due to the turbulence of young blood, to make room for something more serious and more virile — something which those who knew him best had already discerned in his passionate ardor. Drouot had recovered the faith which a Christian mother — how splendid she was! — had implanted in his heart. I shall not forget the prayers we said at night, in that garret where for three months we slept on the straw; nor, above all, that Mass which we said at Hûmes for Péguy and Psichari, when we partook of communion together.

'Then, after those uncertain and distressing months, we started north with the Third Chasseurs. On December 20 we arrived together at our destination — on a terrible night of cold and dread, which gave way to dawn only to reveal to us a ghastly charnel-house of mud. It was our first experience with the realities of war. That march down to Houlette, when we stumbled over dead bodies and rubbed against the unknown shapes of the men we were going to relieve, will live forever in my memory; it was our descent into hell. And yet, in the morning, we were light of heart, and glad to have reached at last that spot to which we had looked forward for three long months in the dreary idleness of a dépôt.

'Despite his feeble health, Drouot, jealous for the honor of the name he bore, had insisted upon serving. I know all that he suffered physically, in order to do his duty, to prove himself worthy of his grandfather, the general in the Grande Armée, and worthy, too, of the noble plans he himself had conceived. He was of those on whom we could rely for the work which will have to be undertaken immediately after the war, in order that all the virtues which the war has revived, and which are destined to regenerate France, may flourish in their full vigor. In the discharge of his duties he came to regard himself as the historian of our glorious battalion. May we some day be privileged to read the sheets which he wrote in feverish haste, in the evening after so many fierce engagements: they must not be left anonymous, although written with no thought of having his name appear. They will console us in a measure for the loss of the work which he had scarcely begun, and they will have for a fitting conclusion his own beautiful death.

'In the evening of May 9, after the victorious assault in which the battalion had captured the enemy's position, Major Madelin selected him to go with him to inspect the captured

ground. "I will take Drouot," he said. "It was a very great honor, madame," wrote our friend, in the letter informing his commander's widow of his heroic death. Drouot was most deserving of such an honor.

'He had been proposed for the military medal, and as the suggestion was not adopted, he wrote me a few days ago: "As for the medal, you alone, knowing me so well, can understand me when I say that I am glad that the suggestion did not get beyond the army corps, and was changed to a 'citation' in the order of the day. It was much wiser, much more suitable for me, and much fairer. Think of all that one must needs have done to earn the medal! I thank God from the bottom of my heart for permitting me to do what I did for our wonderful and dear Major Madelin." And he added, "May He continue to bestow his favor on me; I ask it every instant for my mother's sake!"

'Alas! he has followed his chief, and has rejoined him among the pure in heart, among the noblest whose sacrifice is of still greater worth than their merits.

'It was with absolute resignation, I am sure, that he consummated his sacrifice. Although he loved life with a delightful enthusiasm, he took a serious, almost tragic, view of it — a view which was in full accord with his Christian belief. The experience of pain — that is what especially impressed him in the lives of his fellow mortals, and only the great mystery of Providence seemed to him capable of accounting for it. Did he not request me, when I returned to the battalion, to bring back with me Blanc de Saint-Bonnet's admirable book on Suffering?

'Dear master, I am done, having expressed so poorly what I feel so profoundly. I am in haste to do but one thing — to avenge him in his turn; and it will not be long.'

What a letter! What sublime young men! to what regions are we transported!

You remarked, did you not, that touching scene in the letter I have put before you? Two young soldiers kneel on the straw of their garret to pray according to the precepts of the Church, and to associate themselves in spirit with the young engineers, Psichari and Péguy, who died piously for their country! This carries us beyond the reaches of our vision. These young men, leaving Foustel de Coulanges and us who struggle far behind them, have in religion a living force, a sure support — life itself. Here, you will notice, we are witnessing something very different from those men — excellent men, no doubt — who, on coming out of the trenches, seek absolution. To the Psicharis, the Péguys, the Paul Drouots, death is nothing; they pray because it is a joy to them to pray, because their profoundly sensitive souls expand in that communion with the invisible.

These are matters of which we have hardly the right to speak, yet which we ought to say. Is it not well for us to call attention to whatever there may be of sweetness and beauty mingled with all the ghastliness of this war? We press aside the overhanging branches and reveal the spring of pure water beneath.

THE BLACK PEARL

A GOSSAMER TALE

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

A YOUNG girl of seventeen ran downstairs at four o'clock on a summer morning. The house was noiseless, for her mother was lying asleep in bed, and her father was ten weeks out at sea. Jane had suddenly lifted her head from her pillow in the dark of daybreak, disturbed by the sound of footsteps in the street and men's thick voices. A lantern flashed its light across her ceiling. She leaned out of her bed, and heard one voice say, 'The Black Pearl.'

The familiar excitement of knowing that a ship had arrived, caused her to shake off sleep, and the beauty of daybreak lifted her up like music. As she descended the stairs half an hour later, the sun was beginning to color the sky, and Jane was wide awake, her skin as cool and fresh as the petals that were then unfolding in the garden.

She went through the airless, rigid little rooms below and opened the windows wide. She opened the door toward the west, and saw the garden as it lay in lovely morning shadow. On either side of the doorway was a large pink shell, brought from some tropical island, each wet with frosty dew.

The sleepy cat, Cleopatra, came out of the parlor, rubbing against Jane's legs, and went arching past, lifting her feet high among the wet grass-blades. Cleopatra had gone to sea in days past as the ship's cat. Seven times she had sailed round the Horn with Jane's father in the Queen of the Seas. Now she was large and old, and was spending her last years ashore in comfort and safety.

Over the fence at the back of the garden, Jane could see the masts of ships at anchor, and she could hear men shouting on the wharves, and the rumble of barrels rolling over the gangplank. She followed Cleopatra down the little brick path that was laid in the grass. The smell of the box hedge was sharp and strong, distilled by the moist night. The pear trees had dropped their blossoms on the grass. The lilac bush had opened heavy purple plumes, giving out their heavy aroma. And more pervasive and richer still than the smell of box or lilac or pear blossoms, was the smell of the sea that filled the garden.

The narrow brick path turned at an angle and led to the wicket-gate that opened on the street. Beside the path grew a hawthorn tree. And hanging from one of the branches of the hawthorn tree was a large wooden birdcage. Jane, standing beside the cage, could look up and down the street, and be hidden by the tree. She looked into the cage, and saw her bird still half asleep, its feathers ruffled.

'Good morning, Scheherazade!' Jane said coaxingly. 'Wake up! Wake up, you sleepy beauty!'

Jane's father had got the bird from a peddler in Singapore who said he had brought it from Arabia. And Scheherazade had never sung, as the peddler had promised. She had never uttered

a sound. For two years her melancholy had been unbroken. She brooded heavily for hours on end, eating nothing, and responding to no endearments. Or, for hours, she swept tirelessly up and down the cage, stopping only to peck bitterly at her prison bars. Jane had tried in vain to pet and win her, and now she wished with all her heart that she might be sent back to Arabia. One could scarcely be happy in one's garden, in the presence of an unhappy stranger. The bird was a blight in the peaceful garden, a constant reproach.

Two young men came down the street toward the wharves. Jane went to the gate.

'Is there a ship in, Martin?' she asked one of them.

'Yes, the Black Pearl — William Gregory is her third mate.'

This was said with friendly significance, and Jane annoyed herself by blushing.

They disappeared round the corner and Jane gazed after them, wondering what treasures were being rolled out of the depths of the Black Pearl. Also she gave a moment's consideration to William Gregory, who would doubtless soon appear. She glowed serenely with the prospect of his coming, although she was not quite sure whether she was pleased, or only a little interested.

She stared musingly down the empty street, watching the early sunlight on the cobblestones, and with William Gregory's image in her mind. Suddenly her musing gaze was caught and sharpened by a figure coming from the wharves. Round the corner came, or rather flashed, a solitary figure, yielded up by the Black Pearl. His feet were brown and sandaled. His body was covered with a tunic of lemon-yellow cloth, and he wore a turban of faded red. Names familiar, yet exotic, ran through Jane's mind — Tunis, Algiers, Arabia. Familiar as these names were to her, and the wares of the East, never before had she set her eyes on a native of the Eastern world.

She watched him as he slowly advanced, sombre and proud. Every now and then he stopped and looked about him with deep, solemn curiosity, slowly observing the shuttered houses and garden fences. Then he looked toward the top of the street where it wound into the town. He came nearer, and Jane stood stock-still, hidden behind the hawthorn tree.

Her eyes followed every inch of his progress as he crossed her narrow horizon. She saw the fine stitches of colored embroidery on the flowing edge of his tunic. She saw his long brown hands, and the golden bracelets on his wrists. She saw his aristocratic chin, his finely curved Egyptian nose, his thin nostrils, his heavy straight black brows, and the eyes beneath, glowing black. His beauty thrilled and startled her.

She thought that, as he passed so near, he would hear her breathing. If she stirred a hair's breadth, he must surely turn and see her through the leaves. Her blood leaped at the thought of his turning and catching sight of her. In that dark, burning face, that lithe step, there was romance for Jane, romance which made her tingle, romance which her instinct seized immediately for its own.

An unconsidered impulsive word was rising to her lips, and she had taken a step forward, when from the cage above her came a sharp cry. She turned her head, and saw Scheherazade stirring uneasily. She turned again, and started toward the gate, and found to her amazement that she was unable to lift her feet from the ground. She stood, rooted like a flower, and watched the stately, sombre head pass by, and the last flutter of the lemon-yellow tunic disappear in the direction of the Square.

When he was gone, her power of moving returned. She went back into the garden, full of surprise. She gazed for a long time at Scheherazade. The exotic bird swept up and down the cage. For what purpose had her dumbness been broken? What was the meaning of her cry? Jane wished more than ever that Scheherazade were back with the peddler in Singapore. She wandered round the garden, musing. A potent face was stamped on her mind. She was so deeply absorbed that she did not even hear a voice that spoke to her from the gate.

'Good morning, Jane!' the gentle voice repeated.

She started quickly, and saw a tall yellow-haired youth standing at the gate, his sailor's cap in one hand, and a small wooden box in the other. His blue eyes were looking at her happily.

'William!' she exclaimed.

She went toward him, and he pushed open the gate. His eyes held her with gentle eagerness. Long absences gave boldness to this shy soul, and he took her hand and held it fervently. Then he looked down at the wooden box he held, and her eyes rested on it also.

'Here is something that I got for you in Hong Kong,' he said in his soft voice.

She took the box. It was inlaid along the edge with ivory, and it had a silver lock and key.

'Let's sit down on the steps while you open it,' he said.

She sat down passively, and leaned forward, her fingers lightly holding the box that lay on her knees. He sat watching her face, and smiling with simple triumph. He could not see how far away she was. Her entire being was wrapped in an enchantment. The image of the exotic stranger filled her brain, and as she opened the box her fingers trembled, because her mind's eye was dwelling upon that dark face.

The opened box revealed many small feminine implements, carved out of ivory: needle-cases, bobbins, stilettos, spools — the work-box of a Chinese princess. William kept looking from the box to Jane's face, as she picked up and admired each piece of carving in turn, and he blushed with pleasure in the long-anticipated moment.

The more eagerly he watched her, and waited to be repaid by her glowing delight, the more difficult it was for her to find any words. Over and over she fingered the ivory rose-petals, the deeply wrought flowers. She tried to bring her attention to them, and respond. But there was no glow in her for William, only a sharp rush of blood to her heart as she returned again and again to the thought of the stranger.

'It took me a long time to pick it out. I went back to the bazaar three times before I chose this one. There are more pieces in it than there were in the others. I don't know what all these funny little things are for, but I suppose you know. Ever since we left Hong Kong I've been wondering if you would have liked something else better, — there were silk slippers.'

She scarcely heard him.

'I knew you had come,' she said. 'I heard the men on the wharf, and Martin Rowe told me it was the Black Pearl. Then I saw the strangest man. He must have come with you.'

'Oh, did you see him?' William said amusedly, his eyes still drinking her in.

'Who is he?'

'We picked him up at Singapore; or rather, he picked us up. Why he wanted to come so badly, nobody could make out. He told the captain he was looking for somebody in this port.'

'Who could it be?' Jane breathed.

'We told him none of his kind had ever come here. We tried to discourage him, but we could n't turn him off his track.'

William paused. The stranger interested him but faintly. He stood up, and turning toward her, he took her hand, undenied. He drew her up from the doorstep.

'O Jane!' he said with emotion. His face changed suddenly, became gravely pleading. 'It's fine to be at home. Be sweet to me.'

She drew away, but he would not drop her hand. He was the sailor, demanding his share of happiness after long, vigilant exile.

'I've got to go South as soon as we're unloaded here, and then round the world again. I've only got two or three days here if we get a wind. I say, may we have a dead calm! I'll come and see you this evening. Every moment I have is for you, Jane.'

He gave her hand a sharp press, and went out of the yard.

By noon every doorway in the Square and along Front Street had exchanged gossip about the astonishing Eastern gentleman with bare ankles. Jane's mother came home from the market, saying, —

'He's a religious man, a kind of priest, some say. The second mate, Jim Teazle, told Mr. Peabody in the grocer's that he got down on his face whenever the sun was rising or setting, and got up with a very strange look in his eyes. There's something he's praying for, — something he's after, — and nobody can find out what it is. And he would sit for hours and hours on the deck, on top of his own bundles, and never move or speak.'

'Yes, I've heard.'

'You did n't hear much, I fancy, from William Gregory. He had plenty to talk to you about, without telling you about the Eastern gentleman. I met William in the Square, and I've asked him to have supper with us tonight. He seemed very much pleased.'

Jane tossed her head.

'I'm not in any hurry to eat with William,' she said.

Her mother's large, wise face was not given to sudden flashes of change like Jane's. Her mother's blue eyes followed her exit, and smiled a comprehending smile at surface passions.

In the late midsummer twilight, mother, daughter, and lover sat eating together. William was wonderfully happy in his promotion to a family meal. Jane's crisp white ruffles, her sweet odor, her ingenuous, graceful head — these in the beauty and intimacy of candle-light were heaven enough to the sailor. He leaned constantly toward her, while she, erect, gave him looks that were lovely but remote. Her mother was placidly observant.

When supper was nearly over, Jane paused for a second, in the midst of chatting, as if listening to a far-off sound. A quick blush mounted to her forehead.

'I forgot to bring in the fresh cake, mother.'

She jumped up and disappeared from the room.

'She's gone out to the dairy. She'll be back in a second,' said Jane's mother to William, suddenly bereft.

Jane flew past the dairy into the garden. She had heard children shouting in the street, and had guessed at the object of their shouting. The approach of the stranger had drawn her forth, headlong and careless.

He was there! He came down the street, and he appeared unconscious of his mercurial train of children. On his face had deepened the look of passionate search. The evening breezes ruffled his tunic, as he walked erect and slow.

Jane's young heart set up a clamor.

'I understand him!' it cried within her. 'I must speak to him. Oh, look this way! Look at me! I will greet you!'

She ran forward. Her hand was on

the gate. But her fingers lay paralyzed on the latch, without power to lift it. She was unable to go forward. Scheherazade had uttered again her annihilating cry, and Jane was powerless to move or to speak. Not until the stranger had disappeared in the direction of the wharves, did the curious paralysis go out of her. She turned away from the gate, exhausted by the veil of impotence that had been flung upon her and then snatched away. She looked at Scheherazade and a fire of resentment went swirling through her.

'O Scheherazade, what is your secret?' she thought, 'and why do I feel so ill and so strange?'

When Jane returned to the dining-room, without the slightest thought in her mind of fresh cake, William jumped up at the sight of her, and held his own glass of wine to her lips.

'You're very white! What has happened?' he said.

She could not explain, and she could not reject his solicitude. She sank into her chair, and William hung over her for the rest of the evening.

On the following morning the compelling spirit within her roused Jane from sleep, and made her dress and go down into the garden. She heard the infinitesimal and steady trill of crickets in the grass. There was a gentle, cold breeze from the west. She took a half-knit stocking from the kitchen shelf, and wandered round the garden, clicking her needles. Dawn gave her scarcely light enough to see her stitches, and she went to the gate to watch the eastern sky.

The air touched her eyelids and her throat with autumnal freshness. Darkness was lifting from the horizon, and day was burning just below. Masts moved gently in the harbor, rocked on the tide. There was no sound from the wharves. The hold of the Black Pearl had been emptied, and she rode high at anchor. Her log and her bills had been taken to her owner, in the counting-house, where his clerk made long satisfactory columns of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Against the increasing brightness of the water at the bottom of the street, Jane's eyes suddenly beheld the thrilling color, yellow and faded red, emerging, soft and brilliant, in the crystal atmosphere. The stranger was coming up at daybreak from the empty ship, where he was still a privileged guest.

When he reached Jane's fence, he stopped and turned about, facing the harbor. She saw him go down on his knees. He dipped forward, his tunic falling round him, and his head and hands touched the stones. There he remained, motionless in his morning prayer, while the sun came over the harbor and bathed his figure, and the cool leaves rustled overhead.

Jane felt as if he were her captive, kneeling there. She thought, 'I will go and stand at the gate. And when he gets up, he will be looking at me. Nothing shall hinder me.'

She felt that a great moment had come at last. Romance was at her feet. She made one step toward the gate. Scheherazade was slowly turning in her cage. Her long, shimmering feathers swept slowly round, and in her throat was the beginning of the fateful cry.

Jane came forward in a flash of hope and fear, and in passing, she gave the cage a flying blow with her strong, willful hand. The cage broke and fell to the ground. The stranger got up from his prayer and stood beside the gate.

He looked into the garden, attracted by the shattering of the cage and by Jane's sudden advance. She met his mature, powerful eyes for a moment only, for they instantly left her face to gaze beyond her with burning intentness.

She felt the stir of another human

presence near her. She turned to look. The splintered bird-cage lay on the grass, and beside it a young woman was standing. Her dark, slender feet pressed the grass beside the broken wood. Round her smooth ankles were golden anklets. In her ears were silver hoops, and over her breast hung countless silver chains and enamels. A spangled veil was thrown back from her face and hung down her back.

The young woman stood for a moment perfectly still. She was fresh and stainless as if she had emerged from the crystal air, or as if, like the goddess of antiquity, she had risen out of the foam. A curious shimmer like the shimmer of heat enfolded her for an instant, and then left her, alive in mortal beauty. She moved a step. The thrill of daybreak was in her motion. Her face was a dark jewel, clear-cut and flawless. Yet in her face, in spite of its new-created look, there was emotion long remembered — the strength of an inviolable love.

The man burst open the gate as if he were breaking into paradise. The mute despair which had sunk so deep into his face was all gone, changed into a lifting adoration. He spoke to her in a strange tongue, only a few words, which gushed from his throat in pain and joy.

Jane saw how their hands touched, and how their eyes held each other in a magnet look. Long moments went by. He pressed her head between his hands. Her ear-rings shook, and she gave him a smile which restored in one moment the years that had been lost.

At last Jane saw them move instinctively away from the alien enclosure. She watched the man lay his hand on the gate, and open it, while he and his love went slowly out. With them went romance.

They vanished toward the wharf, where now the sun had risen warm. The day's activity began. The Isis was to sail at noon for the East Indies, and the usual clatter and shouting, the hurry and excitement of a departing vessel were heard through the streets.

All day long Jane's mother battered against the inscrutable mystery of the broken cage and the bird that had flown.

Jane went through the day entranced. Occasionally she left her work, and stood for a few moments beneath the hawthorn tree, gazing with reminiscent eyes at the empty air.

At dusk, when William Gregory opened the garden gate, he found Jane sitting in the doorway, over the Chinese work-box. She looked at him with an enigmatic, yet warm smile.

Although he saw nothing enigmatic in his chosen one, her smile gave him a glow of confidence such as he had not felt since he had disembarked from the Black Pearl.

After his single-minded greeting, the news of the day occurred to him.

'You know, Jane, the foreigner who came on the Black Pearl? He found his prize. A lady, as brown as he is, is sailing home with him on the Isis. A strange foreign lady no man, woman, or child ever laid eyes on before. He conjured her right up out of the ground. Honestly, it is an unfathomable thing. She was hidden away somewhere or other. He's contented now at last. But he's not the only man who feels happy — Jane.'

She gave him a warm look, and it came over her suddenly that William was an irresistibly sweet person.

A CLEARING-HOUSE FOR LABOR

BY DON D. LESCOHIER

I

We lack labor. The railroads are crippled for want of it. The farmers hesitate to plant seed for fear they cannot get labor for the harvest. Factories, public utilities, ammunition factories, shipyards, send up a cry for men. Strangely enough, tens of thousands of men walk the streets of our cities in idleness in the midst of the labor shortage. Appeals to patriotism apparently go unheeded. High wages, instead of attracting them into steady employment, lead only to more frequent periods of idleness. They profiteer in the nation's day of stress as willingly as many of their employers. Neither impairment of our military efficiency nor the sufferings of millions who lack the necessities of life move them. What is the explanation? Why this anomaly? Why a labor surplus in the face of a labor shortage?

An explanation which at least points to one important cause of the phenomenon is this: labor is standing idle during a labor shortage because an unorganized labor market has impaired the efficiency and morale of hundreds of thousands of workers. Men have become accustomed to idleness, unaccustomed to sustained efforts. Irregularity of employment, migration from industry to industry, the cheap lodging-house, the saloon, pawnshop, brothel, municipal police court, and lack of continuing responsibilities have done their deadly work. Men who started out with ambition and promise have degenerated into inefficient, irresponsible, migratory laborers — tens of thousands of them into almost unemployable 'bums.'

Labor is not scarce in America, so far as quantity is concerned. I question the probability of any quantitative shortage of labor during the war. If such shortages should occur, potential supplies of female and minor labor will fill up the gap. But labor of *quality* is scarce in every manual occupation — in agriculture, mining, forestry, manufactures, transportation; and there is no reservoir from which that quality shortage can be relieved. Our hope for relief rests solely in such mobilization as will place the existing skilled labor where it will do the most good, in subdivision and specialization of tasks so that partly skilled persons may be able to perform them, and in intensive training of promising young workers for such work as they can be prepared for during the emergency.

One of the most striking phases of the labor shortage is the scarcity of good common labor. Any one knows that an employer who needs a machinist cannot use a casual laborer. It is not difficult to realize that a farmer who needs a dairyman cannot use a harvest-hand. But many people do not yet appreciate the fact that there are different classes or types of common laborers, just as there are different classes of mechanics. Degrees of reliability, intelligence, steadiness, and physical efficiency are of just as great importance among common laborers as

degrees of skill among mechanics; and the presence or absence of these qualities means the presence or absence of ability to *earn* wages.

The shortage of competent American labor is not simply a war shortage. A considerable portion of our skilled labor-supply has always come from Europe, and a relative decline in the emigration of skilled laborers to America has been the mainspring of our interest in industrial education in recent years. Every one familiar with the labor market has known likewise that the Italian and Slavic immigrants from southeastern Europe have furnished us with our principal supply of common laborers during the past two generations, and that American common laborers have been, on the whole, of declining value.

The shortage is no new one. But Europe has heretofore protected us against the pressure of our lack. The war, with its stoppage of immigration, contemporaneous with a sharp increase in the demand for American products, raw and manufactured, suddenly made the shortage acute. It twisted the tourniquet. We suddenly became conscious that we were no more independent of Europe's birth-rate than we were of her dyes. We need labor now. After the war, when millions of Europeans will have died in arms or been crippled in action, will immigration relieve our shortage again? If it would, is it sane public policy to permit conditions to continue which destroy the efficiency of hundreds of thousands of men, simply because we can find others to take their places? Will a nation that is willing, if necessary, to lay down the lives of millions of men and billions of treasure to 'make the world safe for democracy' allow social arrangements to continue which condemn whole armies of men to economic inefficiency and moral deterioration?

One of the principal reasons why uncounted thousands of American laborers are of such low quality that employers do not 'want to give them standing-room,' and prefer the immigrants, is a disorganized labor market. Erroneous labor policies stimulate labor turnover and labor migration, and result in a progressive deterioration of the laborer. We educate them for inefficiency instead of efficiency, and train them in shifting instead of in sticking; we discourage self-respect, encourage thriftlessness, and compel continuous movement. If we had set ourselves to devise ways and means of destroying the efficiency of American labor, we could not have chosen methods better suited to our purpose than the conditions characterizing our present labor market. Constant labor turnover and constant labor migration will demoralize a working force as rapidly as it can be accomplished.

I am not ignorant of the fact that many personal causes contribute heavily to labor inefficiency. No man can watch the flow of migratory labor through any distributing point, like Minneapolis, without witnessing tragedies of drink, of drugs, of feebleminded-ness, of bad home training, of defective education, and of moral failure, that wring his heart. But contact with tens of thousands of laborers of every type and description has forced the conclusion upon me that the moral failure of a very large percentage of these men is the result of the industrial and social conditions that surround them rather than of initial viciousness on their part. Initial personal fault accounts for some of them. But economic conditions beyond their control or understanding account for more. They are victims of drink, vice, drugs, and women, largely because the nature of their work prevents a normal home life, normal community life, normal citizenship.

You are familiar with common laborers. You see them daily, standing on street corners, riding in street cars, sweating in excavations, loafing at saloon or pool-room doors. You have probably hired them at one time or another. You may have shared their life. But have you ever really become acquainted with them? Do you know where the common laborer comes from, what his experiences are, what becomes of him, what his types are? Or is he one of those commonplace experiences that you are so familiar with that you do not really know anything about him? You know that there are more than a dozen different kinds of machinists, and that different kinds of carpenters have different types of skill which bring varying rates of pay. Do you realize also that there are at least five distinct classes of common laborers, varying in skill, in the kinds of work they follow, in productive capacity, in earning power, in social significance?

II

I was in a gas-retort house one night in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. It was the hour for drawing the coke and recharging the retorts. Three stokers opened the little retort doors and drew the red-hot coke out on the floor. Then, standing twelve or fifteen feet away from the red-hot open retorts they threw from four to six hundred pounds of coal, with scoop shovels, into openings twenty-one inches wide and fourteen inches high, and filled nine retorts without letting a single piece of coal fall on the floor. They were common laborers. They worked twelve hours a day and seven days a week. Their job consisted simply in drawing coke, cleaning retorts, and shoveling coal into the retorts. But they had the skill of men who had thoroughly learned a job, who had developed an expert skill in that job, who remained steadily on the job. They were a part of that plant. But more than that, they were heads of families, citizens of Oshkosh, integral parts of the economic, political, and social life of the nation.

Here is the first and highest type of the common laborer: the man who is a part of an industry, who has an occupation, who is a citizen in a community, is the father of a family, perhaps a member of a lodge, a club, or a church. You find this man by the million in our industrial and social life. He runs the bulk of our simpler machinery, operates our street cars, furnishes our watchmen, janitors, and a thousand other kinds of steady help. Upon his shoulders rests a heavy portion of our social fabric. He represents no social problem so long as he can maintain this status — except the problem of an income inadequate to provide his family with a safe subsistence and a dependable future. Probably four out of every ten workmen are found in this category.

But this is not the only type of common laborer who is a permanent factor in the life of the community. A second important type is the man who works irregularly, who has a continuous succession of employers. He works for a while for contractor Jones, then for Smith, then for Brown. He gets a temporary job in a factory, then in a brickyard, and next in an excavation. At his best he is a man with a family — struggling for existence. His wife commonly assists in the bitter struggle by keeping boarders, or by doing washing or sewing; his children are found at the work-bench as early as the law allows, and high-school education is not a thing that his family can think about. In a somewhat lower variation of the type we find this family intermittently on the rolls of the charities, whenever two or three weeks of con-

tinuous unemployment, a sickness or other slight calamity assails them. In a third variation we find a single man living in cheap boarding-houses and generally deteriorating steadily under the influence of drink and irregular habits. The struggle for existence of the married man of this last class is harder, more bitter — but he has more to fight for.

The distinction between this general group of laborers and the one first described is found in the relative steadiness of the first group's employment, and the relative unsteadiness of the second's. One works for the same employer for considerable periods of time; the other changes employers frequently. Individuals of the first group frequently pass into the second group, when they lose their steady jobs and are unable to get others. Individuals of the second group sometimes pass into the first group by fortunately dropping into a steady job.

To some this may seem a flimsy basis for classification. It seems somewhat vague, leaving a middle ground, a twilight zone, where a considerable number of people lie in either group, or both, or sometimes in one and sometimes in the other. But it at least has the merit of conforming to life, and it calls attention to two types whose life experiences differ considerably. The members of the group with steady employment are never far from destitution. They are poor, very poor. They have a hard time to make ends meet. They commonly have to take their children out of school by the time that they are sixteen years of age. A period of unemployment, a bad sickness, or other misfortune, will quickly bring them to the point where they must have help. But ordinarily they are making ends meet. The wife or children may have to earn part of the living, but the family is self-supporting, and as it looks ahead it sees a prospect of steady income and of continuing self-support. It has a certain sense of assurance, of confidence, of hope.

The group which works at a succession of jobs, on the contrary, continually hears the wolf's claws scratching on the door. They live in constant uncertainty, constant fear. They have no more assurance of continuing income, no solid basis for hope, no opportunity to get a few dollars in the bank, no justification in starting to buy a home. They are living from hand to mouth, and never know at what moment the hand may be empty. Their self-respect and honesty are always under the strain of fear; their working efficiency is deteriorated by a continual change of jobs that makes it impossible for them ever to attain efficiency at any. They are, by force of necessity, jacks of all trades and masters of none, and after they pass thirty-five and their strength begins to wane, the effects of undernourishment and the declining courage that accompanies a life of fear, all bring a steadily declining efficiency.

The 'professional casual' is a third distinct type of resident laborer. He is a distinctly lower type than either of the others, but recruited from their ranks. Every employment office is familiar with this type. Any city with three hundred thousand people will have perhaps three or four hundred well-known individuals. Some of them are steady patrons of the state or municipal offices, some of the Salvation Army, some of the charities. Others hang around saloons, hotels, settlement houses. Individuals of the type can be found in almost every country town and rural community. They are a distinct social group.

At some times, especially in the winter, the employment office finds among them laborers and mechanics who ordinarily work steadily but who are

temporarily unable to get work and are taking odd jobs to carry them along. For instance, our office carried a machine operator with a wife and family for about four months at odd jobs, until he was able to get a steady job. He has now been working steadily ever since last September in a machine-shop. But these are not casual workers. They do not belong to the type. They are doing casual work only temporarily, and they neither live the life, nor think the thoughts, nor have the point of view of the true casual.

The casual never seeks more than a day's work. He lives strictly to the rule, one day at a time. If you ask him why he does not take a steady job, he will tell you that he would like to, but that he has n't money enough to enable him to live until pay-day, and no one will give him credit. If you offer to advance his board until pay-day, he will accept your offer and accept the job you offer him, but he will not show up on the job, or else will quit at the end of the first day. He has acquired a standard or scale of work and life that makes it almost impossible for him to restore himself to steady employment. He lacks the will-power, self-control, ambition, and habits of industry which are essential to it.

The causes which produce the casual are many. A striking number of them are young. In general, these seem to be defective — defective in those mental traits which are the basis of industry and ambition, and in the sense of responsibility; defective in moral stamina or training, and addicted to drugs, drink, and vice; or defective physically and unable to do steady, hard work. Absence of the moral ideas and motives which cause most of us to work is probably more important in explaining these younger casuals than any other one explanation. Some of them have families which they make little or no effort to support, never working if they can get some one else to feed them. Others do not know in the morning where they will lay their head at night. They live permanently in the city, but have no residence. Some of them are moral failures, some defectives.

When we turn to the group of casuals who are older their explanation is even more complex. Many are moral failures, mental defectives, or physical unfits, as already described. Others are the residuum of our labor market. Starting out as common laborers twenty years before, they were for a time steady workmen; then they became subject to irregular employment, either because of industrial conditions, or because of drink or a taste for traveling. Gradually they became more and more irregular in their working and life habits, and crystallized into casuals living from day to day and hand to mouth, without self-respect or ambition. They are almost parasites in the body politic.

Not all common laborers are residents of a community, however. Intermingling with the resident laborers we find a multitude of men who are continually wandering from place to place: to-day working in a factory in Minneapolis; a month from now on a construction job in Des Moines; later, bobbing up on a dam job in Wisconsin; migrating to the harvest fields in the fall, and then to the woods, to construction work, or to some factory job for the winter. These men too reveal distinct sub-groupings. We find among them temporary migrants, skilled migrants, common laborers, and tramps.

The temporary migrant is found particularly in agriculture and contracting. Many farmers, farm-hands, and city men, who are permanent residents of some community for the bulk of the year, go to the harvest fields in the fall. Many carpenters, painters, and other

classes of mechanics, or steady laborers, leave town during periods when local employment is slack and good opportunities are presented elsewhere. This is particularly noticeable now, when so many are leaving their permanent homes to work for the government in other localities. But most of these men will either return to the towns from which they start, or else take up a permanent abode in some other locality. They do not spend their life in travel.

The true migrant — the Ishmaelite of modern times — has no abode. He lives where he happens to be. If he gives you a so-called permanent address, it is the place he left years ago, never to return, or else it is fictitious. This type of migrant reveals two distinct classes — the skilled migrant and the unskilled.

We find the skilled man in such types as tile-ditchers, cant-hook men, farm-hands, and steam-shovel engineers. Side by side with them are common laborers who work on construction of dams, railroads, bridges; in the lumber woods and harvest fields; or wherever large gangs of men are assembled from distant places.

These men have no homes. They have either no families or several families. They live in the camp or the lodging-house. Their pleasure is found in the saloon and its accompaniments; in the pool-room or the movie; or in the rough jokes of the camp. When in town they are the prey of the saloon, the 'hook shop,' the second-hand store, the employment agency, the municipal police court, the lodging-house thief, the pickpocket. On the job, they are ordinarily parts of a gang who are 'hands' in the eyes of foreman and employer. In camp their lot is often little better. I have known cases where men have worked a month and have been in debt to their employer at the end for employment fees, post-office fees, board, hospital fees, and transportation.

When I was a child, I was much interested to learn that the Arabian Bedouins, wandering over the desert, travel certain routes year after year by which they pass through certain oases at certain times. Tens of thousands of these camp-workers follow a similar trail — passing from industry to industry and locality to locality in a more or less regular path of migration. As the seasons pass, they move from contracting to harvest to lumber-woods to railroad work, and often insist on going to certain definite localities at each season.

I am trying to make clear that we have in America several hundred thousand, probably more than half a million men, who have no homes, who are residents of no community, who are parts of no particular industry, whose contact with the life of our nation consists in contact with cheap lodging-houses, private employment agencies, second-hand stores, and pawnshops; vicious women, saloons, and municipal police courts; industrial camps, where the minimum of decency and cleanliness is maintained; the brake-beams of the freight car; and a total absence of any home, church, or community life.

These Ishmaelites of the twentieth century are one of the by-products of our economic system. The exploitation of a continent's natural resources, the single-crop system of agriculture, the alternations of industry due to the seasons, the fact that in a new country labor has to be attracted to new points in the process of developing new enterprises, have been the economic bases of a labor-distribution system in which labor has been shifted here and there to meet the demands and needs of capital and land. We have forgotten that, while labor may be a commodity, laborers are not. We have met the needs of industry without protecting the per-

sonalities of laborers. We have developed our resources while spoiling citizens. Hundreds of thousands of men for whom no individual industries, no community, no particular group of socially visioned people have felt themselves responsible, have been steadily deteriorated and ruined by a life of migration and irresponsibility.

III

We will now trace the relation of the employment system in America to the labor types. We are very charitable in speaking of it as a system; for it is precisely the absence of any *system* of distributing labor which is the outstanding characteristic of the situation. We have, in all centres where laborers congregate, commercial agencies which make a business of selling jobs to laborers for a fee. We have state and municipal offices in nearly half of the states, but in most cases each local office works individually and without any correlation with other public offices in the same state. The Federal government has had an extremely crude employment system in the post-offices, and has made a weak attempt at federal-state coöperative offices in the Immigration Bureau. Both of these experiments were failures, and the Federal government is now attempting to develop a real organization of the labor market through the Department of Labor. Little practical progress has been made, and no genuine success will be achieved until the nation more fully recognizes some of the fundamental facts in the situation with which they are seeking to cope.

The essence of our industrial policy with respect to labor has been continuous turnover. In every industry, though not in every individual establishment, our employers have followed a policy of hiring and firing. If a man did not happen to make good at a particular task, he was discharged and some one else hired, instead of being transferred to some other task better adapted to his qualities. Foremen have considered the power of discharge as their one unfailing method of discipline. Discharge has been in industry what spanking *used to be* in the home and the schoolhouse. In each case it has been the means by which those too lazy to think of better ways of proceeding have dealt with the weak in their power. Excessive discharge in industry has been as disastrous in its effects on the industrial and social efficiency of labor as excessive whipping on the soul of a child. It has weakened the worker's self-respect, decreased his self-reliance, and encouraged subservience. The continual change of jobs has prevented the worker from ever learning any job well, and has destroyed all interest in his work.

The losses are equally disastrous from the employer's point of view. It takes the time of foremen and bookkeepers to hire and fire, and the time of foremen to instruct the new hand; fellow employees and machinery are slowed down while he learns his job, and breakage and waste are increased. Millions of dollars are lost to employers every year by the slowing down of their plants and wastage of time and materials caused by excessive labor turnover.

There are certain principles which I believe must be recognized in order to reduce the social losses that I have been pointing out. We must have a system of employment offices, national in scope and monopolizing the whole employment business, which will be so carefully worked out that every worker can be placed in the nearest job that he is able to fill and will have access to every job open to a particular capacity. Our system must be able to keep

every workman employed with the maximum steadiness; must be able to sift and classify the laborers, so that individuals who have a tendency to degenerate into casuals may be spotted and if possible held to steady employment; and must be able to sift out and furnish employers *with the kind of men they want.* It must dovetail the industries of each locality so as to use every man in the locality as steadily as possible in that locality.

To accomplish these manifold purposes we must have a national system of employment offices, with branches in every locality, and a central clearing-house. Within this national system must be zones or districts, with clearing-houses for each district; and within the districts must be sub-districts with their own clearing-houses. If a local office in a sub-district could not fill an order, it would telephone the order to its clearing-house, which would seek to obtain a man from some other local office in the sub-district. If the demand could not be filled in the sub-district, it would be transferred by the sub-district clearing-house to the district clearing-house, which would seek a man in the district. Similarly, if the district could not fill the order, it would clear the demand through the national clearing-house.

This clearing-house system, if it were combined with a monopoly of the labor market, would enable the public employment offices to check labor migration by always finding the nearest man who was competent to fill the position. We should not then have men leaving Chicago to fill jobs in St. Louis at the same time that men are leaving St. Louis to fill the same kind of jobs in Chicago. The pressure would be put on men to make them remain where they are, instead of to cause them to move. Within a big labor market like New York or Chicago tens of thousands of jobs would be filled annually by local men which are now filled by outsiders; tens of thousands of men kept at home who are now emigrating to other localities.

The effect which such a system of offices might have upon labor turnover is even more important. That portion of the labor force which is most frequently changing jobs would soon be recorded in the files of the employment offices. A glance at a workman's card would show his history — whether he was a casual, an irregular laborer, or normally a steady man. It would show the kind of work he has followed. Any local office desiring further information concerning a certain man could quickly get it by telephoning or telegraphing other offices in which he was registered. The sifting of men and their individual treatment would become a practical possibility instead of a theoretical ideal. The offices could use pressure to hold a man steady.

The record of employers would be equally useful. Those plants which revealed excessive turnover could be easily sifted out, and the matter brought home to the attention of their managers. By personal interview, bulletins, and correspondence the offices could call to the employers' attention the causes of excessive turnover, its cost and its treatment. The criticism of workmen against individual firms could be brought to the employer and the faults corrected.

To illustrate. A certain firm in Minnesota has been employing two or three hundred men in a construction camp for about two years. They have a good camp, with steam heat, iron beds, good wash-rooms, and other conveniences. The firm provides good food. The foremen do not drive the men. The wages are high. Nevertheless an excessive turnover of labor continued. The public employment bureau

determined to find the cause. Upon investigation, man after man reported that the company was providing good food but poor cooks were spoiling it. The company, for their part, showed that they were paying high wages to their cooks. But they were not getting the service. Correction of the difficulty quickly cut the turnover. In two similar cases it was found that a brutal foreman was the cause of frequent quitting; in another, wages had fallen below the market rate. An office in continuous touch with the employers and men of a given labor market develops a surprisingly intimate knowledge of the conditions in the several establishments.

But most important of all the advantages are two — that the market for labor would be centralized, and that those in charge would be interested in serving the needs of the employer and the employee rather than in personal profit. Centralization in the labor market has the same advantage that centralization in any market has. The buyer and seller have the maximum opportunity of getting in contact with some one with whom they can do business. At present, with a large number of unrelated employment offices operating in the same town, — state, federal, commercial, philanthropic, trade union, and the rest, — the employer who wants a certain kind of man frequently places his order in one office while the employee who seeks that kind of work files his application in another. The two fail to meet. With a single coördinated system of offices, the two will come together in every instance.

An employment system run for profit will never give either our industries, our workers, or the nation sound service. The profits of the employment agent come at so much per head. The more heads, the more dollars. The greater the turnover, the larger the profits. The interests of the employer demand a small turnover. The interests of the laborer demand a steady job. The interests of the employment agent are exactly opposite: the more men he sends out, the greater the number of fees. Private agencies are daily shipping men by the thousands who they know will not stick. Frequently they know that the man's real intention is to jump the job he is sent to and go to some nearby work. But what's the difference? Large turnover means large fees, and large fees are the object.

The state and municipal offices as heretofore managed in this country have in most cases (not in all) developed a similar motive favoring turnover. In their case it is unconscious. They measure their efficiency by the cost per head to the state of the men sent out. They brag that it has cost the state but 30, or 25, or 19 cents per man sent out, as compared with the two-dollar fee collected from workmen by the private agencies. Since most of the state and municipal agencies have a set budget, say five or ten thousand dollars per year, approximately, all of which they spend, their average cost is lowered in proportion to the number of men sent out while spending the appropriation. The larger the business, the smaller the average cost per job filled, and the better the showing. The national result is an emphasis on the number of men sent out rather than on the quality of service rendered. Instead of studying their local market, to develop policies that will give the local workers the maximum continuity of employment and local employers the steadiest possible labor force, their effort has been concentrated upon getting orders for jobs vacated, and men to fill them. They have made no effective effort to decrease labor turnover, and if they do, they will impair their showing before

their legislative bodies by running up a higher per-capita cost for placement. Cheapness rather than quality has been the criterion thus far applied to their service. And it is the criterion that will continue to be applied until we establish a comprehensive system of employment offices, in charge of men who understand the employment problem and are technical experts in dealing with it, and who are independent of the annual and biennial criticism of local legislative bodies, not conversant with the problems being worked out. It is only under such conditions that the employment organization can attack and solve the vital problem of our labor market.

IV

I have emphasized two points as fundamental to a successful organization of the labor market: first, a consolidation of all public employment agencies into a single system under the auspices of the Federal government, with sub-districts and clearing-houses just as we have in the Federal Reserve banking system; and, second, a monopoly of the labor market, so far as employment-agency work is concerned, by this Federal employment system. A further word on these two points is now necessary.

The country had no lack of employment agencies when the war broke out; it has none now. The only trouble is that they are not of much use. The postmasters were acting as the employment agents. The Federal Immigration Bureau was also running a system of employment offices. This is now discontinued, and a new set of Federal offices, under an employment chief of the Department of Labor, is in process of establishment. More than one half of the states had state employment offices. Many municipalities had employment offices. The Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., charity societies, commercial associations, settlement houses, the Salvation Army, and other semi-public or charitable organizations, were running a host of agencies, more or less defiled with the taint of charity. Thousands of private profit-getting agencies were in operation in all of the labor centres.

The number of employment agencies in the country ran into the thousands, probably the ten-thousands. But each was a distinct unit. The postmasters had no effective system of coöperating with each other, and made no attempt to coöperate with the immigration bureau offices. The various immigration offices were distinctly local, and had no system of coöperating with one another. They had no clearing-houses. They were in no effective coöperation with state offices except in half a dozen cities. The state offices of each state were, as a rule, run as local offices and without any centralized management of the state labor market. The philanthropic agencies coöperated neither among themselves nor with the public offices. Decentralization, disorganization was — *and is* — the keynote of the situation.

The first essential step now is legislation that will weld all of the existing state and municipal offices into a Federal system, centralized, coördinated, systematically managed, and controlled by big, far-seeing policies. The same legislation should eliminate forever the private commercial agency, which has cursed our economic system far too long. Monopoly is essential in order to ensure that all orders for men and applications for work shall be brought to the same office, so that buyer and seller may have their needs met with maximum rapidity and efficiency. It is likewise essential to check turnover and migration. Philanthropic

agencies, operated without profit to their owners, might be permitted to continue if operated in close coöperation with the public system. But practically all of them would go out of business as soon as a proper organization of the market was established.

The plans suggested are not theoretical. England has for years been operating a system of employment offices not materially different from the plan suggested. Ohio is to-day operating a system of twenty-two offices on similar principles. A clearing-house for public non-commercial employment agencies is now clearing for over seventy agencies in New York City. Many able men in this country are already sufficiently experienced in employment-office management and sufficiently conversant with the problems to be solved, to undertake the installation of an American system that will be an ideal for the world.

The war has revealed how acute is the need. The time is ripe. An aroused public should demand a termination of the suicidal labor policies which have been ruining the efficiency of American labor.

A LIGHT-BLUE STOCKING

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

Some time, when seated in your library, as it becomes too dark to read and is yet too light, — to ring for candles, I was going to say, but nowadays we simply touch a button, — let your thoughts wander over the long list of women who have made for themselves a place in English literature, and see if you do not agree with me that the woman you would like most to meet in the flesh, were it possible, would be Mrs. Piozzi, born Hester Lynch Salusbury, but best known to us as Mrs. Thrale.

Let us argue the matter. It may at first seem almost absurd to mention the wife of the successful London brewer, Henry Thrale, in a list which would include the names of Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, George Eliot, the Brontës, and Mrs. Browning; but the woman whom I have in mind should unite feminine charm with literary gift: she should be a woman whom you would honestly enjoy meeting and whom you would be glad to find yourself seated next to at dinner.

It may at once be admitted that as a mother Mrs. Thrale was not a conspicuous success; but she was a woman of charm, with a sound mind in a sound body. Although she could be brilliant in conversation, she would let you take the lead if you were able to; but she was quite prepared to take it herself rather than let the conversation flag, and she must have been a very exceptional woman to steady, as she did, a somewhat roving husband, to call Dr. Johnson to order, and upon occasion to reprove Burke, even while entertaining the most brilliant society of which London at the period could boast.

At the time when we first make her acquaintance, she was young and pretty, the mistress of a luxurious establishment; and if she was not possessed of literary gifts herself, it may fairly be said that she was the cause of literature in others.

In these days, when women, having everything else, want the vote also (and I would give it to them promptly and end the discussion), it may be suggested that to shine by a reflected light is to shine not at all. Frankly, Mrs. Thrale owes her position in English letters, not to anything important that she herself did or was capable of doing, but to the eminence of those she gathered about her. But her position is not the less secure: she was a charming and fluffy person; and as firmly as I believe that women have come to stay, so firmly am I of the opinion that, in spite of all the well-meaning efforts of some of their sex to prevent it, a certain, and, thank God, sufficient number of women will stay charming and fluffy to the end of the chapter.

On one subject only could Mrs. Thrale be tedious — her pedigree. I have it before me, written in her own bold hand, and I confess that it seems very exalted indeed. She would not have been herself had she not stopped in transcribing it to relate how one of her ancestors, Katherine Tudor de Berayne, cousin and ward of Queen Elizabeth and a famous heiress, was asked in marriage by Maurice Wynne of Gwydir as she was returning from the grave of her first husband, Sir John Salusbury, only to be told that he was too late as she had already engaged herself to Sir Richard Clough. 'But,' added the lady, 'if in the providence of God I am unfortunate enough to survive him, I consent to be the Lady of Gwydir.' Nor does the tale end here, for she married yet another, and having sons by all four husbands, she came to be called 'Mam y Cymry,' — Mother of Wales, — and no doubt she deserved the appellation.

With such marrying blood in her veins, it is easily understood that, as soon as Thrale's halter was off her neck, — this sporting phrase, I regret to say, is Dr. Johnson's, — she should think of marrying again; and that having the first time married to please her family, she should upon the second venture marry to please herself. But this paper is moving too rapidly — the lady is not yet born.

II

Hester Lynch Salusbury's birthplace was Bodvel, in Wales, and the year, 1741. She was an only child, very precocious, with a retentive memory. She soon became the plaything of the elderly people around her, who called her 'Fiddle.' Her father had the reputation of being a scamp, and it fell to her uncle's lot to direct, somewhat, her education. Handed about from one relation to another, she quickly adapted herself to her surroundings. Her mother taught her French; a tutor, Latin; Quin, the actor, taught her to recite. Hogarth painted her portrait, and the grooms of her grandmother, whom she visited occasionally, made of her an accomplished horsewoman. In those days education for a woman was highly irregular, but judging from the results in the case of Mrs. Thrale and her friends, who shall say that it was ineffective?

Study soon became little Hester's delight. At twelve years she wrote for the newspapers; also she used to rise at four in the morning to study, which her mother would not have allowed had she known of it. I have a letter written many years afterwards in which she says, —

'My mother always told me I had

ruined my figure and stopt my growth by sitting too long at a writing desk, though she was ignorant how much time I spent at it. Dear Madam, was my saucy answer, —

> 'Tho' I could reach from Pole to Pole
> And grasp the ocean with my span,
> I would be measured by my Soul;
> The mind 's the standard of the man.'

She is quoting Dr. Watts from memory evidently, and improving, perhaps, on the original.

But little girls grow up and husbands must be found for them. Henry Thrale, the son of a rich Southwark brewer, was brought forward by her uncle, while her father, protesting that he would not have his only child exchanged for a barrel of 'bitter,' fell into a rage and died of an apoplexy. Her *dot* was provided by the uncle, her mother did the courting, with little opposition on the part of the lady and no enthusiasm on the part of the suitor. So, without love on either side, she being twenty-two and her husband thirty-five, she became Mrs. Thrale.

More happiness came from this marriage than might have been expected. Henry Thrale, besides his suburban residence, Streatham, had two other establishments — one adjoining the brewery in Southwark, where he lived in winter, and another, an unpretentious villa at the seaside. He also maintained a stable of horses and a pack of hounds at Croydon; but, although a good horsewoman, Mrs. Thrale was not permitted to join her husband in his equestrian diversions; indeed, her place in her husband's establishment was not unlike that of a woman in a seraglio. She was allowed few pleasures, and but one duty was impressed upon her, namely, that of supplying an heir to the estate; to this duty she devoted herself unremittingly.

In due time a child was born — a daughter; and while this was of course recognized as a mistake, it was believed to be one which could be corrected. Meanwhile Thrale was surprised to find that his wife could think and talk — that she had a mind of her own. The discovery dawned slowly upon him, as did the idea that the pleasure of living in the country may be enhanced by hospitality. Finally the doors of Streatham Park were thrown open. For a time her husband's bachelor friends and companions were the only company. Included among these was one Arthur Murphy, who had been *un maître de plaisir* to Henry Thrale in the gay days before his marriage, when they had frequented the green rooms and Ranelagh together. It was Murphy who suggested that 'Dictionary Johnson' might be secured to enliven a dinner-party, and thereupon followed some discussion as to the excuse which should be given Johnson for inviting him to the table of the rich brewer. It was finally suggested that he be invited to meet a minor celebrity, James Woodhouse, the shoemaker poet.

Johnson rose to the bait, — Johnson rose easily to any bait which would provide him a good dinner and lift him out of himself, — and the dinner passed off successfully. Mrs. Thrale records that they all liked each other so well that a dinner was arranged for the following week, without the shoemaker, who, having served his purpose, disappears from the record.

And now, and for twenty years thereafter, we find Johnson enjoying the hospitality of the Thrales, which opened for him a new world. When he was taken ill, not long after the introduction, Mrs. Thrale called on him in his stuffy lodgings in a court off Fleet Street, and suggested that the air of Streatham would be good for him. Would he come to them? He would. He was not the man to deny himself the care of a young, rich, and charming

woman, who would feed him well, understand him, and add to the joys of conversation. From that time on, whether at their residence in Deadman's Place in Southwark, at Streatham, or at Brighton, even on their journeys, the Thrales and Johnsons were constantly together; and when he went on a journey alone, as sometimes happened, he wrote long letters to his mistress or his master, as he affectionately called his friends.

Who gained most by this intercourse? Johnson summed up his obligations to the lady in the famous letter written just before her second marriage, probably the last he ever wrote her. 'I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world . . . and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am ready to repay for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.'

On the other hand, the Thrales secured what, perhaps unconsciously, they most desired, social position and distinction. At Streatham they entertained the best, if not perhaps the very highest society of the time. Think for a moment of the intimates of this house, whose portraits, painted by Reynolds, hung in the library. There were my Lords Sandys and Westcote, college friends of Thrale; there were Johnson and Goldsmith; Garrick and Burke; Burney, and Reynolds himself, and a number of others, all from the brush of the great master; and could we hear the voices which from time to time might have been heard in the famous room, we should recognize Boswell and Piozzi, Baretti, and a host of others; and would it be necessary for the servant to announce the entrance of the great Mrs. Siddons, or Mrs. Garrick, or Fanny Burney, or Hannah More, or Mrs. Montague, or any of the other ladies who later formed that famous coterie which came to be known as the Blue Stockings?

But Johnson was the Thrales' first lion and remained their greatest. He first gave Streatham parties distinction. The master of the house enjoyed having the wits about him, but was not one himself. Johnson said of him that 'his mind struck the hours very regularly but did not mark the minutes.' It was his wife who, by her sprightliness, and by her wit and readiness, kept the ball rolling, showing infinite tact and skill in drawing out one and, when necessary, repressing another; asking — when the Doctor was not speaking — for a flash of silence from the company that a newcomer might be heard.

But I am anticipating. All this was not yet. A salon such as she created at Streatham Park is not the work of a month or of a year.

If Mrs. Thrale had ever entertained any illusions as to her husband's regard for her, they must have received a shock when she discovered, as she soon did, that Mr. Thrale had previously offered his hand to several ladies, coupling with his proposal the fact that, in the event of its being accepted, he would expect to live for a portion of each year in his house adjoining the brewery. The famous brewery is now Barclay & Perkins's, and still stands on its original site, where the Globe Theatre once stood, not far from the Surrey end of Southwark Bridge. A more unattractive place of residence it would be hard to imagine, but for some reason Mr. Thrale loved it.

On the other hand, Streatham was delightful. It was a fine estate, something over an hour's drive from Fleet Street in the direction of Croydon. The house, a mansion of white stucco, stood in a park of more than a hundred acres, beautifully wooded. Drives and gravel walks gave easy access to all parts of

the grounds. There was a lake with a drawbridge, and conservatories, and glass houses stocked with fine fruits. Grapes, peaches, and pineapples were grown in abundance, and Dr. Johnson, whose appetite was robust, was able for the first time in his life to indulge himself in these things to his heart's content.

In these delightful surroundings the Thrales spent the greater part of each year, and here assembled about them a coterie almost, if not quite, as distinguished as that which made Holland House famous half a century later.

A few years ago Barrie wrote a delightful play — *What Every Woman Knows;* and I hasten to say, for the benefit of those who have not seen this play, that what every woman knows is how to manage a husband. In this respect Mrs. Thrale had no superior. Making due allowance, the play suggests the relationship of the Thrales. A cold, self-contained, and commonplace man is married to a sprightly and engaging wife. With her to aid him, he was able so to carry himself that people took him for a man of great ability; without her, he was utterly lost. To give point to the play, the husband is obliged to make this painful discovery. Mrs. Thrale, mercifully, never permitted her husband to discover how commonplace he was. Could he have looked in her diary, he might have read this description of himself; and, had he read it, he would probably have made no remark. He spoke little.

'Mr. Thrale's sobriety, and the decency of his conversation, being wholly free from all oaths, ribaldry and profaneness, make him exceedingly comfortable to live with; while the easiness of his temper and slowness to take offense add greatly to his value as a domestic man. Yet I think his servants do not love him, and I am not sure that his children have much affection for him. With regard to his wife, though little tender of her person, he is very partial to her understanding; but he is obliging to nobody, and confers a favor less pleasingly than many a man refuses one.'

Elsewhere she refers to him as the handsomest man in London, by whom she has had thirteen children, two sons and eleven daughters. Both sons and all but three of the daughters died either in infancy or in early childhood. Constantly in that condition in which ladies wish to be who love their lords, Mrs. Thrale, by her advice and efforts, once at least, saved her husband from bankruptcy, and frequently from making a fool of himself. She grew to take an intelligent interest in his business affairs, urged him to enter Parliament, successfully electioneered for him, and in return was treated with just that degree of affection that a man might show to an incubator which, although somewhat erratic in its operations, might at any time present him with a son.

III

Such was the household of which Dr. Johnson became a member, and which, to all intents and purposes, became his home. Retaining his lodgings in a court off Fleet Street, he established in them what Mrs. Thrale called his menagerie of old women: dependents too poor and wretched to find asylum elsewhere. To them he was at all times considerate, if not courteous. It was his custom to dine with them two or three times each week, thus insuring them an ample dinner; but the library at Streatham was especially devoted to his service. When he could be induced to work on his *Lives of the Poets* it became his study; but for the most part it was his arena, in which, in playful converse or in violent discussion, he held his own against all comers.

In due time, under the benign influence of the Thrales, he overcame his repugnance to clean linen. Mr. Thrale suggested silver buckles for his shoes, and he bought them. As he entered the drawing-room, a servant might have been seen clapping on his head a wig which had not been badly singed by a midnight candle, as he tore the heart out of a book. The great bear became bearable. One of his most intimate friends, Baretti, a highly cultivated man, was secured as a tutor for the Thrale children, of whom the eldest, nicknamed Queenie, was Johnson's favorite.

Henry Thrale's table was one of the best in London. By degrees it became known that at Streatham one might always be sure of an excellent dinner and the best conversation in England. Dr. Johnson voiced, not only his own, but the general opinion, that to smile with the wise and to feed with the rich was very close upon human felicity; and he would have admitted, had his attention been called to it, that there was at least one house in London in which people could enjoy themselves as much as at a capital inn.

For the best description of life at Streatham we must turn to the pages of Fanny Burney [Madame d'Arblay]. From the pages of her diary we gather how, with talks and walks and drives and dinners and tea-drinkings unceasing, with news, gossip, and scandal at retail, wholesale, and for exportation, it was contrived that life at Streatham was as delightful as life can be made to be. Occasionally there was work to be done, and it became Mrs. Thrale's duty to keep the Doctor up to his work, — no easy task when a pretty woman was around, and there were always several at Streatham. Thanks to Boswell and to 'Little Burney,' we know this life better than we know any other whatever; and what life elsewhere is so intimate and personal, so well worth knowing?

One morning Mrs. Thrale, entering the library and finding Johnson there, complained that it was her birthday, and that no one had sent her any verses. She admitted being thirty-five, yet Swift, she said, fed Stella with them till she was forty-six. Thereupon Johnson without hesitation began to compose aloud, and Mrs. Thrale to write at his dictation, —

> 'Oft in danger, yet alive,
> We are come to thirty-five;
> Long may better years arrive,
> Better years than thirty-five.
> Could philosophers contrive
> Life to stop at thirty-five,
> Time his hours should never drive
> O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
> High to soar, and deep to dive,
> Nature gives at thirty-five.
> Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
> Trifle not at thirty-five;
> For howe'er we boast and strive,
> Life declines from thirty-five:
> He that ever hopes to thrive
> Must begin by thirty-five;
> And all who wisely wish to wive
> Must look on Thrale at thirty-five,' —

adding, as he concluded, 'And now, my dear, you see what it is to come for poetry to a dictionary-maker. You may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly.'

Meanwhile, Mr. Thrale was quietly digging his grave with his teeth. Warned by his physician and his friend that he must exercise more and eat less, he snapped his fingers at them, I was going to say, but he did nothing so violent. He simply disregarded their advice and gave orders that the best and earliest of everything should be placed upon his table in profusion. His death was the result, and at forty Mrs. Thrale found herself a widow, wealthy, and with her daughters amply provided for. She, with Dr. Johnson and several others, was an executor of the estate, and promptly began to grapple

with the problems of managing a great business. Not long after Thrale's death we find this entry in her journal: 'I have now appointed three days a week to attend at the counting-house. If an angel from Heaven had told me twenty years ago that the man I knew by the name of Dictionary Johnson should one day become partner with me in a great trade, and that we should jointly or separately sign notes, drafts, etc., for three or four thousand pounds, of a morning, how unlikely it would have seemed ever to happen! Unlikely is not the word, it would have seemed incredible, neither of us then being worth a groat, and both as immeasurably removed from commerce as birth, literature, and inclination could get us.'

The opinion was general that Mrs. Thrale had been a mere sleeping partner, and her friends were amazed at the insight the sparkling little lady showed in the management of a great business. 'Such,' says Mrs. Montague, 'is the dignity of Mrs. Thrale's virtue, and such her superiority in all situations of life, that nothing now is wanting but an earthquake to show how she will behave on that occasion.'

But this state of things was not long to continue. A knot of rich Quakers came along and purchased the enterprise for a hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. Dr. Johnson was not quite clear that the property ought to be sold; but when the sale was finally decided upon, he did his share toward securing a good price. Capitalization of earning power has never been more succinctly described than when, in going over the great establishment with the intending purchasers, he made his famous remark, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.'

Mrs. Thrale's own notes are amusing. She was glad to bid adieu to the brewhouse and to the Borough — the business had been a great burden. Her daughters were provided for, and she did not much care for money for herself. By the bargain she had purchased peace, and, as she said, 'restoration to her original rank in life'; recording in her journal, 'Now that it is all over I'll go to church and give God thanks and forget the frauds, follies and inconveniences of commercial life; as for Dr. Johnson, his honest heart was cured of its incipient passion for trade by letting him into *some* and *only some* of its mysteries.'

IV

Not many Sundays after Mrs. Thrale's thanksgiving she had a visitor at Streatham — a visitor who, when he left, carried with him as a token of her regard two little calf-bound volumes, in one of which was the inscription, 'These books written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, were presented to Mr. Gabbrielle [*sic*] Piozzi by Hester Lynch Thrale, Streatham, Sunday, June 10th, 1781'; with a further note in an equally clear and flowing hand, 'And Twenty-eight years after that Time, presented again to his nephew, John Piozzi Salusbury, by Hester Lynch Piozzi, "Brynbella," 1st August, 1809.' The book was the first edition of the *Prince of Abyssinia* (it was not known as *Rasselas* until after Dr. Johnson's death), and Mrs. Thrale at the time did not know Piozzi sufficiently well to spell his name correctly; but she was soon to learn, and to learn, too, that she was in love with him and he with her.

She had first met Piozzi about a year before, at a musicale at the house of Dr. Burney, Fanny's father. On this occasion she had taken advantage of his back being turned to mimic him as he sat at the piano. For this she was reprimanded by Dr. Burney, and she

must have felt that she deserved the correction, for she took it in good part and behaved with great decorum during the rest of the evening.

After a year in her widow's weeds, — which must have tormented Johnson, for he hated the thought of death and liked to see ladies dressed in gay colors, — she laid aside her severe black and began to resume her place in society. The newspapers marked the change, and every man who entered her house was referred to as a possible husband for the rich and attractive widow. Finally she was obliged to write to the papers and ask that they would let the subject alone.

But it soon became evident to Johnson and to the rest of the world that Piozzi was successfully laying siege to the lady; as why should he not? The fact that he was a Catholic, an Italian, and a musician could hardly have appeared to him as reasons why he should not court a woman of rare charm and distinction, with whom he had been on terms of friendship for several years; a woman who was of suitable age, the mistress of a fine estate and three thousand pounds a year, whose children were no longer children but young ladies of independent fortune. That she should marry some one seemed certain. Why not Piozzi? Her daughters protested that their mother was disgracing herself and them, and the world held up its hands in horror at the thought; the co-executors of the estate became actually insulting, and Fanny Burney was so shocked at the idea that she finally gave up visiting Streatham altogether. Society ranged itself for and against the lady — few for, many against.

There were other troubles, too; a lawsuit involving a large sum was decided against her, and Johnson, ill, querulous, and exacting, behaved as an irritable old man would who felt his influence in the family waning. I am a Johnsonian, — Tinker has called me so and Tinker may be depended upon to know a Johnsonian when he sees one, — but I am bound to admit that Johnson had behaved badly and was to behave much worse. Johnson was very human and the lady was very human, too. They had come to a parting of the ways. It was inevitable that the life at Streatham must be terminated. Its glory had departed, and the cost of its upkeep was too great for the lady. So a tenant was secured and Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson prepared to leave the house in which so many happy years had been passed. Dr. Johnson was once more to occupy his old lodgings in Bolt Court, and Mrs. Thrale, after a visit to Brighton, was to go to Bath to repose her purse.

The engagement, or understanding, or whatever it was, with Piozzi was broken off, and Italy was proposed as a place of residence for him. Broken hearts there were in plenty.

Life for Mrs. Thrale at Bath proved to be impossible. If concealment did not feed on the damask of her cheek, love did, and at last it became evident, even to the young ladies, that their mother was pining away for Piozzi, and they gave their consent that he be recalled.

He came at once. Mrs. Thrale on his departure had sent him a poem which reached him at Dover. She now sent him another which was designed to reach him on his return, at Calais.

Over mountains, rivers, vallies,
See my love returns to Calais,
After all their taunts and malice,
Ent'ring safe the gates of Calais,
While delay'd by winds he dallies,
Fretting to be kept at Calais,
Muse, prepare some sprightly sallies
To divert my dear at Calais;
Say how every rogue who rallies
Envies him who waits at Calais
For her that would disdain a Palace
Compar'd to Piozzi, Love and Calais.

Pretty poor poetry, those who know tell me; but if Piozzi liked it, it served its purpose. And now Mrs. Thrale announced her engagement in a circular letter to her co-executors under the Thrale will, sending, in addition, to Johnson a letter in which she says, 'The dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments, and I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to me.'

Johnson's reply is historic: —

MADAM, — If I interpret your letter right you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, reverenced you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, Madam, most truly yours,

SAM JOHNSON.

July 2, 1784.

It was a smashing letter, and showed that the mind which had composed the famous letter to Chesterfield and another, equally forceful, to Macpherson had not lost its vigor. But those letters had brought no reply. His letter to Mrs. Thrale did, and one at once dignified and respectful. The little lady was no novice in letter-writing, and I can imagine that upon the arrival of her letter the weary, heartsick old man wept. Remember that his emotions were seldom completely under his control, and that he had nothing of the bear about him but its skin.

SIR [she wrote], — I have this morning received from you so rough a letter in reply to one which was both tenderly and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear to continue no longer. The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first; his sentiments are not meaner; his profession is not meaner, and his superiority in what he professes acknowledged by all mankind. Is it want of fortune, then, that is ignominious? The character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at once with dignity and patience. To hear that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I ever yet received. My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it.

Johnson, she says, wrote once more, but the letter has never come to light; the correspondence, which had continued over a period of twenty years, was at an end.

At the time Mrs. Thrale's detractors were many and her defenders few. Two dates were given as to the time of her marriage, which started some wandering lies, much to her disadvantage. The fact is that both dates were correct, for she was married to Piozzi once by a Catholic and several weeks later by a Church of England ceremony. In her journal she writes under date of July 25, 1784, 'I am now the wife of my faithful Piozzi . . . he loves me and will be mine forever. . . . The whole Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant, all are witnesses.'

For two years they traveled on the continent. No marriage could have been happier. Piozzi, by comparison with his wife, is a rather shadowy person. The difference in their religious views was the cause of no difficulty. Each respected the other's religion and kept his or her own. 'I would preserve my religious opinions inviolate at Milan as my husband did his at London,' is an entry in her journal.

She was staying at Milan when tidings of Johnson's death reached her.

All of her correspondents hastened to apprize her of the news. That Madam Piozzi, as we must now call her, was deeply affected, we cannot doubt. Only a few days before the news of his death reached her, we find her writing to a friend, urging him not to neglect Dr. Johnson, saying, 'You will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture constantly before me.'

Before long she heard, too, that several of her old friends had engaged to write his life, and Piozzi urged her to be one of the number. The result was the *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson during the last Twenty Years of his Life*. It is not a great work, but considering the circumstances under which it was written, her journals being locked up in England while she was writing at Florence, greater faults than were found in it could have been overlooked. It provided Boswell with some good anecdotes for his great book, and it antedated Hawkins's *Life of Johnson* by about a year.

The book was published by Cadell, and so great was the demand for it, that the first edition was exhausted on the day of publication; so that, when the King sent for a copy in the evening of that day, the publisher had to beg for one from a friend.

V

Meanwhile, the Piozzis had become tired of travel and wished again to enjoy the luxury of a home. 'Prevail on Mr. Piozzi to settle in England,' was Dr. Johnson's parting advice. It was not difficult to do so, and on their return, after a short stay in London, they took up their residence in Bath.

Here Madam Piozzi, encouraged by the success of the *Anecdotes*, devoted herself to the publication of two volumes of *Letters to and from the Late Samuel Johnson*. Their preparation for the press was somewhat crude: it consisted largely in making omissions here and there and substituting asterisks for proper names; but the copyright was sold for five hundred pounds, and the letters showed, if indeed it was necessary to show, how intimate had been the relationship between the Doctor and herself.

As time went on, there awakened in Madam Piozzi a longing for the larger life of Streatham, and on the seventh anniversary of their wedding day the place was again thrown open. Seventy people sat down to dinner, the house and grounds were illuminated, and the villagers were made welcome. A thousand people thronged through the estate. One might have supposed that a young lord had come into his own. It was a brave effort, but it was soon seen to be unavailing.

But the lady had resources within herself; she was an inveterate reader and she had tasted the joys of authorship. She now published a volume of travels and busied herself with several other works, the very names of which are forgotten except by the curious in such matters.

However, it was evident that life at Streatham could not be continued on the old scale. Funds were not as plentiful as in the days of the great brewmaster; so after a few years, when her husband suggested their retiring to her native Wales, she was glad to fall in with the idea. A charming site was selected, and a villa built in the Italian style after her husband's design. It was called 'Brynbella,' meaning beautiful brow; half Welsh and half Italian, like its owners. I fancy their lives were happier here than they had been elsewhere, for they built upon their own foundation. Piozzi had his piano and his violin, and the lady busied herself with her books, while the monotony of

existence was pleasantly broken by occasional visits to Bath, where they had many friends.

And during these years letters and notes, comment and criticism, dropped from her pen like leaves from a tree in autumn. She lived over again in memory her life in London, reading industriously, and busy in the pleasant and largely profitless way which tends to make days pass into months and months into years and leave no trace of their passing. She must always have had a pen in her hand; it goes without saying that she had kept a diary; in those days every one did, and most had less than she to record. It was Dr. Johnson who suggested that she get a little book and write in it all the anecdotes she might hear, observations she might make, or verse that might otherwise be lost. These instructions were followed literally, but no little book sufficed. She filled many large quarto volumes, six of which, entitled *Thraliana*, passed through the London auction rooms in 1908, bringing £2050.

In the future, what may be written of Mrs. Thrale will be written in better taste. At this time of day why should she be attacked because she married a man who did not speak English as his mother tongue, and who was a musician rather than a brewer? One may be an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Johnson — I confess I am — and yet keep a warm place in one's heart for the kindly and charming little woman. Admit that she was not the scholar she thought she was, that she was 'inaccurate in narration.' What matters it? She was a woman of character. She was not overpowered by Dr. Johnson, as was Fanny Burney, so that at last she came to write like him, only more so. Mrs. Thrale, by her own crisp, vigorous English, influenced the Doctor finally to write as he talked, naturally, without that undue elaboration which was characteristic of his earlier style.

If Johnson mellowed under the benign influence of the lady, she was the gainer in knowledge, especially in such knowledge as comes from books. It was Mrs. Thrale rather than her husband who formed the Streatham library. Her taste was robust, she balked at no foreign language, but set about to study it. I have never seen a book from her library — and I have seen many — which was not filled with notes written in her clear and beautiful hand. These volumes, like the books which Lamb lent Coleridge, and which he returned with annotations tripling their value, are occasionally offered for sale in those old book-shops where our resolutions not to be tempted are writ in so much water; or they turn up at auction sales and astonish the uninitiated by the prices they bring.

Meanwhile, the years which had touched the lady so lightly had left their impress upon her husband, who does not seem to have been strong. He was a great sufferer from gout, and finally died and was buried in the parish church of Tremeirchion, which years before he had caused to be repaired and had built therein a burial vault in which his remains were placed. They had lived in perfect harmony for twenty-five years, thus effectually overturning the prophecies of their friends. She continued to reside at Brynbella until the marriage of her adopted son, the son of Piozzi's brother, when she generously gave him the estate and removed to Bath, that lovely little city where so many celebrities have gone to pass the closing years of eventful lives.

As a 'Bath cat' she continued her interest in men, women, and books until the end. Having outlived all her old friends, she proceeded to make new; and when nearly eighty astonished every one by showing great partiality

for a young and handsome actor, — and, if reports be true, a very bad actor, — named Conway. There was much smoke and doubtless some fire in the affair: letters purporting to be hers to him were published after her death. They may not be genuine, and if they are they show simply, as Leslie Stephen says, that at a very advanced age she became silly.

On her eightieth birthday she gave a ball to six or seven hundred people in the Assembly Rooms at Bath, and led the dancing herself with her adopted son (who by this time was Sir John Salusbury Piozzi), very much to her satisfaction. A year later she met with an accident, from the effects of which she died. She was buried in Tremeirchion Church beside her husband. A few years ago, on the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johnson, a memorial tablet was erected in the quaint old church, reading, —

Near this place are interred the remains of
HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI
Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale
Born 1741, *died* 1821

Mrs. Piozzi's life is her most enduring work. Trifles were her serious business, and she was never idle. Always a great letter-writer, she set in motion a correspondence which would have taxed the capacity of a secretary with a typewriter. To the last she was a great reader, and observing a remark in Boswell on the irksomeness of books to people of advanced age, she wrote on the margin, 'Not to me, at eighty.'

Her wonderful memory remained unimpaired to the last. She knew English literature well. She spoke French and Italian fluently. Latin she transcribed with ease and grace; of Greek she had a smattering, and she is said to have had a working knowledge of Hebrew; but I suspect that her Hebrew would have set a scholar's hair on end.

With all these accomplishments, she was not a pedant, or — properly speaking — a Blue Stocking; or if she was, it was of a very light shade of blue. She told a capital story, omitted everything irrelevant and came to the point at once; in brief, she was a man's woman.

And to end the argument where it began, for arguments always end where they begin, I came across a remark the other day which sums up my contention. It was to the effect that, in whatever company Mrs. Piozzi found herself, others always found her the most charming person in the room.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FLOODS

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

Floods are the most relentless and universal of natural visitations, and the loss of life and property since the Ark rested upon Ararat probably far exceeds the flesh and substance destroyed in that primal catastrophe.

There is a disposition in these later times to charge man with responsibility for this seeming non-fulfillment of the covenant, — 'And God said . . . I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth, that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh,' — and to connect it in some way with the process of replenishment. It is true that this process has placed life and property in ever-increasing volume in the pathway of the floods; but the process itself were otherwise impossible. It is also true that man's work has modified to some extent the facility with which the flood waters return from off the earth; but whether this has increased or diminished the evil of the floods is at least an open question.

When it comes to fundamental causes, however, there is no debatable ground. With these man has nothing to do. The windows of heaven are opened and closed by an authority higher than himself. To him is left the problem of dealing with situations which are not of his making and which develop without his fore-knowledge or antecedent power of control. As the process of replenishing the earth advances, the complexity of the problem increases, until it has become perhaps the most onerous imposed upon man by the necessities of his existence. The scope of this problem, as we find it in that part of the world in which we live, and the methods, tried and untried, which are proposed for its solution, are the subject of this present study.

I

Omitting fortuitous causes of floods, such as dam failures, storm-waves on coasts, and earthquake waves, the most universal cause is the presence of more run-off water from the land than stream channels have capacity to carry. This excess is caused by precipitation, generally in the form of rain. 'The rains descended and the floods came' remains as of old a truly scientific statement of cause and effect. Sometimes the precipitation is in solid form (snow); and as it generally happens that snow melts under a later rain, the effects of two storms are thus added together. This often greatly increases the intensity of floods.

Another primary influence affecting floods is temperature. Heat and cold sometimes exercise decisive effects. Snow melting, already referred to, is an example. Another is the effect of frost in making the ground impermeable, so that rain falling upon it cannot soak in, but must run off as from a roof. Heat has exactly the opposite effect: it dries out the ground, directly or through vegetation, and leaves it in condition to absorb vast volumes of water. Thus it happens that, although the most intense rains generally occur

in the summer, late spring, or early fall, the most intense floods generally occur in winter, late fall, or early spring.

These two agencies — storm and temperature — are, as we have said, entirely outside the power of man to control. Science has discovered no means of modifying them in the slightest degree. Even the prediction of storms is confined to their progress and probable results after they are well developed. In the two great controlling factors in the production of floods man is thus entirely helpless, and his own work begins only after emergency has arisen.

II

Let us now consider the effect of man's occupancy of the earth — the process of replenishment — upon the destructiveness of floods. This opens up the chief controversial aspect of the problem — the alleged effect of man's operations in hastening the run-off of storm-water to the streams and in diminishing the natural capacity of the streams to carry it away. Deforestation, drainage, and encroachment upon flood-channels are the substance of the indictment. So wide is the scope of these matters that we can here enter into no argument concerning them, but must confine ourselves to a categorical summary of what we understand to be the conclusions of the engineering profession in its practical dealings with the problem of flood-control.

First, as to deforestation. It is held by forestry enthusiasts that the forest soil, by virtue of its cover, is more receptive of moisture than the open country. This has never been demonstrated and is very doubtful as a fact. Cultivation of the soil, ploughing, sowing, and so forth, greatly increase capacity for absorption. On the other hand, the undisturbed condition of the forest soil through long periods, and the solid packing of the ground around the roots of large trees, tend toward impermeability of forest soils. Where the balance of these influences lies, it is impossible to say, but it is probably slight, one way or the other.

It is held that forest cover is the best protection against erosion. There is no protection superior to a well-knit sod, or a thin covering of close-standing crops or underbrush. There are situations where forest cover is probably best for this purpose, but there is no universal rule to that effect.

It is held that forests, by their cooler status, as compared with the open country, induce greater precipitation. As a factor in the flood-problem, even if this were so, it is insignificant and on the side of greater floods.

Beyond question, forests tend to intensify floods from melting snow. This is because they prevent drifting, and thus expose greater surfaces to melting influences.

The definite controlling fact in the whole matter, however, is this: that, even if there be a certain reservoir effect in forest cover, it invariably becomes exhausted in the long rains which lead up to great floods, and is altogether ineffectual when the crisis arrives.

The records of stream-flow where longest kept do not indicate an increase in the intensity or frequency of floods as a result of deforestation, or a contrary effect where reforestation has been long in progress.

Finally, whatever merit there may be in the conventional forest theory, it is impossible of general application because of the necessities of human existence. On the average, not more than one fourth of the land area can be given over to forests in a thickly settled country. That is less than the existing areas of virgin forest and re-

growth in all the territory east of the Mississippi.

It is necessary to lay emphasis on the foregoing facts in order to disabuse the public mind of an illusory theory which amounts almost to an obsession. So long as the public believes that it can protect itself from floods by planting trees, so long will the cause of effective flood-control suffer. How great is the need of enlightenment on this subject may be appreciated when so prominent a man as the late United States Senator Newland, of Nevada, who claimed to have special acquaintance with these subjects and was influential in legislation concerning them, was capable of an utterance like the following:—

'Why, we have been destroying our forests, those great natural reservoirs of moisture into which the waters fall from the heavens, and *where they are stored in the leaves and the loose soil, and drunk up by the thirsty roots of the trees and vegetation*, and thence the surplus gradually makes its way to the creeks and the tributaries of our rivers. We have destroyed our forests, and the water which used to be absorbed by these forests is now hurried on into the creeks and the rivers.'

Secondly, as to drainage. It seems obvious enough that drainage works — pavements, sewers, road-ditches, tile and open drainage on farms — must hasten storm-water to the streams. That may at once be accepted as a fact. But in this, as in forestry, there are powerful compensations which never occur to one on first thought. This, in particular, is the case with the drainage of lands naturally wet and marshy. In a state of nature these lands are thoroughly saturated in their normal condition. But drainage takes this water out, and creates enormous space for ground-storage where none existed before. So it happens that the drainage itself, which may hasten the flow of water when once in the ditches, is ever operating to create ground-storage which shall delay the rapid filling of the ditches. We do not know where the balance lies, but our progressive friends, the French, lay especial stress on the restraining influence just pointed out.

Thirdly, as to channel encroachment. In this connection two kinds of channels are to be considered — one, the normal channel between banks in which the ordinary flow of the stream is confined; the other, the overflow channel through the bottoms between the uplands on either side, which comes into use only in time of high water. These bottom lands are universally subject to encroachment and occupancy because they are the most valuable of all lands. This forces an extra burden upon normal channels in time of flood. As to these channels, it seems to be a fact (contrary to the accepted view) that man's work tends to increase rather than diminish their capacity. There are, of course, exceptions, some of them very pronounced; but the rule seems to be as just stated. A most striking example is furnished by the recent studies of the great Miami River flood-problem. The channel capacity through those of the chief towns on that stream where there have been radical modifications by human action, was found to be from two to eight times as great as in the country districts above and below, where man's interference has been slight. Such a condition cannot, of course, be merely an accident.

We may here observe that one of the most capricious and uncertain things in nature is the channel capacity of streams. It is subject to no uniform rule. On the same stream it may vary all the way from the magnitude of the greatest flood to perhaps not one per

cent of it; and so it results that the problem of flood-control, even on the same stream, may be entirely different on the different sections.

The conclusion of this whole question of the influence of man's occupancy of the earth upon the intensity and destructiveness of floods may be stated thus: —

So far as deforestation, drainage, and so forth, are concerned, the compensating influences of cultivation are so many and important that we cannot tell where the balance lies. There is no reason to suppose that in great and prolonged floods it falls decisively on one side or the other. Whatever it may amount to, it is more apparent near the sources of streams than on the lower courses of great rivers, where it is subject to certain other influences to which we shall refer in discussing the subject of reservoirs.

The great and controlling effect of man's work in causing flood destruction arises from his occupancy of natural overflow channels (bottom lands), thus blockading Nature's chief highway for conducting her flood waters to the sea. It is here that man dwells in greatest numbers; it is here that wealth accumulates in greatest abundance. It is a situation in which man is in part responsible for his own misfortunes, and on him rests the burden of adequate provision for escape from them. What such provision should be, is our next inquiry.

III

This subject we may consider under three headings — warnings, prevention, protection.

Flood warnings. Although science cannot predict the occurrence or intensity of a storm with the least degree of certainty, it can forecast something of its progress after it has begun, and it can do a great deal to warn the public of its probable effects in run-off. The Flood Service, as this branch of public activity is called, thus becomes a matter of great importance, and in France and Germany it is developed to a high state of perfection. By its forecasts it can avert practically all loss of life and, to a large extent, loss of property. It is a highly useful department of the public service, and should be made as efficient as possible.

Flood-prevention. This feature of flood-control has to do with retarding the run-off so that it will not pass downstream as rapidly as it would naturally. It is altogether a matter of reservoir action — catching the water in great basins as it runs from the land, holding it until the storm is past, and letting it out gradually afterward. The method is so logical in theory that the enthusiast never stops to inquire what may be the limitations of its universal application; but, as a matter of fact, these are many and important. The subject itself, like that of forestry, is so extensive in its scope that argument *pro* and *con* is impossible in a paper of this length, and it is necessary therefore to stop with a detailed statement of the conclusions generally accepted by the engineering profession.

In their purpose and functioning, reservoirs are of two classes: storage reservoirs, in which the water is held for some later use, such as power, municipal supply, irrigation, and the like, flood-control being rather an incidental than a main purpose; and detention, or retarding, reservoirs, with outlets always open, so that the water detained during a storm is promptly released afterward, flood-control being in this case the sole consideration. In the storage reservoir the land occupied is permanently lost to other use. In the detention reservoir it remains available for agricultural use.

With the storage reservoir there is generally a conflict of purpose between flood-control and other uses. Inasmuch as the quantity of rainfall in the wet season, when water is being collected, can never be foretold, it becomes important, for storage purposes, to fill the reservoirs as soon as possible, so as to be sure of a supply; while, for flood-control, it is important to reserve ample space until the season of storms is safely past. The conflict can best be harmonized by building the reservoir so large that it can safely store a maximum run-off; but this may greatly increase the cost and may often be impracticable for lack of site. In the majority of cases, both purposes cannot be completely satisfied.

The influence of reservoirs upon flood-control is, of course, greatest on those sections of the streams which lie immediately below the dams. The protection there afforded may be absolute. But the effect diminishes rapidly downstream as additional tributaries come in, and in large part disappears on the lower courses of great rivers like those of the Mississippi basin. This is due in part to the impracticability of building reservoirs on all the tributaries, but mainly to the impossibility of so manipulating outflow as to make it diminish floods on the main stream. Such floods are the result of combinations of floods from many tributaries. Reservoirs, particularly of the detention type, might release their stored waters at the wrong time, so far as the combination below is concerned. There can be no doubt that this would often be the case, and for that reason any system of reservoirs which could not hold back the flood water above them until the season of floods was safely past would be of doubtful value. The enormous development of the system necessary to make it at all effectual, and the difficulty of so manipulating it as to reduce tributary combination, cause engineers to look with misgiving upon the scheme as a means of controlling the floods on the lower courses of great rivers like the Mississippi.

It seems clear that the reservoir principle of flood-control is bound to have wider and wider application; but it is doubtful whether this will take the form of detention basins for flood-control exclusively, so much as of storage reservoirs with flood-control as one consideration only.

Flood-protection. This is distinguished from flood-prevention in that it does not seek to hold back the run-off, but rather to expedite its progress to the sea, and to make the channels carry it without overflow. The whole purpose is to increase channel capacity. This is accomplished by one of the following measures or by a combination of two or more of them: —

(*a*) By cutting off bends, thus shortening the channel and increasing its slope, streams may be made to carry more water for the same dimensions. Cut-offs are a very important resource on small streams, and even on some large rivers, like those of the Hungarian plain. Official sentiment is strong against them in the case of the Mississippi, but for other reasons than those of flood-control.

(*b*) Enlargement of the channel itself may be effected by widening (which is least desirable because it costs more for right-of-way, requires much excavation, and restricts the area of bottom land available for occupancy); or by deepening, which involves expensive excavation and is likely to have to be repeated more than once; or, finally, by enlarging the channel upward through the building of dikes along the banks. This is the levee system — the cheapest, most effective, and most universally used of all methods of channel enlargement. It has been resorted to

in all ages and on all sorts of streams, and the property protected by it is beyond possibility of estimate. In nearly all situations it is at least an auxiliary aid; in some few cases of great importance, — like the Mississippi and the Po, — it is the only method of practical value.

(*c*) On some rivers it seems impossible ever to confine the greatest floods to the main channel. In such cases auxiliary flood channels, or bi-passes, have to be provided. The Sacramento is the most prominent example. It is considered desirable to avoid this method whenever it is possible to do so, and it has been definitely rejected on the Mississippi, although it has always had its advocates there.

(*d*) A bi-pass, strictly speaking, returns to the main stream. An outlet differs from it in leading to the sea by its own channel. All deltaic rivers have outlets near their mouths. From the point of view of navigation, they are looked upon with disfavor because they tend to dissipate the energy of the current and lead to the deterioration of the main channel. On the lower Mississippi one such natural outlet, the Atchafalaya, has been maintained; all the others have been closed. Surveys have been made for another in the vicinity of New Orleans, but official sentiment is generally against them for that stream.

IV

It is manifest, from this very cursory survey, that the flood-problem is one of great complexity, not to be worked out by any definite rule, but to be studied from every angle in order to determine the method or combination suited to the particular case. It is, perhaps, fortunate, in spite of the losses suffered, that there has been delay in solving the problem on most streams, because technical knowledge on the subject has greatly increased in recent years, and the engineering profession is far better prepared than it was twenty, or even ten, years ago to deal with it effectively.

If we were to attempt to formulate any broad conclusion as to the application of these various measures of flood-control, it would be this: as a rule, reservoirs will find their greatest usefulness near the headwaters of streams; levees will be the main resource on the lower courses of great rivers; cut-offs will generally be confined to the smaller streams; and excavation will be resorted to only in special situations, where less expensive methods fail to accomplish the purpose.

There is the satisfying fact about the general problem of flood-control that it *is* capable of definite solution. Some of the railroads have so far provided against such disasters that they no longer fear them. Every thoroughgoing treatment places so much of the problem behind us. The total cost, moreover, may not prove so great as we are apt to think. In casually reviewing some of our more important problems, it is difficult to see how the aggregate for this country, in addition to that portion which will be defrayed on other accounts (through works for industrial use, and the like), can equal that of the Panama Canal. Spread over a quarter of a century, the burden will be light and the resulting benefits will virtually cancel it as we go along.

Perhaps the most perplexing question confronting the engineer who is called upon to formulate a scheme of flood-control in any particular case is to determine what degree of control to advise. He invariably becomes convinced that there is nothing in the conditions of the case which can furnish assurance that no greater flood will ever occur than those which he knows to

have occurred. He feels that, to be safe, he must make a large allowance — factor of safety — over the greatest known flood. At the same time, he knows that such floods occur only at very rare intervals, and this further question is forced upon him for decision: is it wise to provide for those extreme visitations which may occur only once in a generation or so? Would it not be better to stop with provision for high floods, accepting the very rare deluges with such emergency measures as may be practicable at the time, and then foot the bill of damages? This is, in fact, the general policy of railroads, which are perhaps the greatest sufferers from floods; and it would be easy to demonstrate, on the basis of financial profit and loss, that the same course would apply to many of the great flood problems of the country.

There are, however, considerations other than mere profit and loss, which assume an importance in some problems that justifies a policy of absolute protection.

A serious hindrance to effective measures of flood-control arises from the quick recovery of the public mind from the shock of disaster. This is a universal experience. Iroquois theatre tragedies, Cleveland school holocausts, stir the public mind to frenzy and lead to the most strenuous measures of protection. But the lesson is quickly forgotten, and severity of regulation correspondingly relaxes.

So in the case of floods. Situations like that in the lower Mississippi, where flood disasters occur every few years, furnish their own impelling force for remedial measures. Other situations, like those in the State of Ohio in the terrible flood of March, 1913, do not arise often, and it requires a forceful, self-denying, and determined public spirit to carry through truly comprehensive measures.

V

Perhaps the most urgent need of the flood problem to-day is a broad-gauge, enlightened, and energetic public policy in regard to it. There is no occasion for further delay in formulating such a policy, and this fact seems to have found recognition in Congress in the recent creation of a new committee in the House of Representatives for the exclusive consideration of the subject of flood-control. While the powers of this committee do not at present extend to the bringing in of appropriation bills, they certainly do permit the formulation for submission to Congress of a definite national policy; and in the expectation that it will live up to its opportunities, we shall examine some of the features which such a policy should embrace.

In the first place, it should extend to *all* streams, and not be limited to navigable streams. Such technical limitation has been the chief barrier hitherto to any comprehensive flood legislation. It has always seemed to the writer a most illogical barrier. The constitutional authority of Congress to act in these matters is not in terms restricted to *navigable* rivers, nor indeed to rivers at all. It is difficult to understand why Congress may appropriate money to remove a river-bar or other obstruction to navigation, and may not appropriate money to control floods on streams where such floods interrupt interstate commerce, delay the mails, and otherwise interfere with the general welfare. In spite of the fact that Congress has thus far religiously clung to the theory that it can appropriate no money affecting stream-control unless it be in aid of navigation, the grounds upon which this policy rests must be challenged, and we believe that the creation of this new committee is premonitory evidence of its early abandonment.

In the second place, we may observe that there should be close coördination between flood-prevention or protection and other purposes of stream-control, in order that there may be no serious conflict of purpose or undue waste in the cost of development. This is perhaps the most difficult feature of the flood-problem — more difficult than the physical problem in itself. At the outset arises the perplexing question, how to deal with private development upon our streams. We ought not, on the one hand, to prevent or seriously discourage private capital in the development of power; on the other hand, we must not permit such development to become an obstacle to adequate flood-control. A particular feature of private development which might, and generally would, so interfere, is the construction of storage reservoirs. The sites occupied may be the only ones suitable to flood-control, and development for industrial use only might permanently bar the other purpose. It would seem that all such development should first receive the approval of some public body, both as a guaranty of safety and as a means of control.

It is right here that public aid might well be given. Suppose that a reservoir of certain capacity at a particular site will answer all the purposes of industrial development, while one of greater capacity will serve also the purpose of flood-control. If, in addition to the cost justly chargeable to private development, the public could add enough to secure the larger work, manifestly two important ends would be gained.

Some such policy would seem to be exceedingly desirable, because water-power, domestic supply, and irrigation are destined to undergo wide development; and it seldom happens that the particular industrial use concerned requires a dam great enough, or perhaps of the right type, to serve with highest efficiency the purposes of flood-control.

In the third place, there will be situations, as in the Great Miami Valley, where reservoirs will be built for flood-control only, without any possible return from future use of the stored water. What will be an equitable system of apportioning the cost in such a case? Flood-control clearly benefits two distinct interests — public and private. A great flood destroys means of communication, obstructs interstate commerce, delays the mails, may affect navigation adversely, while its effects may extend to other states than that in which the stream lies. The Federal government certainly has a material interest at stake in all such occurrences. Likewise cities on river-banks subject to the direct onslaught of floods, are interested vitally in their public capacity. But great as these interests are, private interests affected generally far exceed them, and it is right that they should be called upon to bear the burden of works of protection. The problem is to devise a system which shall apportion the cost of flood-control in each particular case equitably, on the basis of the interests involved, and shall have the power to compel unwilling interests to contribute their proper share. Local communities, and even private interests, may prefer to handle their own problems at their own expense, as in the present case of the Miami Conservancy District. There can be, of course, no objection to this, provided the work satisfies the necessary conditions of effectiveness and safety. But isolated examples of this kind do not affect in any way the duty of public coöperation and aid wherever it is needed.

A strong consideration in favor of a national policy for handling this question is the necessity of eliminating conflicts of jurisdiction. Public agencies of various sorts, — such as towns, coun-

ties, and assessment districts, — exist, or are called into being, for particular purposes; but only two — the general government and the states — have the attributes of sovereignty. As between state and nation, if the streams of a state were confined to its own territory, instead, as is generally the case, of crossing the boundaries into other states, there would be some argument for state as against Federal control. But as matters stand, state control can never be made sufficiently comprehensive, and it is far better that the jurisdiction should rest in that authority which embraces the streams from their sources to their outlets. Even with this jurisdiction, international boundaries may interfere; and they do, in fact, sometimes give rise to grave complications, as in the case of the Colorado River, where a situation of such gravity exists that nothing short of a cession of a small tract of territory will ever solve the problem satisfactorily.

Finally, it is strongly urged by many that some one in authority, such as a national Board of Public Works, should have control of *all* the uses to which our streams may be put. The idea appeals to the mind as logical and plausible, but closer analysis fails to justify it as in any sense necessary. Irrigation work, for example, can very well be carried on by the Reclamation Service as it is now constituted, and works in aid of navigation by the Corps of Engineers. The functions of these two organizations might properly be expanded to include flood-control, so far as it relates to their particular work; and a Department of Flood-Control might be created, to deal with those features of the problem lying outside the two fields just mentioned. We do not advance this suggestion as an argument against the central board idea, except to counsel caution in adopting a system which may prove unworkable by its very ponderosity. There is no reason why separate management of matters which are really quite distinct cannot be accomplished, not only without serious conflict of authority, but rather with intelligent coöperation wherever their respective spheres come into contact.

There is no reason either why such a system may not be just as effectual and economical, while there is even less liability to abuses of the 'pork' variety. 'Pork' is a state of mind, and we shall never get rid of it by any change in departmental methods, but only by a change in the mental attitude of the people.

Let those who imagine that relief in this matter is in sight in the proposed new scheme of centralized control now before Congress consider the following estimate for the next ten years, taken from Senator Newlands's speech cited above. According to the programme there outlined, the sum of $600,000,000 is to be expended in ten annual installments of $60,000,000 each for stream-control work of all sorts, 'apportioning this vast sum fairly [*sic*] between the different watersheds of the country,' on the following basis of annual expenditure: —

Atlantic Coast streams	$10,000,000
Gulf streams exclusive of the Mississipi	5,000,000
Lower Mississippi	10,000,000
Ohio and its tributaries	5,000,000
Colorado and its tributaries	5,000,000
Upper Mississippi and its tributaries	5,000,000
Missouri and its tributaries	5,000,000
Sacramento, San Joaquin, and their tributaries	5,000,000
Snake and Columbia and their tributaries	5,000,000
Some watershed evidently overlooked	5,000,000
Total annually for ten years	$60,000,000

This is 'pork' — not by the barrel, subject to the approval of a disinter-

ested and scrupulous body of engineers, but by the hogshead, without any engineering scrutiny, yet 'apportioned fairly,' and absolutely guaranteed from the outset. The great American public should think twice before it takes a plunge like this which, so far as the 'pork' evil is concerned, may prove a veritable jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

VI

Limit of space in this paper precludes consideration of special cases, with one exception — that of our greatest flood-problem, perhaps the greatest in the world: the problem of the lower Mississippi. Controversy has raged about it for at least two generations. Great floods have come along and have broken through the levees, carrying destruction to the neighboring bottoms, and the public has forthwith united in pronouncing the levee system a failure. Solutions of the problem have been proposed, ranging from the most visionary schemes to those which have real merit; but the outcome of it all is that 'levees only' is practically accepted by the engineering profession as the true solution. Not only is this the case, but there have been collected sufficient data upon which to base a complete scheme of control.

There is no reason, from an engineering point of view, why the problem should not be taken up forthwith and carried to completion in the course of a few years. And there is every reason why such a course is imperative. The situation on some portions of the river is in what we may call a critical stage — one in which the work so far done actually aggravates the evil that it is intended to eliminate. This is because, on the one hand, the partial protection so far achieved has induced increased occupancy of the bottom lands, so that there is more property to destroy; and, on the other, because the levees have raised the flood-surface of the river, as levees always do, so that, when a break does occur, it produces more destructive currents than when the overflow was spread in a thin sheet all along the bank. It is of the highest importance to bridge this gap between partial and complete protection with the utmost possible dispatch.

The difficult and uncertain feature of this problem, as it appears to the writer, relates entirely to the method of financing it. This should not be done with Federal funds alone. There must be some proper division of cost between the Federal government and local beneficiaries. The proportion will doubtless vary on different portions of the river, and there will be necessary adjustments with existing levee districts. The direct benefits to the valley taken as a whole certainly justify local aid of fifty per cent.

How this coöperation is to be brought about so as to be dependable and effective is the *real* problem. It will require most careful consideration, and, beyond doubt, a great deal of time. But a plan once settled upon, there would seem to be no excuse for not hastening it to completion within the next few years. The interests at stake have now become so vast, and their growth so rapid, that efficient and positive measures are imperative.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S MESSAGE

BY MRS. A. BURNETT-SMITH

I

I WISH that I could give to my American friends a noble message and one adequate to the appeal of the time; but I fear that I must ask forbearance and sympathy, because the thunder of the guns is in my ears and heart. Away over there, on the blood-red fields of France and Flanders, those dearer to me than life itself are fighting for liberty, with their backs to the wall; and there is only one thing that I am certain of, and that is that I never shall see all of them again.

I could fill far more space than is allotted to me with wonderful stories of the men who are fighting there. I know them so well. I have been with them by camp-fires at home and abroad, in their tents, in their billets, behind the lines, and on the lines of communication. I have spoken to them in all kinds of places, and I could tell you many things that would fill up your hearts; but that is not my task to-day. I have been sent over from my own country, to try to bring before the people of this greater country a picture of what the war has done for us and what life is like over there, where there is no peace, very little sleep, very little light, no freedom from fear, and very little food.

I want you, Americans, to think of these things one by one, and to take them with you in your hearts, and to ask yourselves if you are sufficiently grateful for these simple everyday blessings. I want to tell you that you ought to cherish them like the angels' visits, because you never know how precious and how necessary they are until they have gone away.

Of course, when war comes to a peace-loving people, without warning or preparation, it must of necessity disorganize to an appalling degree the whole fabric of civilian life. When you take seven or eight millions of men out of the ordinary vocations which they have pursued, there must be much confusion and chaos. We went through all that in the autumn of 1914, and it was then that our women had to step into the breach and show what they could do to serve their country. It is not enough to put great armies into the field. They have to be equipped, not only with fighting implements, but with their uniforms, and boots, and all the things that the fighting man requires.

Munitions of course were the most important part. So little prepared were we, notwithstanding the lies that our enemies have spread, that at the outbreak of the war we had only three munition factories. Now we have five thousand, and they are all more or less manned by women. In every great industry, no matter how great the call from the fighting front, there must always, of course, be left a certain percentage of men, because there is skilled labor that women cannot do without years of preparation, and also there are certain kinds which are too heavy for their physical powers.

We have a million and a half women

working in our munition factories today, — all kinds, from the highest to the lowest; peers' daughters, and daughters of cabinet ministers, of professional men, of rich merchants, — all working side by side twelve hours a day, with brief intervals for meals, living together in little villages, which have had to be built close to the factories, in order to solve the housing problem. They are not segregated, but live the communal life, side by side, sharing the family life in dining-rooms, recreation rooms, in all respects living as one family; and it has had a wonderful effect on them all. The upper-class women have learned something from their working sisters. They have gained a broader outlook, a more candid sincerity, and a great many other things which are going to be of much value. The same thing holds good of the other side. They have learned refinement of speech and behavior. In fact, they have come to understand each other, and ignorance is the cause of so much sorrow and misunderstanding that we welcome all this wonderful new fusion in our national life. Please God, when the anguish of these days is over, it is going to be a splendid factor in our reconstruction.

In addition to the women working in munition factories, they have had to take the place of men in commercial houses, in stores, banks, — everywhere where young manhood was formerly employed, — and they have given much satisfaction to all concerned. Everywhere one hears the same story of how they have given of their very best; they are so industrious, they are so uncomplaining, so conscientious in all matters, that they very seldom have to be found fault with. It is surprising how little inefficiency there is in our depleted occupations because of the splendid way the women have stepped into the breach. We have thousands engaged in driving all kinds of conveyances, and as conductors on buses and on trains. They even clean the streets, and act as porters at the railway stations.

Then we have a land army of about half a million, taking the place of men on the farms. That has been one of our most difficult tasks, because we have found our farmers to be a very conservative body of men, who wanted no changes of any sort; they thought that they should be specially favored as they were food-producers, and should be allowed to keep all the men they wanted; but they have had to take a certain number of women on the land. No man is asked to take a woman helper until she has had some training. One old farmer in my country brought forward a very extraordinary objection. He said, 'Women on the land! What do they know about land? They ain't any good on the land! Just look what Eve did in Eden!' I could not remember that she did very much to the land there. My recollection was merely that she picked the apple and passed it on.

Then we have a very large legion in France. The women began about eighteen months ago to relieve the men in the camps — when the need of men became very insistent. There are some who work in the cook-houses and prepare the men's food, and others who act as orderlies, and as waiters in the different messes. They relieve men as clerks and storekeepers. They take care of and distribute the stores, and drive them to different places as required. In fact, they have relieved every man available for fighting, and they are always being reinforced from the battalions sent out from training. Part of their work is to clean the men's uniforms, and sole and heel their boots; and the latest thing they have taken over is the mending of rifles. Thus there has been a great economic saving by the employment of women. It is

hard work, and they are kept in their own cantonments under strict military discipline. It says a great deal for their patriotism that they are so willing to stay so far from their homes. They are really serving their country in a way that we can never be sufficiently grateful for.

II

We come now to our last reserve of women — the great company of home-keepers; and, believe me, their hearts are just as full of fire as the others'. They are obliged to stay within the four walls of the house because homes must be kept together, the children cared for, and the fires kept burning for the boys when they come home and for the men who are working at civilian occupations. They would love to be in out-and-out war-service, and they get no medals or stripes of honor of any kind. They are simply carrying on the every-day drudgery which we women know so well, forgetful that it is the very foundation of a nation's strength and fineness. Now there has passed into the hands of these women, in the most extraordinary way, the greatest opportunity to serve their country. It has arisen out of the food-shortage, and requires them to serve by putting on very cheerful faces in the face of extraordinary difficulties, and by bringing all the resources of mind and body to bear on the solving of problems not easily solved, the preparation of meals out of poor and scanty ingredients. I am overjoyed to say that they are standing up splendidly to their job and are making the very best of everything at their disposal.

I suppose you are aware that that is not very much. We are getting to be very hungry in England. The shortage has come bit by bit, very gradually, just as it is going to come to you. My housekeeper said to me one day about a year ago, 'Do you notice every day there is something we cannot get?' And that is exactly how it happened. One day one thing lacking, and another day another; and at last, like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, our larder has become very empty indeed. Our shortage of flour is very great — that is the string that is always being harped upon, that 'you must save the wheat flour for us.' I have seen many kinds of war-bread in this country, but nothing quite so unpalatable as ours. It is just made of any old thing on hand at the moment. We have been able to keep up the quantity so far. We always have three and a half pounds of bread per person a week, or its equivalent; but it is not allowed to be sold until it is twelve hours old, on the theory that stale bread goes further than new bread. When you get this, with a thin scraping of margarine, you don't go very far with it. I am very sorry for our bakers, because they get such conflicting orders. In many places in this country I hear much grumbling about continual changes in the orders from Washington.

Now I want to assure you that you are just at the very beginning of things, and that you will continue to get these new orders as time goes on, until you won't know whether your head or your heels are uppermost. But what I want to say most emphatically is this: that the true patriot will accept these orders in the spirit of the soldier, and he will fall in line at once without grumbling. Be assured that the government is not sending out these orders without good reason for the changes; and I hope that every one will fall in line and be as cheerful as possible about them.

Our meat-supply varies greatly according to the amount of success that the U-boat has on the seas. One week we may have a little more than the

last, but we never get more than our allowance of one pound a week per head. Large families get along not so badly, because they have the one big joint in the week, and they can spread it over into respectable meals; but the smaller familes have more difficulty. It takes all the ingenuity of the housewife to make meals out of such slender ingredients. Unfortunately, it is the essentials that we are so short of. In my last letter from my housekeeper she said, 'We have had no fat in the house for a week.' Now I put it to you housewives of America — how would you like to go into your larder to-morrow morning and find no fat of any sort to bake or cook with in any form? It takes all one's courage and cheerfulness to tackle the problem.

Milk we were very short of in the winter, owing to the cows being killed because of scarcity of fodder. You cannot buy a glass of milk anywhere in a hotel or restaurant unless you have a child with you. Householders are supposed to take milk only for the sick or for children. Eggs also are scarce and were a dollar and a half a dozen when I left England; but probably, as summer comes on, the situation as regards both milk and eggs will be relieved to some extent, because everything is easier in the summer.

These are the food conditions so far as I know them at the moment. They have been improved somewhat by the introduction of the card system of rations. It came into operation some time last month, and I hear is giving great satisfaction. It does not, of course, increase the quantity, but it does insure equal distribution. It is a curious thing, that food seems to be the supreme test of human nature. People will give up all kinds of things: they don't mind last year's clothes; but when it comes to food, it is a very different proposition. Food is not a very inspiring subject to write about, but it is very wonderful how inspiring it can become when there is none of it.

I was at a strange little meeting in Ohio, — a pro-German community, — and just before the meeting a woman came up with a very stern expression on her face and said, 'I am just going to tell you this. I *had* to give my boy. He was drafted and I had no choice. But I won't give up my food for anybody.' It sounded as if her food was of more value to her than her boy. 'But won't you please come to the meeting and hear what I have to tell you about how it is over there?' I asked. She came; and after the meeting she came to me and said, 'I am just going to tell you that I am going to change my mind. I *will* go without some of the things.'

It is the supreme test. There is no doubt about it.

Every kind of voluntary ration broke down in England, and it was the people to whom we looked for counsel and advice who were convicted of hoarding on a very large scale. They were very promptly discovered and exposed by the newspapers, and fined or imprisoned, so it did not do them much good. Our women as a whole, however, have been splendid. I am sorry to have to say that it was the men who made the most trouble. The men you know are conservative, especially about food. They like the straightforward things that they know about. In the old days, when we used to have tremendous dinner-parties, two soups, two entrées, etc., etc., it was very interesting to see who sampled the new dishes. It never was the men. They like the straightforward things. They don't like substitutes of any sort. A woman said to me in the street one day, '*I* don't mind substitutes, and the children don't, but Harry don't like messes.'

I wonder whether you American

men, when the test comes, are going to live up to your very high reputation. As husbands you are considered to have no equals on the face of the earth. When little jars occur, as they do in the best households, we have been known to tell our lawful spouses that we wished we had married American husbands. Even now, I suppose, you have to eat things that you don't particularly want. The true patriot is the man who can eat an imitation beefsteak, with a smile on his face, and tell the woman who prepared it that it is as good as the real thing.

These are the food conditions, and they are very difficult. The supreme test has come to us after we have grown a little war-weary, and after we have lived through three and a half years of unexampled strain and sorrow and anxiety. I think it is not quite understood in this country, how big a part of England now is as truly the war-zone as where the actual battles are being fought. We have had a great deal of air-raiding, and during the last year the attacks have become much more frequent and much more violent, just as in every department of the war things have become more quick and poignant and active.

The air-raids have increased, in particular. We have no Zeppelins now, because we brought down so many of them: these monsters cost a tremendous amount of money, and the damage they did was so small as not to be worth their while. But they have another kind of machine which can do a great deal more damage. It is called a Gotha. It is a very quick-flying aeroplane. A Zeppelin has to stand still before beginning operations, so that it made a splendid target for our guns; and that is why we had so much success in bringing them down. But this particular ship which has been over us this winter drops bombs while flying, and a rapidly moving object is much more difficult to attack from below. They do much damage, and destroy a tremendous amount of private property. They come over the coast in large numbers now, — anywhere from twelve to twenty-five or thirty ships, — and they often split up at the coast. They come up the Thames valley, where there are many things they would like to destroy: Woolwich Arsenal for instance, with its twenty-mile circumference of war activity. But they have never once got what they could call an objective of military importance. Neither have they found any of our splendid buildings in London, our historic monuments, the Parliament buildings, and the like. They have succeeded only in destroying a great quantity of small property, and killing poor people who never did them any harm.

III

I am so tired of telling this story of how my own house was destroyed.

In October, 1915, the Zeppelins' visits began to be very serious. They had made other visits before, and we were much interested in them. We always ran out like children to watch them. A Zeppelin may be six or eight hundred feet long. The last ones we know were eight hundred, because we saw one come down near where we lived. Made of beautiful shining material, so exquisitely woven, it was a joy to look at. When you see a shape outlined against a dark blue sky on a starless night, it is like a fairy picture; but when it starts to do its deadly work, you forget about its beauty; and when you hear the grinding of its engine, you have nothing but terror in your heart.

My daughter, who had been working for over three years in the French War Zone, was at home for her first leave that night. She was very anxious to see

an airship. (Both the boys and the girls feel that this war is a great adventure. If they had the real fear and hatred of it that we older people have, whose souls have been seared by the suffering and anguish, they would never be able to do the things they do. We ought to rejoice, and we do, that they have the spirit that sends them when necessary 'over the top.') When I told her that I thought the Zeppelins were out, we went into the garden. We don't venture out any more, for many were killed by falling shrapnel. I have even heard it pattering on my roof like hail. The boys back from the front don't like it.

We all stood there in the garden, listening. Suddenly the engine stopped; following that there was another sound, quite familiar to us because we had heard it in the distance before. It was the explosion of a very large bomb; and that was followed by another and another, in such rapid succession that we were quite stunned. We had no time to be afraid. It was such a wonder to us. It was terrifying in a way. We never spoke a word during the four or five minutes in which this rapid and fierce bombardment took place. In our old town, which had kept its one thousandth birthday shortly before, strange-looking things kept dropping, which proved to be incendiary bombs, intended to set fire to the buildings of which the explosive bombs had begun the destruction. The air was filled with strange, sulphurous, smoking fumes. Above the noise of the bursting bombs could be heard the cries of the wounded. It was as if the mouth of hell had been opened.

We soon saw the evil thing above us. On the lawn was a wonderful old cedar tree, which had stood for four hundred years. This was split by the concussion, and had afterward to be taken down. When it was over and comparative quiet restored, the man who stood by us said, 'I think now we can go into the house.' And so we walked across the terrace, and tried to go in. There was a French window opening on the terrace, and it was unbroken; but when we tried to open it, we found there was no house. The entire front had been blown up, and the noise was so great, and the concussion being outward, not toward us, we did not know that it had happened. Books, pictures, furniture, walls, roof, — everything was down in one inextricable heap. We could look into the street, where were a few flashing lights.

What happened to me that night, and to a number of other people, is the sort of thing that is happening all the time in our country in the war zone, which is increasing in size every day. They are building more and more airships, and they are going farther and farther into the interior. We don't talk very much about it. This war is such a stupendous thing. We just don't think about our own possessions. Why, we don't seem to belong to ourselves any more. You can always get another house, you know, but there is only one country. After all, for the things that alone make life worth living there is no sacrifice too great. You are willing to give, and give again — to give life itself if only it will help in winning the victory.

Another night I came very near to the Zeppelin danger. My job has been a talking job for a long time. I have talked to munition workers in factories, etc., etc. All women who work on munitions need encouragement. It is not women's work. If you could see the heads bent over the work — women's heads, such pretty heads! — you would rebel as I did. But they are dedicated to this service because there is one thing worse than war, and that is dishonorable peace. I think our women will not have any such peace. Just

before I came here I went to Woolwich Arsenal to get light on how matters were there. There is one splendid welfare superintendent there, who looks after forty thousand women workers. I asked her if the spirit of the women who had been working so long at munition work was as fine as in the beginning; and she answered, 'Yes, it is just as fine, but I think it is more determined, and there is only one thing that would make them rise in a body and that is if an inconclusive peace was settled upon. They have worked so long they will only hold on to victory.'

The other question was quite as interesting and equally important. A good many of us who are old-fashioned have been troubled about what is going to be the future of the homes over which these women who have been dedicating themselves to strange unwomanly work would preside; and I asked Miss Barker what effect it was likely to have on the homes to be established by-and-by. There was no hesitation about her answer. She said, 'Every one of them will be glad to creep back to their firesides. There will be better homes because of the wider vision. The men will have to be worthy of them. I tell the women, too, that they will have to be worthy of the men when they come back.' So out of this war there may arise something finer and more beautiful in our family life than anything we have experienced yet.

I spoke to the women on the night-shift, reminding them that they were soldiers quite as much as the boys at the front, and that they must stand behind the fighting men. As I stood speaking to these women and girls, suddenly the lights went out. We knew what that meant. We could hear the grinding of the Zeppelin engine, and we knew that if one shell fell on the glass roof above us, but few would live to see the dawn of another day. It was an awful moment, and presently the nerve of some of the women began to break. You could hear a sob here and there and a little scream, and presently some one, inspired by a message from on high, began to sing softly that beautiful hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' I wish that I could make you see and feel what it was like, — that wonderful low melody stealing across the factory, taken up by every voice, — and how it fell like a benediction upon the bowed heads and beating hearts until all fear was stilled and we knew that nothing would happen to us; and nothing did. Presently the lights went up, and work was resumed as usual.

IV

That is not a fancy picture, not an unusual thing. It is just what our women are going through day by day. You may wonder what the spirit is of that people living under that strain every day. We are very tired in the old world. I think that you who are so young, so full of hope, must find it difficult to understand just how tired we are. We are just as brave, just as determined. We have taken the vow, on our hearts and our consciences, that we will never, never let go; that we will stand to fight to the last man, to the last woman, to the last ditch. That is one of the things that the war has done for us. It has made us feel, because we have suffered so much, that we can endure more; and the same thing is true of Italy, France, and wherever there is the war. You will find the squaring of the shoulders, the setting of the lips, the hardening of the eye, that tells of a people who have lost neither hope nor courage. We know that the darkest hour is before the dawn, and the tide will turn by-and-by — perhaps not for the victory

that once we hoped for, but there can be no doubt about the issue; for it is not an ordinary war, an ordinary struggle between nations for a bit of supremacy or power or prestige: it is the beginning of the final struggle between good and evil, between might and right, between the powers of evil and the powers of good. And because we know and believe that this great English-speaking people are on the side of liberty and humanity, we have courage to go on and hold on, even through the days of sacrifice and darkness.

We do not read our casualty lists any more. Many of us dare not. When we meet, we do not even speak of those who have gone away. A very touching thing was told me by one of my neighbors. He was the last of twenty-four officers in one of the Gordon regiments. He said that the places were just filled up as soon as they were emptied, and they never spoke of those who had fallen. That brings the reality of the thing to you.

In every home in our country to-day there is found the vacant chair, the loss of some near kindred. In my own little country — Scotland — you will find many, many villages from which the Highland regiments have been recruited. There are no boys left to come back. They are all dead.

Not many weeks before I came to this country, I was up in the Gordon country, and on a Sunday night I was speaking in a church on the spiritual side of the war. At the close, a woman came to me, a little simple country woman, dressed in deep mourning, and in her bag she had three portraits of boys dressed in the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders, and a little yellow missive, which I, alas, knew too well. 'The War Office Department regrets to inform —— —— that —— —— was killed in action.' She laid this little missive beside one of the portraits, and said, 'That came yesterday. That's Jimmie. He's the last of the three.' She had given her all. Then she added, 'I hear you are going to America. Will you tell American mothers I have given all my lads? I had only three and I would give six, if I had them, for the same cause.' Another friend of mine has given all her five sons. She was a widow and she has none left; but she is working in one of the canteens with no shadow on her face.

I wonder where that strength comes from. I will tell you. Since there has been this great and universal loss throughout the length and breadth of our land, there has arisen a great questioning about the better country to which so many of our splendid boys have gone. They were the flower and hope of the nation; not the dregs, not the remnants, but the boys who had to die before they lived; and there has arisen in the hearts of the men and women who never thought about it before, a new interest in the life that is to come. They could not believe that those lovely creatures could go down like the beasts that perish. If we have a loved one who has gone to another country, we read about that country, and ask all manner of questions concerning it. We put any traveler who returns through a regular catechism, so that we may visualize it. So it is with the Father's house to which our boys have gone. We want to know about it. We want to feel sure that these glorious souls are marching on, and that somewhere, somehow, they are fulfilling themselves and finding a destiny that is worthy of them. And so you would find us to-day in England a very serious but not a too sad people, because we have got a vision of the inner flame. We have, rearing itself in the very core of our national life to-day, a foundation which is built upon the sure hope. It is being built by men and women who

have found for the first time the key which the Lord Christ left upon the stone, on the Resurrection morn.

So, you see, the war is not all loss, it is not all cost, all pain. It has its compensation; and you men and women of America, who stand at the beginning and to whom this sorrow will surely come, I want to tell you that with your sorrow will come the courage and light from above for everything you need in the hour of supreme test. Now I wonder whether you men and women of America have realized this stupendous fact, that this country to which you have the honor and privilege to belong, this great America, is now the last reserve standing between civilization and the evil thing that is out to destroy it. We are very tired; we have given all we have to give. Our age-limit has been raised to fifty, and we are taking at this very time our boys of nineteen; so you will understand that we are coming near the end of our resources.

And now the eyes of the whole world of humanity, of those who have been through the Gethsemane of these terrible years — all eyes are turned on you. I wonder if you realize the solemnity of this high hour, if you know the greatness of your own destiny. It narrows down, as all the big things of life do, to the personal, the individual question, 'What are you doing to make yourself worthy of the great offering which has been laid, not only on the altar of all those countries which are suffering, but on the altar of humanity?' No one can say that what he or she can do is of no account. The cumulative effort, built up like the sands of the sea, is what counts; so what you men and women do greatly matters. Perhaps, who knows, even the little which you have to offer may turn the scale.

Out of a heart that is strained almost to the breaking-point, I beg you, please, please wake to the fact that the whole world has its eyes turned in travail and in sorrow, but also in hope and in confidence, to these shores and to the flag which has stood so long for liberty and freedom. Please God, the flags that are united in this great conflict shall never be disunited, and the great union of English-speaking peoples shall secure and safeguard the future for our children and our children's children.

A WHITE-THROAT SINGS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

From ancient Edens long forgot
  He felt a breath of spring,
And in the leafless apple tree
  He heard a white-throat sing.

With fluted triplets, clear and sweet,
  The bird proclaimed its joy,
And on the withered orchard grass
  The man became a boy:

A boy who ran, a boy who dreamed,
  In April sun and rain;
Who knew all good was happiness,
  All evil only pain.

Sing on, O white-throat in the tree,
  He does not hear you now!
The years are trampling on his heart
  And armies o'er his brow.

From ancient Edens long forgot
  No resurrection comes
Until the smallest sparrow's song
  Is louder than the drums!

GERMAN CORRUPTION OF THE FOREIGN PRESS

BY 'LYSIS'

I

THE German government realized long ago that the most reliable medium of influence in democratic countries is the press. To secure the support of the press, newspapers can be purchased; but that is a ruinously expensive method. Think of the millions that it would cost to acquire a number of organs of very wide circulation. Moreover, this method is not dependable, for it is a very difficult matter to keep secret for long the name of the purchaser of a great newspaper. It is, therefore, a mode of procedure which can be employed only provisionally, with a definite object in view, and for a limited period. It was a transaction of this sort that the Germans had in mind when they tried to buy certain French newspapers, such as *Le Journal*.

How much more reliable and more practical is the plan of creating an agency to secure a monopoly of advertising! This enterprise, after concentrating the greater part of all commercial advertising in its own hands, begins by placing advertisements in the newspapers on which it has its eye; then it takes over all their advertising by contract, on terms which relieve them altogether from the exertion of seeking advertisers. Having thus become the purveyor of their receipts, it has them in its clutches, and directs their management.

This plan is clearly revealed in a passage of a paper in the German review, *Der Türmer*, of February, 1915, in which the principle is set forth that 'inasmuch as the advertisements yield the major part of the receipts of a newspaper, it is usually the case that the contractors for the advertising have large influence over it.'

One can see what powerful political control can be exerted by a large concern having a monopoly of advertising, when that concern is in the hands of a foreign government; one can imagine how fully it can keep that government posted as to all matters political, industrial, commercial, and military; one divines what important services it can render to the commerce of its own country, — in this case, Germany, — by supplying its nationals with information as to the advertising done by the people among whom it is operating, and as to other matters, in order to advance the interests of its compatriots to the detriment of the producers of their adopted country.

This is not a mere hypothesis on our part: we shall see later that a German firm had succeeded in obtaining control of the advertising pages of ninety-six newspapers in one of the Allied countries — Italy — before the war. We shall show, furthermore, that by means of its contracts and the position it had secured, it had become so powerful that it still holds a monopoly of the advertising of eighty-one Italian publications at the present moment, in the midst of war!

Nothing is so valuable as facts, to carry conviction of the validity of opinions. In order, therefore, to enlighten

the reader, we propose to tell here the story of the great German advertising agency of Haasenstein and Vogler, of Berlin.

II

A Swiss named Georg, established at Geneva as correspondent of a German advertising agency, had formed, in 1882, with two Germans, Haasenstein of Berlin and Vogler of Hamburg, an agency with headquarters at Geneva, under the firm name of Haasenstein and Vogler.

Haasenstein and Vogler having, in 1885, set up an agency in Berlin without a distinctive name, the latter took over such rights as its founders individually owned in the Geneva concern; but, in 1890, as the agency was desirous of extending its activities, chiefly in the Latin countries, — Italy and France, — it became necessary for the Berlin agency to disappear, so far as outward appearances went, from the Geneva concern. So it turned over its interests therein to Georg. He transferred them, some months later, to a new agency which he formed at Geneva, and which he still manages. The new concern retained the German name, with a board of directors which was absolutely in Georg's hands.

Thanks to this series of cessions and transformations, it might be supposed that the agency was a Swiss affair, whereas in reality it was simply a continuation and development of the concern originally formed by a Swiss and two Germans.

Georg, who continued to act as the chief representative and confidential agent of the house of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, had in his own name 1501 shares of 1000 marks, out of 2000 shares of capital in that concern; he kept them in his name till the middle of 1916. He was therefore the 'king-pin' of both the German and the Swiss concerns; but he was also, as we shall see, the 'king-pin' of the Italian house of Haasenstein and Vogler, as well as of the French — or so designated — establishment founded later under the name of 'European Advertising Agency.'

III

It was on December 10, 1902, that Georg launched the Italian agency, called Haasenstein and Vogler, in conjunction with his brother Henry Georg, also a Swiss citizen. The capital was fixed at a modest figure — an interesting fact to note: it was only 200,000 francs. How could so insignificant a sum suffice to carry on a business which amounted of late years to 15,000,000 francs ($3,000,000) annually?

We must conclude that a large capital is not essential to an undertaking of this sort. It is hard to believe it, when we analyze the way in which the agency was operated among our Latin allies, and especially when we remark that the secret of its success consisted in the advances, of varying proportions, which it consented to make on account of its contracts with the Italian newspapers, which were rarely supplied with adequate funds. The most probable explanation is that the money came from Germany, and that they placed their capital at so modest a figure only to avoid paying taxes to the Italian Treasury.

Once established, the concern installed branches in the principal Italian cities, and entrusted their management, in most cases, to Germans. For example: at Milan to Wunenburger (born at Kehl), and Otto Caspary (born at Elberfeld); at Rome, to George Stähle (born at Spendelbach, Württemburg); at Florence, to Frederic Gehres (born at Verse, Westphalia); at Genoa, to Wilhelm Obermüller (born at Karlsruhe), cashier, and Schipach, a

German; at Naples, to Hugo Schulte, a Prussian, now in the German army.

But how did it negotiate with the papers, and by what sort of contracts did it set about enslaving them, in order to attain the end that we have described at the beginning of this paper? We may learn by certain excerpts from the contracts by which eighty-one Italian papers are still, at this very hour, bound to Haasenstein and Vogler of Milan, that is to say, of Berlin.

Article 5. — The management of the ——, and, acting for it, M. ——, shall have the absolute right of veto as to all advertisements which it may deem injurious or inopportune from the standpoint of morality or of the character of the paper. But it shall not be entitled to forbid the publication of any advertisement which has been previously inserted, or of any other of a like character.

The management of the —— binds itself to prevent the publication, in the guise either of editorial matter or of correspondence, in the body of the paper, — and especially in the columns not devoted to advertisements, — of articles capable of impairing in any possible way the advertising value of the paper.

Thus the Haasenstein and Vogler agency has the power to forbid the insertion of anything which it deems inopportune or capable of impairing the advertising value of the paper, not only on the pages devoted to advertisements, but on the editorial pages properly so-called.

Nor is this all: it also claims the right to exclude any announcement which does not meet its views, without giving a reason, even if it is offered at the full rate: —

Article 9. — In all business negotiations, whether conducted directly with customers or through any third party, Haasenstein and Vogler shall be entitled to grant such reductions from the regular rates as they may deem necessary. Moreover, when such business comes through the intervention of correspondents themselves, branch houses, or agencies, said Haasenstein and Vogler may make such reductions as they may deem advisable, but in no case greater than 15 per cent.

Haasenstein and Vogler shall have the right to refuse advertisements coming from a rival agency, as well as those offered at a lower rate than that mentioned at the head of the paper, for which they do not deem it advisable, for special reasons, to make a reduction in rates.

They shall also be entitled to refuse advertisements at full rates, when they do not deem it advisable to accept them.

This is appropriation pure and simple: with this clause they can, at their pleasure, cut off all competition, foreign or native, of a rival product with the German product. Finally, let us quote this provision: —

Article 22. — The contracting parties agree to maintain the most absolute secrecy concerning the terms of this contract, as well as of all other agreements that may hereafter be entered into between them.

Secrecy, indeed! That follows as a matter of course in such hole-and-corner bargains! Poor Italians — proud as they are, how easily one can understand their disgust!

In the *Nouvelle Revue* of February 7, 1918, Jean Ajalbert wrote, in an article entitled: 'In Italy, a War-Journey: February–May, 1916,' —

In the course of thirty years of friendly relations, German agents had insinuated themselves into editorial sanctums and printing offices. But they had more reliable methods. They had monopolized the advertising business by means of the so-called Swiss agency of Haasenstein and Vogler, which worked with feverish energy at the beginning of the war. The great newspapers were able to resist and hold their own; but a large number had to choose between suspending publication and bending the knee, that is to say, accepting doctored dispatches and carrying on a campaign for the Central Empires.

The Haasenstein and Vogler concern distributed or refused advertising, that is to say, supplies, to the poor papers.

But the Italian concern, at Milan, founded by Georg, the confidential agent of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, had its labor for its pains: it did not succeed in preventing the Italian government from taking its stand on the side of the Right. Then it was that, realizing that it was compromised by the shifty manœuvres to which it had resorted, it underwent a transformation,— this is one of the processes for which the Germans have no distaste, — changed its name, and became the *Unione di Pubblicita Italiana* (Italian Advertising Union). It did more than that: it changed its quarters and established itself in less pretentious offices; and still more—it changed the managers of its branches, whose Teutonic names disclosed too plainly their real nationality.

As it was necessary, however, that the management should remain in the hands of a trustworthy person, it retained one of the two former managers. Wunenburger; but in the documents in which his name appears, he is described as a native of Geneva, although he had been previously declared to have been born at Kehl. This is a proceeding which was repeated, as we shall see, at the time of the establishment of the European Agency at Paris.

Meanwhile this attempt to disguise the Haasenstein and Vogler concern was characterized as it deserved to be by a certain number of Italian papers.

On July 29, 1916, *La Sera* said, —

A typical example of the artifices by which the Germans have been able to exploit us and are exploiting us still, is presented by the advertising industry, which, so far as a very large number of Italian newspapers is concerned, is in the hands of a purely German concern, the house of Haasenstein and Vogler. Up to yesterday it has appeared under the mask of an anonymous Swiss advertising agency, whose place is taken to-day by the *Unione di Pubblicita Italiana*. . . .

Under this deceptive name, Haasenstein and Vogler continue to hold a monopoly of insertions on the fourth page of our newspapers, which believe, as does the general public, that the aforesaid concern, which is attempting to-day to hide its German name behind an Italian designation, is a Swiss commercial house, whose members and capital stock have no connection with a house organized, managed, and financed by Germans.

The chicanery and contempt with which we are treated could not be more outrageous, because the house of Haasenstein and Vogler, even if it can as a matter of law be held to be Swiss, has always been German both ethnologically and financially.

Many Italian newspapers, their eyes being opened, broke with Haasenstein and Vogler, in spite of the contract which bound them. Litigation ensued. The Tribunal of Milan, and, later, the Court of Appeal, decided in favor of the newspapers; but all had not equal courage. Refuse advertising? It is very easy to say it, but how is one to replace the receipts from that source? Tout for customers one's self? But they do not always come for the asking: one needs a body of trained men to run after customers, solicit them, make them understand that it is to their interest to spend money in advertising in order to sell their wares.

An organizaton of this sort is not to be got together in twenty-four hours; and pending the time when you have it, you must have the means of holding your ground.

The Haasenstein and Vogler agency holds the newspapers, first of all, in this way; and also, in another way, by a shrewd appeal to their pockets: it makes advances of large amount on their advertising contracts, thus reaping this twofold advantage: it receives

good interest, and its customers, so long as they have not repaid the advances, are at its mercy.

IV

Down to 1912 the German house of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, which had succeeded so well in Italy through the medium of Georg, its confidential agent, had in France only a single unimportant branch agency, at 100 rue de Réaumur, Paris. In 1912 it thought that the time had come to found a powerful concern, in order to attain in our country the end we have described at the beginning of this paper.

But it was a more difficult matter for the Berlin people to obtain a foothold in Paris than to establish themselves at Geneva or Milan. To hoist the flag of Haasenstein and Vogler would have been too hazardous: a German label in France meant certain defeat.

How could they get around the obstacle? How could they find sober-minded Frenchmen who would consent to play the part of dummies and tools of the Berlin house? It was a risky undertaking: they concluded that Georg, President of the Swiss Agency of Haasenstein and Vogler, in view of his Swiss nationality, might be able to found the Paris house without attracting attention; and to impart a more truly French aspect to the establishment, they conceived the scheme of purchasing one or more agencies already operating in the capital.

Thus, in 1912, Georg entered into negotiation with Messieurs Van Minden Brothers, natives of Holland, and well known for many years under the style of Maurice and Paul Méry. He bought their business and proceeded to organize the new concern, turning over to it his new purchase, with the assent of his vendors.

In addition to the Van Minden turnover, the capital to be subscribed in cash was to be 2,200,000 francs. It was subscribed by Georg, one Haccius, his son-in-law and nephew; his father-in-law (a German by birth); Herman Spahlinger, a Württemberger; Sigismund Richter, a German; and a Frenchman, E—— D——, who subscribed the trifling sum of 12,500 francs. Thus Georg was the principal stockholder of the concern: with his son-in-law and nephew, and his father-in-law, he held shares to the amount of 2,137,500 francs out of 2,200,000.

But they had done one imprudent thing: they had included among the founders of the agency, and, later, in its first Board of Directors, the German Sigismund Richter, falsely declaring him to be a merchant living at Geneva; and this Richter was actually manager of the parent house of Haasenstein and Vogler at Berlin! What would you have? No matter how prudent men are, and how practiced in dissimulation, they always end by committing some imprudence that betrays them, especially when they believe, as every German does, that everything that they do is all right.

We may add that Georg himself, in the act of incorporation, did not disclose the fact that he was manager of the Swiss branch of Haasenstein and Vogler, describing himself modestly as a merchant of Geneva; but this is a mere detail.

It thus appears, from the most conclusive evidence, that the Berlin house — of which Georg was the active head, and of which he held, down to 1916, three fourths of the capital stock; the Geneva house — of which he was the founder, in conjunction with the Germans Haasenstein and Vogler; the Italian house — which also he had founded and the management of which he had entrusted to the most unadulterated Prussian he could lay his hand on; and,

finally, the Paris house — of which he and his relations owned almost all the capital, and in which he had placed Sigismund Richter, manager of the Berlin house — that all these are not merely connected with one another, *but form a single, identical enterprise.* In fact, this status was judicially recognized by a decree of the President of the Tribunal of the Seine, dated February 26, 1918.

This condition of affairs inspired the following just observations in the Milan newspaper, *La Sera*, of July 29, 1916.

> One definite and significant fact stands out, namely, that the German mind is so constituted as to believe that a German concern, like Haasenstein and Vogler, whatever the domicile of its branches, whether Italy or Switzerland, ought to use its financial power to impose a Germanophile editorial policy upon those papers whose advertising it controls; and this the Haasenstein and Vogler concern complains that it cannot do.
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> This shows a state of affairs of serious consequence, which opens a limitless view of the methods of the German propaganda, especially when one remembers the multitude of small agencies that gravitate about this vast undertaking, and the various disguises it can assume; as it did in France, where it formed the European Advertising Agency, at Paris, which is nothing more than an off-shoot of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, and whose president, Karl Wilhelm Georg, and his brother Heinrich Georg, appear in the notarial certificate, at Turin, as owners of the Haasenstein and Vogler Agency in Italy, as they still are of the house disguised under the name of *Unione di Pubblicita Italiana.* The European Advertising Agency is no more French than Haasenstein and Vogler is Swiss, or than the *Unione di Pubblicita Italiana* is Italian.
>
> Haasenstein and Vogler has changed its name but not its body, and even less its soul. It is still the same old German advertising agency, the major part of whose property remains at Berlin in the possession of the German manager of the German house, Doctor Richter, who, we must remember, is one of the founders and a member of the Board of Directors of the European Agency, and whose fellow directors are the same men, whether in Berlin, Geneva, Milan, or Paris.
>
> Only the label on the bottle has been changed: the contents are always the same.

Again, in *Il Giornale* of August 4, 1916, we read that 'the fact is definitely established that M. Georg, already President of the Board of the Swiss and Italian branches of Haasenstein and Vogler, has taken the presidency of the European Advertising Agency, a purely German creation.'

V

Now let us see how the European Advertising Agency succeeded in taking root in France, in obtaining a large amount of business there, in making its way into the old French advertising agencies, in opening negotiations with them, and in securing monopolistic concessions which were destined to enable it to approach the French press, and by slow degrees to make itself master of it.

The European Society, thanks to the plant which the Van Minden Brothers, doing business under the name of Méry, had turned over to it, and to the purchase in the following year of the house of John Jones, had at once made a position for itself. It took advantage of it to enter forthwith into relations, not with the press, but with the Havas Agency, and the *Société Générale des Annonces* (Renier), which together control the advertising of the great Paris papers and of the majority of the great provincial journals. It addressed them, probably, in something after this fashion: 'Why should you exert yourselves to increase your clientèle in opposition to us, of whose power you must be well aware, since we have behind us the great house of Haasenstein and Vogler which casts its beams through-

out the world.' And to substantiate its words, it had only to produce an account-book which was common to the branch agencies of Haasenstein and Vogler and the parent concern at Berlin — a book which proved the unity of the enterprise.

Havas and the *Société Générale* must have been convinced by this reasoning, as those two agencies entered into an agreement with the European Agency, dated October 25, 1913. By its terms the French concerns pledged themselves not to accept any advertisements from foreign countries for the French press, and not to accept any orders from French business houses for foreign publication.

Thus, in the first year after its foundation, the Agency had begun to carry out the plan that it had marked out for itself, and to make itself, by slow degrees, master of the French press, by becoming an important purveyor of advertisements, and consequently the dispenser of those receipts without which a newspaper cannot exist.

Georg, the great man of the house of Haasenstein and Vogler, had taken his precautions, in case he should fail to put his hand on the French press, and the latter should rebel, by founding at Geneva, through the medium of dummies, the *Société Générale d'Affichage* the purpose of which was to accomplish through advertising by bill-posting, what the European Advertising Agency proposed to do through the newspapers.

In the first days of its existence this bill-posting agency succeeded in acquiring certain French establishments, already in existence, which it allowed to keep on operating under their former names. In 1913, it had branches in the following towns in France: Agen, Bayonne, Biarritz, Bordeaux, Cannes, Evian, Luchon, Marseilles, Menton, Montauban, Nice, Royan, and Toulouse. In 1917, the list included the following additional names: Aix-les-Bains, Albi, Annemasse, Arcachon, Chamonix, Divonne, Narbonne, Perpignan, Soulac-sur-Mer, and Thonon.

More than that — the new agency has acquired the concession for the municipal bill-posting in certain large French towns, notably, Albi, Agen, Bayonne, Biarritz, Cannes, Marseilles, Menton, Montauban, and others.

By the creation of the *Société d'Affichage* and its grip on the French bill-posting agencies, Georg, and through him the European Advertising Agency, were able, whenever they chose, to threaten to dispense with the services of the newspapers and resort to advertising on the bill-boards.

We may cite, on the subject of the efforts made to extend this enterprise and of the outlay that Georg was prepared to make an order to obtain control of the whole bill-posting industry of France, the following characteristic episode: —

In 1912 Doctor Hermann Stoll, director of the Maggi Company, proposed to the manager of one of our large bill-posting agencies to put him in communication with a friend of his, M. Georg, who had a proposition to make to him.

One fine day Georg appeared, armed with a letter from his friend Stoll. The interview took the following course; although we do not vouch for the exact words, we give their meaning faithfully.

Georg. — The *Société Générale d'Affichage*, of which I am the manager, and with which you are familiar, is extending its field of action in your country by purchasing existing agencies. We are ready to take over yours. How much do you want for it?

M. X. — Your question takes me by surprise, but I am sufficiently well acquainted with the ideas of my associates to reply

that we are not selling our business. It is a business to which we are attached, and which we propose to develop ourselves.

Georg. — You force me to speak in a different tone. I am Georg — people do not oppose my wishes. Understand that I can find all the capital I need to crush those who are in my path. You cannot contend with me. You will be ruined if you try it. I give you fair warning.

M. X. — Very good; we shall see.

This dialogue is not mere fiction: it really took place.

VI

Even during the war the European Agency has displayed tremendous energy in monopolizing foreign advertisements. On December 4, 1916, it wrote to the *Malay Mail*, imprudently introducing itself under the ægis of a great French house, from whom it claimed to have acquired a monopoly of advertisements destined for Australia. The House thus involved formally contradicted this claim; but we will pass over this eminently Teutonic device. The letter went on to say: —

We wish, during the war, to draw closer the commercial links which exist between us and the United Kingdom and to develop the business we are doing with the English Colonies, so as to keep away from the Allied countries all foreign competition in future.

We have been established for 35 years as advertising agents, having been one of the first firms founded on the European Continent; we are only beginning to develop our relations with the English Colonies which — we regret to say it — have been rather neglected up to the present. The Michelin business is a start; others will follow and we have the firm intention to induce as many of our clients as possible to sell their products in Australia, with the help of advertising.

In order to facilitate the financial side, we have asked the Lloyds Bank, our bankers, to give references on our firm to the Union Bank of Australia at Melbourne, who will give you all the information you may need. Furthermore, we have been in business relations for about thirty years with the leading London papers: *Times, Daily Telegraph, Morning Post, Graphic, Sphere, Illustrated London News*, etc., etc., and they also will give you all references.

We believe, however, that the fact that the firm of Michelin of Paris has entrusted us exclusively with their advertising for such countries as Australia, West Indies, Spain, Portugal, Siam, Straits Settlements, China, etc., etc., gives you all guaranties.

We may remark incidentally that the European Agency, founded in 1912, here describes itself as being 35 years old. How does it justify this statement? Everything is made clear if we remember that the partnership between Haasenstein, Vogler, and Georg dates from 1882. This is a manifest confession.

In July, 1914, the Agency sent a circular letter to America, to the large manufacturing concerns and business houses, in the following terms: —

Mr. Jean H. Fulgeras, associate of this Company, will be in the United States during the month of September, and will be glad of the opportunity to confer with you in regard to the possibility of extending your market into France and Continental Europe.

In the expressed opinion of many large American houses, Mr. Fulgeras is the best-informed man in Continental Europe on conditions as they apply to America, and is therefore in a position to give you accurate and valuable information in regard to selling and advertising possibilities on this side.

Our extensive organization — we are the sole 'Foreign' representatives of the majority of the most important newspapers of France — enables us, not only to offer efficient advertising service, but to secure, if desired, the services of reliable, energetic selling agents.

We believe that we have the privilege of serving more American advertisers than any other firm or combination of firms in France.

Some of the well-known American clients we are serving are: —

Williams Pink Pills
Doans' Kidney Pills & Ointment
Omega Oil & Cadum Soap
Colgates Soap, etc., etc.
Nuxated Iron
Goodrich Tire Co.
Vaseline Chesebrough

Thus we find a Boche concern offering to supply American manufacturers with 'reliable, energetic selling agents' to distribute their products in our country; a Boche concern undertaking to control, with a staff selected by itself, the course of commercial transactions between the United States and France! With what object? We can easily guess.

It is opportune, at this point, to call attention to the Agency's double game: while it is clear, on the one hand, that it wishes to obtain orders for advertising which will enable it to strengthen its hold on our French press, it is no less clear, on the other hand, that, on the pretext of developing the sale of American products in European markets, it keeps itself posted as to the terms of sale of our ally, the United States, to inform German industrial interests thereon, as any one can see.

In the autumn of 1917, *Printer's Ink*, an American periodical, printed two interviews with the same Jean H. Fulgeras, 'of the *Société Européenne de Publicité*,' in which he dwelt upon the vast market awaiting American products in France through judicious advertising in the great Parisian newspapers. 'Until a few years ago,' he said, 'the advertising-agency situation in Paris was in rather bad shape. Such agencies as existed were space-brokers pure and simple. . . . To-day, *thanks to the introduction of American ideas . . . and the demands of American advertisers invading the field*, the situation is infinitely improved. . . .'

When these facts were disclosed in the campaign that we entered upon in the columns of *L'Homme Libre*, which resulted in the sequestration as a German concern of the Paris house of Haasenstein and Vogler, what did the great newspapers say which figured in Fulgeras's notices as having given to that concern the exclusive right to represent them? They held their peace — all except two, which declared that they had no *direct* agreement with the European Advertising Agency.

Now, although it was true that that Agency had no *direct* contract with the papers in question, still, the Havas-Renier combination had previously organized a special agency for each one of them, the function of which was to control and develop the advertising of the paper in question; and it was with these interpolated agencies that the European Agency had relations through the Havas-Renier group.

Will it be said that the actual control, direct or indirect, of the advertising of a newspaper, does not necessarily influence its editorial policy, which may well remain independent despite that circumstance? To prove the contrary, it will suffice to recall the silence of the great newspapers concerning the disclosures that we made as to the origin, the object, and the operation of the European Agency. That silence on their part was all the more significant because our campaign was based upon documents easily verifiable, which any one could procure, as they were matters of public record.

Not only did those papers remain mute: when the European Advertising Agency was sequestered, and on appeal the decision was affirmed by the President of the Tribunal of the Seine, the same papers, actually going so far as to distort the terms of the decree, announced that 'only the German interests in the Agency were sequestered.'

This way of putting it was calculated to give the impression that the agency itself was not under sequestration, and that only the interests of certain stockholders had been seized.

This will seem a shocking thing to many people; but we must remember that it is hard to break off abruptly connections of such long standing, and to free one's self of a domination which one has undergone for so many years.

It is to be feared that the German agency, having been sequestered by the French courts, is being reconstituted under another name, to continue the work projected by Haasenstein and Vogler and carried on by that house in French Switzerland and Italy. These fears are not chimerical if we reflect upon the effort that the Germans are sure to make, to introduce their products into the Entente countries after the war. As the Allies will refuse to purchase commodities which bear the German label, the Germans will not fail to disguise them, and to offer them under new names, with the same cynicism that they displayed in changing the name of Haasenstein and Vogler at Geneva and Milan. One can see, then, how important it is for them to control the advertising pages of French newspapers, in order to introduce these new marks and to guide German manufacturers and merchants in their extensive 'puffing' operations.

The centralization of advertising, like that of finance, imposes this new condition, that the moral standpoint of the man who manages it must change. Just as the banking association which handles hundreds of millions of deposits can no longer be managed according to the narrowly individual principles applied in a small or medium-sized bank, but must be alive to the obligations which are attached to the management of every form of public service, so it will certainly not be deemed allowable for all the newspapers of a country to be in the hands of a group which handles them without thought of anything except deriving the maximum profit, whatever the reaction of its management on the national interests.

The newspapers must understand that it is with them a matter of self-preservation to refrain from handing over their advertising to an agency which they do not control, but which, on the contrary, holds them under its influence. We must remember what happened in Italy, our ally, where we have seen the Haasenstein and Vogler concern wield an execrable influence over the papers which favored intervention, threatening to give them no more advertisements, if they did not change their politics. The plain inference is that a newspaper not only loses its freedom when it lets its commercial advertising to an agency, but that it also exposes itself to the risk of seeing its resources suddenly diminish or disappear. It must therefore defend its independence if it has any regard, not only for public morality, but for its own material interests.

Is this all? No. There is also the national and social side of the question; for we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that a press managed too largely from a commercial standpoint may become a source of danger to the country. It may become basely demagogic, by flattering the impulses of the crowd, whether they are good or evil, without pausing to reflect where this course may lead the nation — all to increase its circulation. Under present conditions it would be for war so long as the people wanted it, ready to take the side of peace if the people should ever waver. Patriot or 'defeatist' — it would matter little; it would follow slavishly an unthinking populace, ignorant of the problems involved, — could it be otherwise? — in order to

sell the same quantity of paper to-day as yesterday.

Here is the other extreme: having acquired influence, it would be a question simply of turning that influence into cash; of selling it to whoever can use it: liquor-sellers, shady financiers, as well as honest workmen and shopkeepers. The distinction between the pages would be a matter of indifference: the fourth, and even the first, to save appearances, would belong as of right to the highest bidder, even if he were a German.

We can say, therefore, without exaggeration, that, in a democratic state, the fate of the nation is in the hands of the newspapers. Under many circumstances they are needed to sustain the moral courage of the people; and, under other circumstances, to prepare men's minds for the great reorganizations which are necessary, for example, on the morrow of a war like that in which we are now engaged.

We live, in very truth, under a régime of public opinion which makes it impossible to carry through any reform without the approval of a majority; and how are the people to be stirred to action unless the newspapers devote themselves to the task; unless they are guided by a fervent and unselfish desire?

Immense power — immense duty! And so the press must take account of its mission, and determine, above all things, not to allow itself to be enslaved by any combination whatsoever, to the profit of one knows not what organization which may have designs against the country.

HIGH ADVENTURE

VI. THE BALLOONATICS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I. A BALLOON ATTACK

'I'M looking for two balloonatics,' said Talbott, as he came into the mess-room, 'and I think I've found them.'

Percy, Talbott's orderly, Tiffin the steward, Drew, and I were the only occupants of the room. Percy is an old *légionnaire*, crippled by rheumatism. His active service days are over. Tiffin's working hours are filled with numberless duties. He makes the beds, and serves food from three to five times a day to members of the Escadrille Lafayette. These two being eliminated, the identity of the balloonatics was plain.

'The orders have just come,' Talbott added, 'and I decided that the first men I met after leaving the bureau would be balloonatics. Virtue has gone into both of you. Now, if you can make fire come out of a Boche sausage, you will have done all that is required. Listen. This is interesting. The orders are in French, but I will translate as I read.

'"On the umteenth day of June, the escadrilles of Groupe de Combat Blank" — that's ours — "will coöperate in an attack on the German observation balloons along the sector extending from X to Y. The patrols to be furnished are, 1. Two patrols of protection, of five avions each, by the escadrilles Spa. 87 and Spa. 12. 2. Four patrols of attack, of three avions each, by the escadrilles Spa. 124," — that's us, — "Spa. 93, Spa. 10, and Spa. 12.

'"The attack will be organized as follows: on the day set, weather permitting, the two patrols of protection will leave the field at ten-thirty A.M. The patrol of Spa. 87 will rendezvous over the village of N——. The patrol of protection of Spa. 12 will rendezvous over the village of C——. At ten-forty-five, precisely, they will start for the lines, crossing at an altitude of 3500 metres. The patrol furnished by Spa. 87 will guard the sector from X to T, between the town of O—— and the two enemy balloons on that sector. The patrol furnished by Spa. 12 will guard the sector from T to Y, between the railway line and the two enemy balloons on that sector. Immediately after the attack has been made, these formations will return to the aerodrome.

'"At ten-forty A.M. the four patrols of attack will leave the field, and will rendezvous as follows."' — Here followed the directions. '"At ten fifty-five precisely, they will start for the lines, crossing at an approximate altitude of 1600 metres, each patrol making in a direct line for the balloon assigned to it. Numbers 1 and 2 of each of these patrols will carry rockets. Number 3 will fly immediately above them, offering further protection in case of attack by enemy aircraft. Number 1 of each patrol will first attack the balloon. If he fails, number 2 will attack. If number 1 is successful, number 2 will then attack the observers in their parachutes. If number 1 fails, and number 2 is successful, number 3 will attack the observers. The patrol will then proceed to the aerodrome by the shortest route.

'"Squadron commanders will make a return before noon to-day, of the names of pilots designated by them for their respective patrols.

'"In case of unfavorable weather, squadron commanders will be informed of the date to which the attack has been postponed.

'"Pilots designated as numbers 1 and 2 of the patrols of attack will be relieved from the usual patrol duty from this date. They will employ their time at rocket shooting. A target will be in place on the east side of the field from one-thirty P.M. to-day."

'Are there any remarks?' said Talbott, as if he had been reading the minutes at a debating-club meeting.

'Yes,' said J. B. 'When is the umteenth of June?'

'Ah, *mon vieux!* that's the question. The commandant knows, and he is n't telling. Any other little thing?'

I suggested that we would like to know which of us was to be number 1.

'That's right. Drew, how would you like to be the first rocketeer?'

'I've no objection,' said J. B., grinning as if the frenzy of balloonaticking had already got into his blood.

'Right! that's settled. I will see your mechanicians about fitting your machines for rockets. You can begin practice this afternoon.'

Percy had been listening with interest to the conversation.

'You got some nice job, you boys. But if you bring him down, there will be a lot of chuckling in the trenches. You won't hear it, but they will all be saying, "Bravo! *Épatant!*" I've been there. I've seen it and I know. Does 'em all good to see a sausage brought

down. "There's another one of their eyes knocked out," they say.'

'Percy is right,' said J. B. as we were walking down the road. 'Destroying a balloon is not a great achievement in itself. Of course, it's so much equipment gone, so much expense added to the German war-budget. That is something. But the effect on the infantrymen is the important thing. Boche soldiers, thousands of them, will see one of their balloons coming down in flame. They will be saying, "Where are our airmen?" like those old poilus we met at the station when we first came out. It's bound to influence morale. Now let's see. The balloon, we will say, is at 1600 metres. At that height it can be seen by men on the ground within a radius of —' and so forth and so on.

We figured it out approximately, estimating the numbers of soldiers, of all branches of service, who would witness the sight. Multiplying this number by four, our conclusion was that, as a result of the expedition, the length of the war and its outcome might very possibly be affected. At any rate, there would be such an ebbing of German morale, and such a flooding of French, that the way would be opened to a decisive victory on that front.

But supposing we should miss our sausage? J. B. grew thoughtful.

'Have another look at the orders. I don't remember what the instructions were in case we both fail.'

I read, 'If number 1 fails and number 2 is successful, number 3 will attack the observers. The patrol will then proceed to the aerodrome by the shortest route.'

This was plain enough. Allowance could be made for one failure, but two — the possibility had not even been considered.

'By the shortest route.' There was a piece of sly humor for you. It may have been unconscious, but we preferred to believe that the commandant had chuckled as he dictated it. It was a sort of an afterthought, as much as to say to his pilots, 'Well, you young bucks, you would-be airmen: thought it would be all sport, eh? You might have known. It's your own fault. Now go out and attack those balloons. It's possible that you may have a scrap or two on your hands while you are at it. Oh, yes, by the way, coming home, you'll be down pretty low. Every Boche machine in the air will have you at a disadvantage. Better return by the shortest route.'

One feature of the programme did not appeal to us greatly, and this was the attack to be made on the observers when they had jumped with their parachutes. It seemed as near the borderline between legitimate warfare and cold-blooded murder as anything could well be.

'You are armed with a machine-gun. He may have an automatic pistol. It will require from five to ten minutes for him to reach the ground after he has jumped. You can come down on him like a stone. Well, it's your job, thank the Lord! not mine,' said Drew.

It was my job but I insisted that he would be an accomplice. In destroying the balloon, he would force me to attack the observers. When I asked Talbott if this feature of the attack could be eliminated, he said, —

'Certainly. I have instructions from the commandant touching on this very point. In case any pilot objects to attacking the observers with machine-gun fire, he is to strew their parachutes with autumn leaves and such field-flowers as the season affords. Now listen! What difference, ethically, is there between attacking one observation officer in a parachute, and dropping a ton of bombs on a train-load of soldiers? And to kill the observers is really more important than to destroy

the balloon. If you are going to be a military pilot, for the love of Pete and Alf, be one!'

He was right, of course, but that did n't make the prospect any the more pleasant.

The large map at the bureau now had greater interest for us than ever. The German balloons along the sector were marked in pictorially, with an ink line, representing the cable, running from the basket of each one, down to the exact spot on the map from which they were launched. Under one of these, 'Spa. 124' was printed, neatly, in red ink. It was the farthest distant from our lines of the four to be attacked, and about ten kilometres within German-held territory. The cable ran to the outskirts of a village situated on a railroad and a small stream. The location of enemy aviation fields was also shown pictorially, each represented by a minute sketch, very carefully made, of an Albatross biplane. We noticed that there were several aerodromes not far distant from our balloon.

Our Spads were ready after luncheon. A large square of tin had been fastened over the fabric of each lower wing, under the rocket fittings, to prevent danger of fire from sparks. Racks for six rockets, three on a side, had been fastened to the struts. The rockets were tipped with sharp steel points to insure their pricking the silk balloon envelope. The batteries for igniting them were connected with a button inside the car, within easy reach of the pilot. Lieutenant Verdane, our French second-in-command, was to supervise our practice on the field. We were glad of this. If we failed to 'spear our sausage,' it would not be through lack of efficient instruction. He explained to Drew how the thing was to be done. He was to come on the balloon into the wind, and preferably not more than four hundred metres above it. He was to let it pass from view under the wing; then, when he judged that he was directly over it, to reduce his motor and dive vertically, placing the bag within the line of his two circular sights, holding it there until the bag just filled the circle. At that second he would be about 250 metres distant from it, and it was then that the rockets should be fired.

The instructions were simple enough, but in practicing on the target we found that they were not so easy to carry out. It was hard to judge accurately the moment for diving. Sometimes we overshot the target, but more often we were short of it. Owing to the angle at which the rockets were mounted on the struts, it was very important that the dive should be vertical.

One morning, the attack could have been made with every chance of success. Drew and I left the aerodrome a few minutes before sunrise for a trial flight, that we might give our motors a thorough testing. We climbed through a heavy mist which lay along the ground like water, filling every fold and hollow, flowing up the hillsides, submerging everything but the crests of the highest hills. The tops of the twin spires of S—— cathedral were all that could be seen of the town. Beyond, the long chain of heights where the first-line trenches were rose just clear of the mist, which glowed blood-red as the sun came up.

The balloons were already up, hanging above the dense cloud of vapor, elongated planets drifting in space. The observers were directing the fire of their batteries to those positions which stood revealed. Shells were also exploding on lower ground, for we saw the mist billow upward time after time with the force of mighty concussions, and slowly settle again. It was an awe-inspiring sight. We might have been watching the last battle of the last war that could ever be, with the world still fighting on,

bitterly, blindly — gradually sinking from sight in a sea of blood. I have never seen anything to equal that spectacle of an artillery battle in the mists.

Conditions were ideal for the attack. We could have gone to the objective, fired our rockets, and made our return, without once having been seen from the ground. It was an opportunity made in heaven, an Allied heaven. 'But the infantry would not have seen it,' said J. B.; which was true. Not that we cared to do the thing in a spectacular fashion. We were thinking of that decisive effect upon morale.

Two hours later we were pitching pennies in one of the hangars, when Talbott came across the field, followed solemnly by Whiskey and Soda, the lion mascots of the Escadrille Lafayette.

'What's the date — anybody know?' he asked, very casually.

J. B. is an agile-minded youth.

'It does n't happen to be the umteenth by any chance?'

'Right the first time.' He looked at his watch. 'It is now ten past ten. You have half an hour. Better get your rockets attached. How are your motors — all right?'

This was one way of breaking the news and the best one, I think. If we had been told the night before, we should have slept badly.

The two patrols of protection left the field exactly on schedule time. At ten-thirty-five, Irving, Drew, and I were strapped in our machines, waiting, with our motors turning *ralenti*, for Talbott's signal to start.

He was romping with Whiskey. 'Atta boy, Whiskey! Eat 'em up! Atta ole lion!'

As a squadron leader Talbott has many virtues, but the most important of them all is his casualness. And he is so sincere and natural in it. He has no conception of the dramatic possibilities of a situation — something to be profoundly thankful for in the commander of an *escadrille de chasse*. Situations are dramatic enough, tense enough, without one's taking thought of the fact. He might have stood there, watch in hand, counting off the seconds. He might have said, 'Remember, we're all counting on you. Don't let us down. You've got to get that balloon!' Instead of that, he glanced at his watch as if he had just remembered us.

'All right; now run along, you sausage-spearers. We're having lunch at twelve. That will give you time to wash up after you get back.'

Miller, of course, had to have a parting shot. He had been in hiding somewhere until the last moment. Then he came rushing up with a tooth-brush and safety-razor case. He stood waving them as I taxied around into the wind. His purpose was to remind me of the possibility of landing with a *panne de moteur* in Germany, and the need I would then have of my toilet articles.

At ten-fifty-four J. B. came slanting down over me, then pulled up in *ligne de vol*, and went straight for the lines. I fell in behind him at about 100 metres distance. Irving was 200 metres higher. Before we left the field he said, 'You are not to think about Germans. That's my job. I'll warn you if I see that we are going to be attacked. Go straight for the balloon. If you don't see me come down and signal, you will know that there is no danger.'

The French artillery were giving splendid coöperation. I saw clusters of shell-explosions on the ground. The gunners were carrying out their part of the programme, which was to register on enemy anti-aircraft batteries as we passed over them. They must have made good practice. Anti-aircraft fire was feeble, and, such of it as there was, very wild.

We came within view of the railway

line which runs from the German lines to a large town, their most important distributing centre on the sector. Following it along with my eyes to the halfway point, I saw the red roofs of the village which we had so often looked at from a distance. Our balloon was in its usual place. It looked like a yellow plum, and no larger than one; but ripe, ready to be plucked.

A burst of flame far to the left attracted my attention, and almost at the same moment, one to the right. Ribbons of fire flapped upward in clouds of black oily smoke. Drew signaled with his joystick, and I knew what he meant: 'Hooray! two down! It's our turn next!' But we were still three or four minutes away. That was unfortunate, for a balloon can be drawn down with amazing speed.

A rocket sailed into the air and burst in a point of greenish white light, dazzling in its brilliancy, even in the full light of day. Immediately after this, two white objects, so small as to be hardly visible, floated earthward: the parachutes of the observers. They had jumped. The balloon disappeared from view behind Drew's machine. It was being drawn down, of course, as fast as the motor could wind up the cable. It was an exciting moment for us. We were coming on at 200 kilometres an hour, racing against time, and very little time at that. 'Sheridan, only five miles away,' could not have been more eager for his journey's end. Our throttles were wide open, the engines developing their highest capacity for power.

I swerved out to one side for another glimpse of the target: it was almost on the ground, and directly under us. Drew made a steep *virage* and dove. I started after him in a tight spiral, to look for the observers; but they had both disappeared. The balloon was swaying from side to side under the tension of the cable. It was hard to keep it in view. I lost it under my wing. Tipping up on the other side, I saw Drew release his rockets. They spurted out in long wavering lines of smoke. He missed. The balloon lay close to the ground, looking larger, riper than ever. The sight of its smooth, sleek surface was the most tantalizing of invitations. Letting it pass under me again, I waited for a second or two, then shut down the motor, pushed forward on the control-stick until I was falling vertically. Standing upright on the rudder-bar, I felt the tugging of the shoulder-straps. Getting the bag well within the sights, I held it there until it just filled the circle. Then I pushed the button.

Although it was only eight o'clock, both Drew and I were in bed; for we were both very tired, it was a chilly evening, and we had no fire. An oil lamp was on the table between the two cots. Drew was sitting propped up, his fur coat rolled into a bundle for a back rest. He had a sweater, tied by the sleeves, around his shoulders. His hands were clasped around his blanketed knees, and his breath, rising in a cloud of luminous steam,

> Like pious incense from a censer old,
> Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death.

And yet, 'pious' is hardly the word. J. B. was swearing, drawing from a choice reserve of picturesque epitaphs which I did not know that he possessed. I regret the necessity of omitting some of them.

'I don't see how I could have missed it! Why, I did n't turn to look for at least thirty seconds. I was that sure that I had brought it down. Then I banked and nearly fell out of my seat when I saw it there. I redressed at 400 metres. I could n't have been more than 100 metres away when I fired the rockets.'

'What did you do then?'

'Circled around, waiting for you. I had the balloon in sight all the while you were diving. It was a great sight to watch from below, particularly when you let go your rockets. I'll never forget it, never. But, Lord! Without the climax! Artistically, it was an awful fizzle.'

There was no denying this. A balloon bonfire was the only possible conclusion to the adventure, and we both failed at lighting it. I, too, redressed when very close to the bag, and made a steep bank in order to escape the burst of flame from the ignited gas. The rockets leaped out, with a fine, blood-stirring roar. The mere sound ought to have been enough to make any balloon collapse. But when I turned, there it was, intact, a super-Brobdingnagian pumpkin, seen at close view, and still ripe, still ready for plucking. If I live to one hundred years, I shall never have a greater surprise or a more bitter disappointment.

There was no leisure for brooding over it then. My altimeter registered only 250 metres, and the French lines were far distant. If the motor failed I should have to land in German territory. Any fate but that. Nevertheless I felt in the pocket of my combination, to be sure that my box of matches was safely in place. We were cautioned always to carry them where they could be quickly got at in case of a forced landing in enemy country. An airman must destroy his machine in such an event.

But my Spad did not mean to end its career so ingloriously. The motor ran beautifully, hitting on every cylinder. We climbed from 250 metres to 350, 450, and on steadily upward. In the vicinity of the balloon, machine-gun fire from the ground had been fairly heavy; but I was soon out of range, and saw the tracer bullets, like swarms of blue bubbles, curving downward again at the end of their trajectory.

No machines, either French or German, were in sight. Irving had disappeared some time before we reached the balloon. I had not seen Drew from the moment when he fired his rockets. He waited until he made sure that I was following, then started for the west side of the salient. I did not see him, because of my interest in those clouds of blue bubbles which were rising with anything but bubble-like tranquillity. When I was clear of them, I set my course westward and parallel with the enemy lines to the south.

I had never flown so low, so far in German territory. The temptation to forget precaution and to make a leisurely survey of the ground beneath was hard to resist. It was not wholly resisted, in fact. Anti-aircraft fire was again feeble and badly ranged. The shells burst far behind and above, for I was much too low to offer an easy target. This gave me a dangerous sense of safety, and so I tipped up on one side, then on the other, examining the roads, searching the ruins of villages, the trenches, the shell-marked ground. I saw no living thing, brute or human — nothing but endless, inconceivable desolation.

The foolishness of that close scrutiny alone, without the protection of other avions, I realize now much better than I did then. Unless flying at 6000 metres or above, when he is comparatively safe from attack, a pilot may never relax his vigilance for thirty seconds together. He must look behind him, below, above, constantly. All aviators learn this eventually, but in the case of many new pilots the knowledge comes too late to be of service.

I thought this was to be my experience, when, looking up, I saw five combat machines bearing down upon me. Had they been enemy planes my

chances would have been very small, for they were close at hand before I saw them. The old French aviator, worn out by his 500 hours of flight over the trenches, said, 'Save your nervous energy.' I exhausted a three-months reserve in as many seconds. The suspense, luckily, was hardly longer than that. It passed when the patrol leader, followed by the others, pulled up in *ligne de vol*, about one hundred metres above me, showing their French *cocardes*. It was the group of protection of Spa. 87. At the time I saw Drew, a quarter of a mile away. As he turned, the sunlight glinted along his rocket-tubes.

A crowded hour of glorious life it seems now, although I was not of this opinion at the time. In reality, we were absent barely forty minutes. Climbing out of my machine at the aerodrome, I looked at my watch. Twenty-five minutes to twelve. Laignier, the sergeant mechanician, was sitting in a sunny corner of the hangar, reading the *Matin*, just as I had left him.

Lieutenant Talbott's only comment was, 'Don't let it worry you. Better luck next time. The group bagged two out of four, and Irving knocked down a Boche who was trying to get at you. That is n't bad for half an hour's work.'

But the decisive effect on morale which was to result from our wholesale destruction of balloons was diminished by half. We had forced ours down, but it bobbed up again very soon afterward. The one o'clock patrol saw it, higher, Miller said, than it had ever been. It was Miller, by the way, who looked in on us at nine o'clock the same evening. The lamp was out.

'Asleep?'

We were not, but we did n't answer. He closed the door, then re-opened it.

'It's laziness, that's what it is. They ought to put you on school régime again.'

He had one more afterthought. Looking in a third time, he said, —

'How about it, you little old human dynamos; are you getting rusty?'

II. BROUGHT DOWN

The preceding chapters of this journal have been written to little purpose if it has not been made clear that Drew and I, like most pilots during the first weeks of service at the front, were worth little to the Allied cause. We were warned often enough that the road to efficiency in military aviation is a long and dangerous one. We were given much excellent advice by aviators who knew what they were talking about. Much of this we solicited, in fact, and then proceeded to disregard it item by item. Eager to get results, we plunged into our work with the valor of ignorance, the result being that Drew was shot down in one of his first encounters, escaping with his life by one of those more than miracles for which there is no explanation. That I did not fare as badly, or worse, is due solely to the indulgence of that godfather of ours, already mentioned, who watched over my first flights while in a mood beneficently pro-Ally.

Drew's adventure followed soon after our first patrol, when he had the near combat with the two-seater. Luckily, on that occasion, both the German pilot and his machine-gunner were taken completely off their guard. Not only did he attack with the sun squarely in his face, but he went down in a long gradual dive, in full view of the gunner, who could not have asked for a better target. But the man was asleep, and this gave J. B. a dangerous contempt for all enemy gunners.

Lieutenant Talbott cautioned him. 'You have been lucky, but don't get it into your head that this sort of thing happens often. Now I'm going to give

you a standing order. You are not to attack again, neither of you is to think of attacking, during your first month here. As likely as not it would be your luck the next time to meet an old pilot. If you did, I would n't give much for your chances. He would outmanœuvre you in a minute. You will go out on patrol with the others, of course: it's the only way to learn to fight. But if you get lost, go back to our balloons and stay there until it is time to go home.'

Neither of us obeyed this order, and, as it happened, Drew was the one to suffer. A group of American officers visited the squadron one afternoon. In courtesy to our guests, it was decided to send out all the pilots for an additional patrol, to show them how the thing was done. Twelve machines were in readiness for the sortie, which was set for seven o'clock, the last one of the day. We were to meet at 3000 metres, and then to divide forces, one patrol to cover the east half of the sector and one the west.

We got away beautifully, with the exception of Drew, who had motor-trouble and was five minutes late in starting. With his permission I insert his own account of the adventure — a letter written while he was in hospital.

'No doubt you are wondering what happened, and listening, meanwhile, to many I-told-you-so explanations from the others. This will be hard on you, but bear up, son. It might not be a bad plan to listen, with the understanding as well as with the ear, to some expert advice on how to bag the Hun. To quote the prophetic Miller, "I'm telling you this for your own good."

'I gave my name and the number of the escadrille to the medical officer at the *poste de secours*. He said he would 'phone the captain at once, so that you must know before this that I have been amazingly lucky. I fell the greater part of two miles — count 'em, two — before I actually regained control, only to lose it again. I fainted while still several hundred feet from the ground; but more of this later. Could n't sleep last night. Had a fever and my brain went on a spree, taking advantage of my helplessness. So I just lay in bed and watched it function. Besides, there was a great artillery racket all night long. It appeared to be coming from our sector, so you must have heard it as well. This hospital is not very far back and we get the full orchestral effect of heavy firing. The result is that I am dead tired to-day. I believe I can sleep for a week.

'They have given me a bed in the officers' ward — me, a corporal. It is because I am an American, of course. Wish there was some way of showing one's appreciation for so much kindness. My neighbor on the left is a chasseur captain. A hand-grenade exploded in his face. He will go through life horribly disfigured. An old padre, with two machine-gun bullets in his hip, is on the other side. He is very patient, but sometimes the pain is a little too much for him. To a Frenchman, "Oh, là, là!" is an expression for every conceivable kind of emotion. In the future it will mean unbearable physical pain to me.

'Our orderlies are two poilus, long past military age. They are as gentle and thoughtful as the nurses themselves. One of them brought me lemonade all night long. Worth while getting wounded just to have something taste so good.

'I meant to finish this letter a week ago but have n't felt up to it. Quite perky this morning, so I'll go on with the tale of my "heroic combat." Only, first, tell me how that absurd account of it got into the *Herald*. I hope Tal-

bott knows that I was not foolish enough to attack six Germans single-handed. If he does n't, please enlighten him. His opinion of my common sense must be low enough as it is.

'We were to meet over S—— at 3000 metres, you remember, and to cover the sector at 5000 until dusk. I was late in getting away, and by the time I reached the rendezvous you had all gone. There was n't a *chasse* machine in sight. I ought to have gone back to the balloons as Talbott advised, but thought it would be easy to pick you up later, so went on alone after I had got some height. Crossed the lines at 3500 metres, and finally got up to 4000, which was the best I could do with my rebuilt engine. The Huns started shelling, but there were only a few of them that barked. I went down the lines for a quarter of an hour, meeting two Sopwiths and a Letord, but no Spads. You were almost certain to be higher than I, but my old packet was doing its best at 4000, and getting overheated with the exertion. Had to throttle down and *pique* several times to cool off.

'Then I saw you — at least I thought it was you — about four kilometres inside the German lines. I counted six machines, well grouped, one a good deal higher than the others and one several hundred metres below them. The pilot on top was doing beautiful *renversements* and an occasional barrel-turn, in Barry's manner. I was so certain it was our patrol that I started over at once, to join you. It was getting dusk and I lost sight of the machine lowest down for a few seconds. Without my knowing it, he was approaching at exactly my altitude. You know how difficult it is to see a machine in that position. Suddenly he loomed up in front of me like an express train, as you have seen them approach from the depths of a moving-picture screen, only ten times faster; and he was firing as he came. I realized my awful mistake, of course. His tracer bullets were going by on the left side, but he corrected his aim, and my motor seemed to be eating them up. I banked to the right, and was about to cut my motor and dive, when I felt a smashing blow in the left shoulder. A sickening sensation and a very peculiar one, not at all what I thought it might feel like to be hit with a bullet. I believed that it came from the German in front of me. But it could n't have, for he was still approaching when I was hit, and I find that the bullet entered from behind.

'This is the history of less than a minute I'm giving you. It seemed much longer than that, but I don't suppose it was. I tried to shut down the motor, but could n't manage it because my left arm was gone. I really believed that it had been blown off into space until I glanced down and saw that it was still there. But for any service it was to me, I might just as well have lost it. There was a vacant period of ten or fifteen seconds which I can't fill in. After that I knew that I was falling, with my motor going full speed. It was a helpless realization. My brain refused to act. I could do nothing. Finally, I did have one clear thought, "Am I on fire?" This cut right through the fog, brought me up broad awake. I was falling almost vertically, in a sort of half *vrille*. No machine but a Spad could have stood the strain. The Huns were following me and were not far away, judging by the sound of their guns. I fully expected to feel another bullet or two boring its way through. One did cut the skin of my right leg, although I did n't know this until I reached the hospital. Perhaps it was well that I did fall out of control, for the firing soon stopped, the Germans thinking, and with reason, that they had bagged me. Some proud Boche airman is wearing an iron cross on my

account. Perhaps the whole crew of dare-devils has been decorated. However, no unseemly sarcasm. We would pounce on a lonely Hun just as quickly. There is no chivalry in war in these modern days.

'I pulled out of the spin, got the broomstick between my knees, reached over, and shut down the motor with my right hand. The propeller stopped dead. I did n't much care, being very drowsy and tired. The worst of it was that I could n't get my breath. I was gasping as though I had been hit in the pit of the stomach. Then I lost control again and started falling. It was awful! I was almost ready to give up. I believe that I said, out loud, "I'm going to be killed. This is my last sortie." At any rate, I thought it. Made one last effort and came out in *ligne de vol*, as nearly as I could judge, about 150 metres from the ground. It was an ugly-looking place for landing — trenches and shell-holes everywhere. I was wondering in a vague way, whether they were French or German, when I fell into the most restful sleep I ever had in my life.

'I have no recollection of the crash, not the slightest. I might have fallen as gently as a leaf. That is one thing to be thankful for, among a good many others. When I came to, it was at once, completely. I knew that I was on a stretcher and remembered immediately exactly what had happened. My heart was going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and I could hardly breathe, but I had no sensation of pain except in my chest. This made me think that I had broken every bone in my body. I tried moving first one leg, then the other, then my arms, my head, my body. No trouble at all, except with my left arm and side.

'I accepted the miracle without attempting to explain it, for I had something more important to wonder about: who had the handles of my stretcher? The first thing I did was to open my eyes, but I was bleeding from a scratch on the forehead and saw only a red blur. I wiped them dry with my sleeve and looked again. The broad back in front of me was covered with mud. Impossible to distinguish the color of the tunic. But the shrapnel helmet above it was — French! I was in French hands. If ever I live long enough in one place, so that I can gather a few possessions and make a home for myself, on one wall of my living-room I will have a bust-length portrait, rear view, of a French *brancardier*, mud-covered back and battered tin hat.

'Do you remember our walk with Ménault in the rain, and the *déjeuner* at the restaurant where they made such wonderful omelettes? I am sure that you will recall the occasion, although you may have forgotten the conversation. I have not forgotten one remark of Ménault's apropos of talk about risks. If a man were willing, he said, to stake everything for it, he would accumulate an experience of fifteen or twenty minutes which would compensate him, a thousand times over, for all the hazard. "And if you live to be old," he said quaintly, "you can never be bored with life. You will have something, always, very pleasant to think about." I mention this in connection with my discovery that I was not in German hands. I have had five minutes of perfect happiness without any background — no thought of yesterday or to-morrow — to spoil it.

'I said, "Bonjour, messieurs," in a gurgling voice.

'The man in front turned his head sidewise and said, "Tiens! Ça va, monsieur l'aviateur?"

'The other one said, "Ah, mon vieux!" You know the inflection they give this expression, particularly, when it means, "This is something wonderful!" He added that they had seen the

combat and my fall, and little expected to find the pilot living, to say nothing of speaking. I hoped that they would go on talking, but I was being carried along a trench; they had to lift me shoulder-high at every turn, and needed all their energy. The Germans were shelling the lines. Several fell fairly close, and they brought me down a long flight of wooden steps into a dugout, to wait until the worst of it should be over. While waiting, they told me that I had fallen just within the first-line trenches, at a spot where a slight rise in ground hid me from sight of the enemy. Otherwise, they might have had a bad time rescuing me. My Spad was completely wrecked. It had fallen squarely into a trench, the wings breaking the force of the fall. Before reaching the ground, I turned, they said, and was making straight for Germany. Fifty metres higher, and I would have come down in No-Man's Land.

'For a long time we listened in silence to the subdued *krr-ump, krr-ump*, of the shells. Sometimes showers of earth pattered down the stairway, and we would hear the high-pitched, droning *v-z-z-z* of pieces of shell-casing as they whizzed over the opening. One of them would say, "Not far, that one"; or, "He's looking for some one, that fellow," in a voice without a hint of emotion. Then, long silences and other deep, earth-shaking rumbles.

'They asked me, several times, if I was suffering, and offered to go on to the *poste de secours* if I wanted them to. It was not heavy bombardment, but it would be safer to wait for a little while. I told them that I was ready to go on at any time, but not to hurry on my account: I was quite comfortable.

'The light glimmering down the stairway faded out and we were in complete darkness. My brain was amazingly clear. It registered every trifling impression. I wish it might always be so intensely awake and active. There seemed to be four of us in the dugout: the two *brancardiers*, and this second self of mine, as curious as an eavesdropper at a keyhole, listening intently to everything, and then turning to whisper to me. The *brancardiers* repeated the same comments after every explosion. I thought, "They have been saying this to each other for over three years. It has become automatic. They will never be able to stop." I was feverish perhaps. If it was fever, it burned away any illusions I may have had of modern warfare from the infantryman's viewpoint. I know that there is no glamour in it for them; that it has long since become a deadly monotony, an endless repetition of the same kinds of horror and suffering, a boredom more terrible than death itself, which is repeating itself in the same ways, day after day and month after month. It is n't often that an aviator has the chance I've had. It would be a good thing if they were to send us into the trenches for twenty-four hours, every few months. It would make us keener fighters, more eager to do our utmost to bring the war to an end for the sake of those poilus.

'The dressing-station was in a very deep dugout, lighted by candles. At a table in the centre of the room the medical officer was working over a man with a terribly crushed leg. Several others were sitting or lying along the wall, waiting for their turn. They watched every movement he made, in an apprehensive animal way, and so did I. They put me on the table next, although it was not my turn. I protested, but the doctor paid no attention. "Aviateur Américain," again. It's a pity that Frenchmen can't treat us Americans as though we belong here.

'As soon as the doctor had finished with me, my stretcher was fastened to a two-wheeled carrier and we started

down a cobbled road to the ambulance station. I was light-headed and don't remember very much of that part of the journey. Had to take refuge in another dugout when the Huns dropped a shell on an ammunition-dump in a village through which we were to pass. There was a deafening banging and booming for a long time, and when we did go through the town it was on the run. The whole place was in flames and small-arms ammunition still exploding. I remember seeing a long column of soldiers going at the double in the opposite direction, and they were in full marching order.

'Well, this is the end of the tale; all of it, at any rate, in which you would be interested. It was one o'clock in the morning before I got between clean, cool sheets, and I was wounded about a quarter past eight. I have been tired ever since.

'There is another aviator here, a Frenchman, who broke his jaw and both legs in a fall while returning from a night bombardment. His bed is just across the aisle from mine; he has a formidable-looking apparatus fastened on his head and under his chin, to hold his jaw firm until the bones knit. He is forbidden to talk, but breaks the rule whenever the nurse leaves the ward. He speaks a little English and has told me a delightful story about the origin of aerial combat. A French pilot, a friend of his, he says, attached to a certain army group during August and September, 1914, often met a German aviator during his reconnaissance patrols. In those Arcadian days, fighting in the air was a development for the future, and these two pilots exchanged greetings, not cordially, perhaps, but courteously — a wave of the hand, as much as to say, "We are enemies but we need not forget the civilities." Then they both went about their work of spotting batteries, watching for movements of troops, etc.

'One morning the German failed to return the salute. The other thought little of this, and greeted him in the customary manner at their next meeting. To his surprise, the Boche shook his fist at him in the most blustering and caddish way. There was no mistaking the insult. They had passed less than fifty metres apart, and the Frenchman distinctly saw the closed fist. He was saddened by the incident, for he had hoped that some of the ancient courtesies of war would survive in the aerial branch of the service, at least. It angered him too; therefore, on his next reconnaissance, he ignored the German. Evidently the Boche air-squadrons were being Prussianized. The enemy pilot approached very closely and threw a missile at him. He could not be sure what it was, as the object went wide of the mark; but he was so incensed that he made a *virage*, and drawing a small flask from his pocket, hurled it at his boorish antagonist. The flask contained some excellent port, he said, but he was repaid for the loss in seeing it crash on the exhaust-pipe of the enemy machine.

'This marked the end of courtesy and the beginning of active hostilities in the air. They were soon shooting at each other with rifles, automatic pistols, and, at last, with machine-guns. Later developments we know about.

'The night bombarder has been telling me this yarn in serial form. When the nurse is present, he illustrates the last chapter by means of gestures. I am ready to believe everything except the incident about the port. That does n't sound plausible. A Frenchman would have thrown his watch before making such a sacrifice.'

(To be continued)

M. CLEMENCEAU AND HIS PROBLEMS

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

I

For the first time in his long life, M. Clemenceau has tasted the sweets as well as realized the dangers of an overwhelming popularity. It is an amazing experience for a man approaching four-score years, to have reached the pinnacle of fame and the height of usefulness to his country. That he has done so in the face of colossal difficulties, when the country was the prey of scandals of a particularly distressing sort, is no less testimony to his courage than to his vitality. Both qualities are conspicuous, and both are typically French. There have been Frenchmen before of surpassing vigor at his age — indeed, French energy and mental mobility seem to conserve men as well as to wear them out; there have been men like Hugo and Henri Rochefort, Rodin, and even Alexandre Ribot, one of the war premiers of France; but M. Clemenceau excels them all in the vigor and force of his bearing, in his vehemence and mastery of men expressed in flashing eye, sonorous voice, emphatic gesture.

What is the secret of his youth? The sobriety of his habits, his Spartan way of life, is partly responsible; but the fresh and eager interest of his mind is more powerful still. He has the precious faculty of Sarah Bernhardt and Napoleon of sleeping at any instant. The fatigue of any journey is relieved by this recreative power, and even a short motor-ride affords a few moments of complete repose, a truce in his vast activities. Even when the Allied conferences are being held at Versailles, he sleeps a while after lunch. And from his siesta he arises a new man.

Nothing must interfere with his rest — not even the remorseless round of a newspaper. Even in conducting his *L'Homme Libre* (of limited though influential circulation), he has adhered to his rule of early to bed and early to rise. His practice as a journalist was to complete his day's article before seven A.M. Then would come his walk along the quays, or else in the neighborhood of the Tour Eiffel, where he lives; and, after that, he received callers — a friendly and intimate ceremony, which lasted well into the morning. Naturally, to accommodate himself to such unusual hours for literary composition, his bedtime was advanced; and even as head of the government he has generally retired by eight o'clock, after a frugal supper of a glass of milk.

I have been present at several of his early morning receptions. He talks with freedom and vivacity and an inexhaustible good humor. But he is very definite. Though a philosopher, he lets no subtleties appear in his manner of judging persons and events. They are thus and so, or they are not. There is no shadow-land of half-negations, no apologetic apprehension of overstating the case. Every word expresses the firm conviction of the soul. That is why he is so much admired and believed in in this land of *nuances*, — of intellectual tints and delicate reasonings. When tête-a-tête with you, he

will talk sitting in the centre of his work-table, which resembles a painter's palette. He has a way of opening and shutting his eyes, which suggests the Oriental. He looks Mongolian. The shape of the face, with its high cheek-bones, the parchment-like skin, the heavy white moustache drooping over the mouth, heighten this effect.

And no doubt there is a side of the 'Tiger's' character, which is almost Chinese in its deep abstraction. If one part of his nature is essentially Gallic in its fire and emphasis, its passion and violence, — even its capriciousness, — the other part is the high and dry philosopher loving learning for its own sake, and given to reflection; looking out upon life through horn-rimmed spectacles, and finding it queer and ill-balanced and rather excessive. I can imagine him like the hero in his own play *Le Voile du Bonheur*, which described the experiences of a Mandarin who, on recovering from blindness, becomes suddenly aware of the infidelity of his wife and the ingratitude of his children, and desires to be blind again.

It is a sad, rather cynical estimate of humanity, the kind that one would expect of a man with no illusions. If M. Clemenceau has any left, they are reserved, I fancy, for the humble of the earth, the heroic *poilu* and his kindred, and the heroes of civil life, rather than for those of loud profession and of easy conscience toward God and man. If he refuses to be bound by formulæ, he yet believes in human progress and in the perfectibility of our poor nature. But that perfectibility will not be spontaneous: it must result from acts and measures adapted to that end. Thus he is a man of practical aims, though inspired by generous ideals.

You get a very good notion of these ideals by reading M. Clemenceau's philosophic novels, which he wrote a quarter of a century ago when he was waiting for a new opening in politics. He had been thrust into opposition by cruel misfortune. Insult had been heaped upon him, calumny upon calumny. He was said to have been paid by England for his advice to France to refrain from participating in the first Egyptian campaign. In bitterness of spirit he sat him down to write satiric novels at fifty years of age. Probably they reflect in some degree the distorted features of his own experience. He shows the meanness of conscious virtue, the exploitation of misfortune which often accompanies success, the cynicism and moral perversion which underlie many worldly estimates.

You suspect that M. Clemenceau, who has so heavy a hand and so fierce a voice for the weaknesses of internationalism, is himself a social reformer. And you will come upon passages in his suggestive books, which show how warm is his heart for the poor, how strong his horror of oppression, how persistent his love of liberty and his sympathy with those who fight for it.

But he has no love for license; anarchy is abomination. 'You and I are on different sides of the barricade,' he once told a deputation of revolutionaries who waited on him to urge the rights of a May Day demonstration. 'On different sides of the barricade' expresses admirably the distinction between him and those who would find warrant for their lawlessness in his past attitude toward authority. But never in his salad days, as Communistic Mayor of Montmartre forty-seven years ago, did he fail in the high purpose of his protest. Because he was a banner-man in a popular procession, he did not become a hooligan.

And how strenuous has been his career since then! a perpetual war against the wearisome inefficiency of French politics. '*Nous sommes en pleine incohérence*,' he exclaimed one day in the

Chamber; and nothing could more caustically express the futility of much Parliamentary effort in France as elsewhere. The intrinsic justice of his criticisms has made him master of France in time of war. The critic is now the executant. He who has preached the *fortiter in re* must now exhibit it in action.

He has begun with master-strokes: he has imprisoned persons implicated in the '*défaitiste*' campaign. Bolo, Malvy, Caillaux, represent different phases of that movement. M. Clemenceau has brought them to book; but it may be that he has not quite shown that rigid spirit of the Convention which the occasion demanded. He has been too ceremonious, perhaps, in his treatment of the two ex-ministers. M. Malvy, the former Minister of the Interior, is sent before the High Court, the supreme tribunal in the land; but an obscure subordinate, who acted, presumably, only under orders, is dealt with by court-martial. But the fact that the Premier has impeached boldly the most influential persons in France is so considerable, that it overshadows the rest. That he is less Jacobin in his zeal than M. Léon Daudet, the Royalist journalist, may be set down, I think, to a sense of responsibility. Despite the piquancy of this accusation of boulevard critics, that he is but a timid successor of the great Revolutionary judges, there is probably more force than truth in it. Certainly M. Clemenceau has put forms into his procedure; he has given his *accusés* time to make their defense, as well as, perhaps, to destroy their papers. But if there is no weakness in the trial, public fairness will indorse the preliminaries.

M. Clemenceau's command of the Socialists, who profess to regard him as a citadel of bourgeois prejudice, with an uncanny knowledge of their own strategy, has proved his greatest asset. At one moment their hostility looked fatal to his ministerial longevity. There was not a single Socialist in his Cabinet. How was it possible to exist without them? But those fears passed when one realized that events were stronger than parties, and that the Premier's national appeal had no need of partisan support to make it acceptable. The fact is that the Socialists, who threatened to wreck him, stood in danger of a similar disaster from the Russian hurricane. It was as much as they could do to save their own lives.

The red ruin of Russia came swiftly home to France. It meant that the peasant's savings invested in Russia were lost — perhaps permanently. The Bolshevik talk of repudiation infuriated Jacques Bonhomme. Not to pay one's debts, even on the most 'advanced' pretext, gains no ear in France, where each possesses something and is apt to hold firmly to it. And for fear of seeming to sanction confiscation, French Socialism has lost a little way, and has to steer most carefully amid the shoals of treacherous definitions. And so, the least said on this head the better for advanced reformers. Not only as the custodian of a common honesty, but in his singleness of purpose to win the war, M. Clemenceau could not be lightly attacked, much less defeated on a vote. None could quarrel with his programme, when he expressed it as definitely as this: —

'They tell me we should have peace as soon as possible. Peace! I want it; it would be criminal to have any other idea. But it is not in bellowing peace that one silences Prussian militarism. My formula applies to everything. Domestic politics: I make war; foreign politics: I make war. . . . Russia betrays us: I continue to make war. Unhappy Roumania is obliged to surrender: I still make war. And I shall continue until the last quarter of an

hour; for we shall have that last quarter of an hour.'

This vibrant language, uttered in the Chamber last March, stirred even the Socialists, and M. Clemenceau was urged to 'carry on' by a thumping majority. When he speaks thus clearly, with the voice of France, he is neither to be silenced nor to be upset. And the Socialists know that, and know, also, that the paramount anxiety of the proletariat is not the destination and ultimate fulfillment of their catchwords and devices for social salvation, but the speedy conclusion of the war. In confusing this clear issue, in impeding the accomplishment of this steady aim, how would they justify themselves before the electorate?

All loyal citizens of France must rally to the Clemenceau banner. The purity of his aims, the known strength of his reforming zeal, are the instruments of his power, instruments more cunningly shaped and better adapted to his hand than any he could choose in the arsenal of politics.

II

What are the problems with which he is faced? They are, obviously, internal and external — war within and war without. For Germany has attacked along the line of least resistance in seeking to seduce the vain and ambitious by dreams of conquest or a rich emolument. And that subtle sapping proved, indeed, as dangerous as gas-shells on the Western front. How can we reconcile this turpitude and treason with the superb heroism of the Marne, of Verdun, and of the Aisne? While the heart of laborious France has always been true, vast cosmopolitan Paris has been tempted and tainted by pacifism and worse. Bolo Pasha is a figure from the Arabian Nights, incredible in his magnificence and folly. Caillaux is a genius of another sort. '*Tu m'as défait*,' he exclaimed with heart-sick melancholy to his wife, when he learned of the assassination of Calmette for his exposures — true or false — in the *Figaro*. I know of no more tragic destruction of a glistening web of power such as Caillaux had woven for himself. He felt that he had been ruined by the rash act of his wife. Gone all his grandiose projects of becoming President of the Republic, and for bringing about a swift peace with the consequent title — for posterity — of saviour of his country! All had disappeared in the smoke of Madame Caillaux's revolver.

For Jacques Caillaux, ex-Premier of France, is not the vulgar adventurer building a bubble fortune out of sunbeams. He has statesmanlike views. He believed that France had put her money on the wrong horse, that she should have backed Germany instead of England, and thus got rid of the danger to her economic development which had thwarted her national life for half a century. Remove this menace, make peace, establish economic relations with Germany — that was, apparently, his receipt for war-worn France. Unfortunately, he disregarded a great historic wrong; he applied no remedy to an open sore; he thought only of immediate adjustments. Deep and dangerous, alas! were his methods of achieving his ideal. He had a Jesuit's belief that the end justified the means. His words not only concealed his thoughts, but created a false impression. While apparently adhering to the Entente and making many declarations in that sense to English correspondents (myself among them), he was, if report speaketh true, striving to bring about a quite different orientation of French foreign policy. His duplicity has not succeeded. We will leave him to face his trial, with the sug-

gestion that ambition, and not money, — for he inherited amply from his father,— has made him mad and induced him to regard himself as a Napoleon capable of carrying out a new sort of revolutionary Eighteenth Brumaire. His fanatical belief in himself has brought him to the sorriest pass for a man of his position and attainments.

M. Malvy is a conspirator of a commoner kind — slack and complacent in the discharge of his duties and rather weak than willfully wrongdoing. The Republic certainly has need of surer servants, after its generally satisfactory existence for nearly half a century. Happily, there is Clemenceau, the 'Incorruptible' as well as 'green' in his perennial youth. As the author of the discoveries, with Gaston Calmette and Gustave Hervé, who wrote, the one and the other, in the *Figaro* and the *Victoire* accusing and urging punishments, it is right that he should be the authorized justiciar of the Republic. There is none better qualified to lead his country into the paths of an honorable peace, by reason of the strength of his convictions and his consistent loyalty and disinterestedness. After a long life of great political influence, he remains a poor man and is proud of it.

But he has the defects of his qualities. One is a sporting indifference to minor consequences. He is not afraid of risks. Sometimes those that he takes seem unnecessarily great. He decrees the liberty of the press and removes the shackles of the censorship. The effect is a new and hardened tone in public comment. The windows are open and fresh air is let in. But even so salutary a process is accompanied by danger; for, accompanying the wholesome draft is a wave of *défaitiste* propaganda. Intent on winning the war, he disregards this abominable enterprise, to which Gustave Hervé — the patriot converted from anti-militarism — calls his attention. But he cannot long be proof against it. His consideration for criticism springs from his own desire to be free. His ardent temperament chafes at unintelligent restrictions. Every one knows how his newspaper, the *Free Man*, became the *Man in Chains* (*L'Homme Enchaîné*) because he felt that way about the censor's activities. On the very day when he became Premier, he restored the old title, *L'Homme Libre*, and every journalist in France was a free man. But, as Gustave Hervé himself says, superior to the right of the press is the safety of the country. That is the first law.

M. Clemenceau's tendency, perhaps, is to play with a situation and needlessly prolong it. We saw this characteristic in the strike in the North following the great mining disaster at Courrières. He dallied with difficulties, tasting a pleasure therein, and protested that conciliation would effect everything — until it was almost too late to effect anything. Bloodshed, indeed, came before tranquillity in that tormented region. And in the movement in the South, where the wine-growing departments threatened to break with the Republic, in order to express their dissatisfaction with laws affecting their prosperity, he showed the same habit of temporization — even a sort of flippancy, as it seemed.

But although the disaffection grew until it became really serious, the Premier finally put an end to it by methods most suggestive of comic opera. It must have rejoiced the spirit of irony, which is so strong in him. The wine-growers' leader, whose impassioned oratory had fascinated thousands, walked one Sunday into M. Clemenceau's office and was swiftly and quietly packed off home — he had come to Paris to escape arrest — with a hundred francs (M. Clemenceau's) in his pocket to pay his fare. Thus ended the rebellion

in a shout of laughter, for the prophet had proved ridiculously naïve. It vindicated, if you will, the Clemenceau method; but none the less it is scarcely to be recommended.

There is also something of the knight adventurer about M. Clemenceau. If he disconcerts some people by his boyish spirits, — for, temperamentally, he has never grown up, — they yet feel, in spite of themselves, how steadfast he is and how wise, beneath a mask of almost truculent indifference. He has the fault common to his intellectual countrymen of relying too much upon formulæ. 'It must be so, for I have proved it by mathematics.'

Again, his large generosity, broad general ideas, and ardent nature cause him to overlook the defects of meaner men in their malevolence and sordid aims. But, for all that, he is the one man conspicuously necessary to the salvation of France. His strong, brave spirit rises to the height of the national emergency. So far from being frightened by the twin dragons of Boloism and Bolshevism, he feels strengthened by his struggle with both. He has transfixed both with his sword.

The world in arms loves a fighter. That is why Clemenceau has secured the very first place in the heart of the army. It loves his spirit, the *élan* and *bravoure* of a Frenchman of the old school, directed by the science of the new. Moreover, he is a deep-dyed Republican — one who has suffered for the cause. He makes the same appeal to the common soldier as does Joffre, for he will pat a sentry on the shoulder and call him '*mon ami*.'

Yet, for all his democracy, he is the last man to flatter ignorance and megalomania. Some accuse him of being an aristocrat at heart — unquestionably an old-world distinction and courtesy cling to him. He is charming in conversation. Nor is it hard to imagine him one of the most noted duelists of the day. He has the manner which goes with swordsmanship: alertness, an intrepid eye, a certain bluff heartiness. Yet he is practical withal, and combines the acuteness of a man of business with the instincts of a *preux chevalier*.

He has a double character: one half student and philosopher, — some one caught him reading Theocritus in the true spirit of Macaulay's Scholar, — the other half man of action. And, sometimes, no doubt, the philosopher is uppermost, killing the physical activity. Again, a temperamental impatience to cut a way through difficulties may lead to drastic measures which another judgment would repudiate. Indeed, the balance is hard to establish, for his Gallic nature is speedily aflame and his temper leaps to the combat at the signal of attack. Yet generally it is well controlled by a brain that is steel-cold in its analysis and piercing power.

Between Boloism and Bolshevism he has risen to great authority as the one solid rock of government in France. He is the symbol of the nation. Who shall dare to cast him down? And the army, realizing his moral force behind its belligerent one, acclaims him the great patriot. And when he returns from visiting the Front, to his home on rue Franklin, he feels cheered and supported by the welcome he has had from the troops. Sometimes a poilu places in his car as a mark of especial favor a piece of rude carving from the trench, a walking-stick, with handle fashioned in the Premier's likeness, or a pipe of good French briar. And these trophies of poilu affection touch him more, I think, than the proudest gifts.

THE WESTERN FRONT AND POLITICAL STRATEGY

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

I TRUST that I have shown in my earlier articles in this magazine, first, that the strategy of the Allies ought, like that of the Germans, to be a strategy of the political sciences, under penalty of remaining in a dangerous condition of inferiority; second, that action on the part of the Allies confined to the Western Front is not enough to make their victory certain, but that, to be effective, their action must embrace the whole theatre of war now represented by Pan-Germany in its entirety.

The partisans of the Western Front theory believe that every effort put forth elsewhere must work to the disadvantage of that front. The exact contrary is true, on condition that the field of action far away from the Western theatre is wisely chosen.

Strong evidence of this is seen in the consideration that the German offensive in the West would have been impossible if the Allies had been sagacious enough to replace the vanished Russian front by an insurrectionary front extending from the Baltic to their lines in Macedonia — which is what the Germans would inevitably have done had they been in the place of the Allies.

I have already indicated the broad outlines of the plan based on this conception.[1]

The object of the present paper is to find for the Allies three of the unknown quantities of the strategical equation which they must necessarily solve. We shall see that the working out of the ethnographical, national-psychological, and geographical unknown quantities (the last in its relation with the first two) is sufficient to bring out clearly possibilities of complete and comparatively speedy victory which have never as yet been distinctly envisaged by the Allies.

PAN-GERMANY ANALYZED FROM THE 'POLITICAL SCIENCE' STANDPOINT

It is the purpose of this analysis to disclose, first, the nature of the peoples embraced in Pan-Germany, considered as a whole; second, how far the geographical distribution of such of these peoples as are anti-Pangermanist would enable them (in case certain conditions as to providing them with arms should be fulfilled) to manifest their sentiments to good purpose.

The total population of Pan-Germany amounts to 180,000,000 souls, made up of two sharply contrasted elements.

1. The Germans and their vassals, — or pro-Germans, — numbering, say, 94,000,000.

2. The slaves — say, 86,000,000.

There are, in fact, confined in Pan-Germany against their will, the enormous number of 86,000,000 Slavs, Latins, and Semites, belonging to fourteen different nationalities.

This fact is of preponderating im-

[1] See chapters XII and XIII of the second (enlarged) edition of *Pan-Germany; the Disease and Cure*. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1918.

portance: for this vast aggregation of French, Belgians, Alsace-Lorrainers, Danes, Poles, Lithuanians, Letts, Ruthenians (with a reservation to be indicated below), Czechs, Jugo-Slavs, Roumanians, Italians, Armenians, Greeks, and Arabs, are anti-German by conviction. They are well aware that only the decisive victory of the Entente can put an end to their slavery.

Having studied most of these oppressed peoples on the spot for more than twenty years, being familiar with their interests and their sentiments, I assert that here is a psychological situation of supreme interest to the Allies. Furthermore, I maintain that these 86,000,000 Slavs, Latins, and Semites, by reason of the strategic importance of the regions they occupy, represent — on the single condition that they are supplied with means of effective action closely adapted to their peculiar situation — a force capable of affording infinitely more valuable assistance in bringing about victory than any that the 182,000,000 inhabitants of the former Empire of the Tsars could ever have contributed.

The immense advantage that the Allies can derive from this state of affairs will appear fully in the light of the deductions which can be drawn from the following analysis of the various peoples of Pan-Germany. The essential object of this analysis is to determine the numbers, in each of the main groups which make up the population of Pan-Germany, — that is to say, the Germans and pro-Germans on the one hand, and their slaves on the other, — (1) of men and of women, respectively; (2) of men mobilized in the armies of Pan-Germany; (3) of men not mobilized, who, therefore, have remained at home or are employed in munition factories.

How the ethnological analysis is worked out. — From these various points of view, it would manifestly be impossible to derive figures which are rigorously accurate; but it is proper to observe that even approximate accuracy is sufficient to make our deductions of very practical value. And it is possible to reach that point by starting from these three bases of reckoning: —

(*a*) In respect to those whom we term the slaves, we shall distinguish between subjects of the Entente countries and subjects of the Central Powers. The latter alone can be regularly mobilized in the armies of Pan-Germany.

(*b*) We shall assume that females make up half of the total population of a country. In many countries the number of females is slightly above fifty per cent; but the difference is generally so small that it could not cause a serious error in the deductions which serve as a basis of our argument.

(*c*) We shall assume that the Germans have mobilized twenty per cent of their subjects and of the subjects of their vassal-allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. This proportion is large enough to do away with any danger of an estimate below the facts. Indeed this figure of twenty in one hundred of the whole population — consequently including women — is the highest among known results of the various mobilizations. Moreover it corresponds with the results of the German mobilization so far as the information gleaned in three years enables us to determine it. Lastly, this figure embraces practically all the physically sound men between 15 and 60 years. In selecting it as a basis, therefore, we may be assured that we do not underestimate the mobilized forces of Pan-Germany.

I

An analysis of the first group, the 94,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans would result as follows: —

Mobilized males	18,800,000
Non-mobilized males	28,200,000
Females	47,000,000
Total	94,000,000

Now, if we study the situation, we shall notice that the Germans and pro-Germans are disadvantageously grouped. The Germans in Germany alone form a solid block. They touch the Magyars only on the West. The loyalty of the Magyar proletariat to the German alliance might be seriously shaken for the reasons set forth hereafter. The Bulgarians are entirely surrounded by foes except on their Ottoman frontiers. As for the Turks, aside from the small still-existing fraction of Turkey in Europe, adjoining Bulgaria, — Anatolia and the Kurd country, — the people throughout all the rest of the Ottoman Empire are hostile to them.

Possibilities of insurrection among the Germans and their vassals. (*a*) German Workmen in Germany. — An effective uprising of German workmen in Germany, like that which the Allied Socialists have hoped for and expected, has never been possible, for the following fundamental reason. Even if they do not accept the term 'Pangermanists,' a large majority of them are Pangermanists in fact. They have, indeed, long been convinced supporters of an economic Pan-Germany, that is to say, of Central Pan-Germany at least, the immense advantage of which from the standpoint of their material interest, the years-old propaganda directed from Berlin had proved to them long before the war. The German Social Democrats are so bent upon supporting Central Pan-Germany that they are not willing even to consider the liberation of the down-trodden Slavs of Austria-Hungary, because their servitude is indispensable to the maintenance of Central Pan-Germany. Indeed, this was most explicitly expressed by the *Vorwärts* of February 28, 1918; which went so far as to declare flatly that the demands of the Interallied Socialist Conference at London would never be accepted by the Central Powers. Furthermore, the majority of the German Socialists, by reason of their Teutonic mental habit and their unchangeable atavism, are profoundly gratified by the military successes of Germany and the resultant enormous booty.

(*b*) German Workmen in Austria. — They are anti-Slav. They have, to be sure, organized some strikes, but these movements cannot be regarded as opposed to the policy of Vienna, for they took place, by a strange coincidence, early in 1918, at the very moment when Count Czernin was multiplying his pacifist manœuvres, intended especially to deceive Great Britain and the United States. Moreover, these German Socialists in Austria have never taken sides against the Hapsburgs. So that their attitude, therefore, is not distinctively democratic. We can place no more reliance on them than on the Social Democrats of the German Empire.

(*c*) Bulgarians. — It is impossible to think for an instant of their separation from the Central Empires, which had never been practicable. The Bulgarians concluded their pact with Berlin long before the war, with the very distinct and premeditated determination to acquire the hegemony of the Balkans; and it is theirs, for the moment. On many points, indeed, the Bulgarian dreams are surpassed. Now, they understand very clearly that they will be able to retain their present conquests only with the assistance of Austria-Germany. Moreover, they are very proud to serve as a bridge between Germany and the Ottoman Empire. We must regard the Bulgarians as absolutely devoted to the maintenance of Pan-Germany.

(*d*) Among the Magyars, on the contrary, there is a condition of affairs, not generally realized by the Allies, which might, however, be made to forward materially the cause of the Entente. The fact is that, if the necessary steps were taken by the Allies, the majority of the Magyars might well be led to revolt against the Pangermanist yoke of Berlin and the feudal yoke of Budapest.

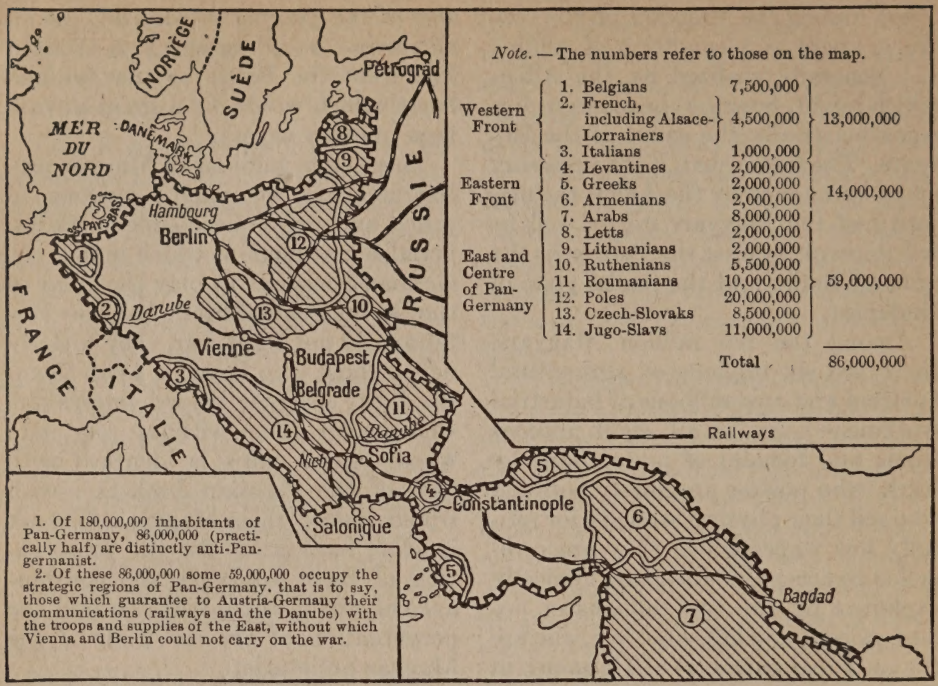
Among the ten million Magyars, there are six millions of agricultural laborers and two millions of industrial workmen — say, in all, eight millions (male and female) of proletarians by birth, who possess absolutely nothing, who sell their physical strength for pitifully low wages which they are compelled to accept, and who are cynically exploited by the two millions of nobles, priests, and office-holders, who are the only real partisans of Germany in Hungary.

This deep social division may be made to serve as the basis of a powerful revolutionary manœuvre on the part of the Allies. These eight millions of Magyar proletarians, who are beyond question ruthlessly oppressed by the Magyar nobles, fall into three categories: (*a*) mobilized men (20 per cent of the whole), say, 1,600,000; (*b*) males not mobilized, who have remained in Hungary, 2,400,000; and (*c*) females in Hungary, 4,000,000.

The net figures of these three categories, as estimated a little further on, might play a very important part in the anti-Pangermanist revolution whose organization we are discussing. The concurrence of the Magyar proletariat would contribute notably to the dissolution of Pan-Germany, for it would assure the geographical connecting link between the insurrection of the Polish-Czech regions in the north and that of the Jugo-Slav regions in the South. Thus by favor of the revolution of the Magyar proletariat, the insurrection would extend in a straight line from the Baltic to the Saloniki front, which would be a great advantage in every aspect.

These eight millions of Magyar proletarians are genuinely desirous of peace, and are not accessible to the imperialistic seductions which induce the German Socialists to play the game of the Berlin General Staff. As they certainly did not want war, they bitterly detest those who forced it upon them: the great Magyar landed proprietors who exploit them without pity, and whose feudal spirit is identical with that of the Prussian Junkers — with whom, indeed, these Magyar nobles act in close association for the preservation of their privileges, the continuance of which would make certain the perpetuation of the servitude of the Magyar proletariat.

As a result of this social condition of affairs, the pacifist manifestations at Budapest on several occasions have assumed a really serious aspect. For all these reasons, it is rational to conclude that these eight millions of proletarians are capable of rising in revolt against their masters, the feudal Magyars, at the same time with, or shortly after, the Slavs and Latins of Central Europe. But such an uprising on their part assumes one explicit condition, namely, that the Allies fully understand the really horrible social conditions under which they live, and assure them beforehand, formally and with an absolute purpose to keep their promise, that the first certain result of the triumph of the Entente will be to put an end to the agrarian and feudal régime in Hungary, which keeps the proletariat in a state of slavery. Thus the movement to be undertaken in the Magyar portion of Hungary is, in essence, a social movement based upon an agrarian revolt.



FRENCH MAP SHOWING THE PEOPLES CONFINED IN PAN-GERMANY AGAINST THEIR WILL

II

Analysis of the second group, consisting of 86,000,000 anti-Pangermanist slaves

In order to obtain from our analysis results corresponding so far as possible to the probabilities, let us divide these slaves into two categories, based on the degree of effectiveness of their future action, by virtue of their geographical distribution. In each of these categories let us then set apart the subjects of the Central Powers and the subjects of the Entente countries, the mobilized men, the non-mobilized males, and the females.

First Category. — Slaves of the Germans or of their vassals, well placed geographically to act to good purpose if they had the material means of so doing.

This group is itself made up of two geographical elements — the first being found in Turkey, the second in Central Europe.

(*a*) In Turkey: —

Arabs	8,000,000
Armenians	2,000,000
Total	10,000,000

The Turks are detested by the great majority of Arabs, a part of whom have already revolted under the leadership of the King of Hedjaz, or in coöperation with the Allies in Palestine. As the rest of the Arabs live at a distance from the genuinely Turkish regions, the mobilization cannot have reached them very extensively.

For these various reasons the Arab anti-Turk movement might be largely developed.

As for the Armenians, our estimate of two millions is certainly much too large if we reflect that about a million Armenians have been massacred by the Turks since the beginning of the war.

However, we may retain this figure, for the vanished million is balanced by the 1,800,000 Russian subjects of the Caucasus, many of whom have already fought with the Russian troops against the German-Turk combination. The treachery of the Bolsheviks having placed these Armenians in peril of being massacred in their turn, — especially at this time, when the Turks are aiming at taking possession of the Caucasus with the aid of the Mussulman element there, — we might well find a quite appreciable numerical support among the Armenians of the Caucasus.

(*b*) In Central Europe:—

Poles	20,000,000
Lithuanians	2,000,000
Letts	2,000,000
Ruthenians	5,500,000
Czech-Slovaks	8,500,000
Jugo-Slavs	11,000,000
Roumanians	10,000,000
Total	59,000,000

We must make an important reservation with respect to the Ententophil sentiments of the Ruthenians, because of the anti-Polish Ukrainian policy of the Central Powers. It is possible that the Germans will eventually set the Ruthenians against the Poles; but the Ruthenians occupy only the eastern portion of Galicia, while all the rest of the 59,000,000 people of the group under consideration inhabit the vast regions extending from the Baltic to the southern line of the Balkans (about 1500 kilometres; see the map on page 848).

Now, these regions form the most indispensable and at the same time the most vulnerable strategic base of all military Pan-Germany. In fact all the rail and water lines of communication which connect Austria and Germany with Russia, the Balkans, and Turkey, traverse these regions. Three and a half years of war have demonstrated that without the troops and diverse contributions of the Balkans and Turkey, to which are now added those of Southern Russia, Austria-Germany would long since have been powerless to continue the struggle. In reality, therefore, any serious interference with the Austro-German communications with the East (Russia and the Balkans) will be enough to make the situation very difficult, both morally and materially, for the armies concentrated on the Western front by the Berlin General Staff — and this with remarkable rapidity. We are justified, then, in saying that the vital interior districts of Pan-Germany are practically occupied by peoples favorably inclined to the Entente. This is a fact susceptible of being turned to enormous advantage.

Let us now proceed to an analysis of the first category. — The two divisions —10,000,000 in Turkey and 59,000,000 in Central Europe — form a total of 69,000,000 of people who are anti-Pangermanist by conviction. Divided into its constituent elements, this total gives the following result:—

(*a*) Male subjects of the Central Powers, mobilized against their will — therefore armed	8,300,000
(*b*) Male subjects of the Central Powers, not mobilized (including children)	12,450,000
(*c*) Male subjects of invaded districts of the Entente in Central Europe, not mobilized (including children)	13,750,000
Total males	34,500,000
(*a*) Female subjects of the Entente	13,750,000
(*b*) Female subjects of the Central Powers	20,750,000
Total females	34,500,000

Alongside of this, let us place an analysis of the second category — slaves of the Germans, or of their vassals, who

are to-day incapable of action because they are too near the military lines; but who might act most effectively if serious disturbances should arise in Central Europe.

This second category is made up of two geographical elements.

(*a*) In Turkey, —

Ottoman Greeks	2,000,000
Levantines	2,000,000

(*b*) On the Western Front, —

Belgians	7,500,000
French	3,000,000
Alsace-Lorrainers	1,500,000
Italians in Austria (about)	1,000,000
Total	17,000,000

In considering this table we must remember that the number of the Italians is really much larger, for it should include the people of the recently overrun territory; but at this time of writing the data for estimating their number are insufficient.

Divided into their different elements, these figures show the following result: —

(*a*) Male subjects of the Central Powers, mobilized against their will, — therefore, armed	900,000
(*b*) Male subjects of the Central Powers not mobilized (including children)	1,350,000
(*c*) Male subjects of invaded districts of the Entente in the West, not mobilized (including children)	6,250,000
Total males	8,500,000
(*a*) Female subjects of the Central Powers,	2,250,000
(*b*) Female subjects of the Entente,	6,250,000
Total females,	8,500,000

III

If the reader has been sufficiently patient to follow me thus far, we may pass on to certain practical deductions from the 'Political-Science' analysis of Pan-Germany.

The foregoing analysis makes possible certain ethnographical, national-psychological, and geographical deductions which, taken as a whole, enable us (1) to estimate reasonably the moral make-up of the Pan-German armies; (2) to draw up a table of the different elements constituting the insurrectionary forces now latent in Pan-Germany; and (3) to compare the forces of the Entente and Pan-Germany for 1918.

1. *The moral make-up of the armies of Pan-Germany.* — The foregoing ethnographical and psychological analysis has enabled us to conclude that the armies directed from Berlin, considered with respect to the sentiments that inspire them, are composed of two sharply opposed elements, namely: —

Germans and pro-Germans, mobilized	18,800,000
Anti-Pangermanists, mobilized against their will	9,200,000
Total	28,000,000

or, let us say, one in five of the entire population of the Central Powers.

From these 28,000,000, it may be said that we should deduct the losses since the war began; but the yearly losses of the Central Powers probably do not exceed their yearly military contingent, which is in the neighborhood of 1,350,000 men. We may, therefore, assume that this yearly contingent balances the losses, and that the total mobilized force of Pan-Germany remains, in round numbers, at 28,000,000.

Hence we arrive at three deductions of the highest importance.

(*a*) It is exceedingly important to remember that this figure — 28,000,000 — represents the grand maximum that the Central Powers can mobilize to-day; that is to say, so long as they have not succeeded in organizing for military

purposes the men of certain portions of the Ukraine, and the Mussulmans of Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, and Central Asia. The possibility of this addition to their strength constitutes a tremendous new peril for the future; but it seems reasonable to assume that, by reason of the difficulty of communication, these fresh military organizations cannot be effectuated for at least eight months.

Having made these reservations, we may regard this figure of 28,000,000 as representing the maximum, that is to say, the grand total of the mobilizable forces of Pan-Germany during 1918.

(*b*) This number includes two groups whose sentiments are sharply opposed. The only group upon which, as a whole, Berlin can depend — the Germans, Magyars (and this element is not altogether reliable), Bulgars, and Turks — numbers at most 18,800,000 men — say, 19,000,000 in round numbers. Because of the difficulty of communication, mentioned above, with respect to the organization of troops among the new Asiatic elements, this figure would seem to represent the unelastic maximum of the genuinely Pangermanist forces for about eight months to come.

This deduction is of essential importance; for by taking it as a starting-point, we shall comprehend clearly how it is possible for the Entente, after about six months of preparation, to subject this maximum to the overwhelming simultaneous action of an aggregation of forces so diverse and so powerful that the result must inevitably be the destruction of Pan-Germany within a very few weeks after such action shall have been started.

(*c*) In the armies of Pan-Germany there are 9,200,000 troops who, albeit subjects of the Central Powers, are Slavs, Latins, or Semites, and whose real interests are undeniably anti-Pangermanist. Now, on the one hand, a considerable part of these involuntary soldiers are armed; and on the other, their state of mind, induced by their most manifest interest, inclines them to declare open rebellion against their oppressors, as soon as they shall feel that conditions will allow them to do so effectively.

It is therefore quite within bounds to say that in the armies of Pan-Germany, of every three soldiers there is one who certainly does not desire to make use of his weapons against the Entente; and one who, on the contrary, will joyfully make use of them, as soon as he shall be clearly convinced of the necessity, to assist in the destruction of Pan-Germany, whose continuance would perpetuate his own slavery and that of his people.

This is a fact of tremendous importance to the Allies.

The Berlin Staff feels so far from sure of the Slav and Latin troops that it dares not use them in dense masses on the Western Front. They are, for the most part, either sent into Turkey, or utilized in the garrisons of the interior, or mobilized in the munition factories of Pan-Germany. Thus the majority of them are so situated as to make an insurrectionary movement on their part particularly effective. It is for the Allies to have the intelligence to do whatever may be necessary to make the most of it.

2. Table of the possible insurrectionary forces in Pan-Germany.

	Gross Estimate
(*a*) Slaves in the first category (Central Europe)	69,000,000
(*b*) Slaves in the second category (Western and Ottoman fronts)	17,000,000
(*c*) Magyar proletariat	8,000,000
Total	94,000,000

There are, then, in gross, in Pan-Germany, anti-Pangermanist elements

numbering 94,000,000 persons. These possible insurrectionary forces are made up of

(*a*) Anti-Pangermanist men, mobilized against their will	10,800,000
(*b*) Anti-Pangermanist males, not mobilized (including children)	36,200,000
(*c*) Anti-Pangermanist females	47,000,000
Total	94,000,000

Net Estimate

The gross estimate of each of these possible insurrectionary elements is subject to reductions for divers reasons.

(*a*) To allow for the anti-Entente influence which the Germans may exert over the Ruthenians or Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia and over certain Polish elements, and to guard against a too optimistic estimate, the figure 10,800,000 should be reduced to 8,000,000.

(*b*) and (*c*) These gross figures include the children and old men — elements that are clearly incapable of effective action. We must therefore deduct from these two groups the infants and youths below twenty and the old men over sixty. Our ethnical data enable us to do this scientifically.

The French census of 1911 discloses that the persons of both sexes under twenty and those above sixty make up a little less than half of the whole population. Thus, if we reduce the gross number of non-mobilized men and women by one half, we shall obtain the result sought. But the gross number of non-mobilized men (*b*) includes many between twenty and sixty who have been discharged, a large proportion being infirm, or sick, or sickly, and hence unfit for service. The gross figures, 13,800,000, already reduced by half, must be again reduced by a fourth to allow for this situation.

The net result of these deductions is to reduce to 14,000,000 the number of non-mobilized anti-Pangermanist men in Pan-Germany, who are capable of effective action. This number, still quite considerable, is composed of two elements: (1) the 4,000,000 subjects of the Central Powers, whom we reckon as utilizable, are, to be sure, discharged men; but after eliminating the weak and sickly, a considerable proportion of them, whom the Austro-Boche civil service is certainly making some use of — principally in munition factories or in agriculture — are capable of taking an effective part in an insurrection. (2) As for the 10,000,000 subjects of the Entente, there are unquestionably many of them who have been deported, to work in the munition factories of Pan-Germany, or in the fields.

Thus these 14,000,000 men may be regarded as a reservoir upon which the Entente should be able to draw.

(*c*) Females. — Reducing by one half the 47,000,000 females, we have, in round numbers, 23,000,000 women between twenty and sixty years of age.

Thus we arrive at the following table of the minimum insurrectionary forces now existing in Pan-Germany.

Mobilized men	8,000,000
Non-mobilized men	14,000,000
Women	23,000,000
Total	45,000,000

These 45,000,000 men and women in Pan-Germany, whether they represent possible insurgents or centres of passive resistance, do in very truth constitute important sources of both moral and material strength. They are out of sight, and unknown in the Allied countries. Yet they exist, as the image exists, although invisible, on the undeveloped photographic plate.

The problem, then, for the Allies is, first, to grasp the actuality of these latent insurrectionary forces; then to make them known, to impress upon the forces themselves the idea of their power; and, lastly, so to organize them as to transform them into active ele-

ments from the passive condition in which they now are.

3. The present status of the opposing forces may be summarized thus:—

Forces of Pan-Germany.—The mobilizable forces directed from Berlin, reckoned on the maximum basis of twenty per cent of the population, are to-day about 28,000,000 men, made up of two elements:—

(*a*) About 19,000,000 troops whom the German Staff can regard as reliable: Germans, Magyars (with the reservation indicated above), Bulgars, and Turks.

(*b*) Some 9,000,000 Slav and Latin troops incorporated in the armies of Pan-Germany in opposition to their real sentiments; of whom 8,000,000 may be led to withdraw if a certain propaganda and a certain condition of affairs shall be created by the Entente.

In reality, therefore, 19,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans must be ready to respond to all military necessities; to keep in their ranks, by sheer terrorism, 9,000,000 soldiers who are there solely by dint of force and compulsion; and to stand guard over a vast expanse of territory, the population of which, in at least half of the superficial area of Pan-Germany, is hostile to them.

Forces of the Entente.—To avoid an exaggerated estimate, these forces are estimated without regard to the smaller Allies, or to Japan,—whose intervention is at least probable,—or to the colonial contingents. Furthermore, the basis of calculation will be fifteen per cent of the population of the European Allies. We have then,—

France (15 per cent of 40,000,000)	6,000,000
Great Britain (15 per cent of 46,000,000)	6,900,000
Italy (15 per cent of 36,000,000)	5,400,000
Total	18,300,000

To this number we must add the American contingents. It is evident, in view of the tonnage problem, that they will never be able to arrive in Europe in numbers proportioned to the population of the United States. It will be a very great achievement if 1,500,000 American combatants can be sent to Europe, with all the essential materials and supplies. Let us assume that that number is both possible and probable. In that case the mobilizable Allied forces which can be expected to play an active part in Europe will amount to 18,300,000 European Allies and 1,500,000 Americans—say, 20,000,000 in round numbers.

IV

Conclusion

The figures given above make possible the following conclusions:—

(*a*) The mobilizable forces in Europe at the disposal of the Allies (20,000,000) are numerically greatly inferior to the comprehensive forces of Pan-Germany (28,000,000), and practically equal to the forces of which the German Staff can be reasonably sure (19,000,000).

It is difficult to see how the Allies can add to their mobilizable effectives in Europe to any considerable extent. On the other hand, in a few months the Germans will be, perhaps, in a position to make use of fresh troops supplied by Mussulman communities in Russia and Central Asia. Therefore, by carrying on the conflict by means of a purely military strategy, it is probable that the Allies will find themselves numerically inferior to the Germans and their Allies, as is already the case on the Western Front.

(*b*) But the situation of the Allies would be completely transformed if they should, in their turn, like the Germans, resort to the strategy of the political sciences; for it would enable them

to exploit to their advantage the tremendous sources of weakness that exist in the very heart of Pan-Germany.[1]

Indeed, in that case, the Allies could systematically arm, by the aerial route, a part of the 14,000,000 anti-Pangermans, non-mobilized, in Central Pan-Germany, and thus bring about an insurrection in the regions traversed by the vital strategic communications of Pan-Germany. Secondly, they could, by means of such insurrections, bring about a state of affairs, both moral and material, which would enable the 8,000,000 troops embodied against their will in the German armies, to revolt in their turn.

Assuming this form of strategy to be adopted, the 19,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans would have to face the hostile action, active or passive, of 20,000,000 Allied troops, 8,000,000 of their own troops, in revolt or on strike, and 14,000,000 possible insurgent civilians, or 42,000,000 in all.

(*c*) The 23,000,000 anti-Pangermanist women in Pan-Germany are for the most part compelled to work on the land or in the munition factories. As they represent a by-no-means negligible force, if the propaganda were effective, they could be induced to strike. In fact, in certain districts which I know well, the women are capable of playing a very useful part in a revolt.

Thus, the 19,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans would have to face widely varying but combined hostile forces of 65,000,000 human beings (42,000,000 men and 23,000,000 women).

To sum up: the purely military strategy leaves 20,000,000 Allies face to face with 28,000,000 Germans, pro-Germans, and troops enslaved by them.

The strategy of the political sciences would transform the situation, for it would subject 19,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans to the submergent action of the endlessly diverse enveloping powers of 65,000,000 persons, of whom 47,000,000 are already in Pan-Germany.

If the Germans had been in our place, would they not long ago have made use of the anti-German elements in Pan-Germany, considering that in Russia they have derived the enormous profit that we all know from elements favorable to their cause, although they were much less numerous than those utilizable by the Allies? Under these conditions can the latter refuse to adopt, at last, the strategy of the political sciences?

Far from working to the prejudice of the Western Front, it would work altogether to its advantage; for nothing could afford greater relief to the Allied troops from the terrible pressure that they are having to withstand on that front, than an uprising, scientifically organized, for the liberation of Central Europe.

[1] See M. Chéradame's article in the *Atlantic* for March, 1918.

A FATHER TO HIS ENLISTED SON

I WAS not surprised to learn from your letter that you had finally decided to enlist in your country's service; and I found myself at once in a turmoil of conflicting emotions. I wonder if I can tell you just how I felt. I was proud of you, my son. I realized that you had for months and months been revolving and re-revolving this question in your mind, and that this decisive step had not been precipitously taken. You had talked it over repeatedly with me, and even more frequently with your mother. You had listened with eager attention to the advice of those of your friends who were older, as well as of those who are of your own age. We were all pretty unanimous, you know, in opposing your plan. We honestly thought that, as you are only eighteen years old, and as your education is incomplete, further training in school and college would make you more efficient in the aid that you could later render your country. We thought that in later years — when we have emerged from the welter of this relentless war, and when the world has once more swung back into sanity and repose — you would keenly regret the loss of your diploma and this grim interruption of all your school associations.

Perhaps we were wrong. We older folk, we are discovering, have been wrong in many, many things. The shadows of war that have hung over this darkened earth ever since August, 1914, have shown us that we had for years and years been groping through ignorance and gloom, all unconscious of the errors and the misconceptions in which we were so deeply and so unwittingly enshrouded. Perhaps these present war-shadows through which we are now threading our unknown way are in reality no deeper and no less perplexing and menacing than those through which we had previously walked in the bold assurance of ignorance and error. The facts were before us, but we refused to face them. Prussia had for years been preaching its soulless doctrine of Pangermanism. Treitschke and Nietzsche and Bernhardi had boldly proclaimed a philosophy which was in harmony with the nefarious plans of the Junkers and the war-lords. Men with the boldness and the intelligence of M. Chéradame saw these dangers and proclaimed a general warning. But what did such an abstract view as Pangermanism mean in face of the concrete interests in which our trivial lives were centred — the fatuous game of piling up dollars, the relative merits of the popular 'movie' actors, the batting averages of the prominent baseball players, the securing of a high place in society's column?

Then I realized, too, how inaccurate and false had been my own analysis of international questions. I had for years felt that civilization had brought us to a plane where war was no longer possible. I think I must have told you of a conversation I had with the president of our company in June, 1914. He had just returned from Europe, where he had, as he thought, been able to gauge accurately the temper of the European peoples. He knew that there were bitter national hatreds, and that the war in the Balkans had produced a maze of perplexities which might, in an ancient

and less humane order of affairs, have led to a clash of swords among the major powers. But through the years he had been soothed with the lotus and the poppies of the Hague Conferences, and he, like the rest of us, had felt that all such difficulties would be smoothed out by diplomatic assurances or friendly arbitration. Moreover, he had been thoroughly convinced that the great bankers of the nations, realizing the vast network of credits and loans, would never again consent to a declaration of war. All this he came back to repeat to our confiding and credulous ears. He had no trouble in convincing us that he was right. We, ourselves, had long been lulled by the same false siren tunes that had beguiled him from the bare and palpable truth.

For my own part, I had gone even further. I felt that we had reached a plane of humanity that would in a few years make disarmament quite practical. I had actually believed the optimistic utterances of the Massachusetts Peace Society and the International Conciliation pamphlets.

I mention these errors, my son, to let you see that, while I opposed your enlistment at this time, I opposed it less vigorously than I should have done if confidence in my previous judgments had not been so rudely shattered by the crashing thunders of 1914. If I had been wrong in this analysis of international conditions, might I not also be wrong in this question, which was more difficult because it could not now be impartially analyzed?

Some day, I hope, you will have a son of your own. As you watch him on the day of his birth, as his tiny form lies by his mother's side, a gush of tenderness such as you have never known will come to your aching heart and fill you with a sense of sobering responsibility and obligation. There will come with this a wave of parental love that will expand your soul and reveal wells of unsuspected emotional depth. Coincident with this will come a great surging ambition. What sacrifices will you not be willing to make, provided only your vicarious hardships ease the path for your offspring and lead him to places of distinction and honor! No school or college will be too good for him, and already, while he lies breathing out those earliest dormant days, you will be busy planning his life and removing in fancy the obstacles that so tragically blocked your own early ambitions and desires.

Then gradually, as he grows up and develops tastes alien to your own, you will begin to question the source of these strange perversities, and wonder where in the wide, uncharted universe he ever picked up the strange whims that so capriciously beguile him from the path which you in your wisdom had laid out with such meticulous care and foresight. Suddenly, too, you will learn that he has outstripped you in certain branches of useful knowledge, and will find yourself turning in his direction for help and guidance in matters where your own experience was too meagre to meet the exacting demands of such trivial matters as — gasoline or electricity.

You will perhaps discover, too, that all the major plans which you had laid for him conflict most horribly with traits and temperaments which he is developing. You think, of course, that he will want to enter your office and carry on your business. Instead, he will some day bluntly inform you that he has no such intention — he is going to Paris to study art. What does he care for billets and pig iron and the Bessemer process — they can all go to limbo, and he will go to France to follow Whistler's ways. And thus he will leave you to readjust yourself to the new conditions which his independence has imposed.

Oh, of course, it won't turn out just like this! If it did, it could now be no surprise. What actually happens will be nothing which you ever thought about, but it will be something stupefying and absurd — something that will send you back to your private office, force your hand through your fast-thinning hair, and make you wonder at the strange perversity of youth. And you will be overwhelmed with a sense of terrible disappointment. Then you will, for the first time, perhaps, begin to understand your own father's feelings, even though in so many respects the situations are so different. For my plans for you have, as you well know, woefully miscarried. I have not, as many fathers do, expected you to follow in my footsteps. Chance has apparently guided my career, and somehow I felt that it would largely guide yours; but I never felt that it would guide you into the work allotted to me. I wanted you to go to college — preferably, to Harvard. I wanted you to sit in the same class-rooms and gaze at the same jack-knife carvings that used to beguile me through some of the sleepy hours in Old Sever. I wanted college to give you a thousand such trivially important things as it gave me, and I should have liked it to fail to give another thousand with which I could so profitably have dispensed.

But now all this, and the fancy-laden sequence of all this, is not to be! Instead, I pick up *The Lampoon*, and I listen to R. E. Sherwood as he interprets the modern message of John Harvard: —

Go forward, my son, for the bugle-calls beckon;
The grim god of battles has called you away;
Go forward, my son, never halting to reckon
The price your Creator may bid you to pay.

Yes, the god of battles has come to interrupt the plans I had made for you. He came somewhat hesitatingly into America, but not hesitatingly enough to avert the shock that has set all our homes a-tremble. He came with a slow and leisured stride, but he has pinioned our hearts with the might of his pitiless pressure. Everywhere I go, fathers and mothers are telling me about their sons. This one is with Pershing's army, this other one is in the aviation corps in Pensacola, scores are in the cantonments, impatient and restless, longing for the active service into which our transports are so soon to take them. As these parents tell me of these details, a glow of pride is in their eyes; but I know — oh, how much more personally I know it now — that, behind the pride and the calm, hearts are throbbing with anxiety, and the vacant chairs in the dining-room and around the fireplace mutely speak their grim story of loss and poignant yearning. Yes, they tell me the last letters were full of hope and cheer and the boys were all well. But that was three weeks ago, and what is happening right now?

How shall I speak of the temptations that you are sure to meet, my son? Don't think that I am going to preach to you. My little homilies have been spread pretty thickly over the brief years of your past life, and if they have not been woven into the fabric of your unphrased philosophy, they cannot now be abruptly gathered into the pattern. But we who are older and a bit scar-worn would so gladly enlist in a sort of moral signal-service that would warn you of the presence of lurking enemies. I need not specify them — you know we have talked them all over. You in your own way are the only one who can conquer them. I have faith in your strength. Are you not strong enough to give your soul its orders and see to it that each separate command is implicitly obeyed? It is only thus that strong and enduring character is developed. It is only through this experience and triumph that you can return

to your home, your mother, and your friends, and carry in your soul the sweet satisfaction of knowing yourself to have been valiant, pure, and reliant.

I learn from your mother's letter that your single blue service star now hangs in the window of our lonely home. Another, amid many more, hangs in the vestry of the church. In fancy I shall select the one I call yours; and I shall have faith that, in the midst of the red, which symbolizes carnage, and the white, which symbolizes purity, your period of enlistment will but deepen the blue, which symbolizes loyalty.

THE LETTER R

A WAS an apple — do you remember? And B was the fat-legged little glutton who bit it, and C, all in pert frills, cut it; and can you turn the remembered pages and go on? Perhaps modern efficiency caught you and handed you a primer of Modern Philology, and you never fingered that blessed Alphabet. Perhaps you gabbled A B C in a Chinese chorus and never really knew your letters. Really to know them takes a lifetime, of course, but you can glimpse their personalities in your early years. And there is such necessity for studying their stubborn little *egos*, if you ever hope to stay on the right side of them! Punctuation is treacherous enough, but I know nothing inanimate that can equal letters, for that sheer impish power of revenge. I suppose they have to be prickly to keep their personalities intact in all the stupid situations they are thrust into. But like all prickly characters, from the great Stickly Prickly down, they repay watching. I love to see them on their best behavior — marshaled in orderly and docile little rows, each piping his own little note, tractable as an earnest little choir. And quite as well I like to see them under the hand of an insensitive stylist — messing his music into bedlam, just because he neglected to learn his letters.

R is my particular delight, I think. I am fond of his appearance, he is so manifestly an energetic letter, — on his own feet, — with none of B's fat comfort or of S's sinuous repose about him. There are many standing letters — A, sturdily astraddle, hands in pocket, and F, meditative on one leg, and K flinging hilarious legs on the wind. But R is of another mind than these: just look at him, erect and hatted, and tapping the floor impatiently with one foot. R is the restless letter, the Irishman of letters, the essential younger son. R is of the temperament of Reuben; and 'I will arise and get 'ence,' says R. G is a moving letter, too, but G is a pilgrim. R is a vagabond with the trekking soul.

I found R in the dictionary once — that can be a pleasant bypath if you don't go looking for information. Verbs are especially revealing about the temperament of a letter. All R's verbs are the verbs of purposeful movement — verbs of restless youth and change. R ranges far afield. He is the roamer and the rover. His gait is variable — he can rush and run and race, or lapse into a ramble. For the spice of travel he can ride or even roll. R's is the windy breath of the foot-loose. He blows it in the face of the restless and whispers, 'Rise.' Reveille is the bugle-call of R.

R is at heart a primitive traveler. His is the road. He has adopted the railroad and the roadster, in this mechanical age. But he has never really taken to the sea, or to any water-way. And the only scion of the house of R that is concerned with ships is Kenneth Grahame's Spanish Sea-Rat. He has his beasts; his totem protects all those fleet things that run for their living: the rabbit and the rat and the roe. He has his birds. Do you know that sudden

quail-call — the *hwe-heeeeew-hew* that makes the knee-muscles tighten and the head lift? What is it but human wireless — the dot-dash-dot that is R?

R is untidy and unprosperous, and guiltless of the moss that is the reward of the stay-at-home. He is a frank Ragged Robin. But rags have their uses. They clothe R in romance. One is a little tenderer with R than with other letters. There is something intangible about him — perhaps the fragrance of the country of Romany, that sweeter land than Arcady the placid. When I call up most clearly the insouciant figure of R, he is in gay red; just that red that the gypsiest leaves get before they throw themselves off the tree, and the most western string of cloud is on the eve of a windy night. And the first real coals of a wanderer's cooking-fire. You know. And others know. There is that New England gypsy-heart who draws the little vagabond winds that say 'Rise' most wooingly, and she colors them red. There is that gypsy-foot in Old England who chants before the gods of the trail — as the Red Gods. Dunsany the Irishman, though, has made the real deity of R, and set him idol-wise for all the lovers of R forever. And do you think that the troubling God Roon, out of *Time and the Gods*, by any other name would smell as strange? I don't. But then, I am a lover of R.

THE VOID OF FEAR

TAKE two ordinary Tommies coming down the lane. Some people would see them only as a brutal and besotted soldiery, — or at best, as no-account creatures, who drop their aitches, — not interesting or notable in any way. And when I see them, it is the Immortality of the Soul, and the Vision of the Future, and the Glory of England, and the Marvelousness of Man, and the Great Renunciation, and the Great Attainment — a whole nebula of capital letters. And they are just two ordinary Tommies all the time. But what is there that's ordinary in the world?

As we sat overlooking Lens and Vimy the other day, the captain and I, there came up to us an ugly little Canadian Tommy, astray from the camp below. Without the least regard to decencies, disciplines, 'circles, spheres, lines, ranks, everything,' he came up to us as bold as brass and entered quite cheerfully into conversation.

The captain was staggered, and tried to strike a mien between acquiescence and a due repressiveness. For it was such preposterous impudence — or it would have been, if the lad had had the slightest idea that it was impudence at all, or what august proprieties he was violating. But it was immediately clear that he was perfectly innocent and naïf: it was like a little new boy cheerily engaging the captain of the eleven in chat, without the slightest notion of the enormity he was committing. Of course, had this not been so, and, of course, had he been English, he would not have been allowed to go on another minute. As it was, we tried cold, short answers, unresponsive without being positively crushing. It was not the least use: he babbled on at us, quite unchilled. We then tried flight, but he pursued us; we scattered across the face of the moorland, but he would not be detached. Finally, we gave up and collapsed under a grassy trench-ridge, in front of the view. And he came with us, and sat down gayly at our side, and prattled along undaunted.

And then, at last, I began to understand the hectic fever of his speech, and his hungry, undefeatable cordiality. That poor little soul was face to face with the extremity of mortal terror. This was his very first day up at the front, it appeared; he did not know

a single soul, had not a single friend or even an acquaintance to talk to — everything was utterly strange to him, filled with the void of fear. For there before him was Vimy Ridge, on which his only brother had been killed a few months earlier, and now lay namelessly buried; and down in front of him was Lens, a smashed-up skeleton of anguish and death: and all that fearful landscape empty of everything but waste and murder and martyrdom. It was out into that that he himself was to go, at any moment. He was frantic to hold on to the light and warmth of life a little longer while it lasted.

He knew, and we knew ourselves, that in a few days he would almost certainly be dead. We were human beings like himself, and he did not care who or what: he merely craved the warm-bloodedness of our presence, and the sound of human speech going on continually to drown his own thoughts.

It is a dreadful thing, that high extremity of suffering which feverishly hides behind a curtain of prattle. One hears the silence inside, and the deadly cold. Yet what can one do? Uttermost loneliness is the place where we all live, when the big things come along.

We bore with him, in a dull, useless ache, realizing impotently the clutching agony of his need to stay linked on; in face of which, one could only be inarticulate at the best. And at last he got up with a wrench, and said that 'a man down there' (the only person, it seemed, he had spoken to out here yet, and he had no notion more of him, or who he was) had said that he ought to be back in camp at such a time.

It was a relief at last to have something we *could* say. We all wished him good luck, as he went. 'Good luck, you fellows,' he answered breezily; and vanished over the brow of the hill, dark against the glare of the west.

We, ourselves, went down soon after.

THE ASTRONOMY OF FICTION

I STOOD in the gathering dusk with my back to a lamp-post and gazed at Venus, a little above the western hills. A policeman passed and observed me casually. Before long he was back that way and I was still there. This time he eyed me with more interest, and, I thought, a shade professionally. To reassure him I said: —

'Good evening. Are you familiar with the points of interest around here?'

'Well, pretty much,' he answered amiably, plainly relieved to find that I seemed to be neither in need of the post's support nor bent on burglary.

'Can you tell me what that light is over there?' I asked him.

He looked at the glorious planet, just ready to dip from sight, and then at me. 'That ain't no light; that's a star,' he said in a voice a trifle nettled, as if he suspected that I was trying to joke. Which I was — feeling just at that time a sort of doggish waggishness.

'Is it?' I returned. 'What is the name of it?"

Now he was clearly disgusted. 'Aw, I got too much to do to keep track of the names of the stars,' he answered; and he started on, swinging his club and doing nothing else all through the gorgeous night.

And I wondered, if I should have asked the question of the first hundred citizens who passed me, how many would have given me a truer answer.

Astronomy, I believe, is called the most exact of the sciences. And it is one at least of the most fascinating, even to a smatterer — and I am no more than that. Its fundamentals are simplicity itself; they are more open to us than those of any other science; they are before us continually. But the average intelligent person appears to be far more indifferent to them than to the dirt under his feet.

What better proof of this than in our novels? Take the moon, for example. Surely, the reading public would rise up against the way novelists treat the moon if it were not equally careless of her goings and comings. She is the most familiar thing to us in all nature — much more so than the sun, for we can rarely ever look at him at all. Her habits throughout the ages are so exact that astronomers can calculate eclipses closely years in advance of them. Yet the simplest and most manifest of these habits seem to be about as comprehensively grasped by the general run of novelists as the idiotic fourth dimension.

Here are a few examples, from among those I have found in my more recent reading, of this violence to the moon — to her reputation in the matter of sane and steady habits: —

Stevenson, that master of romance, has a scene in *Prince Otto* in which — the time being somewhere between midnight and two o'clock — 'a thin shaving of new moon had lately risen.'

It was only on my second reading of *Prince Otto* that I noticed anything wrong with the arrangement, for the first time I was both ignorant and careless of the moon's ways. Stevenson's attention, I have heard, was called to this impossible performance of a new moon and he was a good deal plagued about it. For a new moon always rises after the sun, and is invisible in the glare. And even an old moon, rising so early, would be far too big to be described as a thin shaving.

A popular French author, in a comparatively recent book, has a 'new moon' rise at exactly three o'clock, when his hero is awakened to resume his perilous (and foolish) chase through the Alps after his runaway wife. As this latter author belongs to that large school of French writers who do not seem to be able to think of anything to write about except the infidelities of the married, I was not greatly distressed. But my feelings were lacerated when I read in a late book by a talented English author — a woman who stands in the very front rank of living novelists, and this her masterpiece and one of the most absorbing stories I ever read — the following (the time was the dusk of evening): 'Low in the east, entangled in a clump of hawthorn, a thin moon hung blurred as if seen through tears.'

In the east! Of all places for a thin moon to hang at dusk! If she had put it right in the north she would have been nearer to nature, for it would not have been so far away from where it ought to have been. In the east, and in the evening, any moon that is behaving itself is always pretty full.

In *A Bewitched Ship*, an old sea story that I recently chanced to take up, written by the late W. Clark Russell, who himself had been a sailor (and sailors are supposed to be obliged to know some astronomy), I ran across this: 'There was a nice wind, smooth sea, and a red moon crowding up over our starboard beam.' The ship was bound for South Africa; so the moon was rising straight up in the west.

In a recent story by a very popular American author — one who enjoys a deserved fame for her attainments in nature studies — occurs the following: 'The sun went down and a half moon appeared above the woods across the lake.' And a little later: 'The moon was high above the trees now.'

It is a painful thing, in view of the well-earned reputation of this author as an authority, to upset so graceful a word-picture of nature. It would all have been unassailable if she had omitted the size of the moon. But, as can be proved by any almanac, or by the poor, maligned moon herself, when she is half full she always is on the merid-

ian at sunset. So she could not get up any higher.

Another gifted American novelist, in a much older book, as cheerfully mishandles the moon in a similar way. This truly fascinating story created a sensation some years ago, and also, I understand, a New England libel suit, so faithful and trenchant was her portrayal of people — not moons. This is what she says: 'The red sunset had not gone out of the west when we started, and a pale young moon was already getting up in the heavens; but we could see neither fading sky nor rising moon.'

Oh, dear! With all her delightful wit, and her insight into the human heart, she never cared enough to notice that a moon which can be called young — no matter how pale — is never rising nor 'getting up in the heavens' after sunset, but always going down.

Branching out a little from the moon, I will cut short the evidence with what seems to me a most remarkable exhibit of the astronomy of fiction. It is from *The Sowers*, by Henry Seton Merriman. The scene was Russia, the time late October (this is important), and 'Evening was drawing on . . . The moon was just rising . . . Jupiter — very near the earth at the time — shone intense and brilliant, like a lamp. It was an evening such as only Russia and the great North lands ever see, where the sunset is almost in the north and the sunrise holds it by the hand. Over the whole scene there hung a clear transparent night, green and shimmering, which would never be darker than an English twilight.' Later: 'It was now dark — as dark as it ever would be.'

It would indeed be a task to find description couched in more beautiful terms, but it also would be difficult to find more error crowded into so few words. For one thing, Jupiter is never very near, or comparatively near, the earth. Both Mars and Venus can at times be said to be near the earth — not at all because they always are very much nearer the earth than Jupiter ever comes, but because, when at their greatest distance, they are some five or six times farther away than when nearest. (I speak only in off-hand terms, for, as I have already confessed, I am no more than a smatterer in astronomy.) Jupiter, when most remote from the earth, is not much farther off, comparatively, than when nearest — the difference, I should say, being rather less than one third his maximum distance. And Jupiter always shines steady and serene, never with an 'intense' light, such as that of the great stars.

But those are the least important of the errors. The phenomenon of the sunrise holding the sunset by the hand is true enough in Russia — but only in summer, when the sun is north of the equator. The time the author selected for it is not more than two months off from the arctic midnight, and when the opposite condition prevails. In late October the night would be very long and very dark — except for his moon, about which he apparently forgot before he reached the end of his paragraph. As the moon was just rising when evening was drawing on, it would have to be nearly, if not quite full, and would be shining all night — though it is plain that he was attributing a night that 'would never be darker than an English twilight' to a closeness of evening to dawn.

Now, in venting verbal criticisms on such slipshod handling of nature by novelists, I have encountered no little cold water. The sole province of a story, I am told, is entertainment. Moons and such things are merely the trivial scenery and minor strokes that fill out the human interest and are of no real consequence at all. Not so, I contend — at least, not altogether so.

Art that is not true to nature is not art, but the artificial. Imagination, it is true, has a large place in art; but when imagination transcends the bounds of the possible it must take on the guise either of fantasy or absurdity. And it is faithful minuteness in detail that makes for perfection. A single small calf with its tail on the wrong end would work riotous bathos in an otherwise faultless and charming picture. If I should read in a novel that the heroine, pale and trembling with anger, rode rapidly south in a taxicab on Twenty-third Street in New York City, or that a couple of boa constrictors lay sunning themselves on the shores of Baffin Bay, I should feel no more pained than in meeting with any one of the statements I have quoted — and not at all because of any faddishness on my part for the things of space.

While I read for entertainment, I get a good deal of it in learning a little something as I go along through life. And, as I am a simple and credulous soul, I am apt to accept anything I read as a fact until something obtrudes to stir my doubts. When I see in a book a reckless juggling with some subject upon which I chance to know a little, my confidence in that author is weakened, at least. If he takes such liberties with one subject, may he not ignore facts on matters in which I am totally unversed and fill me full of information that is not so at all?

THE ILLUSTRIOUS ILLITERATE

THERE is an enviable independence about the illiterate — those people of mettle who say, 'If grammar gets in my way, so much the worse for grammar'; those simple philological rationalists for whom syntax is a sort of supernaturalism, and the pursuit of rhetorical propriety the observance of a hollow ritual.

Professor Bradley, in his *Making of English*, tells of illiterate Englishmen who, having settled in Germany, lived there for years speaking German as if it were English — that is, without observing any of the rules of German grammar. Declensions and conjugations they simply ignored. *Der Mann* remained for them *der Mann*, whether he was nominative, genitive, or dative, and in the plural he became *die Männ*, the *die* being a slight but not a weak concession to national differences.

What superb rationality, what unostentatious courage this is, to sweep away as with a wave of the hand, the barbarous paraphernalia from which not even Kultur, with all its efficiency, could snip a shred. Surely, these were the same Britons who in moments of exaltation were accustomed to sing that they never, never, never, never, never would be slaves. For it should be remembered that these English clerks and counter-jumpers were readily understood, and that, while their German customers might be as pusillanimous in the presence of *Grammatik* as they chose, they themselves would concede not a single *-er* or *-en* of their liberty.

The English were formerly greatly our superiors in this regard, but like us, because of the spread of compulsory schooling, have latterly lost their fine independence. There are no Sairy Gamps nowadays, or Mrs. Jupps, or Tony Wellers, or Christopher Vances, who knew how to keep grammar in its place; nor are there any Dogberrys, or Mrs. Malaprops, or Miss Bateses, or Mrs. Nicklebys, who displayed a noble originality, a truly benevolent despotism, in their use of words. They, and not we, were truly the masters of English. Refusing to be bullied by it, they thoroughly subdued it to their wills, and made it fetch and carry and do tricks and come to heel. As for us,

if by any chance we say, 'Every one take their places,' or 'They gave it to he and I,' we are overcome with chagrin; and yet these syntactical liberties are mere bagatelles in comparison with the bland disregard of syntax and usage of these English immortals. It is their utter obliviousness of the existence of syntax and usage which makes them great. Our best efforts have a touch of consciousness, due to the fact that illiteracy is no longer a matter of self-gratulation in this country. A remark that I overheard in the street the other day is a case in point. 'He laid,' one woman was telling another, 'in a comose condition.' I wished to congratulate her on having achieved a double liberty in one short sentence, — 'bad grammar' and a kind of malapropism; but she was too obviously proud of her refinement.

Our colored Uncles and Mammies, however, have not yet been contaminated by culture, and we could learn freedom from them if we would. When our Annie says, 'I ain't never goin' to trade with no niggers no mo',' I can only admire, but cannot imitate except jocularly, for I am a teacher of English. When she asks me whether I 'ever done et one of these yere Smifsonian hams,' I listen with delight, for the idea of the Smithsonian Institution smoking hams is a true flight of unconscious fancy. When she says, 'Dat chile's Gran'pap suttenly do analyze her,' — meaning, as some bright spirit guesses a week later, 'idolize,' — I recognize a dusky sister-in-spirit to Dogberry.

Little Dot, aged five, offers daily to teach Annie to speak 'creckly,' but Annie values her freedom and replies, 'Law, honey, 't ain't no use tryin' to break in a ole mule'; and yet little Dot herself does very well, even if she is the daughter of a teacher of English. I heard her singing to-day that the birds were flewing over the trees; a moment ago she reminded me that I had n't gave her her cake, and told me that the kitten was climbing up on Anne and I's table. It is, however, a sad reflection that in a year or two the language will have asserted its tyranny over her, and she will have become as servile as her father.

The 'bad grammar' that one hears on the street and in the cars is usually a poor thing; it is only when a humorous genius seizes upon it and raises it to a higher power that its full beauty is disclosed. Sairy Gamp and Mrs. Jupp (in the *Way of All Flesh*) want only style to be great stylists. There are still places, nevertheless, even in this country, in which perfect mastery of English is to be found. A friend has discovered one such in Iowa, and quotes the miniature masterpiece of an old lady, declaring it to be representative of the usual diction of the locality. 'If I'd knowed I could have rode,' said she, 'I would have went.' In its compendiousness, conciseness, and quiet air of complete autonomy this sentence seems to me a classic.

I have observed that most very literate people, and English teachers more than all, have a sneaking liking for bad English, and indulge in it in private whenever they feel that they can safely do so. Bad English is evidently natural English, and to use it is as much of a test as to put on one's old clothes. To say, 'I done it,' 'I seen it,' 'Ain't it,' and 'I have saw,' to one's wife, is a great relief. The trouble is that one is always liable to say such things in the presence of a guest who, one supposes, is a sympathetic spirit; only to spend the following week wondering whether the guest really did understand that one knew better. Thus culture doth make cowards of us all.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN—JANUARY ATLANTIC

Elizabeth Hasanovitz, a young Russian who came to this country some half-dozen years ago, describes in these first chapters of her autobiography her early experiences of 'sweating' and exploitation in the clothing trade, which began her evolution into a frank revolutionist, deeply embittered toward the country which had seemed to offer her the very fullness of life. Our readers will remember that **Dr. and Mrs. Phillips** had been residents of Berlin for more than a decade when they were forced to return to this country after our entrance into the war, as set forth in their previous article, 'Auf Wiedersehn, Berlin,' in the October *Atlantic*. In their second paper they deal more particularly with the extraordinary revulsion of feeling in the Prussian capital, and the *moral* decline of its people.

* * *

Lieutenant Charles Péguy, whose heroic death very early in the war is described in a letter to **M. Maurice Barrès** by a devoted trooper in his company, was rapidly acquiring an assured position among French writers of force and originality. He was peasant-born, the descendant of a long line of humble vine-dressers of the Orléanais, and he realized 'the nobility of that peasant life, the grandeur and the sanctity of the French tradition inscribed upon our soil, and preserved by the families which live close to the soil. He speaks of his "ancestors" as an aristocrat might do. . . . Peasant he was, and chose to be. He remained a peasant in the midst of Paris, with all his strength and all his vigor. It was a matter of pride with him, as it is to other men to be Parisians.' Thus M. Doumic in an enthusiastic, albeit discriminating, article devoted to Péguy in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* soon after his death. He was not simply an author: he *printed with his own hand* and published his *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, which appeared ten times a year for a decade or more. In this quasi-magazine he not only introduced to the public Rolland's *Jean Christophe*, and some of the best-known work of Anatole France, together with the productions of other writers less known to universal fame, but he used it as the vehicle for the publication of all his own work. It is not within the purview of this column to follow his career in letters or even to give a list of his books. It is worth noting, however, that he plunged headlong into the Dreyfus 'Affaire,' taking sides 'vehemently against the French Staff, the French army, officers and privates, against every one who wore the French uniform. How long did this last?' says M. Doumic; 'by what paths did he travel back into the great national highway?' From the day that France was threatened by a German invasion in 1905, 'he never ceased to be obsessed by the German peril. He thought of nothing but the union of hearts, and arousing all the energies of the nation in view of the inevitable conflict.' When it came, Péguy was married, and had three children. Born in 1873, he was past forty, so belonged in the territorial force; but he asked to be enrolled in the reserve, that he might go at once, with younger comrades, to the scene of actual fighting. 'At the first call of his country he dropped everything, not without emotion, not without an upheaval of his whole existence; but without hesitation, without a backward glance, having thenceforth but a single thought — the defense of the consecrated soil. One of the younger writers said to me: "You can have no conception of what that man was to those of my generation. Verily we had in him our professor of heroism."'

* * *

Mrs. Gerould's name is sufficiently familiar, not to readers of the *Atlantic* only. **Robert Haven Schauffler**, a frequent contributor of both prose and verse to these pages, has just passed through one of the National training camps. In 'A Woman of Resource' the **Elderly Spinster** makes further disclosure of the delightful and unfamiliar material which she gathered during her residence in the Polygamous City in Northern India. **Mrs. Ruth Pierce** accompanied her husband on a business trip which carried him through the Balkans. For a winter she settled among the Bulgars, keeping house, and making many interesting friends and acquaintances. When war broke out, the travels of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce took an exciting turn, and some of her experiences are here narrated.

* * *

Oswald Garrison Villard, son of the well-known builder of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and grandson of the Liberator, has been for many years past associated with the *Nation* and *Evening Post*, and is well fitted both by taste and training to write of present-day 'Press Tendencies and Dangers.' He is the author of a notable biography of John Brown of Ossawatomie, a work which fell to his hand by heredity, as it were. — In this number, Professor Latimer draws near the end of his leisurely 'progress' toward recovery from his unfortunate, yet for our readers fortunate, breakdown. **Beatrice Ravenel** is a poet of Charleston, who contributed to the *Atlantic* last summer the favorite lines 'For a Sun-Dial.' 'If "A

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Adv. 1-13

Parable for Fathers" is affecting,' says its author, 'it is because it was written as a tribute to my own father, and to what he has meant in my life.' Miss Wood sends this, her first contribution, from the Middle West. In his remarks upon 'Freedom of the College' President Meiklejohn of Amherst makes a healthful and useful contribution to the more or less hectic discussion now going on concerning the disciplining of professors by college governing boards, for alleged unpatriotic utterances or opinions.

* * *

Professor Joseph S. Ames, who has been for many years at the head of the Department of Physics and Director of the Physical Laboratory at Johns Hopkins, was sent abroad last spring by the National Research Council, as Chairman of a commission of six, to investigate the application of science to war, as illustrated on the western front. Besides the Chairman, the commission consisted of two medical men, one chemist, one metallurgist, and one man interested in meteorology, topography, and the like. The results of his observation are presented in what seems to us an important and most interesting paper. Other papers by Professor Ames are in preparation.

In a very recent letter Professor Ames says: —

I have just returned from a visit to the aircraft works in Buffalo, Detroit and Dayton. This was an official visit and so I have seen everything there is to be seen in regard to our aircraft programme. I can hardly express my feeling of depression. The Liberty motor is coming along splendidly, and it is going to be a great success. But we are not going to have any mechanics competent to repair it. It takes longer to train a mechanic than a pilot. Major Vincent, the man who designed the motor, told me that it would be over a year before we could hope to have mechanics even in small numbers. So far we have made one airplane suitable for use in Europe. The manufacturer assured me that his company could not be on a production programme until after the first of July.

We are having a large number of school planes made but there are no engines for these. The man who was entrusted with the work has fallen down completely. Even if we were to have the school planes ready we do not have one tenth the requisite number of teachers, and cannot hope to get them for six months.

It is very hard to place one's finger on the man or committee responsible for this condition. As far as I could see, the evil is a fundamental one. This country and its officials are possessed with the idea that everything must be labeled 'made in America,' and the difficulties into which we are now running are those which any man might have foreseen. As a matter of fact, within three days after my return from Europe in June I made this whole matter the subject of my report to the Aircraft Production Committee. No one believed me, and although I had a good solution it was refused.

* * *

Mr. Freeman's power of vivid narration is displayed once more in this episode of the invasion of Serbia, taken down from the lips of the Serbian patriot, Radovitch, sometime half-owner of a dance-hall and baseball park in Aldridge, Montana.

In the December 'Contributors' Column,' a member of our staff, who has since left us to enter the service of the government, in his characterization of the work in connection with 'Shock at the Front' of Dr. William T. Porter, allowed his enthusiasm to carry him beyond the facts to such a degree as to draw forth a remonstrance from Dr. Porter, who writes to the Editor: 'I can claim for my new remedy only that it has been *of some advantage*. Of how much advantage, only long observation can tell. It has not in any sense "revolutionized" present practice. The "reason" is not affected in traumatic shock.' In his second paper, Dr. Porter tells of his second visit to the front, in 1917, again under the auspices of the Rockefeller Institute. Mr. Nordhoff was graduated at Harvard in 1909, and after graduation was in the 'sugar-cane business' in the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, until 1911, when he was driven out by the revolution. He then became Secretary of the California China Products Co., which office he held when he went to France. Christian L. Lange is Secretary-General of the Interparliamentary Union, with headquarters at Christiania. His eminent qualifications for the task led to his selection to make report to the Carnegie Foundation of conditions in Northern Europe as affected by the war.

* * *

In the battles of literature, no cause wants for volunteers. 'Kindly run the attached poem in an early number of your magazine,' writes a young poet, with the crisp decisiveness of a veteran, 'and send me your check by early mail for what you

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think it is worth.' He offers also a series of '101 War Poems, to be printed at least one a month.' Since this would stretch the series to some time in 1926, we felt obliged to accept the writer's alternative, and reply to File 'DDB 5326,' which, in his business-like way, the poet offers to devote exclusively to *Atlantic* correspondence.

* * *

As we told our friends in the November issue, we had no heart to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the founding of the *Atlantic* in this season of agony and blood. In the sequel, however, so many pleasant 'Returns of the Day' poured into the *Atlantic* office, that we cannot forbear to pass on to a wider circle two or three at least of the old-fashioned nosegays which came to us from friends of full sixty years' standing, one of 84 years, another of 77 — the latter a veteran also of the Civil War. These two date back their intimacy with the magazine to the very first number; and they have so many pleasant words to say about it that one would like to print their letters in full, did space permit.

'The Old College Boy — and ancient of 84 years,' says one, 'still swears by the *Atlantic*, the best American Magazine.' And the other, 'The *Atlantic*, which started in a time of peace, faced the crisis of the Civil War with vigor; and to be itself and true to its fine traditions, there was only one course now for it to pursue. It has given many great articles, both informing and inspiring. A man of 77 cannot expect to stay much longer here, but I would like to live to see the right ending of this great struggle against wrong, and as long as I do live, I expect to receive good from the pages of the *Atlantic*.'

Nor are softer tones lacking in the chorus of veterans: —

'"'T is Sixty Years Since," yes, and I was a Junior in the Girls' High School (no boys) in Portland, Maine. The teacher . . . told us of the new magazine for which all members of the "mutual admiration society" of Boston would write, and read aloud "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and tried, as well as he could to explain Emerson's "Brahma." I read the *Atlantic*, in parts at least, for many years, and have been a regular subscriber since Nov., 1882, and have read it "from kiver to kiver," as a Scotch friend told me.'

* * *

While Professor Parker's paper on the I.W.W. in the November number was one that we were particularly glad to print, as it presents a point of view which deserves to be presented, nevertheless we believe that a clear understanding of the situation would be made easier by a number of extracts taken from the declarations of principles of the I.W.W. These extracts should in fairness be regarded as extreme examples; but the tendencies that they exemplify are unquestionably characteristic of the organization. From *The Advancing Proletariat:* —

> Property — either material or in the form of specialized skill — has ceased to exist for the proletarian; access to the machine is the sole basis of his life; and following the loss of the property idea comes a complete revolution in the attitude of the worker. Man becomes the dominant factor, and all his problems are again translated in terms of human rights. He thinks in the terms of a class, for he now realizes his class division, and knows that only as such can he hope to survive. He finds that he *must attack the structure of a society based on private property and his point of attack is at the point of production*, the point where he daily meets his enemy. His whole attitude is one of opposition; opposition to the property of the master class — an attitude utterly subversive of all modern efforts, morals, religions and laws — an utterly revolutionary attitude.
>
> The tactics used are determined by the power of the organization to make good in their use. *The question of 'right' and 'wrong' does not concern us. No terms made with an employer are final. All peace, so long as the wage-system lasts, is but an armed truce.*
>
> Craft unionism cannot survive. . . . Any economic system built upon the RIGHT OF PROPERTY is a confiscatory system. . . . Stripped of his property, the 'aristocrat of labor' sinks to the level of the common herd.
>
> All the activities of the proletariat furthering its programme for a new society must necessarily be revolutionary and be BEYOND THE LAW.

From *The Onward Sweep:* —

> *The antidote to 'the industrial efficiency' cry lies in an immediate agitation for a shorter work day, combined with the intelligent adoption of ca' canny, 'go-easy,' and other methods of sabotage on the job. This is vitally necessary for all workers, irrespective of their beliefs as to methods of organization, political, religious or racial prejudices. . . .* 'Scientific management' must be met by 'scientific sabotage.' (*The Onward Sweep*, p. 18.)

From *Sabotage, Its History, Philosophy and Function:* —

> *Sabotage is a direct application of the idea that property has no rights that its creators are bound to respect. . . .* The charge that sabotage is 'immoral,' 'unethical,' 'uncivilized,' and the like does not worry the rebellious workers so long as it is effective in inflicting injury to the employers' property. As it aids the workers in their fight, it will find increasing favor in their eyes. . . . The question is not, *Is sabotage immoral? — but, Does sabotage get the goods?* 'You are destroying civilization' is likewise hurled against us; to which

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With a Preface by Henry Bordeaux. Published in January. *Net*, $1.50

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George Bernard Donlin, in the *Dial*, says: — "'Under Fire' is like a panorama which must be taken in at a sweep; its impressive bigness depends upon the cumulative effect of a host of small impressions. To review such a book is obviously impossible; one can only recommend it. It is the sort of book which every one who wants to know what war is actually like will have to read for himself."

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we reply, in the language of the street: 'We should worry!' *Civilization is a lie.* . . . What is more civilized than for the workers to create powder that refuses to explode? What is more civilized than to work slow, and thus force employers to give a living to more of the unemployed? What is more civilized than to spike the guns when they are trained on our working-class brothers in other countries?

In advocating sabotage, we hope to show that the workers should rid their minds of the last remnants of bourgeois cant and hypocrisy, and by its use develop courage and individual initiative.

But, as stated before, sabotage is but one phase of the question. *Anti-military* and *anti-patriotic agitation must also be carried on.*

The saboteur is the sharp-shooter of the revolution. He has the courage and the daring to invade the enemy's country in the uniform of the 'loyal,' that is to say — subservient worker. *But he knows that loyalty to his employer means treason to his class.* Sabotage is the smokeless powder of the social war. It scores a hit while its source is seldom detected.

Says Elizabeth Gurley Flynn: —

I am not going to try to justify sabotage on any moral ground. If the workers consider that sabotage is necessary, that in itself makes sabotage moral. . . . That a thing is against the law does not necessarily mean that the thing is not good. Sometimes, it means just the contrary. A mighty good thing for the working class to use against the capitalists. . . . Sabotage is a shining sword. It pierces the nerve centers of capitalism, stabs at its hearts and stomachs, tears at the vitals of its economic system.

* * *

In connection with the much-discussed question of the facility with which the Americanized immigrant acquires the English language, our readers may be glad to read a school-theme written by a young Russian whose name in English is Jacob Smith. It was sent to us by a teacher long a friend of the *Atlantic*.

According to the persuasive reports of our daily newspapers who deliberately took special pains in scrutinizing the scandal of our county treasury, the accused was the only one who malisously risked to steal city property. Again we were told through our dubious papers that the guilty one led a licentious life, and that he gambled and spent all his money on joyful automobile rides and many other bodily amuzments. These evidences are redicilous and absured for, the accusers themselves are leading the same kind of life, because for money they will not only attack a guilty person, but also take special priviliges to incinerate any one they chose.

We shall now take this matter from a neutral point of view, and investigate it from the other end of the cane, (since a cane has two ends). Let us not defend Smith nor declare him guilty. The nature of a human being can be easily persuaded; and in this case we learned through Jacob's best friends, that he possesed a weak character which caused his catastrophy. Besides, he was unfortunate that he was surrounded by a mass of county politims who had kept him tight in the harness and drove him wherever they wished. We were also thoroughly convinced that Jacob had inherited eighty thousand dollars and this amount was deliberately taken from him by his robbers who kept pointing on him their rifles all the time, (that is to betray him if he refuses). That is brutality, immorality, and robbery in every sence. There happened and will happen many similar incidents, because political life has always been and will be involved in such events. Therefore, the newspapers had absolutely condemned the accused one for ('red tape') in order to save the remaining county grafters who are leading a dishonest and immoral life against innocent citizens.

* * *

A Chicago correspondent makes the following interesting remarks on Mr. McLaren's thoughtful paper in our last issue: 'Referring to "The German State of Mind," an alienist would diagnose it as megolomania. Let me quote from Dr. H. B. Walker's *A Doctor's Diary in Damaraland*, which is rather a compilation of scientific notes of a cultured traveler than a book of propaganda. Dr. Walker, who was with General Botha's Northern Force in the campaign in German Southwest Africa, writing among the civilian population of Luderitz, says: —

'"One feels that one is at grips with a madman, a madman stimulated by egotism and hate. It is almost uncanny, living among them. So sure are they of their superiority, their omnipotence, their Divine right almost, that one is at times almost persuaded, and doubts one's own sanity. . . . Intelligence without wisdom, strength without restraint, purpose without pity, egotism naked and unabashed — these are the forces civilization is up against."

'It was not alone in South Africa that this German state of mind was exhibited, but in China, in Samoa, in Belgium, and in Prussia. The Germans have gone mad.'

* * *

Many readers will welcome the announcement that 'Professor's Progress,' revised and enlarged, according to the author's promise, 'with a great deal of low humor, a fair measure of realism, pathos, bathos, and, let us hope, a touch of agathos too,' will be published in April by Henry Holt & Co. Many a reader will be glad to have a copy in his hand, as well as the editor of this magazine.

New Books To be Published During January

CAMPAIGNS AND INTERVALS

By LIEUTENANT JEAN GIRAUDOUX

Atlantic readers will need no introduction to Lieutenant Giraudoux, as part of his book has already appeared in this magazine. He writes with a certain grim humor and philosophic irony that make his volume of impressions at the Front distinctly memorable among war books. $1.25 net.

THE COLLAPSE OF SUPERMAN

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

In this small but brilliant book, Mr. Thayer traces the growth of the German conception of superman, and exhibits with startling clearness and effect the Prussian machine-made achievements as compared with the really great exploits of history. 50 cents net.

NORMAN PRINCE

By GEORGE F. BABBITT

A brief biography of an American who died for the cause he loved. To his many friends, as well as to those who are interested in the careers and achievements of the first Americans who fought with the Allies, this record will be of distinct appeal. Illustrated with many photogravures. $2.00 net.

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This story of a young French lieutenant who was mortally wounded in his first engagement, gives an inspiring idea of the spirit of the French people, and a heart-breaking realization of the anguish each death must bring. $1.50 net.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN—FEBRUARY ATLANTIC

Reverend Joseph H. Odell, now pastor of the First Congregational Church of Troy, N.Y., has himself been trained in leadership by service as the editor of more than one influential daily newspaper. His sincerity shines from his paper with sufficient clearness, and this letter, which accompanied it to the *Atlantic* office, is offered more for its intrinsic interest than for its candid corroboration of his expressed attitude.

Herewith [he writes] I submit a volcanic eruption! My soul has waxed hot within me as I have watched the part played by the Christian ministry during the present crisis. Why, your *Atlantic* has offered to the poor confused world more spiritual interpretation than all the hierarchies, conclaves, councils, general assemblies, synods, and conferences of the Christian Church in America combined. If this is not so, please correct me.

I do not know how much merit the article has as an article. It has this virtue, however: it is a genuine outburst of indignation, shame, and alarm. No one has yet said what I have written; at least, not aloud. I do not think there is a sentence of affectation in the article — nothing written for the mere sake of writing. If it gets published, I suppose there will be a lot of loud protests; and I, who have probably written more in defense of the ministry than any other clergyman in America, will get soundly trounced as a betrayer. I do not want to humiliate, but to warn, and, above all, to bring the clergy face to face with conscience. Will the article do that?

* * *

Laura Spencer Portor (Mrs. Francis Pope), whose name is agreeably familiar to our constituency, is connected with an important woman's periodical in New York. She gives proof of a versatility of experience as Protean as her talents. This is the first of several tales of fantastic and illuminating adventure. **Wilfred A. Joubert,** who has lived in many parts of the world as a planter and manager of estates, is laboring, during the war, at the manufacture of aeroplanes.

* * *

Miss Katherine Mayo's interest in the history and performance of the Pennsylvania State Police was first aroused in a sort of roundabout way by her personal cognizance of what she calls ' the complete breakdown of the sheriff-constable system ' in the case of the peculiarly brutal murder in rural New York, not thirty miles from the metropolis, of a foreman engaged in building a house for a Miss Newell, with whom Miss Mayo makes her home. The identity of some of the murderers was perfectly well known to everybody, but the crime went entirely unpunished. ' Both county sheriff and village constables, present on the scene, proved utterly unrelated to the emergency, and for reasons perfectly clear.' The murderers were foreigners. ' " Knives and guns are their playthings," said the carpenter-boss. " When they want me, they 'll get me, just as they got poor Howell. . . . We can't afford to earn gunmen's ill-will. There is no protection in the country districts. Sheriffs and constables don't help us at all." . . . It was impossible,' continues Miss Mayo, ' to remain an idle conniver in the toleration of such a disgrace. In Pennsylvania, I heard, the State years ago had honorably acknowledged her duty to protect all her people, in her peace, and to that end had established a rural patrol known as the State Police. Finding but little in print concerning this force, and finding, also, but vague notions of its work afloat, I therefore went to Pennsylvania to study the facts at first hand.'

The results of her explorations she published early in 1917, in her book *Justice to All,* with an introduction by ex-President Roosevelt, in which he declares the volume to be ' so valuable that it should be in every public library and every school library in the land.' It is beyond question that the labors of Miss Mayo and her friend and coadjutor, Miss Newell, powerfully assisted by *Justice to All* (of which Mr. Roosevelt is said to have sent a copy to each member of both houses of the New York Legislature), were largely responsible for the recent action of that body in establishing the State Troopers, modeled upon the Pennsylvania organization. The following details concerning the beginnings of the last-named force are given by Miss Mayo.

December 15, 1905, was the birthday of the Pennsylvania State Police [says Miss Mayo]. On that day the men chosen to compose the new force, coming from the four quarters of the United States, assembled at the four troop stations and began their training. Officers and men alike were strangers to each other, and strangers

ATLANTIC WAR BOOKS

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By VERNON KELLOGG

When the war broke out, Professor Kellogg was a neutral, a pacifist, and an admirer of Germany. In the hope of relieving human suffering, he went to Europe, became envoy of the Committee for Relief in Belgium at German General Headquarters, and lived for many months on intimate terms with the Kaiser's commanders in the west. He worked with them, dined with them, argued with them, heard them expound their creed of the *Allmacht* in defense of their aims and conduct.

Now, in the "confessions of a converted pacifist" — an unparalleled record of the revolting workings of German militarism among the people it has crushed — this noted biologist meets the Germans on their own biological ground and proves that "Germany must be converted to be a good Germany or not much of any Germany at all."

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Amidst the murmurings, the questionings, the bitter cries of world sorrow, the clear, confident note of this inspiring little book sounds like a trumpet. Written from three different points of view by a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American, the volume contains:

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THE SOUL'S EXPERIENCE	By Sir Francis Younghusband

All these authors unite in finding the hope of the world in the willingness of youth to follow the gleam of an ideal and to fight and die that there may be more light for the souls of men.

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to the work they were organized to perform. They had everything to learn, from the principles and details of their new profession to the amount of confidence that they could place in their comrades-in-arms. They had an immense task before them, — two hundred and twenty-eight of them were to police the whole rural State, — and they had an incredulous or hostile public opinion to conquer by high deserts.

Of one thing alone they were sure — their deep respect for their squadron commander, Major Groome. They had yet to test him by time and experience, they had yet to learn with what gallant courage and high integrity, with what cloudless loyalty, what absolute justice, what stern soldierly discipline, and what great-hearted sympathy he would both lead and support his men. But each one of them had received his electric first impression; each man had guessed those truths that time would prove; each man had felt his heart thrill and his spirit rise to its best, when the Major, in accepting him as a recruit, had told him the object and standard of the new force. And now each man, even as he cast a questioning eye upon his unknown mates, said in his own heart that he himself in any case would do his level best 'to make good for the Major.' In the first few days of association, however, a stout tie had connected them almost all. Ninety per cent of the men were old soldiers, sailors, or marines, honorably discharged, 'character excellent,' from the United States service. If they had not served in the same regiment, or on the same ship, they had shared the same campaigns, the same life, the same standards and discipline. And each one knew what it costs to make a man.

Four stiff months they put in, studying hard, before the Major would let them take the field. They must know the law before attempting to execute it. With their scanty numbers and their great territory, they would be very far from any source of sound legal advice when moments of action came. And to build up the high prestige by which alone so small a force could operate successfully, they must never be in the wrong. It meant stiff grinding. It has meant continued study ever since, by means of which the older troopers of the force are to-day far better lawyers than the average rural members of the bar, while not a few have actually gone through the formality of becoming barristers.

It has meant stiff discipline, too, — the stiffest, — and an active standard of morale literally unequaled in any other organization. The Pennsylvania State Police has no guard-house, and knows no second offense. And the most relentless guardians of its Spartan rule are the old troopers themselves. Fellowship in that picked body is a privilege, in their esteem, to be earned with single-hearted devotion and sacrifice, to be defended in its honor, as a gem beyond price. They have advanced their high mark of achievement, notch by notch, as opportunity has opened to their eager eyes. They have never let it fall or suffer stain. Their enemies are their honor, their friends are all honest folk who know them, their proud and ready celebrants are the first men in the land.

William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology of the New York Zoölogical Park, needs no further introduction to the readers of this magazine. **Elizabeth Hasanovitch,** the young Russian whose disillusionment as to the United States as a land of promise has been so complete, contributes further chapters of her autobiography. The author of the poem, 'To N.S., Dead on the Field of Battle,' desires to remain unnamed.

* * *

Dr. L. P. Jacks, a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*, is the well-known editor of the *Hibbert Journal*. He has recently published a highly commended biography of his father-in-law, Rev. Stopford Brooke. **Robert M. Gay** is still Professor of English at Goucher College, Baltimore. **R. K. Hack,** an earnest student of the classics, is now a member of the classical division of the Harvard Faculty. **Herbert Sidebotham** is the military expert of the great English provincial daily, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the expert editor of the *Guardian's* History of the War. **Arthur Russell Taylor,** the creator of Mr. Squem, is a clergyman of York, Pennsylvania. **Mrs. Fannie Stearns [Davis] Gifford's** name has long been to readers of the *Atlantic*, one to conjure with.

* * *

Octave Forsant is an inspector of schools in the hapless city of Rheims. In a second paper, to appear in an early number, M. Forsant follows these extracts from the poignant journals of the teachers with narratives, written by the pupils themselves (as part of their school-work), of the terrible things that happened daily before their eyes. If we may judge by the number of anxious inquiries received at this office, our readers will welcome with extraordinary pleasure the resumption of **James Norman Hall's** story, made possible by his recovery from the severe wound he received during the performance of his service in the flying corps. **Daniel Blumenthal,** some time member of the provincial legislature of Alsace-Lorraine, and deputy from the Reichsland in the Reichstag, was Mayor of Colmar in Upper Alsace when the war began. He is now President of the 'World League for the Restitution of Alsace-Lorraine,' with headquarters in

CAMION LETTERS

FROM AMERICAN COLLEGE MEN VOLUNTEER DRIVERS OF THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE IN FRANCE, 1917

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This is the story of Russia's revolution and what lay behind it told by a Russian journalist of note who has been connected with every important revolutionary movement of the past seventeen years. It is virtually the first book from the inside, and is full of the color and interest of first-hand narrative. (*Illustrated*, *Net*, $2.50. *2nd printing.*)

> "It is of vital importance to know the currents of democracy and revolution up to the outbreak of 1905, and from that time to the present day. The author has true dramatic power, and he treats the new thought and new aspiration of Russia as living forces." — *The Outlook.*
>
> "Merely to say that Mr. Olgin's book is the best of all that have appeared about the revolution in this country would be a very poor compliment. We must say that his work will be recognized as one of the best even in Russia." — *Jewish Daily Forward.*

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By Charles Downer Hazen

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New York. **Dr. William T. Porter,** whose concluding paper appears in this number of the *Atlantic*, is about to publish through the Atlantic Monthly Press, a volume (*Shock at the Front*) containing the three papers, in a much extended and enlarged form.

* * *

We are again indebted to a teacher-correspondent for the opportunity to offer our readers this further exemplification of her young Russian pupil's acquired proficiency in the vernacular.

MR. JOHNSTON'S LECTURE.

I was almost paralyzed as the supernatural speaker whose gallant figure and bald head began to shoot beautiful phrases and clauses of the noble English language. His words struck me like a cannon as he began to refer back to foregoing years, what happened to our nation in 1898. At that moment Mr. Johnston looked in my eyes as if he had just come from the Spanish battle front and told us every word that had occurred there. Yet a greater terror ceased my body as he began to tell us what had happened to Poland, a century ago; and also about the Napoleonic battles, and in general the entire European career for the last centuries. I felt that moment that Mr. Johnston must have devoted his whole life with the study of the world's history. I must deliberately admit that there are Americans who know the European history better than the native European himself. I shall never forget the substantial facts and allusions because they were the exact point ideas to which the nature of his speech referred. One may think that Mr. Johnston found it very easy in making up a speech of that sort, but I am certainly convinced by his historical facts that he is a master of history and a genius in his language. His speech as a whole was full of pep, patriotism, righteousness and true facts that even a German hearing him would be convinced that Prussianism or autocracy is wrong and democracy is right.

* * *

Under the heading, ' Our Unappreciated Poetry,' a friend of this magazine, acting on the conviction that, as she informs us, ' it always helps civilization to advertise the *Atlantic*,' sends to the *Christian Register* the following result of an experiment based on the belief that Professor Sharp's paper, ' The Magical Chance,' in the October issue, is so full of poetry that the ' run ' from it would be ' far superior to most of the free verse that wears that tag. . . . The result,' she says, ' amply justified my expectations and made me wonder if Prof. Sharp might not some day be tempted to emulate Silas Wegg in his poetical pastimes.'

I have seen the evening come over the city,
A night deep with darkness
And wild with a great storm
Blowing salty from the sea.
I have watched the streets grow empty,
Till the shadow feet of Midnight
Echoed as they passed,
And all the doors were shut.
Then I have crept down along the dark wet ways
That were bleak and steep-cut as cliffs,
Where I have heard the beating
Of great wings above the roofs,
The call of wild shrill voices
Along the craggy covings,
And the wash and splash of driving rains
Aslant the walls;
I have tasted brine, spume, and spindrift
On the level of the winds,
Flying through a city's streets
From far at sea, — 'one-way' streets by day,
And so crowded that traffic could barely move
In the one direction;
But here — in the hushed tumult of the storm
and night —
I could hear the stones crying out of their walls,
And the beams out of the timbers answering
them;
The very cobbles of the pavement having souls
That could not be squared by the chisel,
And tongues that would speak
When the din of the pounding hoofs was past.

* * *

This letter forms so natural a complement to Margaret Baldwin's December paper, that many of our readers will be glad to see it.

TO YOU WHO WROTE THE ROAD OF SILENCE: —

Since reading your penetrating words in the *Atlantic*, I find it impossible to forget them or the thoughts they aroused. Your analysis of the psychic state of the deaf speaks — does it not? — only of those who, like yourself, enjoyed normal hearing for some period of time. What would you say of those of us who have always, or practically so, been without the full aid of this important sense? In early childhood an illness left me with impaired hearing. Since then, I have known sounds, but they have been the grosser and more obvious ones. When you speak of the soft fall of snow on the window-pane, or the hum of a mosquito, I have no image in my mind, for they are sounds which I have never known. All those delicate ones which as you say minister mainly to the spirit, I have always been without. I have heard others say, 'Listen to the note of that thrush,' and have tried to reflect their enjoyment, so as not to protrude the fact that I do not hear what they hear.

I feel that I can ask you, what I could not ask a person who has never known deafness, whether we who have been thus cut off all our lives from the subtler sounds, are spiritually incomplete, lacking the stimulus which these experiences would bring? Is this partial depression, or negativeness, a real spiritual lack which can never be made up? You have these experiences to look back on, as a part of your life in the past, and so

GREAT, TRUE WAR BOOKS

VITAL, SIGNIFICANT, INFORMING AND ABSORBINGLY INTERESTING

D.P. & C.

A JOURNAL FROM OUR LEGATION IN BELGIUM

By HUGH GIBSON, Then First Secretary American Legation in Brussels

This book is the best and most important we have published for many years. Germany will never in our life time be able to explain these facts away.

Sir Cecil Spring Rice, British Ambassador to the United States, says:

"I know of no book which so vividly presents the actual, day-to-day impression of what occurred during your stay in Belgium — without any exaggeration, or attempt at effect. I found the impression in my mind growing every moment until I felt as if I had been myself an eyewitness. I cannot help adding — because I feel it so strongly — that the book in every line of it is the work of a good brave gentleman to whom my country and people are proud to be under the greatest of obligations." (*Net*, $2.50.)

CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS

By "CONTACT"

(CAPT. ALAN BOTT, M.C.)

Captain Bott (a fighting airman) describes heroic deeds with such moderation and absence of exaggeration that the reader will scarcely realize that these stories are part of the annals of a squadron which for a time held a record in the heaviness of its losses.

An experienced commander of insight and imagination, Capt. Bott says of the future: —

"The world at large does not realize that aircraft will soon become predominant as a means of war. I do not believe that even our organizers of victory are yet aware of the tremendous part which aircraft can be made to take in the necessary humbling of Germany." (*Net*, $1.25.)

FLYING FOR FRANCE

By JAMES R. McCONNELL

"James McConnell outlived most of us. He had a part in great deeds and left the best description yet published of the most terrific battle fought in the present war." — *Clyde L. Davis, in "The Pinehurst Outlook."*

(NINE EDITIONS PRINTED)

These two flying books are the beginning of "the great traditions and noble chivalry" of the air. (*Net*, $1.00.)

COMRADES IN COURAGE (MÉDITATIONS DANS LA TRANCHÉE)

By LIEUT. ANTOINE REDIER, Translation by MRS. PHILIP DUNCAN WILSON

This is one of the great books in France inspired by the early years of the war. Heroism and adventure are here, but greater still is the soul's unfolding in this young officer. (*Net*, $1.40.)

HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR, By FRANK H. SIMONDS

In Five Volumes. Volume I Now Ready. Volume II will follow in April.

Mr. Simonds has by common consent held first place for his comprehensive grasp of all phases of the complex situation, for the keenness of his insight, for the accuracy of his judgment, and for the convincing clarity of his presentation of the changing scenes and their significance.

"It is a work which the present day reader who wishes to be authoritatively and comprehensively informed about the war cannot well afford to miss." — *New York Tribune.* (*Net*, $3.50.)

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS"

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

The story of the high resolve and devotion unto death by which the French held the German hordes at Verdun — and which is again staying the tide of invasion on the Western front. (*Net*, $1.00.)

D.P. & C.

FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

This year we will add to our series of great, true war books the following, of supreme importance to Americans: —

FIGHTING STARVATION IN BELGIUM, Vernon Kellogg's official story of the "greatest humanitarian enterprise in history," will appear in March. Ex-Ambassador Morgenthau's important book GERMAN INTRIGUES IN THE NEAR EAST, and John R. Rathom's (of the *Providence Journal*) GERMANY'S PLOTS EXPOSED will appear next Fall. Parts of the two latter books will be published in *The World's Work* during the early part of the year.

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

PUBLISHED BY **DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.,** GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

truly, as long as memory lasts, a part of you. But we, who are sometimes not conscious of what we miss until those around us refer to some delicate sound which they hear or have heard, are we less complete in our inner selves than they? Or is it possible that we, through being shut off from the minor sounds and events, delve more deeply into the spiritual content of those we are aware of, just as a student who, concentrating his mind on his task to the exclusion of all outside affairs, finds the secrets of wisdom far more than the one who is continually distracted by his surroundings.

It is true that, if one is to be a writer, he needs the power of conveying his ideas through suggestion. The deaf person's imagery would indeed be meagre, were he, like me, unfamiliar with so many sounds which are common and practically unnoticed by most people. But in the ordinary affairs of life, are we incomplete and must we remain so, or is there some philosophical way out, such as you have found in your own dilemma?

We can sympathize with each other, you who have heard fully and now hear no longer, and I who have never fully heard; but I wonder which lot is the happier one. For the delights of memory are often greater than the delights of actual experience: you have your world full of sounds to look back on; while I, who get along with less inconvenience perhaps, continually feel that I have missed some of the sweetness of life, which nothing can replace.

Sincerely yours.

* * *

We have called attention once before to improved methods of merchandizing now in vogue among the poets. Why should n't poetry be poetry, and still be businesslike? A suggestion or two of a practical character comes in our correspondence, which we pass on to other tamers of Pegasus who have families to provide for.

'I will take your magazine,' writes one poet, — grounding his proposition on the bedrock of 'What's fair for me is fair for thee,' — 'when you accept some of my contributions — not before.'

Per contra, here is an example of the older and more slipshod school.

'At random,' writes another, 'I selected the enclosed poem, as I do not know what subject-matter you prefer for your magazine. Please let me know the character of poetry you prefer, for I have written rather extensively.'

Now, after the prosaic prose which burdens our mails, a little poetic poetry would not come amiss. Yet we hesitate to say so, for to an editor 'rather extensively' is a dismaying phrase. Never, dear Poet, suggest that inspiration may again inspire, and that the editor may have another choice. The Sybil, you remember, reduced her supply every time she raised her price; and hers is, of course, the classical example of correct drumming of the trade.

* * *

When you quote, quote with care, but when you quote from the traditional books of childhood, you had best have chapter and verse in front of you. We have received the following deserved stricture from one of the younger members of the *Atlantic* circle: —

To the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly: —

Dear Sir: —

In your number for January, 1918, in an article on *Receptacles*, you spoke of the Elephant's Child as one who 'had to.' This makes me very sorry, because the one who 'had to' was my friend Old Man Kangaroo, who 'had to' several times. Yellow Dog Dingo also 'had to' once, but Elephant's Child never! He had too much curtiosity.

I like the High Adventure. Is n't there any more?

And his father adds: '10 years old.'

* * *

May we urge our readers to turn to M. Forsant's papers on keeping school at Rheims, the first of which appears in this number? At the editor's request, M. Forsant made a small collection of narratives from the diaries of teachers and the themes of pupils, such as we imagine is unique in the humble annals of teaching school. Nothing which we, ourselves, have read emphasizes, quite as these narratives do, the touching truth that the spirit of France cannot die.

* * *

The Navy Department asks us to tell our readers that thousands of binoculars, spy-glasses, and telescopes are still needed. They are the eyes of the offensive against submarines, and the present shortage is a serious handicap to our sailors. They should be carefully tagged with the name and address of the owner, and sent to Hon. F. D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Naval Observatory, Washington. Receipt will be acknowledged, and the articles (when possible) returned after the war without charge for the increment of historic interest.

* * *

If your *Atlantic* comes late, please do not think ill of us, but blame the mails ; be patient, and remember that time is merely a mode of thought.

If Napoleon, when he had just returned from Elba, had written a book telling the world what aims and aspirations were guiding his epoch-making manoeuvres; if before signing the Emancipation Proclamation, Abraham Lincoln had caused to be published a startling exposition of his policies, which perplexed even those closest to him, how many millions of people would have eagerly perused the pages of those books?

THE BOLSHEVIKI and WORLD PEACE

By

LEON TROTZKY

With an Introduction by

LINCOLN STEFFENS

the man who knows and understands him

is the most important and sensational book of the war! It opens the eyes of the war-ridden world to the real aims and aspirations of the Bolsheviki and the remarkable man who wrote it. The man, who six months ago was living in a Bronx tenement, who is now paying off old furniture bills and small loans made to send him back to Russia, *is the only man in the world who could get a definite statement of peace terms from the military-mad autocrats of Prussia.*— History will perhaps place the name of Trotzky alongside that of Woodrow Wilson.

This Book proves what the leading English and French publications now acknowledge, what our own editors now realize — that TROTZKY wants WORLD PEACE, not a separate peace — that the BOLSHEVIKI are:

ANTI-PRUSSIAN — ANTI-HOHENZOLLERN — ANTI-HAPSBURG

Trotzky tells in this book how he would make the world SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY. He says "Russian freedom must not be had at the expense of the freedom of Belgium or France." "Every Nationality must have the right to determine its own destiny."

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN—MARCH ATLANTIC

William McFee is a British sailor who has spent most of his life going round the world and back again. Since the war opened, he has been engineer on a refrigerating ship, dodging submarines between Cairo and Salonika. Now, at length, he has been relieved and awarded a commission in His Majesty's Navy. One thing he has inherited from the East is time — time to think, time to write, and time to be friendly.

As a correspondent, he writes as no one else does, though a few people still can talk so, sheet after sheet rippling on, now lazily, now excitedly. His topic is the universe, and when that gives out, he can talk just as well about nothing at all.

> Let us talk, then [so he runs on in his last letter], about the weather. How few, when you come to think of it, can talk about the weather! I do not mean the meteorological side of climatic conditions, but the human side and the divine side of the weather. My friend, the second officer, interprets all weather in terms of his feet. I do not know just what his complaint is, but if you praise the weather, he invariably informs you that it is bad for his feet. His chest troubles him too when the wind blows and the white clouds rush laughing across the deep blue of a Syrian sky. As for the tropic night, when the warm wind touches one's cheek like the soft kiss of a dream child's lips, and the blue vault is clotted thick with flashing stars above the gaffs of the anchored vessels, that is bad for his eczema, and he suffers agonies which are untold, — except to me.

And so on and so on through pages enough to bring him back from the wars to the easy-chair on the other side of the fire, and to give you feelings friendly as the aroma of an Havana.

* * *

Starting with the topic of **Miss Repplier's** essay, it would be interesting to speculate whether any American woman before her has learned to express herself so competently, so pithily, and so resourcefully, — or, to go further, and wonder whether any woman has ever written in English a series of essays displaying so complete a mastery of literary method as Miss Repplier's dozen volumes. **Laura Spencer Portor** draws her material of 'Adventures in Indigence' from the storehouse of her very human personal experience. **William Charles Scully,** whose 'Odyssey of the Sockeye Salmon' in the *Atlantic* for August, 1916, will be remembered, is an English hunter and explorer, who makes his headquarters in Cape Colony. Last summer he acted as chairman of a parliamentary commission which endeavored to settle 'The eternal disputes between European and Native over the land.' His last letter gives one an inkling of the adventurous possibility of his mature years. 'I have been unwell,' he writes, 'and as a doctor has ordered me an open-air life, I am going diamond-digging for a few months, but I shall take my typewriter (the *machine*, I mean) with me.' We only hope that it is Golconda he has found. **Ruth Comfort Mitchell** is a Californian poet and writer of stories.

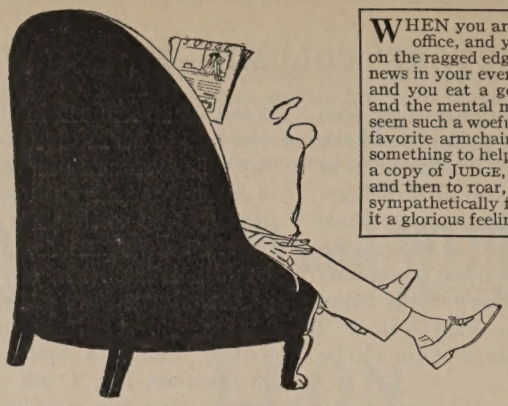
* * *

Margaret Sherwood, Professor of English Literature at Wellesley, is, happily, one of the most familiar of *Atlantic* authors. **Cornelia Throop Geer** is not Irish at all, as she ought to be, but the daughter of an American clergyman. She was graduated at Barnard College, and is now an instructor of English at Bryn Mawr. **Arthur E. Morgan,** president of an engineering company at Dayton, Ohio, is a student of education entirely unridden by convention. Much of his education is finding expression in a school at Dayton, which has been founded largely through Mr. Morgan's influence. The April number will see the conclusion of **Elizabeth Hasanovitz's** story, which she tells precisely as it happened. The origin of **Katherine Mayo's** profound interest in the Pennsylvania State Police was told in this column in the February *Atlantic*. **Mary Herrick Smith,** who sends us the touching little sketch, 'The Spirit of '17,' is sister of the Honorable Myron T. Herrick, once governor of Ohio and formerly ambassador to France.

* * *

L. V. Shairp, a Scotsman of experience in the administration of public charity, and a writer of high repute on subjects connected therewith, is now Secretary to the Council of the Charity Organisation Society of Glasgow. He gives the following additional details as to certain of the matters discussed in his paper, which will be of interest to Americans who wish to profit by his thoughtful example.

As You Like It.



WHEN you arrive at home after a riotous day in the office, and you are so doggone tired that you hover on the ragged edge of a grouch, which the disturbing war news in your evening paper has n't reduced a particle; and you eat a good dinner — with or without meat — and the mental mists begin to dissolve and life does n't seem such a woeful thing after all; and you draw up your favorite armchair to the reading light and reach out for something to help you forget yourself, and you pick up a copy of JUDGE, and begin to grin and then to chuckle and then to roar, while The Only Woman smiles at you sympathetically from the other side of the table — is n't it a glorious feeling? Can you beat it?

J U D G E

Because it is a bubbling, cheerful, stimulating friend; a friend who rides no hobbies, except happiness; who nourishes no enmities, except a supreme hatred for the Common Foe of Civilization — Militaristic Germany; who parades no fads and promulgates no eccentricities; a breezy, rollicking comrade with a vein of tenderness, a sparkling wit and exhaustless pep — JUDGE is beloved of the nation. With a copy of JUDGE in your hand you can defy all the hordes of boredom and all the demons of ennui.

SAVE your sense of humor as well as the food in your larder. Hooverize your rebellion against the high cost of living by becoming a perfectly good optimist through the influence of JUDGE. Don't be Zeppelined by unfounded fears or submarined by false economy. The war will be won by soldiers who smile, not by those who sing hymns of Hate. Get behind JUDGE's 42-centimetre gun that punctures the dugouts of doubt and despair. Cut out the frowns and smile, smile, smile with JUDGE.

JOIN up with the army of good folks who find JUDGE a perennial benefaction. Come into the camp of the wide-awake Americans who are doing their bit by radiating happiness in the midst of depressing conditions. Put on the khaki of cheeriness and shoulder the rifle of merriment. Help win the war by shelling the devils of worry from the trenches of discontent. Acquire the "get-thee-behind-me-Satan" attitude of mind that comes from a reading of JUDGE — the happy medium.

Over the Top with Your Dollar!

Why not wallop the willies out of existence with one cunning little dollar? You can do it if you mail the coupon in the corner of this page and mail it now while the mailing 's good.

Toot! Toot! Toot! All aboard for the Land of Laughter! The train is pulling out. Don't get left behind. Jump on and take your seat in the Pullman. Here is your ticket for a three months' trip. →

A Diller, a Dollar, a Scream and a Holler.

JUDGE
225 Fifth Ave.
New York City

I accept your offer — three months for $1. It is understood that you send me JUDGE beginning with the current issue — 12 numbers in all. I enclose $1 (OR) send me a bill at a later date. (Canadian $1.25 — Foreign $1.50.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

The National Relief Fund was at once opened in the name of the Prince of Wales, and local committees were formed in every borough on a municipal basis, upon which voluntary charitable organizations were represented. These committees were intrusted with the administration of the National Relief Fund, and formed centres to which discharged soldiers, among others, could apply. They did to some extent coördinate relief work. On the other hand the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society — a voluntary agency established during the South African War, 1899–1902, and having representatives, if not committees, in most towns in the United Kingdom — existed for the special purpose of assisting discharged men disabled or otherwise. In some places this society worked independently; in others, it became merged in the larger committee. In 1915 a Statutory Committee was formed in London for the purpose of taking over all assistance work for the benefit of discharged officers and men, including the provision of facilities for training, or 'refitting.' This Committee was assisted by local representative committees, which nominally superseded the National Relief Fund Committees, but were virtually the same. The Statutory Committee, being provided with funds by Parliament, but being unprepared immediately to deal with cases, the Central Committee of the National Relief Fund in London began to subsidize the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society direct, and continued to do so for nearly a year, until in July, 1916, the Statutory Committee and its local representative committees were ready to begin their work. As the War went on and the task grew greater, a further change was called for: the Statutory Committee was dissolved and the Pensions Ministry, with a Labour Minister in charge, was formed. The local committees, now known as Local War Pensions Committees, continued to do valuable work by giving assistance in various ways, mainly by temporary grants of money to discharged service men. Some of the committees also made local arrangements for training in various industries and occupations, of which the most general appears to be motor-driving. But on the whole it cannot be said that they have seriously tackled the question of reëducation.

What this reëducation means to the men may be inferred from the old and new employments listed at a typical institution.

Before the War	*After leaving Roehampton*
Slater	Commercial instructor
Chimney-sweep	Clerk
Outfitter's assistant	Chauffeur
Laborer	Mechanic
Gardener	Switchboard attendant
Farm laborer	Cinema operator.
Gardener	Antique-furniture restorer
Collier	Leather-worker

* * *

Noel Buxton, Liberal M.P. for North Norfolk since 1910, has been a profound and enthusiastic student of the 'Near East' in every aspect, and is a recognized and respected authority on the innumerable questions arising in connection therewith. He is the author of a number of books on various phases of the general subject. **Vernon Kellogg,** a distinguished American biologist, whose competence to write with authority of Mr. Hoover's activities since the outbreak of the war is already well known to our readers, has been his friend since college days — a friendship cemented by years of common service in the Belgian cause, and sealed by partnership in the task in which the energies of both are now engaged. To all who have not read his remarkable volume, *Headquarters Nights,* we commend the judgment of Brand Whitlock, who writes: —

> I read it at a sitting, and never grew tired at all, as Kipling says in his poem. It not only has the value of a scientific treatise, it not only shows the results of careful and accurate observation, it is not only written in a pure and beautiful style, but it has this supreme quality of a work of art, that it is interesting to the point of fascination. . . . You have written a very great book, my dear friend.

* * *

Arthur Symons is an English poet and man of letters, who has contributed not infrequently to the *Atlantic.*

* * *

André Chéradame's earlier papers have already been issued by the Atlantic Monthly Press, in a pamphlet which is being very widely distributed. The next article in his important series is planned for the April number of this magazine.

* * *

Octave Forsant, School Inspector at Rheims, accompanies the specimen compositions of his pupils based upon episodes of the bombardments, with extracts from the journal which he has himself kept during the days of martyrdom. Of **General Palat,** whose paper on 'French and German Theories of War' was invited by the editor, a leading American military historian writes: 'General Palat's volumes on the Franco-German War are very decidedly the best thing on the subject. Unlike the succession of Professors at the École Supérieure, he has shown himself capable of appreciating the strong

"Possesses the literary qualities that burst the bonds of national boundaries." — *Springfield Republican.*

"One of the most momentous books which this century has so far produced." — *Manchester Guardian.*

Nexo's PELLE THE CONQUEROR

EXPLANATION AND ANNOUNCEMENT

The publication of the translation of "Pelle the Conqueror" was started as a joint enterprise with a British publisher. War conditions have made it impracticable to draw further supplies from England. The book is now printed here in a two volume edition ($2.00 net a volume). The volumes run to about 600 pages each, and will be, roughly, uniform with one of the De Morgan novels.

"Pelle the Conqueror" pictures the life and career of a great modern Labor leader, as "Jean-Christophe" pictures the musical genius. Each volume is a complete novel in itself.

The first recounts the boyhood of "Pelle" on a farm and his youth and early manhood in a provincial Danish town "not yet invaded by modern industrialism and still innocent of socialism." In the second volume "Pelle" is in Copenhagen; there he finds love and becomes a labor leader.

"A book which posterity may well call the Iliad of the poor." — *London Daily Chronicle.*

"The book is world-wide in its significance." — *New York Tribune.*

THE SOUL OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By Moissaye J. Olgin

This is virtually the first book from the inside, and is full of the color and interest of first-hand narrative. (Illustrated, Net, $2.50. 2nd printing.)

"Merely to say that Mr. Olgin's book is the best of all that have appeared about the revolution in this country would be a very poor compliment. We must say that his work will be recognized as one of the best even in Russia." — *Jewish Daily Forward.*

"It is of vital importance to know the currents of democracy and revolution up to the outbreak of 1905, and from that time to the present day. The author has true dramatic power, and he treats the new thought and new aspiration of Russia as living forces." — *The Outlook.*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 19 West 44th Street New York City

side of Von Moltke, not losing himself in mere criticism of the deficiencies. . . . His judgment on any particular point or any particular book is always one of the keenest of military judgments set out with a fine lucidity.' **Gustavus Ohlinger** is a lawyer of Toledo, and President of the Toledo Commerce Club.

* * *

Through the generosity of friends of the *Atlantic* a number of contributions have gone through this office to the Prefect of Meurthe-et-Moselle, to aid him in his tremendous task of re-creating about Nancy the homes and farms ingeniously and wantonly destroyed by the Germans. Our readers, therefore, will be much interested in a letter recently received from him, telling how the citizens of Lorraine, forgetful of their own extremity, have in high French fashion turned aside from their task to pay tribute to the spirit of the American Army.

OFFICE OF THE PREFECT
Nancy, 30 *December*, 1917.

MY DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The hazards of war have decreed that the first soldiers of the army of the United States to fall 'on the field of honor' should be stricken on Lorraine soil.

They were: –

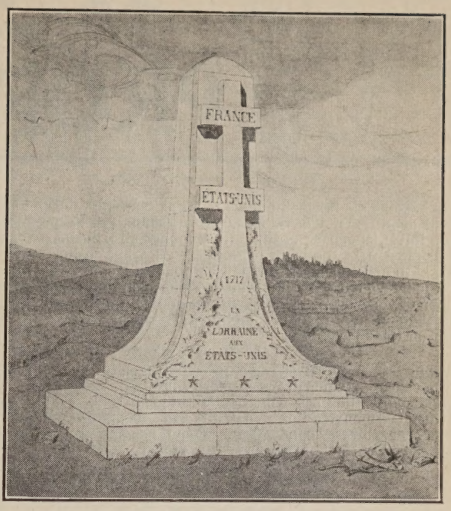
1. Corporal James B. Gresham (of Evansville)
2. Private Thomas F. Enwright (of Pittsburg)
3. Private Merle D. Hay (of Glidden)

all belonging to Company F, 16th Regiment of Infantry — 1st Division.

They were buried on November 3, 1917, in the little cemetery in Bathelémont, a quiet little village of Meurthe-et-Moselle, not far from Nancy.

After the war France and the United States will desire, doubtless, to commemorate their brotherhood in arms by a monument worthy of this great historical event. But I have thought that a temporary memorial might well be erected even now, in that little Lorraine village so near the front, which has been necessarily abandoned by the whole of its civil population and upon which enemy shells are constantly falling. The expense will be borne by all those communes of Meurthe-et-Moselle not under invasion; they have all expressed a wish to be associated in this fraternal homage to the American army.

I have asked the excellent artist, Louis Maporelle (of Nancy), to prepare a plan. The stones for it are now being cut at the School of Apprenticeship in Construction, instituted during the war at Nancy. I send you by this post a photograph of the clay model. You will see that the monument is, as is fitting, quite simple. It has no other ornament than the cross and thistles symbolical of Lorraine, and the stars suggestive of the glorious flag of the United States.



To the first Americans killed in battle

Through the medium of your eminent Ambassador to France, Mr. Sharp, who did us the honor, a few months ago, to visit the mangled and martyred communes of Lorraine, I am sending to President Wilson a model of the monument, reduced in size. It would be most agreeable to me that this photograph should be first reproduced in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for whose readers of both sexes as for yourself, I cherish a sentiment of profound gratitude.

Believe me, etc.

LEON MIRMAN.

* * *

At last the prophet has as good a show in his own country as anywhere else. Guessing when the war will end is inexpensive, and the first prize is a reputation for wisdom more than mortal. In the privacy of print, therefore, we will pass on to our closer friends the following tip just sent us from California.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., *Jan.* 18, 1918.

A prophetic blast from a distant planet.

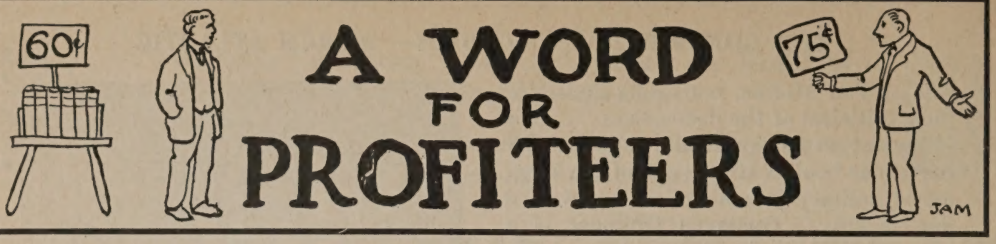
I just received a wireless message from Madam Blavatzky, to the effect that the War will cease, and a general and universal peace compact will be established, within sixty days from January 10th, 1918.

Put that prophecy in your pipe and smoke it.

KIMBERLY KOHL.

* * *

It is not too much to say that the candor and deep conviction of Dr. Odell's



A WORD FOR PROFITEERS

It has become almost fashionable to speak contemptuously about "business men." They have become as unpopular as hedgehogs at a picnic. But it is a cheap pastime to denounce all "business" men as profiteers. Under the present profit system what business man is not obliged to make as much money as he legally can, or be forced to the wall by some competitor who has not such fine sensibilities? And which of you, so smug in your virtue, would n't rather eat pate de foi gras than file a schedule of liabilities? — which brings us to the real point of this discussion:

Can we be fair to ourselves in charging only 60c. for a hand-bound, limp, croft-leather volume in the Modern Library? When sixty cents was fixed as our selling price, the United States had not yet declared war against Germany. Since then, the price of eggs, butter, pork, ice-cream sodas, beef, coal, cotton, talcum powder, wool, leather, newspapers, filet of sole Marguery, etc., etc., have advanced about 63$\frac{133}{188}$%. Even the price of labor has greatly increased. Still there is more than a vague suspicion that the present startlingly high prices are not wholly justified by economic causes. Some zealous and righteous citizens even insist that there are more diamonds, automobiles, fur-coats, and gilt edge securities being worn by a select few than ever before.

But listen to the other side of the question. The other day one of our friendly fellow publishers treated us to a four-course luncheon and gently suggested that we have a lunacy commission appointed for ourselves. "Why, boys," he groaned, "here you have about two hundred magazines and newspapers and the leading colleges and schools and libraries singing the praises of the Modern Library in so many different, yet singularly harmonious strains, that if you only had an ear for music you would recognize the tune. It 's 'Johnnie, Put Your Price Up!'" "Well, we have been seriousiy considering raising our price," we answered. "I should hope so," he continued, somewhat less gloomily. "Smyth of the New York Times, Kerfoot of Life, Davis of the Evening Post, Gerould of the Bellman, Sell of the Chicago News, N. P. D. of the Globe, and the Independent, Reedy's Mirror, Philadelphia Ledger, The Boston Transcript, the Philadelphia Press, the best papers on the Pacific coast, — why, great guns, all the critics say the Modern Library was the literary sensation of 1917. You have given the book-loving public the biggest bargain ever. With your fine titles and valuable introductions and attractive binding and clear print, sixty cents is simply ridiculous. What is the new price going to be?" "We have been thinking of seventy-five cents." "Figure your costs!" he angrily interrupted, gulping down a Benedictine and brandy. "You can't do it! Everything is up from 10 to 200% since you started — from composition and plates to binding, from office salaries to royalties. And I understand one of you had the nerve to get married recently. Heaven help her at 75c. a volume!"

"Yes, there is a lot in what you say, my friend," the newly married one of us admitted, after the waiter had softly reminded us that we were not the only ones in the room. "We don't criticize you or any of the others for asking more money for the books you are publishing. We know you are entitled to it. We know that you are simply business men — not Profiteers. We, too, have been thinking about a higher price, but we cannot forget that the Modern Library is a unique institution. When we started it we announced that we did not expect to get rich, and that that was not primarily our ambition. So we have decided to stick to the old price — sixty cents per volume, postage 6c. extra, — and we are going to add new titles regularly, with the best introductions we can buy. All the additional support we will ask of our friends is to buy four volumes where they used to buy two, and twenty instead of only ten."

We got our hats (paying for them as usual) and waited a moment for our friend to join us, but he could only gasp feebly, as he lit his fifth fifty-cent cigar, "Don't wait for me, boys. The shock is too great — or may be you 're only joking."

We are not — here's the list of titles now included in the Modern Library. They are all hand-bound, in limp croft leather, and sell at all stores for sixty cents per volume, 6c. extra by mail. Check the titles you want.

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6	Henrik Ibsen	Plays: A Doll's House, Ghosts, An Enemy of the People
7	Anatole France	The Red Lily
8	De Maupassant	Mademoiselle Fifi
9	Nietzsche	Thus Spake Zarathustra
10	Dostoyevsky	Poor People
11	Maeterlinck	A Miracle of St. Antony
12	Schopenhauer	Studies in Pessimism
13	Samuel Butler	The Way of All Flesh
14	George Meredith	Diana of the Crossways
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16	Geo. Moore	Confessions of a Young Man
17	Thos. Hardy	The Mayor of Casterbridge
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19	Oscar Wilde	Poems
20	Nietzsche	Beyond Good and Evil
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25	Wm. Dean Howells	Hazard of New Fortunes
26	W. S. Gilbert	The Mikado, and Other Plays
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28	Gustave Flaubert	Madame Bovary
30	James Stephens	Mary, Mary
31	Anton Chekhov	Rothschild's Fiddle, etc.
32	Arthur Schnitzler	Anatol and Other Plays
33	Sudermann	Dame Care
34	Lord Dunsany	A Dreamer's Tales
35	G. K. Chesterton	The Man Who was Thursday
36	Henrik Ibsen Plays:	Hedda Gabler, Pillars of Society, The Master Builder
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paper on Peter sitting by the Fire have stirred in no ordinary way the conscience of a large spiritual community. Many letters about it have reached this office which we should greatly like to print, did space permit; but, on account of its representative and official character, we must find room for the following communication from the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

February 1, 1918.

To the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly

Dear Sir: —

Your Monthly comes regularly to my home and is read with the very deepest interest and with the greatest personal profit by all the members of my household.

I am just in receipt of the February Number and I have read the letter which the Reverend Joseph H. Odell writes to you, and which is printed in your 'Contributor's Column,' and also his article — 'Peter sat by the fire warming himself.'

In no spirit of controversy, but in fairness to the ministers of the Presbyterian Church for whom I can speak officially, and for that matter, for the ministers and representatives of the Church generally with whose work I am acquainted because of observation and travel, I must send you this communication.

In the first place my official duties have taken me through the Presbyterian churches in the larger cities East of Omaha. I have talked with three thousand of our ministers. I have seen them on their knees in prayer and in consecration to God, asking that He use them in this time of crisis in the Church. I have known the Church intimately for many years. I have never known Presbyterian ministers, so far as I have conferred with them, to be so eager to serve as at the present time.

Second: The President of the United States in my hearing requested the National Service Commission of the Presbyterian Church to urge the ministers to keep the Church at the high tide of spiritual life, if the Church would serve the Government, and our ministers have been following out the instructions of the President in keeping the home fires burning and in strengthening the work at the home base, realizing that when the reconstruction days are on and the war is over, that the home Church must be alive spiritually, or the soldier life cannot be absorbed into the Church life.

Third: The Government placed the work of caring for the soldiers in the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association under the direction of Dr. John R. Mott and his Committee, and the Government did well, but the Young Men's Christian Association is the Church in action. I have heard Dr. Mott say this recently. It is folly to say that because the Association is active the Church is idle. I am sure that no one would be more willing to agree to the statement which I now make than the leaders of the Y.M.C.A. If the church members who were contributors to the more than Fifty Million Fund should be eliminated, the Fund would be seriously affected, and if the workers of the Y.M.C.A. who are active church members, and in many cases ministers, should be withdrawn from the field, the Y.M.C.A. would suffer an irreparable loss. Why then is it not true that the Church is acting through the Y.M.C.A.? Some of the leading Presbyterian ministers of the United States are freely giving their services to the Association at home and abroad, and their churches are continuing their support and supplying their pulpits in their absence. Our own General Assembly in session in Dallas, Texas, in May, 1917, appointed a National Service Commission composed of one hundred and fifty leading ministers and laymen headed by Dr. John F. Carson, of Brooklyn, N.Y. This Commission has wrought well. It has, in sympathy with the Young Men's Christian Association, supplemented their work in camp and cantonment, and has in every cantonment its ministerial representatives recognized in most instances by the Commandants whose hearty approval is given to the efforts they are putting forth.

Fourth: I have traveled extensively throughout the United States, and wherever there is a camp or cantonment to-day, the nearby churches are working to the limit of their ability to care for the soldiers when they visit the towns and cities. I have never seen more superb Christian work than that which is being done in these churches and under the direction of these pastors. What I can say about the Presbyterian Church I can also say about other evangelical churches. I know from observation that the Church is not indifferent, and that the ministers are rallying to meet this tremendous and unexpected emergency. I have only words of praise and commendation for the churches of the United States.

Cordially yours,

J. Wilbur Chapman.

From the humbler ranks of those beneath the banners of the churches come letters like this.

To the (dear) Editors of the Atlantic Monthly: —

May not an old woman sitting beside a bereaved hearth-stone send thanks from her inmost heart for the fearless and illuminating article of Joseph Odell in your current issue? Oh, that it could be sent abroad into the shattered and disorganized world; that hope send up its feeble flame on lonely hearthstones; believing in the coming of a new yet old belief and application of that belief! God bless — nay, He has blessed, and will, the man who dared speak, and *speak the truth!* I honor, more than words may convey, the publishers of such an article; a new love leaps into life for the brave *Atlantic*. Long may it live to have its being in our homes.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN—APRIL ATLANTIC

Ralph E. Cropley is a New Yorker who keeps on dry land only in order to earn his bread. How widely at variance his life is from the ordinary behind-a-desk experience may be inferred from his letter.

Since Thursday [he writes], instead of being a hard-headed business man, my real self has been on the rampage. And that real self of mine, which, in order to live, I have constantly to lay low with a belaying-pin, is a dreamer. It is said that the reindeer, at least once in his life, traverses the primeval forest until he stands before the open sea and waist (?) deep feels the beat of the waves on his chest. It 's his instinct, this call of the sea. And that 's my trouble exactly. Friday and Saturday the ring of the 'phone has come from the bridge; the rhythmical pound of the addressograph machine has vibrated in my being like the thump of a ship's engine, and the dear old New Orleans French bookkeeper of mine unfortunately has the visage of a deep-sea mariner I know. Friday night I spent on a ship in dry dock, and that, if anything, aggravated my malady.

* * *

Hetty Lawrence Hemenway, now Mrs. Auguste Richard, is a young writer, a Bostonian by birth, whose striking first story, 'Four Days' (since published in book form), was printed in the *Atlantic* for May 1917. **Edwin Austin Abbey, 2d**, nephew of the famous illustrator whose name he bears, was killed in the Canadian service, at the battle of Vimy Ridge, only three days after the entrance into the war of his own country, under whose flag he had longed to fight for a cause he knew to be right and just. Young Abbey, a graduate of St. Mark's School and of the University of Pennsylvania, had just come to the early maturity of his powers as a civil engineer, when he felt the call of sacrifice.

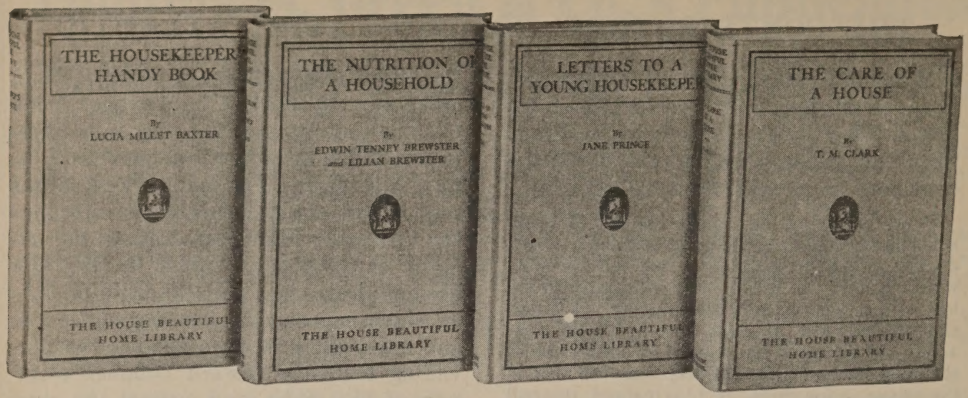
* * *

Those adventures which happen only to the adventurous seldom fall to the experience of so delightful a chronicler as **Laura Spencer Portor**, author, editor, and liver of an interesting life. **Laurence Binyon** is an English poet whose verse is already familiar to readers of the *Atlantic*. It is needless to say that the letter which we print under the title, 'Youth,' was written in the precise circumstances which it describes. The writer, lately a junior at Harvard, and well under the draft age, is now completing his aerial education in France. **John Cotton Dana**, librarian of the Free Public Library of Newark, N.J., and a moving spirit of the Carteret Book Club, is a recognized authority on the subject of which he presents a novel and interesting phase. For many years it has been a work of supererogation to introduce the venerable **John Burroughs** to the Atlantic constituency. **James S. Metcalfe** has long been the dramatic critic of *Life*, in which capacity he has waged fearless and unrelenting warfare against the prevailing tendency toward commercialization of the stage, and against the chief protagonists of that tendency. **Henry Seidel Canby**, essayist and critic and occasional writer of short stories, and Professor of English at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, is now engaged in war work in Europe. **Katherine Mayo** contributes another true story of the activities of the Pennsylvania State Police, and **Elizabeth Hasanovitz**, the concluding chapter of her autobiography.

* * *

Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself made an impression far beyond the ordinary scope of the successful article. Whether the indictment, in its broad application, was true or false, certainly it touched the spark to the powder-house. The extent and the deep sincerity of feeling aroused is very interesting, indicating, as it does, the supersensitiveness of our contemporary world to spiritual things. From a small multitude of formal replies, we have chosen for publication, in its entirety, a vigorous paper by the **Reverend George Parkin Atwater**, rector of the Episcopal Church of Our Saviour, at Akron, Ohio, which appears in this number. But we must make mention also of the correspondence which has reached us in such masses as greatly to embarrass our facilities for reply.

A large number of 'letters to the Editor' denied Dr. Odell's contention almost flatly. It is worth noting, however, that the adverse critics, almost without exception, are drawn from the ranks of the clergy. Many other priests and ministers, together with the immense majority of lay correspondents, represent themselves as in full sympathy with Dr. Odell's position. Most of the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letters, candid and outspoken as become the occasion, are quite free from virulence, but there are vivid exceptions. To illustrate the advantage of forbearing to transgress the amenities, we may quote from a single example of vituperation. An excited *censor morum* remarks that this magazine 'is not an agency of the truth but of falsehood, falsehood in its most insidious form'; and after this fair start, attacks the article with the observation that 'A deeper-dyed or more deliberate perversion of truth has rarely appeared in print, though the author so patently overplays his hand as to expose, what Dr. George F. Pentecost has referred to as, "his jaundiced heart." It thus suits the sinister and materialistic purposes of the *Atlantic Monthly*, as almost any scintillating tissue of lies concerning Christianity would be sure to do.'

Happily the 'scintillating tissue' hides Dr. Odell's 'jaundiced heart' from less penetrating observers and the enormous preponderance of the letters confirms his thesis. In the selection which we are printing, we have tried, however, to show a catholic variety of opinion.

From a Christian Science 'Reader.'

Surely such an undigested lumping of the true with the false, such a woodenly unsympathetic interpretation of history, such a betrayal of the very instinct for coöperation which the church is simultaneously damned for lacking, such blind and unconstructive vituperation, albeit couched in masterly English, should not go unchallenged.

From a retired Unitarian minister.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Odell's brave words, with the ring of the true prophet in them, may wake slumbering souls, sitting likewise by the fire to warm themselves, to what the world demands of its leaders and teachers to-day, — an unqualified, royal allegiance to the great allied movement in defense of truth, manhood, and democracy.

From a Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Elder, of 40 years' standing.

Dr. Odell's ringing contribution is surely one of the most thought-inspiring papers that you have printed in a long time. . . . I have attended at least one service every Sunday since we declared war, and in many different churches in different places. Three times only has the clergyman asked for victory to our arms, and even in these three instances the petition was brief and almost colorless. Every other prayer has been confined, when the war was referred to at all, to petitions for the physical and moral well-being of our men, and for a 'satisfactory' peace — satisfactory, so far as appeared, to the Germans as well as ourselves.

From one for twenty-six years the wife of a clergyman.

Of course it [Dr. Odell's article] will stir up the brethren and many indignant denials and protests will be forthcoming. For of all respectable and self-satisfied institutions the typical Protestant parish easily takes first place. The Christianity it stands for is of the timid and tamed kind — domesticated. It has become so thoroughly respectable and commonplace that it cannot be expected to dream dreams or see visions or make ventures. And the average minister looks tamed and goes through life warming himself at the fire of tame Christianity without the hope of a future conversion and strengthening of character as in Peter's case. . . . It would be a great thing if the Protestant churches would face these signs of the times in an honest and brave way as we face and remedy other matters in life. Instead, they meander along with their ministers warming themselves by the fire and playing a timid and negative part in the solemn drama of religion.

From a Massachusetts Unitarian.

May I be allowed to tell you how fine I think Mr. Odell's article is. I am a staunch Unitarian — at least, I was before the war; but since then I have been all at sea as to where I stand, for the Unitarian denomination has failed utterly in this war. . . . I should like to have been in Mr. Odell's parish lately, and I am sure the young men of his church never hesitated about duty, because he . . . had the vision!

From Marietta, Georgia.

Startling falsities do not appeal to me in the least. . . . I do not doubt that magazines find such articles excellent advertising matter; and by using them they cater to a deteriorated mental and spiritual make-up. . . . Some laymen may have loftier thgts [*sic*] than some clergymen. But the man who has written this article is not one of them.

From an Anglican 'priest.'

It may be all right for you to think that Joseph H. Odell is worthy to sit in judgment on the Anglican Communion and her clergy, but I do not, and I don't care a snap what he thinks about us or why he has such an exalted opinion of himself and his fellow laymen (!).

From a minister in St. Louis.

I cannot resist thanking you for the Atlantic article. . . . It is a legitimate satisfaction in these days for a minister to thank God that he is not as so many other ministers. I certainly thank God for men of your temper. I could not stand straighter in my place than I have, but I shall stand more hopefully and happily for your glorious leadership.

From a Congregational Minister in Massachusetts.

And did you expect to be excoriated as a betrayer of your clerical brethren for your Atlantic

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"Here is the true story of an attempt to put the fear of God into an American rural community; that is, to bring order out of the chaos of its social and civic affairs, to put pride and coöperation in the place of suspicion and individualism, to make narrow prejudice and plain cussedness give way to sympathy and unselfish service." — *From the Preface.*

It is the story of how the wide-awake young pastor of a moribund village church (it had but fifteen resident members) made the church and the village and the people all proud of each other. While it is essentially a story of coöperation finely won and generously given, of racy personalities, of humorous incident and poignant problems, it is full of definite suggestion and shrewd analysis for the progressive clergyman, teacher, social worker, or interested layman.

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Six long "short stories": "Farmer Jeremy and His Ways" and "Farmer Perryman's Tall Hat" are character sketches of English farmers; "A Gravedigger's Scene" has to do with the sexton of a too crowded churchyard; "'Macbeth' and 'Banquo' on the Blasted Heath" recounts an adventure with two cheery, sentimental tramps; "Mary" and "That Sort of Thing" tell respectively how a new woman ahead of her time and a young M.A., but one of the most incapable of men, fulfilled their not too manifest destinies in the Canadian Northwest.

OUR REVOLUTION

By LEON TROTZKY

Essays on Working Class and International Revolution (1904–1917). Collected and translated with biography and explanatory notes by **Moissaye J. Olgin,** author of "*The Soul of the Russian Revolution.*" $1.25 *net*

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This volume includes, in addition: a brief biography (Mr. Olgin has known Trotzky for ten years, both in Europe and America); essays written in 1904, before the abortive revolution of 1905, predicting revolution; an essay written ten days after the revolution of 1905; an essay on the Workingmen's Council of 1905 of which Trotzky was Chairman; the preface to Trotzky's "My Round Trip," an account of his exile to Siberia, expressing his ironclad certainty of a Russian revolution; and several essays written in New York before Trotzky left for Petrograd in July, 1917.

ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER GERMAN RULE

By CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN, author of "Europe Since 1815."

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article? Well, here's one of them whose heart sings, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' for every word of it. Do so some more.

From an Episcopal clergyman in Washington.

Your article has done us all good; only next time do not merely 'curse,' but construct, for I feel sure that behind your paper there lies an illuminating vision.

From Des Moines, Ia.

A thousand thanks, dear Dr. Odell, for your ringing words in the *Atlantic*. They were terribly needed and gloriously said.

From New Milford, Conn.

I believe that it is not only the right and privilege, but also the duty, of every *American* who has found in your article the very expression of his own *thoughts*, which your genius has so wonderfully made clear, to give you testimony of their appreciation. As I have listened to our good Congregational sermons Sunday after Sunday, I have asked myself why we could not have our soul stirred by some interpretation of this terrible drama, instead of the usual exposition of 'In returning and in rest ye shall be saved,' as you so aptly put it.

From a Chairman of the National Security League.

I am writing to testify to my belief that your article will do much good. With notable exceptions, the attitude of the Church has been the support of pacificism, and hence indirectly of pro-Germanism. Your outburst is like a glorious breath of bracing air in the prevailing sultry conditions.

From a professional educator.

The ministry of America needs a VOICE. The ark of the Covenant has halted before your door. . . . You are to be the Cardinal Mercier of the American pulpit. Step forth in the habiliments of John the Baptist, — of Knox and Luther, of Paul and Garibaldi, — and cease not your vigil or abate your cry. . . . The clergy of to-day are not looking for the STAR, they are too busy moulding denominational mud pies inside their dusty and decadent parochial stockade. . . . We have waited — ODELL has spoken. Troy has harbored a Seer. Speak again — O thou Cardinal Mercier of America. May God convoy your steps with angels and commission the wings to speed your message!

From a college president in the South.

I wish to give myself the pleasure of thanking you for this most timely — and I am sad to say most just — article. Would to Heaven every minister and priest and layman too, in our land, would take your message to heart and go to work in its spirit.

From the Editor of an important Mid-Western newspaper.

Just a line to tell you how I admired your indignant outburst in the *Atlantic*. It had to be a clergyman to say it, and you said it right. Our clergy may in time come to understand that the issue is Christ *vs.* a strange, materialistic, megalomaniacal devil, and that there can be no neutrals in such warfare.

From a physician in Pennsylvania.

Thank you! Thank you, sir! Thank you very much! Some of us have come to look on the Church as the eliminated non-essential in this upheaval and the clergy as

> The people, *all* the people,
> They that live up in the steeple —
> All alone.

From an official of the New York Y.M.C.A.

I want to congratulate you on that glorious article . . . and to thank you for it. Do you really expect 'a lot of loud protests' from your fellow clergy? I think not. Rather should there come commendation, and, I believe, will. . . . I wish every man and woman in America could read your article. . . . May your strong message to the spiritual leaders of our beloved land meet with a ready response and great good come from your earnest appeal.

From Savannah, Ga.

At last! at last a man with spine enough to look facts straight in the eye, and honesty and force of language enough to express his heart. . . . Preaching seems to have become a profession only, not a conviction, and most of the spirituality to be found in churches comes out of the pew-renters' pocket-books. Thank you, indeed, for your ringing and surgical words in the latest *Atlantic*. The probation of the world is here!

From the President of a Teachers' Training School.

I have just read your article in the *Atlantic*. Why did n't you do it? Are n't you one of them?

From the rector of a large Philadelphia parish.

Please allow me to express my hearty appreciation of your splendid article in the . . . *Atlantic*. . . . Among the expected 'lot of loud protests,' let this be an upholding hand by one who is in thorough accord with the attitude which you have taken in regard to the grave remission of duty on the part of the Church in the present world-crisis.

From a Congregational minister in Brooklyn.

Many thanks for your splendid article in the *A. M.* It has what it deserves; the place of honor in this February issue, and says what I have tried to say, and have at least painfully pondered.

From Spartansburg, S.C.

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your soul-stirring article. It will do

What to Look For Among the New Spring Books

OLD PEOPLE AND THE THINGS THAT PASS
By Louis Couperus
Author of "The Books of the Small Souls"

A tale of the very very old and the subtle influence of their tragically romantic past on their descendants. The only thing of its kind that has been published and by far the finest effort of this noted Dutch novelist. *Translation by Teixeira*.....$1.50

THE GRAFTONS
By Archibald Marshall
Author of "Exton Manor," "Abington Abbey," etc.

More of the delightful new English family Mr. Marshall introduced in "Abington Abbey," where we left the daughters of the Abbey still unmated, with the promise of further revelations in a book to come. That book is here in "The Graftons".....$1.50

GUDRID THE FAIR
By Maurice Hewlett
Author of "The Forest Lovers," "Thorgils," etc.

A new tale of Icelandic heroes in old Norse days, founded upon two ancient sagas which tell of the first exploration of America. But Hewlett is most concerned with his charming heroine and possesses beyond all others the power to clothe these shadowy figures of the past with flesh and blood and romantic fascination. $1.35

POTTERAT AND THE WAR: A Novel
By Benjamin Vallotton
Author of "Propos du Commissaire Potterat," etc.

You will laugh with Potterat; you will laugh at him; you will feel your heart grow warm under his genial influence. Critics say that in his new novel showing this big-hearted Swiss struggling with the problem of peace and justice, M. Vallotton has scored his greatest success.....$1.50

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great good, though the Church cannot recall the lost opportunity. I have preached since Germany's army entered Belgium that the neutral countries have been without Christian conscience.

From a Baptist minister in Ohio.

I have just read with deepest interest and the greatest of pleasure your article in the *Atlantic*. It stirred my heart to the core, and I cannot refrain from expressing my deep appreciation of your words.

From a Methodist minister in Cleveland.

May I thank you for that straight-from-the-shoulder article in the current *Atlantic*. A little group of men under forty scattered through the Middle West have been trying hard to get that sort of message over in connection with Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. addresses, as well as in our sermons. But this howitzer discharge will certainly wake men up everywhere, and you will probably have some very interesting reactions.

From Shepherdstown, W. Va.

I cannot keep from sending you this note to express to you the joy we have experienced in realizing that some one has at last risen up and is speaking as you have.

But space fails us. Many of these letters have been so illuminating and so thoroughly worth reading, that we are truly sorry not to open our columns wide to the complete correspondence.

* * *

Reverend Thomas Tiplady is the chaplain of a British regiment which has seen service in more than one theatre of the war. A volume of his war sketches, *The Cross at the Front*, has been received with great public favor. 'The Cross at Neuve Chapelle,' like the sketches in the earlier volume, was written within sound of the guns. **Amory Hare** is a Philadelphian poet who has more than once contributed to the *Atlantic*. In his fifth paper **M. Chéradame** vigorously attacks the widely accepted belief that the war is to be won on the Western front. Advocates of both military schools may well profit by consideration of his arguments. All of M. Chéradame's papers may be obtained in pamphlet form from the publishers. The author of the letters from a **Destroyer in Active Service** is an American naval officer who, since the outbreak of the war, has been serving abroad. **Charles Bernard Nordhoff**, a young Californian, and writer of the ' Letters from France ' in the October (1917) and January (1918) issues of this magazine, is now a full-fledged aviator in service on the Western front. **Herbert Sidebotham**, military critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, contributes a forcible paper which is, in a sense, confirmatory of some branches of M. Chéradame's arguments.

* * *

Echoes of Mrs. Gerould's agreeable paper on Gospel hymns are still reverberating. A friendly correspondent reminds us of this finished example of the elder style, taken from a volume of *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*. One can hear it droned to the music of the parlor organ.

> The Choctaw and the Cherokee,
> The Kickapoo and Kaw,
> Likewise the Pottawatomie —
> Oh, teach them all Thy law! . . .

* * *

That pleasant householder whose interpretation of the Furnace gave so much amusement to the Club a month or two ago, and who in this issue exhibits his sympathetic understanding of the eternal plumber, writes disconsolately on a wintry day to the expectant editor,—

> I had hoped to be in town before this, but here I am. My furnace now eats wood and has to be fed about once in two hours, otherwise
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* * *

It gives point to our plea that everybody who cares to see the **Atlantic** should subscribe, to announce that the March number, of which a supposedly ample supply was printed, was completely sold out on the 4th of the month.

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RHODODENDRONS, in which is Set Forth an Account of all Species of the Genus Rhododendron (including Azaleas) and the Various Hybrids

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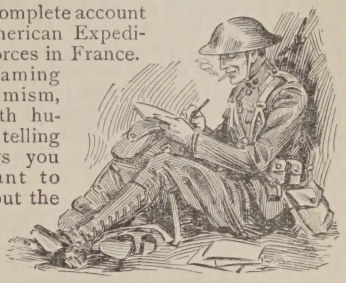

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pretenses, and I cannot but believe it to be in your own interest to make a statement in the matter, entirely without reservation, giving the names and circumstances in detail.

Yours very truly,
THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK, *May* 2.

THE EDITOR, etc.

SIR, —

I must express regret for delay in replying to your letter, to the tone and terms of which I can take no exception under the circumstances. The delay is due solely to my intention to comply with those terms.

The man who brought me the article and left it with me to place is Mr. Lewis May, who formerly resided here and later at another house belonging to the same proprietary. I find that, instead of going abroad, as he stated he intended doing, he is still in America, his last address being Detroit, where he is interested in a new aero engine and represents English shareholders. He informed me some time ago that he had had difficulties with the latter and with the firm which was making the trial engine, and was going to England in connection with the matter; but, as I have said, I have reason to believe that he has not yet gone, if he ever intended to go.

I had found him an interesting, well-informed man, keenly interested in the war, with, he said, his only son serving, and I read the article he gave me with interest as well as surprise at its unusual excellence. He wished it to be published if possible at once, as he wanted money with which to start abroad. I had little doubt of placing it, and sent it to you, at the same time, at his urgent request, giving him twenty dollars on account of whatever might be paid for it. He thought that it would be better if I acted as sponsor for the article, and did not wish his name to appear. As I had but recently sent you an article about Miss May Sinclair, together with a copy of her last book, 'The Tree of Heaven,' I was disposed to agree with Mr. May, but I did not state in my letter to you that I personally wrote the article. I have no copy of my letter by me, but of this I feel quite sure.

I am sparing no effort to find Mr. May, for my own sake even more than for yours, for you have not suffered, nor could you suffer, by the fact that an article you had already published was sent to you. I was enthusiastic over it after reading it, and felt that it could not fail to have both a consoling and inspiring effect with those who mourned or had lost loved ones in the war.

I enclose the article on Miss Sinclair which I wrote and sent you, and which you declined because it was not, as you said, in keeping with the policy of the *Atlantic Monthly* to publish reviews of the work of living writers. It appeared, as you will recognize, in the Book Section of the New York *Evening Post*. An article which I translated from *Le Figaro* appeared in last week's *Nation*, and, even were I capable of the paltry and foolish action you have attributed to me — not without justification, I fully admit — the fact that my own work keeps me fully occupied and not insufficiently remunerated may help to convince you as to what I have said. If you are not convinced you should take legal steps against me, which I am prepared to defend.

Very faithfully,
ERNEST HART.

Of course, on locating Mr. May I shall take immediate action against him.

BOSTON, 3 *May*.

DEAR SIR, —

I shall await with interest the discovery of Mr. Lewis May. Meanwhile, with your permission, I shall publish the correspondence.

Yours very truly,
THE EDITOR.

* * *

Readers of the Reverend George Parkin Atwater's reply to Dr. Odell's famous article will be interested to learn that the writer's militant spirit has found a practical outlet: he is now Colonel Atwater of the Akron Home Guard regiment.

* * *

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to this request: —

Friends of the late Hamilton Wright Mabie, who have letters from him, or personal recollections of incidents connected with his life and work which would be of interest in the preparation of a proposed volume of memoirs, would confer a favor by allowing his literary representatives to see such letters, or accounts of such incidents or stories.

If they are sent to the editors of this magazine, they will be acknowledged, and in due time they will be carefully returned.

* * *

It is with poignant regret that we close this column with the last fatal news received of James Norman Hall.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, May 7. (By the Associated Press.) Flight Captain James Norman Hall, author, and one of the best known aviators in the American or Allied armies, is missing after a thrilling battle ten miles inside Germany, opposite the Toul sector. The fight was between three American planes and four German machines, which apparently belonged to the 'Flying Circus.'

Two German machines also went to earth during the battle in a crippled condition.

Captain Hall's home is in Colfax, Ia.

The Index and title-page for Volume 121 *will be supplied to Atlantic subscribers upon request, within thirty days from June* 1*st.*

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If it were not for my pride in him I could not bear it. He went at once to take his place in what he knew, instinctively and without question, must be done. What a heritage he is leaving his children; may they be worthy of it and not add the burden of shame in later years to the burden of bereavement! I cannot see how he can come back. The argument that some must does not carry assurance in the face of a probable five-years' war. He does not think he will come back — nor do I; but who am I to stand in the way of his soul's expiation, or hold him back from his calling, when it is so noble? If he can suffer, so can I; and if the world will be a better place for our children because of the suffering, it is a small price to pay.

We spent two hours on this theme yesterday and feel alike. There is nothing to be said — it must be; and there has never been a question with two such distinct sides to it — the honor and nobility on one side, the horror and despair on the other. The two clash inside me in constant battle, and the result is very exhausting. Were it not that I have faith in God sufficient to follow where He is leading me, I could not even hold up my head. The Lord's Prayer was written for this generation, and if we can do His will, we shall not be the losers. I don't mean losers in mere wars; I believe He feels and shares our agonies; but His plans for His people are limitless and a thousand years in His sight are but a day. This war is probably part of His plan, and when generations have passed away it will be but an epoch in history, and our heart-breaks will not even be suspected.

But God does not set tasks for us without giving us strength to 'carry on'; otherwise, the Children of Israel would not have wandered forty years nor Christ have been crucified. We call it strength, but it is faith. This is the last you shall hear from me on this subject. These are my ideals; may I live up to them!

YOUR DEVOTED DAUGHTER.

* * *

We should like to share with our readers the diversion of a correspondence with Mr. Ernest Hart, of Allerton House, 138 East 38th Street, New York City. On April 12 this gentleman sent for the *Atlantic's* consideration a truly admirable paper, which we should have been proud to publish had we not printed it practically verbatim within twelve months, under another title, and over the signature of Mrs. Anne Allinson. A wise parent knows his own child, and the paper was recognized. The correspondence needs no further comment.

NEW YORK CITY, *April* 12, 1918.

THE EDITOR
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR, —

I send you an article which is intended to bring courage and comfort to those who have sent their sons or dear ones forth to war.

May I ask the favor of a prompt decision, as I am shortly leaving for France? For reasons which I am sure you would appreciate if detailed, I wish it to be anonymous.

Very faithfully,
ERNEST HART.

I have entitled it 'The Death of the Young,' but I am inclined to think the 'Death of Youth,' is preferable. If you accept the article I leave the decision to you.

BOSTON, 24 *April*, 1918.

DEAR MR. HART, —

It is good that you know your *Atlantic* so well, even though your taste for excellence in literature seems to have been acquired at the cost of such honesty as you once possessed. We appreciate the delicacy which leads you to shrink from publicity and to keep your article anonymous.

May we ask why an author so enterprising in his methods as you should suppose that the editors do not know what they have published within a year in their own magazine? Your effrontery seems to us to exceed your intelligence.

Yours very truly,
THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK, *April* 25.

THE EDITOR, etc.

DEAR SIR, —

Your letter of April 24 gives me a good deal of concern. I do know and appreciate the *Atlantic Monthly* very well, as you suggest, and therefore I regret all the more that I should have been the victim with yourself, but in a greater degree, of what I hesitate to believe was a deliberate attempt at an imposition. The article was handed to me some weeks ago by a friend who has since gone abroad, with the suggestion that I should place it, if possible, inasmuch as I am doing editorial and agency work. I may add that I even advanced a little money to the person in question. As for the desire for anonymity, that again did not emanate from me. Such literary work as I myself do, which is limited, I almost invariably put my name to. While I feel that your annoyance and sarcasm are far from unprovoked, I also feel greatly aggrieved and upset about the incident, and while I do not expect an immediate retractation from you, I expect to supply you with further particulars which will justify you in withdrawing your letter.

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST HART.

BOSTON, 26 *April*.

DEAR SIR, —

It is difficult to reply to your letter of April 25th, because the circumstantial evidence in the case seems very strong. You send me, with a letter implying that the manuscript is your own, a paper which has been copied word for word (with a few insignificant alterations) from an article already printed in the *Atlantic*, and that within a year. You now say that the manuscript was given to you by a friend. It is quite evident that some one sought deliberately to commit the serious offense of securing money under false

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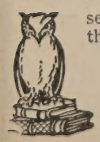

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Danvers, Massachusetts. Her previous contributions to the *Atlantic* have been 'To an Ancient Head of Aphrodite,' in January, 1915, and 'In No Strange Land,' in March, 1915. **Don D. Lescohier,** a new contributor, is Superintendent of the Public Employment Bureau at Minneapolis. The pleasant paper on Mrs. Thrale ('A Light-Blue Stocking'), which **A. Edward Newton** contributes to this number, is enriched, as the reader will perceive, by years of patient and affectionate research, and is based in large measure on memorials of Mrs. Thrale in the author's private collection. We regret to say that **General Henry M. Chittenden,** a distinguished member of the Engineer Corps, U.S.A., died last year after a long and painful illness. On floods he was an authority, and those interested in such matters will do well to look up the records of his vigorous controversy with Mr. Gifford Pinchot concerning proper policies of conservation. **Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith,** an English writer, has spent many weeks in this country lecturing in the interest of food conservation, 'loaned,' as picturesque advertising writers in the Boston papers put it, 'by Lord Rhondda to Herbert Hoover, Esq.' The substance of this article she has told in eloquent words from many American platforms, and we are glad to say that Mr. George H. Doran is about to publish a book of hers in which her story is set forth in far greater detail. We hope that all our readers will turn to this article. **Walter Prichard Eaton** is a well-known poet, essayist, and critic of literature and the drama.

* * *

The gentleman who uses the pseudonym of '**Lysis**' is one of those who coöperate with M. Georges Clemenceau, Premier of France, in the management of his newspaper, *L'Homme Libre.* He writes with authority of an unfamiliar branch of German activity, and his paper, sent at the *Atlantic's* invitation, gives new insight into German methods. Concerning **James Norman Hall** the following news dispatch from the Western Front was published in the American newspapers of May 1 last:—

A German airplane was brought down in enemy territory last night by Captain Norman Hall of Colfax, Iowa, and Lieutenant Edward V. Rickenbacher of Columbus, Ohio, after a duel over the American line on the Toul sector.

The American airmen first engaged the enemy machine over the American lines. Lieutenant Rickenbacher swept over the German and opened fire with his machine gun, while Captain Hall, formerly a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, darted behind the foe and also opened fire. The German made desperate attempts to escape and returned the fire of the Americans, several bullets piercing Captain Hall's airplane. The Americans peppered the enemy machine with bullets and drove it down until it fell behind the German trenches. Captain Hall and Lieutenant Rickenbacher returned from the fight unscathed.

This was the third machine to be bagged by the Americans in three weeks, while several others have been unofficially reported brought down.

Captain Hall served as a private in the British Army at the outbreak of the war and later joined the French aerial forces. He is the author of 'Kitchener's Mob.'

* * *

Charles Dawbarn is special diplomatic correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle.* **M. Chéradame,** whose various *Atlantic* papers have aroused most extraordinary and widespread interest, has recently visited the United States, and the editor has had the advantage of much intimate conversation with him.

* * *

It is the youth of America which is called upon to make the ultimate sacrifice in this war. That fine metal is running red-hot into a new mould. It is, indeed, interesting to read letters like the following, sent to the *Atlantic* by a friend, which was written by a young woman barely over twenty, called upon to yield her husband to his country. To us it seems to mirror the struggle going on in a million hearts to-day.

Monday Evening.

DEAREST MOTHER,

The overseas orders have come at last, and D——'s luggage and clothing are being marked.

My strength and courage give out sometimes in most unexpected places, but I am constantly praying for more and more courage, because he needs all I can give him. He told me of his orders himself, with tears streaming down his cheeks and sobbing like a baby. His spirit is willing, but he feels his flesh is weak, and who can blame them for a shudder at what they are to go through? Even the knowledge that you are carrying out God's highest commandment and laying down your life for another to live, is not sufficient at all times, to enable you to forget what the price may be. They are so young, they have everything to live for and yet they put comforts, ambition, careers, wives and children out of sight and face — mutilation.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JUNE ATLANTIC

William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, and student and lover of everything that flies, has since the outset of the war devoted himself to aviation. Injured in an accident which cuts him off from service as a pilot, he has recently been sent to the French and Flemish front, to study flying conditions. His training as a naturalist gives an angle to every observation that he makes, and Paris, as well worn by writers as by war, is in this article as freshly handled as if it were now described for the first time. To all who love the delicate art of writing, Mr. Beebe's papers are full of delight. Perhaps we may not be overstepping the bounds of proper compliment if we quote from a letter which comes from Africa, where a reader of the *Atlantic* has spent many long years: —

Mr. Beebe is the wise man that I admire. I have an excessive admiration for Mr. Beebe, who is far wiser than you can possibly know. Well, how could you? No one in the world knows as well as I do the fortune of golden words distributed at intervals by Mr. Beebe.

* * *

Miss Margaret P. Montague, whose home is in West Virginia, is a writer of novels, stories, and essays, and a friend of all *Atlantic* readers. **Reverend Willard L. Sperry,** a former Rhodes Scholar, is minister of the Second Congregational Church of Boston. **Christina Krysto,** the daughter of Russian parents, is a native of the Caucasus and a graduate of the University of California, who has written for the *Atlantic* more than one novel and interesting story. **Olive Tilford Dargan** is an American poet, whose quality has long since been recognized.

* * *

Theodore Roosevelt wrote this vigorous and interesting commentary while he was recovering from his recent serious illness in New York. To readers who do not know the ostrich from the anaconda this article, written under conditions of serious physical disability and pain, at a time when most men's interests were paralyzed by portentous events in Europe, will be a new and remarkable example of the intellectual vitality of the writer.

Maurice Barrès is a distinguished author and statesman of France; Member of the Academy since 1906, Deputy for Paris in the Corps Législatif, and, as has been said by a distinguished professor at the Sorbonne, now in the French service, 'of all the French writers of the "grand style" unquestionably the one most effectively engaged, by virtue of his regular contributions to the *Echo de Paris*, in commemorating the progress of the war day by day.' Born in the Vosges district of Lorraine, he passed his most susceptible years in the Lycée at Nancy, within a short distance of the frontier imposed on France by the treaty of Frankfort (1871). Going to Paris in 1883, his first contribution to serious literature, after a few years in journalism, was made in 1888, with the first volume of his 'Trilogie du Moi.' His many later books, of which perhaps the most famous are *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, the third volume of the above 'trilogy,' and *Les Déracinés*, the first of another trilogy, 'Le Roman de l'Energie Nationale,' are all inspired by a serious purpose to imbue his countrymen with feelings of affection and respect for their own localities; to cling to local traditions, and to give to France the genius of individuality and variety. In 1889, M. Barrès was sent to the Corps Législatif, his colleague in the deputation from Nancy being the same Colonel Driant whose heroic death is described in one of the letters which we print. In July, 1914, on the very eve of the war, he was chosen to succeed the late Paul Deroulède, founder of the League of Patriots, as president of that society. In his stirring and inspiring speech of acceptance, he said: —

The first act of the President of the League of Patriots will be to salute, on Sunday next, the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, on the very spot where the saint shed her blood. . . . *Vivent* Alsace and Lorraine, at whatever cost! Our first pronouncement is to repeat this evening the solemn declaration upon which the whole League was founded. 'Republicans, Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orleanists — all these are, with us, but baptismal names. The universal surname is Patriot!'

* * *

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and whose *Hapsburg Monarchy* is the classic on that subject in English, strongly condemns the position of Mr. Buxton. So does R. W. Seton-Watson, who knows more about the South Slavs than any other foreigner, and whose *South Slav Question* is the mine from which so many others dig.

Mr. Buxton was the leader of the Bulgarphils in 1914–1915, whose futile optimism misled English opinion until it was finally awakened to the truth when Bulgaria stabbed Serbia in the back at the time of Mackensen's invasion of Serbia. Mr. Buxton is now the leader of the Austrophils in England, who profess to discover a chastened and liberalized Austria-Hungary in which the subject nationalities will no longer suffer the outrageous oppression which has been their lot hitherto.

The limited space of a letter will not permit anything like a complete answer to Mr. Buxton's statements, but attention may be directed to a few of the most misleading. In comparing Austria-Hungary with the Balkan states he says, 'To put it bluntly, most of the Balkan nations have yet to learn the most elementary lessons in racial tolerance.' To imply that Austria-Hungary has learned them, in the face of the bitter repression of the subject races during the past decade, is truly astonishing. Has Mr. Buxton forgotten the scandalous trial of the fifty-three Serbs at Agram in 1909, or the notorious Friedjung trial at Vienna in 1910, when it was proved that the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office deliberately forged documents to secure conviction of the leaders of the subject nationalities? 'Even Hungary now possesses a cabinet pledged to universal suffrage.' The pledge was given in 1910, and has not yet been fulfilled. Moreover, it is not two months since the Hungarian Premier, Dr. Weckerle, stated that the Hungarian democracy must be based upon Magyar domination. What that means for the subject nationalities is evident from the fact that, though they number more than 11 millions of the 21 millions of inhabitants of Hungary, they have only 47 of the 453 members of the Hungarian Parliament.

No session of the Austrian Parliament was held from the outbreak of the war until after the Russian Revolution. The troops were mobilized and the loans issued without its coöperation. The early sessions after its reopening were devoted to hearing the bitter complaints of the Czechs, Poles, and Slovenes about the murders, deportations, and outrages committed among their people. The session had to be closed to allow the passions to cool off roused by the leader of the German liberals when he shouted, 'They did not hang enough of them.'

Mr. Buxton professes to believe that Austria-Hungary will become a federal state made up of autonomous nationalities. The files of the *New Europe* are open to him as to us, in which he can read the speeches of Dr. von Seydler in the Austrian Parliament, and Dr. Weckerle in the Hungarian, wherein they state, *on the authority of the Emperor-King*, that there is no intention of changing the Dual Monarchy into a federal state.

Mr. Buxton seems to be as much in error concerning Austro-Hungarian and Bulgarian designs for the future as he is in drawing inferences from their past. He provides a disposition of territory 'that might satisfy all parties.' I will refer to but one of his suggestions: 'Bulgaria's former frontiers to be restored, and, in addition, her claims recognized to the so-called uncontested zone, to the Bulgarian portion of the recent Greek acquisitions in Macedonia, and to the part of the Dobrudja taken from her in 1913 by Roumania.' Bulgaria is now in possession of the whole of the uncontested zone except Monastir, and of the Bulgarian portion of the recent Greek acquisitions in Macedonia. She not only has secured the part of the Dobrudja taken from her in 1913 by Roumania, but the whole of the Dobrudja, which Roumania was but yesterday compelled to cede to the Quadruple Alliance, is part of her booty. Moreover, Mr. Buxton must know that Mr. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, has the support of the leaders of the various Bulgarian parties in the demand that he has put forth for the whole of Serbia east of the Morava River. Even the moderate *Mir*, the organ of Mr. Gueschoff, approves this demand, and as its fulfillment will make Bulgaria coterminous with Austria-Hungary, and enable the railroad from Berlin to Constantinople to pass through wholly friendly territory, it will, no doubt, be accomplished should the war result even in a draw.

Is it not strange that, while the Central Powers are carving up Russia and dismembering Roumania, scholars like Mr. Buxton should show such concern for the integrity of Austria-Hungary? They are the cause of the greatest discouragement to the Czechs, Slovaks, and the South Slavs of Austria-Hungary, and to Serbia and Montenegro, which have suffered so terribly and which can survive only in the event of an Allied victory.

Surely the *Atlantic Monthly* would have intelligent Americans familiar with all the facts, and not have them rely upon hopes which the past history of Austria-Hungary justifies us in believing will not be realized. Mr. Buxton's views have been controverted in English magazines like the *Fortnightly* and the *Contemporary*. But few Americans read the English magazines. Hence this letter.

Very truly yours,
STEPHEN P. DUGGAN

* * *

Call a man a liar in your discretion, but be careful how you tell him, point blank, that he has no sense of humor. Conversely, if you wish to pass his guard, flatter his sense of humor. These remarks are called forth by our pleasure at this flattering comment from a gentle reader: —

'An editorial sense of humor is, I like to believe, of even rarer quality than that of my little daughter, though she assures me that she only laughs at "things that are really funny, like when somebody tumbles down." '

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OLD PEOPLE AND THE THINGS THAT PASS
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Author of "The Forest Lovers," "Thorgils," etc.

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seventy years, respectively; and our grey hairs usually insured us some of the consideration shown to age in all countries. We were much accustomed to travel, and met with courtesy from Spaniards (though this was directly after our Spanish-American War) and from Arabs. On the occasion of which I speak, we had entered our sleeper on the road from Constantine to the oasis of Biskra (the scene, by the way, of Mr. Hichens's *Garden of Allah*) and settled our luggage in our compartment, whose door opened, continental-fashion, on a corridor running lengthwise through the car, when I became aware of a man in the doorway, saying calmly: 'My friend will occupy a berth in this compartment.' The speaker was a middle-aged, rotund blond, oozing prosperity and self-complacency, whom I had already noticed with his placid wife and seventeen-year-old daughter. Beside him stood the designated friend, a tall man who said nothing, and the conductor, a little Frenchman, or Algerian more probably, who looked cowed and evidently proposed to do nothing.

'Impossible!' I said; 'this compartment was engaged and paid for in Algiers.'

He offered no excuse nor pretext whatever of need or preference — merely insisted, 'My friend will occupy a berth here.'

Evidently the door must have been without lock of any sort, because I remember revolving plans for barricading ourselves.

At last I said (more from curiosity as to his answer than from any other motive): 'How would you like it if your wife were treated in this way?'

'I should n't like it,' he laughed indifferently.

We were at a loss as to what to do, but though considerably perturbed, remembering that we were alone in Africa, and that the conductor evidently had no intention of protecting us, we allowed our luggage to be taken to another compartment, thankful to find that this was to be permitted us; but I tried as a parting shot, 'This does not end the matter. I am going back to Algiers, and shall at once report the incident to the railroad officials.'

This too had no effect, unless to make the conductor look somewhat unhappy. I did report it, but I think nothing was done. I understand the road to be French owned. Naturally, this German was the first person to enter the omnibus at Biskra; naturally also, he and his women-folk were the first to appear on the flat roof (when we had freshened ourselves for a view of the most wonderfully beautiful sunset-landscape I ever saw).

The 'friend' I saw no more. The man did not look exactly like an officer — I thought him rather a rich manufacturer or official, perhaps of Krupps.

The incident is trivial, but in its triviality lies its significance. I never mentioned it till this war, and its illuminating events. I thought it the strange freak of an individual, not to be set down against a people. Besides, the whole thing seemed so improbable that I thought friends must believe I had forgotten some point which would be explanatory. We are accustomed to think that people act with a motive, save in rare cases of degenerates; but what could be the motive here in molesting and alarming two old ladies, total strangers? Not scarcity of accommodations, as was shown by our obtaining places elsewhere. I do not remember whether they were as good — that was a minor matter, forgotten in the stronger emotions. And what was his uncanny hold over that silent conductor? Was it sheer love of showing power? What satisfaction could that give him alone, against two old ladies?

This has been to me a most illuminating experience, causing me to say often, when incredible tales of needless brutality have come to us in the course of the war, 'I believe! I remember the man on the road to Biskra.'

* * *

Concerning the late Reverend Arthur Russell Taylor, creator of Mr. Squem, whose early and lamented death we have already noticed in this column, his ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Darlington of the Episcopal Diocese of Harrisburg, sends us this warm tribute: —

The Reverend Arthur Russell Taylor, D.D., Rector of St. John's Church, York, Pa., died on the operating table in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, on January 7, 1918. . . . He valued your acceptance and approval of his articles highly, and often spoke to me about your kindness. . . . For years he has been suffering from a tumor on the brain, which had totally destroyed the sight of one eye, and which by its pressure was causing him constant pain, sleepless nights, and the gradual failing of his remaining eye. I think it only right that your pages should bear some tribute to the heroic battle this noble Christian man fought for many years. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, he was cheerful and brightened the lives of others until the very last, and almost his final writings were sent to the *Atlantic*.

* * *

Mr. Buxton's paper in the March *Atlantic* has stirred the fires of controversy. We are glad to give space to the following critical scrutiny of the Buxton position by Professor Duggan of Columbia University.

To the Editor of the Atlantic.

Dear Sir: —

Once in a while I read a letter of explanation in the Contributors' Column of the *Atlantic*, and I am wondering whether you would object to publish this one from me.

As a student of the Balkans for many years, I am anxious that at this critical time intelligent Americans should not be misled by the article of Noel Buxton's which appears in the current *Atlantic* on Austria-Hungary and the Balkans. Mr. Buxton is an authority on the Balkans, and we are all indebted to him for his admirable *The War and the Balkans*. But his views on Austria-Hungary do not carry with them the authority of other scholars with whom he is wholly at variance. H. W. Steed, who for twenty years was the representative of the London *Times* at Vienna,

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quent contributor to artistic, psychological, and philosophical journals, as well as to literary magazines and reviews, and has published several volumes on Æsthetics and kindred subjects. He is a member of many learned societies, and has been President of the American Institute of Architects (New York Branch), and of the American Psychological Society.

* * *

Arthur Ruhl has seen long service as a correspondent, in peace and war, of *Collier's Weekly*. In the course of the present war he has spent much time in Russia, and the present paper is an agreeable reflection of his personal observations and experiences. **Wilbur Daniel Steele,** of Provincetown, well known as a teller of strange tales, has not, we think, before written so earnestly of the things which lie in his heart. **James Norman Hall,** author of *Kitchener's Mob*, has recovered, we are thankful to say, from his severe wound, and is once more flying on the Western front. **C. Journelle** is a French writer of distinction, whose long-continued investigation of conditions in the invaded districts of France, led the editor to invite this paper. **Joseph Husband,** once a coal-miner, as he has told readers of several years ago in his thrilling narrative, 'A Year in a Coal-Mine,' has in the intervening years reached success as an advertising agent in Chicago, and is now, as his present paper so vividly informs the reader, an enlisted man in the naval service of the United States. This is the first of a series of papers planned to describe in very human detail the training of men for the American Navy.

* * *

We ask our readers kindly to act upon the suggestion in the following letter, which comes to us from the Library War Service, of the American Library Association:

EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

DEAR SIR: —

We are just in receipt of a communication signed by the Camp Librarians at Camps MacArthur, Logan, Bowie, Travis, Pike, and Doniphan, stating that there is in these camps a demand for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is far in excess of the copies received through the Burleson 'one-cent' privilege. It is very desirable that more copies of the *Atlantic Monthly* reach them promptly from the original subscribers. On behalf of the thousands of reading men whom they represent, they ask us 'in some emphatic way' to place this matter before your subscribers, and see if it is possible to get more copies of this magazine into the post office under the Burleson Act. The need is urgent.

There is an over-supply of some magazines, but an under-supply of yours. We are of the opinion that this need of a supply exists at many other camps, and we therefore hasten to call this matter to your attention.

Very truly yours,
JOSEPH L. WHEELER,
Assistant to the Director,
Library War Service.

* * *

In this column there has appeared more than one appreciative reference to the efficient poets of our day. Unbusiness-like sensibility is departing, and business-like sense remains. A practical suggestion for the amplification of the poetical supply comes to us from a young Parnassian of the Dakotas, who, in sending us a 'little poem' for publication, remarks,—

'I have discovered that unconsciously I did compose along somewhat the same line as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." I cannot remember of having read this poem for several months before I wrote mine. But as some one has said, "There is nothing new, only a new way of saying it."'

Well, there certainly is a new way of writing what Longfellow wrote! We quote a stanza from our correspondent's version: —

> You are here, so am I,
> All is 'fore us, so why cry?
> 'Life is real, Life is earnest,'
> Life is as heart doth yearnest.

Yearn, yearner, yearnest. So the singing ages climb onward and upward.

* * *

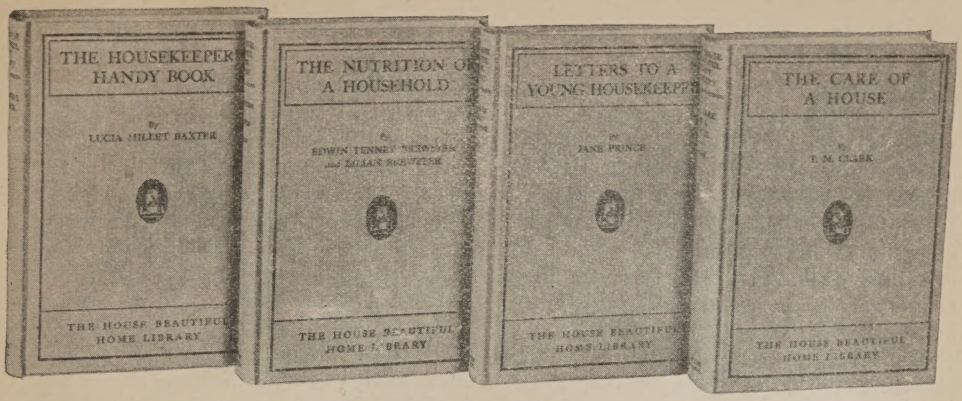
'Neighbor Hans,' the true story of a Prussian neighborhood in Mexico, brought the *Atlantic* many interesting letters of personal experience recorded in confirmation of the spirit of the tale. Here is an interesting example which comes to us from an elderly lady.

EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

MY DEAR SIR: —

I have read with much interest the article in your current number, entitled 'Neighbor Hans.' I believe it to be a plain statement of facts which are significant, though I should have doubted it but for a personal experience some years ago.

In 1904 I was making a tour in Algeria with a friend, our ages being then about sixty and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A book that is crammed with helpful suggestions on the family budget, economy in the home, servants, the weekly cleaning, the serving of meals, and other vital branches of the profession of modern housekeeping. These pages are devoted particularly to the larger problems of efficient home management which mean so much to the housekeeper's success. Even experienced housewives will find in them a wealth of valuable information.

THE CARE OF THE HOUSE — By Theodore M. Clark

Written by a noted architect, this book is a thoroughgoing discussion of the treatment of woodwork, floors, plumbing, lighting fixtures, water-pipes, furnaces, fireplaces, and all the other physical features of a house. The author recognizes the importance to happy family life of a comfortable, wholesome dwelling, and the distress, anxiety, and expense often caused by defects which may be easily prevented. A certain money-and-trouble-saver for any householder.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN—MAY ATLANTIC

The *Atlantic* is leaving Park Street! For the old, rambling, inadequate, inconvenient, attractive offices we have all the traditional affection of the New Englander for the Old Homestead. It was in 1880 that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company brought the magazine from Winthrop Square, and here it has stayed during the thirty-seven intervening years, first tucked comfortably away in Number 4 (celebrated in Bliss Perry's pleasant volume), and afterwards, as the magazine multiplied itself by two and four and six and eight, in Numbers 3 and 4, the old Bullard house and the Quincy mansion respectively. Now Number 3 is to be rebuilt and modernized, and it is high time for the *Atlantic*, long pinched for room, to seek ampler quarters.

We move to 41 Mount Vernon Street, — a brand-new building on the corner of Joy Street, at the very apex of Beacon Hill, — there to begin the cultivation of fresh memories which our great-grandchildren shall duly garner.

* * *

Miss Winifred Kirkland, of Asheville, North Carolina, has not infrequently contributed to the *Atlantic* pleasant essays on many subjects, but none of such deep significance as this. 'The New Death,' which we print at the head of this number, is to be enlarged into a book of the same title, which will be published shortly. **A. Edward Newton** is a business man of Philadelphia, who finds his recreation and joy in the gentle art of book-collecting. His recent papers in the *Atlantic* on 'Collecting Abroad' and 'Collecting at Home,' and on that 'Ridiculous Philosopher,' William Godwin, reveal the warm affection for Lamb which glows with a still brighter light in 'What Might Have Been.' We are glad to be able to announce the publication in book form in the not too distant future of several companion papers by Mr. Newton. **A. G. Tolfree** is an American who has lived for considerable periods in Russia and writes from much first-hand experience.

* * *

In 'God's Little Joke,' the **Elderly Spinster** draws once more upon the store of unfamiliar and fascinating material gathered by her in her residence of many years in Northern India. Apropos of the first of these Stories of a Polygamous City, a critic writes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:* 'Her writing has that rare quality called style, by which is meant the impress of personality on the written word. . . . It is proved once again that there is no other writing that has the charm of the writing of an educated woman of temperament.' The group of strange and tragic verses by **Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill** was called forth by things dreadful and beautiful which she has seen and heard in her work in Paris among the French wounded. **Mr. A. D. McLaren** is a Scotsman who has lived many years in Germany and is the author of that excellent and well-informed book, *Germany from Within.* His paper on 'The Mind and Mood of Germany To-Day,' in the *Atlantic* for December last, will be remembered as a good example of his careful observation and balanced judgment. **Robert M. Gay,** whose pleasant essays on familiar themes have often appeared in the *Atlantic*, is Professor of English at Goucher College, Baltimore. **Henry J. Ford** is Professor of History and Politics at Princeton, and President of the American Political Science Association.

* * *

Mrs. Laura Spencer Portor's Adventures, which unhappily conclude with this paper, will eventually be gathered into a volume which many readers will be glad to possess. **Sidney A. Merriam,** author of 'Bill,' is the son of a captain in the United States Navy, and has himself seen service in the Marine Corps from 1903 to 1911, retiring with the rank of first lieutenant. At the outbreak of the great war, he enlisted in the Canadian forces, and fought on the Somme and at Ypres, and was wounded at Vimy Ridge. He was invalided home to Canada, where he is now convalescing. **Laura A. Hibbard** is a member of the English department of Wellesley College. **Ellwood Hendrick,** chemist, stock-broker, and essayist by turns, contributes occasional speculative and imaginative papers to this magazine. The most recent was 'Adventures in Philosophy' (October, 1915). **Henry Rutgers Marshall,** by profession an architect, is a fre-

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